

The Call of The Red White and Blue.

(Written for The Catholic Bulletin By Alvaiese.)

Remember, my boy, that I first saw the light In a country beyond the blue sea; That I fought in her battles and carried her flag Ere I came to this "Land of the Free." This land of adoption I love as my own With a love that's abiding and true, And I'll hearken, my boy, to the call when it comes, The call of the "Red White and Blue."

Mothers of Men.

The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not; 'Twas fought by the mothers of men. Nay, not with cannon or battle shot, With sword or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent word or thought From mouths of wonderful men. But deep in a walled-up woman's heart, Of woman that would not yield; But bravely, silently, bore her part— Lo! there is the battlefield! No marshaling troop, no bivouac song, No banners to gleam and wave; But, oh! these battles they last so long, From babyhood to the grave! JOAQUIN MILLER.

An Easter Offering.

(BY LINDA DE K. FULTON.) (Concluded.)

The house, as we have said, was near the Battery, and perhaps in former days may have been the pretentious home of some Dutch burgo-master of New Amsterdam. There was a little balcony outside the windows, from which a fine view of the harbor spread far away to where, dimly outlined, could be seen the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty welcoming the oppressed of all nations, and over all the glorious clouds up-gathered in a deep azure background. Miss Levison enjoyed the beautiful view, and calling the children to her, said: "Look, what a lovely scene. Is it not a blessing that God's best gifts of sun and sky are free to all, and that these beauties of Nature can be enjoyed by the poorest of His children if they will but look aloft?" Dorothy was still silent and thoughtful; but Dick gave his aunt's hand a squeeze and said: "I never thought so much in all my life as I have today. I never realized how much I had to be thankful for. I just took things as they came."

Miss Levison was silent, but there were tears in her eyes as she pressed the little hand in hers, for she felt sure the lad's better nature was awakening. Mrs. Brown returned and invited them into another room with a west window. On a bed covered with a snow-white coun-

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." Mrs. Eliza Roberts, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

terpane lay a little girl of about Dorothy's age, and she, too, had blue eyes and golden hair. But, oh, how frail and white she looked! It was very evident, even to the children's unaccustomed eyes that she was not long for this world and in the presence of this great mystery which some call the end, and others only the beginning, a mystery which is illuminated by your belief in Christ's love and sacrifice for man kind, the brother and sister drew near each other, and hand in hand watched with grave observant eyes this wonderful ethereal child. They were filled with a great pity for her weakness, but Lily Brown did not need it, for she was very happy and greeted them with a bright smile. She welcomed Miss Levison as an old friend, and held out her thin little hand to the children.

"I have brought you some flowers and some fruit," said Miss Levison. "And, please, may I give some to Jack Reilly?" asked Lily. "Perhaps you saw him on the landing below; the boy with the blue eyes?" Dick nodded eagerly. Of course he had seen the boy, and wondered about the pathetic look in those blue eyes. "Poor boy," said Mrs. Brown, "he had his leg cut off in the hospital. He was a newsboy, and as good as gold to his mother, who is a widow, and none too strong. He ran into an auto; that's what the driver said, but others said different, the poor have few defenders, miss; anyway, he got no damages."

"My brother is a lawyer," said Miss Levison, "and I will have his case looked into at once." "God bless you," said Lily. "And if he could only have a cork leg he might get about again to sell papers. The neighbors have given something towards it, and good Father Paul, too, and his little money he has. He would take the coat off his back for another, so by now Jack Reilly has all but ten dollars. How I wish he could get the new leg before I go."

At this Dick looked at his little sister, and she nodded vigorously; then the both looked eagerly at Miss Levison, who understood at once and smiled assent. They whispered together for a moment, and then little Dorothy, all smiles and blushes, took Lily's hand and said: "My brother and I have ten dollars we don't need at all, and we would love to give it to Jack Reilly."

"And then he can get a cork leg," said Dick. He blushed and was silent. "Oh—I am so thankful!" exclaimed the sick girl.

It was a thoughtful little couple that came down the old, time-worn stairs, hand in hand. They would never be quite the same thoughtless, somewhat selfish children that had gone up to the sanctified room in the attic, a room where they felt sure there were unseen angels. Their hearts had been quickened with a divine sympathy and purged for the time, at least, of selfishness.

And so their Aunt's wisdom had changed their uncle's gift into an Easter offering. Lily Brown passed away a few days before Easter, and on Easter morning, as they knelt before the altar in the little village church it seem to them that with the fragrance of the lilies came the visions of another Lily walking in the fields of Paradise.

CONSUMPTION In the cure of consumption, concentrated, easily digested nourishment is necessary. For 35 years Scott's Emulsion has been the standard, worldwide treatment for consumption. All Dealers.

From The Melting Pot.

A little gray nun has brought out of the melting pot of New York's East Side a regiment of soldiers ready to give their services and lives if need be to the United States.

Sister Marianne of Jesus is "mother" of four companies of "Columbus Volunteers," Italians, Syrians, Russians, Jews and youths from every race that goes to make up that great cosmopolitan population of the East Side are members of "her troop."

