

Remember the Dead.

When the sore leaf falls,
When the drear wind calls,
And the gloom of the grave
O'er earth seems spread,
Hear the night-birds cry
From the dark'ning sky,
"Remember the Dead! Remem-
ber the Dead!"

While the bell that tolls
For departed souls
(Cleaving and grieving the
mist overhead),
Rehearses the words
Of the wailing birds:
"Remember the Dead! Remem-
ber the Dead!"

Unceasing the dirge
Of the sea's dull surge
On shuddering sands, or coast-
crags dread,
Doth mutter and moan,
Thro' the shadows alone,
"Remember the Dead! Remem-
ber the Dead!"

The Dead of the deep,
Like the Dead who sleep
In the charnels of earth, or
Whether their bed,
The near and the far,
Under sea and star.
Appeal to the pity: "Remember
the Dead!"

Implore their release
That, to light and peace,
And endless delights, they
may soon be led;
Their spirits entreat
Thy suffrages sweet—
By alms and by Masses, remem-
ber the Dead!

And the Dead—ah! me,
Will remember thee,
Whose prayers their heav-
enward flight have sped:
Wouldst thou, one day share
In their glory There?
By day and by night, remember
the Dead!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

To all the Saints.

Giver of life, eternal Lord!
Thy own redeem'd defend:
Mother of Grace! thy children
save,
And help them to the end.
Ye thousand, thousand Angel
Hosts!
Assist us in our need;
Ye Patriarchs! with the Prophet
Choir!
For our forgiveness plead.
Forerunner, blest! and thou who
still
Dost Heaven's dread keys re-
tain!
Ye glorious Apostles all!
Unloose our guilty chain.
Army of Martyrs, holy priests
In beautiful array!
Ye happy troops of Virgins
chaste!
Wash all our sins away.
All ye who high above the stars
In heavenly glory reign!
May ye through your prevailing
prayers
Unto our joys attain.
Praise, honour, to the Father be,
Praise to his only Son;
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to thee,
while endless ages run.
—From the Roman Breviary by
FATHER CASWALL, S. J.

A Mile From New Ross.

(Concluded.)

"I need little light now,"
answered the stranger, "for to-
night my eyes have seen what
they have been aching for many
years. Do you know man they're
marching in Wexford again? I
saw them in New Ross and I
carried this (tapping the piece of
ash on his shoulder) along with
them. God be praised."

Peter crossed himself under his
coat. What was the man talking
about to say he saw when he was
blind. Peter looked at him again
and saw two shining eyes glow-
ing in the shadow of the high
collar the man wore.

"Is it about the Volunteers
you're talking?" he asked as a
new light dawned on him.

"Aye," said the man, "and are
you one of them."

"Well, no, at least not yet," an-
swered Peter. "I am going to
join as soon as the spring work is
over."

The man beside him laughed
eagerly.

"We did not wait for that
when I was here," he said, "we
went and struck the blow. We
lost, of course, hungry stomachs
and empty hands must always
lose, and then some cock sparrow

**Get the Most
Out of Your Food**

You don't and can't if your stomach
is weak. A weak stomach does not di-
gest 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 neu-
rous headache, and disagreeable belch-
ing.

"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 can
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 with-
out it." W. A. NOXON, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and
the whole digestive system.

of a rhymester sings about us
losing because we were drunk.
Mighty little drink can unsettle
starving men. But then it is not
always drink that makes people
drunk. What about the hate and
the revenge and the wrongs that
had to be righted somehow? Ye
have men now and ye are going
to do it right—but you're not
doing it in rags and hunger. No,
you are walking to victory over
our dead bodies, and then you
talk of "the drink that brought
us down." I know it was wrong
for them that did it, but they
were few. We did not lose be-
cause a few men drank to deaden
their sorrows, but we lost because
we had no food, no arms, no
ammunition; because the ones we
depended on failed us, because we
were worn out and all we loved
in the world from the cabin that
sheltered us, and the mother that
loved us, to the poor old
country that was all we had in
this side of heaven, were taken
from us and flung like dirt under
the feet of the Sassenach: O God!
Who sees us all tonight and Who
has brought in Your own good
time the fruit of our sowing finish
the work well that we began in
'98.

