

After The Wedding.

In which a man who had been a husband many years loses much, but gains a great deal more.

"It's like a clean slate," said the bride's mother with a chuck that she meant to be a laugh.

"With all the special goods damaged by fire," added the bride's father, "making no attempt at a smile."

"They stood in the drawing-room, amid the confusion of the reception which had been over an hour ago; their feet grinding rice whenever they moved. The last guests had departed, those from outside the house driven homeward, those staying in the house gone to their rooms. Worst of all, the bride had gone, with her long, clinging, sobbing kisses to her father and mother and a second one for her mother, and then after her head-down rush through the pelting rain and slippers, had driven away in the carriage which the ashers had taken care to adorn with white ribbons, away into her new life.

"She had been the bride all day; through the morning with its privacy, pre-captial Mass, the last family lunch and the preparations, and then through the ceremony in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral at eight, the formal large reception, and the going-away. But now that she has gone she relapsed into her proper prison; she was no longer the bride, she was her father's and mother's one little girl, and they had let her leave them, had given her up to be a woman among other women, and she would never return to them. A crushing sense of this overwhelmed them as they stood among the ruins of the elaborate ceremonial ceremonies. They were children, for though her first visit on her return would be to her old home, there would be a great chasm between her going and her coming; never again would little girl come back to them.

"It was more than possible, too, that she would not return for a long time. Her husband might be sent on a journey to the East to look after business interests there for his firm, in which case it would be three to five years, before even this newly made young man, who had usurped their little girl's place, would come to them.

Her father turned to the piano, lifted up the rose nearest his hand on the bunch on the end, and quickly turned away again because he could see the child, that had been seated at the keyboard protestingly practicing her scales, with her smooth forehead lined by the difficulties of her task. Yes, he turned away, his eyes rested on an ivory miniature of her that stood on a small oakwood table near by, the picture of a girl of fourteen, lovely in her youthfulness, with the dreaming eyes that had been the light of the home. He did not mean to do it, but he gazed.

His wife looked up. She was standing by the hearth with her hands clasped before her on her silvery gown, the toe of her slipper drawing lines in the ashes. She put out her hand and her husband crossed over to her. They had been happy together during the twenty-four years of their marriage, yet rather with an understanding of the inevitability to each other in case of need than with actual close companionship. The husband was a busy man, and a wealthy one; his position involved the wife in many social duties, and there was not so much opportunity for what the French call "expressive" talk of two as they had expected to have when they married. The mother was wondering how it would affect the little bride of that day when she discovered the difference that must always exist between every-day life and the romantic dreams with which it is enmeshed. She was thinking, also, of the bride's childhood, as her father was. He came to her quickly when his wife held out her hand, with a man's bewilderment in grief and need of sustaining.

"You know we are glad, dear," said his wife quietly. "You know that we are delighted that she is so happy and that her husband is one whom we trust, who is suitable in every way. We are tired tonight."

"Yes, she was the loveliest child I ever saw," replied the father irrelevantly. "Wasn't she beautiful when we had that painted?"

"I hardly did her justice," said the mother, glancing at the miniature painted by a famous artist. "But I was thinking of the time when we had to have all her beautiful bright hair cut off, when she had the fever—you remember? The father nodded.

"Indeed, we could hardly forget that dreadful time," the mother went on. "But do you remember how I dreaded to see her with her curls soiled, and how sweet she looked with her little head all smooth and shining showing its fine lines? I was delighted. I really think she was prettier than ever. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I have that photograph of the short-haired period on my desk in the office," said the father. "She here, Katherine, how are we going to stand it?"

"By thinking only of her good. We wait her to be happy above all things; we must be wretched to feel that we should die and leave her alone. We must keep saying these things

All Stuffed Up

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

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, small and hearing, irritates 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. It did all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Helen Roberts, West Jacobus, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

over and over," said the mother. "There would have been lots of time before we died, retorted her husband. "We could have kept her for years—I'm only fifty and you are five years less than that."

"Now John you are tired," said the wife again. "I should be far more than forty-five when Anita married if you had not married me when I was a younger girl than our lassie is."

The husband looked at her, at her pale face, her weary eyes, her slender figure, her general air of lingering youth that was appealing, and had a charm different, but not less than that of the radiant youth in which he had met her. He realized suddenly that while he was at his office through days in which the absence of his daughter made no difference, his wife would be bereft of her constantly increasing life. He put his arms around her and she leaned against him with a sob that escaped her, called out by the excess which he had fallen out of the way of offering her. Katherine we are alone, precisely as we were when we were married, as the child is now in her marriage. Who is it has said that old married people go back into a second honeymoon when they have given away all their children and are alone again? I wonder if we can't get back into something more like those first years than we have been having lately? We don't see much of each other, somehow. Of course we both understand it is only the accident of getting crowded in to all sort of intrusive affairs, but couldn't we remedy it now? Her husband asked.