Twice a week for more than a year they have heard from the lips of Sister Marianne of Jesus of the debt of gratitude and honor they owe to the United States, and the soft spoken little nun has instilled in them spirited patriotism.

As Mother Superior of the Institute of Christian Doctrine, Sister Marianne was quick to recognize the need for military training among the youth of the East Side. The National guard made no appeal to these boys, few of them went to school and none of them could afford to join organizations which might give them military training.

So Sister Marianne took it upon herself to stand sponsor for the military training of these East Side boys. Funds for the equipment of the troop were slow in coming. Undaunted, Sister Marianne went on with her work of organization and secured a drill master. There was no drill hall but this did not perplex the Nun. In the main hall of the institute, where saints smiled down from their little shrines on the wall, the embryo soldiers were gathered for drill.

Major General O'Ryan, of the New York National Guard, was finally interested in the endeavor of the Sisters of Charity, and through his aid and the persistent work of Sister Marianne and her associated Sisters there were finally funds sufficient to equip the troop with uniforms, rifles, and banners.

After a year of training "the boys are ready," Sister Marianne says. With war clouds hanging over the nation this quiet little woman feels confident that every boy in her regiment will do his duty by his country—and it's an adopted country for most of them.

Kindness to Animals

It is an Indication of a Refined Nature. "Be Kind to Animals" week in the United States of America begins April 10. In these days of carnage abroad and rumors of more to occur near home, there is something pathetic in caring for the welfare of the lower animal life of God's creation. But if civilization would save a remnant of the kindly past, which, after all, was only three years ago, consideration for our dumb animals is a step in that direction.

The one who is kind to animals will be found compassionate and considerate of his fellow-men. To be sure there was a type of rough horseman who was claimed to be more kind to his horse than his wife. But that was not kindness; it was a bully's appraisal of his horse as contributing to his personal aggrandizement among boon companions.

A lover of animals gives six reasons why we should be kind to them: Public health requires kind treatment to give us wholesome meats and milks, and milk products that are not poisonous; Agriculture requires the protection of our insect-eating birds and their nests; Gratitude requires it for the services they render us, and the happiness they bring to our lives; Duty to God Who created them requires it; Because it adds to the happiness of every human being through life to love and be kind to the lower animals.

Because it had been proved in numerous schools of various nations that those who are taught to be doing kind acts daily to the lower races—feeding the birds, petting the horses, talking kind to all sensitive creatures, etc., become in all the relations of life, better men and women. All kinds of Job Printing done at the Herald office

Had Pneumonia

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM.

A cough is an early symptom of pneumonia. It is at first frequent and hacking, and is accompanied with a little tough, colorless expectoration, which soon, however, becomes more copious and of a rusty red color, the lungs become congested and the bronchial tubes filled with phlegm making it hard for the sufferer to breathe. Males are more commonly attacked than females, and a previous attack seems to give a special liability to another.

On the first sign of a cold or cough you should get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thus prevent the cold from developing into some serious lung trouble.

Mrs. E. Charles, North Toronto, Ont., writes: "Two years ago my husband had a very bad attack of pneumonia, and the doctors said he was getting consumption. A friend came in to see me and told me to get Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got three bottles, and they seemed to quite clear his chest of the phlegm, and now he is fine and well."

I shall never be without it in the house as it is a very valuable medicine." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, price 25c. and 50c. The genuine is manufactured only by THE T. MILLER CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

Papa—I'm surprised that you are at the foot of your class, Tommy. Why aren't you at the head sometimes, like little Willie Bigbee? Tommy—You see, Papa, Willie's got an awful smart father, and I guess he takes after him.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured me at once. I am never without it now. Yours gratefully, MRS. C. D. PRINCE. Nauwigawauk, Oct. 21st.

Wife—What would you do, John, if you were left a widower? Husband—I suppose the same as you would do if you were left a widow. Wife—Oh, you horrid thing! And you told me you could never care for anybody else.

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 50c. a box.

Little Sophia—Father, what is executive ability? Prof. Broadhead—The faculty of earning your own bread by the work of other people.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF. Don't believe that neighbor a "traitor" whose opinion on matters of public policy differ from yours.

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."

Do not belittle the part others take in the work of human advancement. He is wise who takes hold of God's strength. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

Northern Visitor (in Georgia).—I see you raise hogs almost exclusively about here. Do you find they pay better than corn and potatoes? Native (slowly)—Wal, no; but yer see, stranger, hogs don't need hoin'.

HAD WEAK HEART COULD NOT WORK COULD NOT SLEEP. Many women are kept in a state of fear of death, become weak, worn and miserable and are unable to attend to their household, social or business duties, on account of the unnatural action of the heart. To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills give prompt and permanent relief. Mrs. J. Day, 234 John Street South, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was so run down with a weak heart I could not even sweep the floor, nor could I sleep at night. I was so awfully sick sometimes I had to stay in bed all day as I was so weak. I used three and a half boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and I am a cured woman to-day, and so strong as anyone could be. I am doing my own housework, even my own washing. I doctored for over two years but got no help until I used your pills. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILLER CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

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GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." 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 which 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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