

The Strongest Poem on Temperance

The following is considered the strongest temperance poem ever written. It was written by a young lady, who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquors:

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go feel what I have felt, Go, hear what I have borne; Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt, And the cold, proud world's scorn!

Thus struggle on from year to year, Thy sole relief the scalding tear. Go, weep as I have wept, O'er a loved father's fall; See every cherished promise swept.

Youth's sweetness turned to gall, Hope's faded flower's strewn all the way That led me up to woman's day. Go, kneel as I have knelt, Implore, beseech and pray. Strive the besotted heart to melt, The downward course to stay; Be cast with bitter curse aside— Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood, And see the strong man bow; With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood, And cold and livid brow; Go, catch his wandering glance, and see

There mirrored his soul's misery. Go, hear what I have heard— The sobs of sad despair, As memory's feeling fount half stirred

And its revealings there Have told him what he might have been, Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to mother's side, And hear crushed spirit cheer; Thine own deep anguish hide, Wipe from her cheek the tear, Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,

The gray that streaks her dark hair now, The toll-worn frame, the trembling limb, And trace the rain back to him Whose plighted vow in early youth

Promised eternal love and truth But who foresworn, hath yielded up This promise to the deadly cup, And led her down from love and light

From all that made her path-way bright, And chained her there 'mid want and strife, That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!

And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear and feel, and see, and know All that my soul hath felt and known, Then look within the wine-cup's glow; See if its brightness can atone; Think of its flavor you would try, If all proclaimed—'Tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl— Hate is a feeble word; I loathe, abhor—my very soul By strong disgust is stirred When'er I see, or hear, or tell Of the Dark Beverage of Hell!

Mary Bensons Victory. (Nora Tynan O'Mahony, in Canadian Messenger)

(Concluded.) Dr Tremayne came every day now, not so much because of his favorite patient's physical needs as for the pleasure and happiness which he, too, seemed to find in that sweet, old-fashioned garden.

It was quite a usual thing for him not to come and take tea with them there, and did only professional duty interfere with his coming, it would be hard to tell whether he or Mr. Benson or Mary the more deeply regretted it.

It was easy to see, almost from the beginning, in what direction the doctor's affections tended; and Mr. Benson felt deeply and heartily thankful, for he had already come to love the young man almost as dearly as though he were his own son. In those old sorrowful days it had often troubled him, sorely to think what would

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. Strasser, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system. become of his wife and daughter after he had gone. For the boys he worried less; but how often had he wished that he might have seen his Mary, at least, happily settled before he had to go!

And now—here she was about to have the very husband—young, clever, honest, handsome and kind—that he would have chosen for her! And neither was he going to die, thanks be to God—and to Dr. Tremayne! The doctor himself had assured him of it, on his word of honour.

"Of course, you will need to be careful, Mr. Benson," he had told him, "as there will always be a certain delicacy, and nothing can give you a quite new heart. But with a little ordinary care and precaution, there is no reason why you should not live to a ripe old age. I have every hope and belief that you will do so."

"It is you, then, I have to thank"—began James Benson, gratefully, and with a wonderfully heartened look.

"Oh, no—what about Mrs. Benson and your little nurse here?" the doctor smiled deprecatingly. "A good nurse is half the battle, and than Miss Mary you could have hardly had a better one."

"I hope it is a little bit true—I mean, that I am a good nurse," Mary said a little later, with a certain shy humility, as they said their good-bye at the gate; for she should like to think she had some hand in making papa well."

"Of course you had! You are the dearest and most wonderful nurse in the world," Arthur Tremayne assured her.

"I wanted to be a hospital nurse once, not so long ago," she told him. "But as mother truly said there was plenty of nursing that I might do at home. And I'm glad now that I did not go."

"And so am I," he added eagerly, "for in that case, just think of it—I might never have met you! And what a queer, cold, empty world it must have seemed to me then!"

"And me, too," hazarded Mary. The cub reporter sat disconsolately before the battered office typewriter of the Western Argosy. He had just hammered off an account of a column long of the Corbin wedding—one of the biggest social events that had happened in the city for many moons. It was a godsend to the Cub—not that he was paid by space, but he loved to see his stuff in print. So by the aid of the young lady stenographer who had also attended the wedding, he had written a glowing description of the silks, laces and other articles of feminine dress worn by the only person who counts at a wedding, and a list as complete as he could make it, of the bridesmaids, flower girls and invited guests.

Just at present he was wishing he could write up the groom. It would make another half column at least. For example: "The groom looked charming, arrayed in a fine black broad-cloth dress suit, he wore a high hat and a beautiful white linen dress shirt, his jewelry was in excellent taste and of a rich design, and included a watch fob and a diamond ring; this latter matched the bright glow of his patent leather shoes and the bald spot beginning to show on the top of his head." Unfortunately newspaper conventionality did

not permit of this description of the groom, true though it was, so he had to forego the pleasure. No wonder then he was disconsolate as he looked at the meagre results of his work on the biggest social happening of his career as a reporter.

The editor had been watching the Cub furiously for some time. He noticed the disconsolate look on the boyish face, and he sighed as he thought of the man whose place the Cub was trying to fill. Poor Jerry! who had labored so long and so faithfully for the Argosy, and who had been during long years the editor's companion and friend. Only now that death had claimed him did even his friend appreciate how much help he had been. Still, it was not with hostile eyes that the editor looked at the Cub. He was interested in the boy, and thought he showed signs of promise. Not that he would ever equal Jerry Sullivan, whose death was an irreparable loss to the Argosy. Finally the editor could stand the disconsolate look of the Cub no longer, so he called him over to his desk.