Peter Daly felt his hair rising
at the roots. A cool whining wind
went over the hill and shadowy
forms seemed to flit to and fro as
clouds slipped through the shining
of the moon.

"In the name of God tell me
who you are and what you are
talking about?" he said, '98 is a
hundred and fifteen years gone
by and here you are telling me
about it like it was yesterday."

The man laughed a soft little
whimper of a laugh and replied:
"Aye, sure, I'm a queer coddler.
When I get excited about these
things it is forgetting where my-
self and this (patting the ash shaft)
belongs. But I'm glad to see what
I saw tonight, and tis I will be
glad to bring back the story to
the boys how things are at home."
Then with a twinkle, the man
turned to Peter Daly and con-
tinued: "So you think of joining
when the Spring's work is
over. You are a very condescend-
ing man to your country aren't
you? I hope you will not forget
to put on your gloves and have
the Misses put a muffler round
your neck—afraid you might
get cold marching. . . I saw a
few hundred men, myself, threw
in that trench over there and
they did not have enough clothes
to keep the birds from eating
them if we were not brave enough
to cover them in even when the
bloody North Corks were shoot-
ing us down like the carrion they
said we were. O man, man! get
to thinking for yourself and see
for yourself and see where you're
going."

"I'm going to my mother-in-
law's wake and funeral," Peter
said doggedly. "Who you are or
what you are talking about is a
mystery to me. But I'm thinking
you're mad or on the road to it."

The man gave his odd little
laugh again. "Maybe I'm mad
and maybe I'm not," he said, "but
you will be as mad as a March
hare when you find out how your
mother-in-law has made her will."

Peter immediately was all ears.
"My wife's mother was always
a sensible woman," he said after
a while, "what do you know
about her and how has she made
her will?"

"She has willed a hundred
pounds to the Volunteers through
her grandson, Jim Murphy, and

ten pounds to buy a Flag for
New Ross that will make every
rebel in Wexford laugh in his
grave."

Peter Daly took the pipe out
of his mouth and said something
I will not record on this page.
When Peter took a pipe out of
his mouth and wasted five puffs
of tobacco at four pence an ounce
on empty air then Peter Daly
was not in his right mind.

"You're a d—d liar," was his
final utterance.

The stranger laughed again.
"The same to you my friend and
your song," he replied, "here is
where I belong and here is where
I leave you. Good-night."

Peter Daly looked at his strange
companion. By the side of the
road two ditches met at an acute
angle and a worm-eaten gate joined
them; beyond was an open field
and some white walls in the dis-
tance.

The man set his hand on the
gate, but whether he went through
or vaulted over it Peter never
knew for he was left alone with
a cloud of frost particles driven by
a sudden wind in his eyes, and a
feeling that every bone in his body
had suddenly given way and he
was alone of all the men on
earth.

"By all the goats in Leinster,
and that's a frisky oath for a
settled man," he ejaculated fero-
ciously. "If he wasn't a ghost he
was a madman, and one is as bad
as the other. I hope his news isn't
true, however, for 'tis little peace
I'd have with Ellen for the next
ten years if it was."

Peter Daly stood and scratched
his head. Below him was, on one
side, the road he had come, ahead
were the walls of a town, and
beside him was a board bearing
the inscription "One mile from
New Ross."

TERESA BRAYTON.
Louvain University.

Every university in the United
States and Canada, writes the
Marquis de Fontenay in the
Chicago Tribune, will be gratified
to learn that the English Univer-
sity of Cambridge has dispatched
through King Albert's minister
plenipotentiary in London to the
Belgian primate Cardinal Mercier,
and to the authorities of the
ancient University at Louvain an
invitation to migrate, with its
faculty and students, to Cam-
bridge, and to continue there its
work of lecturing and teaching in
its own language. The Cambridge
University undertakes to provide
all the necessary facilities of lec-
ture rooms, laboratories, and
libraries, and also to put all her
own lectures and other facilities
at the disposal of her guests, so
far as the difference of language
and scope of studies enable these
to be of practical use.