"Oh John, I often think that the best things of life get crowded out," she said. "It's most puzzling and rather tiresome that we should fritter away precious time on unnecessary things. I find myself saying: 'But one thing is necessary.' You know Our Lord said to one who snatched every instant to devote to her beloved. Life is so short, I often wonder why we really, if we stopped to reckon up, spend so much of it apart from those whose loss would make everything else empty and worthless."

She quivered slightly, and her husband drew her closer. "It is like a woman to see that plainer than we do," he said. "We all of us get mixed up in such a lot of stuff, some of it obligatory for business or social reasons, but much of it merely weakness, letting ourselves drift into engagements."

"It isn't right," she cried vehemently. "Just see how brief the years are! To both of us tonight Anita seems like a child. We have been remembering her childhood and it seems like yesterday, though tonight we have given her up, a wife, and if I died—yes, died, John, it would be the same. We would feel that there had been hardly a sunrise and a sunset between our marriage and our parting. Yet we scarcely see each other, in any real sense of seeing, sometimes for several days. And, though I know you would miss me and mourn me, dear, if I were to die, yet I think in the actual experience of each day love loses in these separated hours, that lack of food makes it, if not weaker, at least more torpid. I have long been thinking this, but I could not speak of it till you discovered it for yourself tonight."

"It is true, Katherine, all that you say except that I couldn't admit that there is any danger of my love lessening toward you, my perfect wife," said her husband. "Now I'll tell you what we are going to do. We are going on our honeymoon, too just as the child has gone. Matters are not in shape for me to go away from the office altogether at present but I can do very well with only the forenoons spent here. Then in the afternoon—no, first of all, I am coming uptown to lunch at home with you. Then we are going off on nice janketings around the city, we are going to see its sights, and have a delightful little middle class honeymoon, precisely as if we were two young people who had begun life on an income of twelve hundred a year. I'm certain we shall have the time of our lives! Don't like the picture?"

"Better than the palace on the lake of Como," my Calande Melnotte, said the wife recognizing his quotation and laughing, though her eyes shone bright through happy tears. "You don't know, you can't imagine how much I like it! I'll conceal every engagement we have made and we'll begin our new life by getting acquainted over again. It is really a new life we have begun today and oh, John, I shall need you in it! You have your business, but what have I without her?"

"Me if that is any comfort, dear," said her husband, and as she kissed him he saw that it might be everything to her, and that, having her child, she had still missed the closer companionship of earlier days with him.

They began to carry out their plan the next day. Though two of their sisters were staying on till the second day after the wedding, their husbands pleaded an engagement—not explaining that it was with each other—and went down to the aquarium like two school children; they told each other, laughing, but they enjoyed it to a degree as which they both marvelled, and came back refreshed to a house that seemed less lonely for this relapse into a youth where in there had been no Anita for whom to hunger.

The next day their guests departed at noon, and the wife met her husband at a restaurant, having seen them off, a girlish sense of adventure, almost of romance, bubbling up within her. Her husband noted at once how young and pretty she looked and spoke of it.

"It's running away that does it," she laughed. "Running backward, you know, away from recent years, toward those that lie behind me—us. I love to have you all to myself, John dear."

"It's great fun," he acknowledged, tucking her hand beneath his arm and hurrying her to the trolley. "We two are Maying, Katherine. We are going out to the country where two youngsters like us properly belong, and we are not coming home to supper. We are going to see the sun go down behind the Westchester Hills, and then we are going to hunt up a nice, neat, simple, little bacilio place to sup and end our day as betis a real Darby and Joan."

"By and by, when Anita comes back, what fun it will be telling her about it!" said the wife, and her husband rejoiced to see that she was already able to count on the bride's return with satisfaction. More than that, she reckoned, having a tale of pleasure to recount as well as to bear; and she was happy in her present without Anita.

They went out into the country some forty miles. The year was a spring and neither of these people felt out of harmony with it. They wandered up to a hill-top picking violets as they went, and drinking in the exquisite moist freshness of the air, laden with faint odors of the delicate young growths of the season. The robins were ecstatic, as the sun sank, over the beauty of the time and place; they sang jubilantly, and the orioles, which come with the apple blossoms, uttered their bubbling song as if they were pouring out the elixir of pure joy and bliss. The husband and wife sat down on the grass facing the sunset which began to flood the west with golden glory and translucent colors. The husband took his wife's hand and she shifted her bunch of violets to return his clasp.

"Do you think Anita can be more happy in her first taste of wedding bliss?" he asked.

"Not as happy. More ecstatic, but not as deeply happy," the wife replied. "Our happiness is ripened. We have memories to share—we have Anita to share, and her childhood, even her marriage and our knowledge of what these days are to her now."

"God grant it?" she said softly. She sat in silence for a few moments, thinking, and her husband watched the changing expressions of her peaceful face. Then she pressed his hand and turned to him. "It is not bad to be facing the sunset, John—together. There is even sweetness in looking westward, instead of toward the dawn—together."

"I thought that you would be desolate, now that Anita is gone, but you are happier, or it almost seems so," he said wonderingly.