"What is the trouble now?" he asked. "Nothing particular," was the reply. "I was just wishing something would happen in this dead town; a murder, a fire, a riot, or any old thing. I haven't been able to get a decent story since I came here. The town is absolutely dead."

"The trouble with you is that you lack experience and imagination. If you had either one of them, or the nose for news that a reporter should have, you could not step across the threshold of this office without running into a story. I'll lay you a wager—a box of cigars—that I won't have to walk two blocks down this street without running into a column story."

"Done," said the Cub. "I take you. I'd like to see how you do it. In fact, I don't believe you will do it. I have been all over town this morning, and I have not run into a thing."

"Come on," said the Editor; "we'll try it right now." And they sailed forth. They were still well within the prescribed two-block limit, when outside of a second-hand furniture store the Editor observed a red flag advertising an auction within. The only weakness the good man had was a passion for antiques; and as he looked in the window he thought he saw one or two pieces which looked particularly fine.

"Let's drop in here a minute," he said to the Cub. "I know I'm foolish, and that I won't get out without spending my week's salary on something I don't need. My house is full from cellar to attic; but I never can resist. If they put one of these pieces up, I am going to bid on it."

They entered the auction room. The Cub, secretly despising the weakness of the editor for old furniture, was bored with the whole proceeding, and sat, sprawled on a chair. The editor knew the auctioneer and shook hands with him, receiving in return the effusive greeting that a salesman ever gives a lavish customer. Round about the shop the Editor walked, examining with care the various pieces on display. His interest, however, soon was centered on an exquisitely carved manogany table. It represented the very best skill of the wood carvers of a generation ago, before Grand Rapids became the center of the furniture industry and before machinery and the glue pot had supplanted the artisan.

He looked at the table long and carefully with a puzzled frown on his face. He suspected that he had seen that table before, but for the life of him he could not imagine why it was for sale. So finally he drew the auctioneer aside for a moment and engaged him in a whispered colloquy. He found that his suspicions had been correct—there were not two such tables in existence.

"I wouldn't put that up for sale now," he said to the auctioneer. "It is too valuable a table to put up before this crowd. If it is going to be sold, though, I want to put in a bid on it. In fact, I would like to have an option on it for a few days."

"Very good," said the auctioneer. "I doubted myself whether it was wise to put it up for sale. It is too valuable a table to be thrown away—but the woman who sent it needs the money."

Severe Headaches CAUSED BY SLUGGISH LIVER.

When the liver becomes sluggish and inactive the bowels become constipated, the tongue becomes coated, the stomach foul and then ensue headaches, heartburn, floating specks before the eyes, water brash, biliousness and all kinds of liver troubles.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will stimulate the sluggish liver, clean the fouled coated tongue, sweeten the sour stomach, and banish the disagreeable headaches. Mrs. A. Shubbery, Halifax, N.S., writes: "I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a sluggish liver."

When my liver got bad I would have severe headaches, but after using a couple of vials of your pills, I have not been bothered any more."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"That's very strange," muttered the Editor, shaking his head in a puzzled way. When they reached the end of the two blocks the Cub checked triumphantly.

"I win," said he. "Not a sign of a story!" "You lose," returned the Editor in a quiet tone. "I have a mighty fine story."

The Cub gasped in surprise. "What is it?" he asked. "Oh," answered the Editor easily, "I did not say I would tell you what the story was. Wait till you see it published."

He looked at his watch thoughtfully for a minute, and then went on. "I may have it in tomorrow night's edition. When it is published, I will show it to you, and then have a good smoke at your expense."

"Good," said the Cub; "it will be worth it. If you can pull a story out of that old second-hand furniture shop you deserve the box of cigars."

(To be Continued) MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

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A SENSIBLE MERCHANT. Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects what ever. Be sure you get Milburn's rice 25 and 50 cts.

Indignant Subscriber (after twice getting the wrong number)—Hello, Central! Can you suggest the wrong number to ask for in order to get Main 9389?

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NEIL FERGUSON. Boreleigh—Nice dog! Have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last? Miss Smart—Oh, yes; if you just whistle he'll fetch your hat.

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 25c. a box."

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Had Heart Trouble For 5 Years. WOULD GO INTO FITS.

Through one cause or another a large number of the people are troubled, more or less with some form of heart trouble. Little attention is paid to the slight weakness until the heart starts to beat irregularly, and they suddenly feel faint and dizzy, and feel as if they were smothering.

On the first sign of any weakness of the heart, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills should be taken, and the secure prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. W. H. Forster, Killbuck, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with heart trouble for five years, and was so bad I would send me into fits and smothering. I could not do any work while I was affected, but after taking three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I have regained my health."

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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 tailored to go into a suit.

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Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world.

It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worry she necessarily suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion, which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast.

If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Recipe-Book.

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To arrive shortly, Carload of Feed Wheat, 5 tons Chick Feed for young Chickens—Wholesale and Retail.

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Buy now and save. Our stock of Winter Footwear is complete and the prices are right. See our lines in Felt Boots, Lumber and Rubber Overshoes, Knitted and Felt Socks, Amherst Boots, Rubbers, Gaiters and Leggings.

The time to buy your summer shoes is now. Everything points to higher priced footwear—so buy now.

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The P. E. Island News Co. 53 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Feb. 20th, 1918-31.

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