Such an invitation extended
from one great university to
another is probably unique in
history, and it deserves especial
note in view of the fact that the
University of Louvain has for the
last 500 years been famous
throughout the old world as a seat
of Catholic learning and theology,
whereas Cambridge shares with
Oxford the reputation of having
been since the days of the
Reformation the headquarters of
Anglican orthodoxy. I understand
that the invitation has been ac-
cepted by Cardinal Mercier and by
the officers and faculty of the
Louvain University in the same
broad-minded manner which
characterized its offer by the
chancellor, vice chancellor and
dons of Cambridge.

To take in as guests the whole
of the University of Louvain in
normal times would be a colossal
task and one that would strain
even the resources of Cambridge
itself. But as the larger part
of the undergraduates, and even
several of the professors are serv-
ing in the ranks of the Belgian
army, it is only about half of the
faculty and a third of the under-
graduates who are keeping up
their studies. It is principally the
theological and philosophical divi-
sions of Louvain University,
along with the rectors and govern-
ing body, who are availing them-
selves of the invitation, and in
this way there will be no inter-
ruption in the continuity of
Belgium's principal university.

Meanwhile it will be of great
interest and value to Cambridge
to have once more in her midst,
for the first time since the Refor-
mation, courses of Catholic philo-
sophy and theology, and it may be

BUILD UP
In spring and summer, it's
the natural time to store up
health and vitality for the
year.

Scott's Emulsion
is Nature's best and quick-
est help.

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. Wm. 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
doctored 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.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT CO.
LIMITED**

GENELEMEN—Last Winter
I received great benefit from the
use of MINARD'S LINIMENT
in a severe attack of Grippe
and I have frequently proved it
to be very effective in case of In-
flammation.

Yours,
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

It is true that the law requires
that a fighter must have a doctor's
certificate of good health before
going into the ring, and this is
observed in some arenas.

Minard's Liniment Cures
Dandruff.

"Etiquette."—It is, I believe,
customary for a bride to hang on
to the groom's left arm tenaciously
enough to prevent his escap-
ing leaving his right arm free to enable
him to keep the rice from getting
down his neck.

Minard's Liniment Cures Neu-
ralgia.

"Sambo," who has evidently
been crossed in love, tells me that
all girls are foolish. That may be
so, "Sambo," but most of them
are too wise for us.

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."

"Aunt," said a pensive urchin,
"what comes o' a' the auld moons?"
"Deed, laddy, I'm not very
sure," was the tardy reply. "They'll
maybe clip them doon an' mak'
stars of them."

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stra-
ford 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."

Marks—I see that a well-known
physician declares that music has
curative properties.

Parks—Ragtime music hasn't.
On the contrary, it makes me
sick.

**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, and
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.

**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
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The trade supplied by
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Agents for P. E. Island.

**Men's Suits and
Overcoats
AT A BARGAIN**

A recent purchase of a lot of Men's Suits and Over-
coats 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 breasted Sague—in assorted Tweeds—
Medium Brwn—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.

**LET US MAKE
Your New Suit**

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

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 qual-
ity of the goods carried in stock, and nothing
but the very best in trimmings of every kind
is 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.

By their work



On the merit of their performances alone are
we willing to have them judged. Simplicity of
construction, combined with a skill in man-
ufacture, which is the inheritance of genera-
tions, make

REGINA WATCHES

good time keepers and
consequently comfortable watches to carry.
Their efficiency is assured by a guarantee which enables
the owner to have any constructional defect remedied free of
charge by the nearest agent in any part of the world. They
are not made in grades which cannot be fully ap-
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**MANY NEW
Watches,
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