She smiled at him. "Ah, dear John, I miss the child, but being with you once more in this dear way like second honeymoon, makes me half glad that there is an Anita. Not really doubt or forget her, but there are moments when she is seen mistily. For we have not seen each other much of late years, and I missed you John. The child is, my darling, but—you are John," she said. "Mar on Ames Taggart in Bezinger's Magazine."

A private soldier who had fought bravely during the Boer war had occasion to seek employment of a well known general. The private had had the misfortune to lose his nose while in action. The general was so tickled with the appearance of the man that he burst into loud laughter, to the discomfort of the soldier. When his laughter had subsided the general said: "My good fellow when did you lose your nose?"

"I lost my nose sir," said the private. "In the same battle that you lost your head!"

How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother is pale and delicate? Scott's Emulsion makes the mother strong and well; increases and enriches the baby's food.

HAD VERY BAD COUGH

And Tickling Sensation in Throat.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured It.

Miss C. Danielson, Bowman River, Man., writes: "Last fall I had a very bad cough and a tickling sensation in my throat. It was so bad I could not sleep at night, so I went to a druggist and he advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which I did, and after taking one bottle I was completely cured. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone who suffers from a cough or throat irritation."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is without a doubt one of the greatest cough and cold remedies on the market to-day, and so great has been its success there are numerous preparations put up to imitate it. Do not be imposed upon by taking one of these substitutes, but insist on being given "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Price, 25 cents a bottle; put up in a yellow wrapper; three lines press the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Come Bob, get up," said an indulgent father to his hopeful son the other morning. "Remember, it's the early bird catches the worm!"

"What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful, "mother won't let me go a-fishing!"

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the Best Liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately, bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day.

Yours very truly, T. G. McMullen.

A military man laughed at a timid little woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired.

He subsequently married that timid woman and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder gives women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

Harry one day climbed up in a parlor chair, in order to reach something he wanted. "Don't get up in that chair with your feet," Harry, exclaimed his mother.

"I just have to mamma," replied the little fellow. "I can't take my feet off."

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 Dandruff.

To call money 'dough,' seems to us rather funny; Dough sticks to your fingers, but 'tain't so with money.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

"You don't mean to say she has accepted him? He isn't at all her idea!"

"Well, it didn't take her long to choose between a fiancé in the hand and a idea in the bush."

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Diarrhea, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 35 cts.

The Writer's Child: Pa, what is penury?

The Writer: Penury, my son is the wages of the pen.

Had Palpitation of the Heart

Weakness and Choking Spells.

When the heart begins to beat irregularly, palpitate and throb, beats fast for a time, then so slow as to seem almost to stop, it causes great anxiety and alarm. When the heart does this to many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, and become weak, worn and miserable. To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. John J. Downey, New Glasgow, N.S., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I was troubled with weakness and palpitation of the heart, would have severe choking spells, and could scarcely lie down at all. I tried many remedies, but got none to answer my case like your Pills. I can recommend them highly to all having heart or nerve troubles." Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing March 28th, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Trains Outward, Read Down, Dly, ex, Sun, P.M., A.M., and Trains Inward, Read Up, Dly, ex, Sun, P.M., A.M.

Table with columns: P.M., Noon, A.M., P.M., and stations: Lv Charlottetown, Lv R Valley Juno, Lv N. W. Wilshire, Lv Hunter River, Lv Emerald Juno, Lv Kensington, Lv Summerside.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M., and stations: Lv Summerside, Lv Port Hill, Lv O'Leary, Lv Alberton, Lv Tignish.

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To have your Watch or Clock, repaired and put in serviceable order.

We also repair Barometers musical boxes and all kinds of Jewellery in a workmanlike manner.

Goods For Sale:

Eight Day Clocks

Alarms and Timepieces \$1 up

Girl's Watches \$3 to \$10

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Men's Watches \$4 to \$40

Boy's Watches \$1.75

Half doz. Tea Spoons, \$1.25 to \$2 up

A nice Butter Knife, 75c., \$1, \$1.25

Cake Baskets, Tea Sets, Bread Trays

Necklets 75c. up

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Reading Glasses 25c. up

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Ladies' and Gents' Rings

Cuff Links, Collar Studs

Field Glasses, \$3.75 to \$20

Barometers \$4 to \$8

Thermometers 25 cents up to \$5

Mail orders filled promptly.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

CARTER'S SEED OATS!

Imported & Island Grown

American Banner (Island)

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Clean, true to name, heavy, grown from Registered Seed.

Every Farmer should get a bag or two for new seed (3 bushels in bag.)

Write for samples and prices.

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SEEDSMEN - CHARLOTTETOWN

KING EDWARD HOTEL, Mrs. Larter, Proprietress

Will now be conducted on KENT STREET Near Corner of Queen.

Look out for the old sign, King Edward Hotel, known everywhere for first class accommodation at reasonable prices.

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Hard Coal

Daily expected per schooner "R. Bowers" and "Freedom," one thousand tons best quality Hard Coal in Egg, Stove and Chestnut sizes.

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Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices.

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McDonald Bros. Building, Georgetown.

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