

The Purpose of Life.

ABBA GOULD WOOLSON.

Courage, brave soul! The ledgy pathway yonder, O'er windy slopes will lead to meadows sweet; Turn not aside, nor let thy glances wander To find a smoother turlurage for thy feet. True to thine aim, still journey on undaunted, Led by the stars that beckon overhead. With mind intent, thy footsteps firmly planted Shall crush to even line the stones they tread. The birds that circle o'er the sedgy hollows, The coming tribes that backward sweep and roll, Each has its purpose, and in wisdom follows. The devious ways that bring it to its goal. Theirs to renew the quest with every morning, But time to mount serenely heights than they; To seek the truth, all baser pleasures scoring. Holding the course where Honor points the way. Nor rest thee there; the gain is won for others; Thy firmer poise must steady those who fall; To higher levels lift thy weaker brothers; God gave thy powers because He needs them all.

The Sixteenth Pearl.

(Concluded)

"I'm afraid the end is not far off," the priest answered gently. "Do you want to make your peace with God?" The sick man groaned and turned his eyes away. His peace with God! Strange, curious words! How many years—hard, sorrowful, shameful years—it had been since he had experienced those words. Feebly his mind tried to grasp the meaning of it all. The priest helped him. "You have had a hard life?" he asked softly. A quivering lip the man raised.

"Our troubles," he said, speaking in a slow, soothing tone, "but the good God is over us all. Did you ever think of that?" The sick man pondered a moment. Then he turned restlessly. "I had a good mother," he said with apparent irrelevance. "A good old Irish mother—you know that kind, Father? Oh, her heart would break if she could see me now!" with an anguished sigh. "And those were her very words—the good God! Do you think—and his haggard eyes questioned the priest—"do you think He could ever forgive a person—for knocking a man down and trying—to rob him?" The last words were in a terrified whisper, to catch which the priest had to lean close.

It was four days later. In Tom Dalton's room at the hospital there was what George Naughton called "a sound of revelry," for the patient was better, his convalescence helped on by the arrival of George, always a host in himself as far as entertainment was concerned. The press despatches had carried the news of the assault back to Pittsburgh and George had left on the next train for Denver. He was weighed down, he declared, with messages from his father and mother—and Frances, put in merely as an afterthought. "And what about the old duffer who attacked you?" he asked at the first pause in the conversation. "He's dying," answered Tom, rather soberly. "Dying? Well, serves him right. The car hit him and all but missed you. It isn't often a thief meets retribution so quickly, is it?" "The poor fellow!" said Tom thoughtfully. "Do you know, I feel rather sorry for him. Father O'Connor has been telling me about him."

"Sorry for him?" interrupted George blankly. "Well I'm blessed, tell you what," as Tom laughed, if a thug up and hit me over the head, I'd be sorry for him—I don't think!" "But he isn't a thug, really," Tom explained. "He's only a poor

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat 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 headaches, 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. Nozner, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

unfortunate old fellow who was temporarily mad by bad luck and exposure. "Fine story!" said George derisively. "Every holdup man no doubt puts up the same plea. And old soft-hearted Tom—he's going to let him go scot free, I suppose?" "He'll be freed all right!" Tom answered gravely. "Really George," he added, "I wish you would go to see him and hear the story from his own lips."

"Who me?" asked George in plain but ungrammatical surprise. "What do I want to see the old duffer for? Besides, if he's dying—are any of his people with him?" "That's the sad part—I believe he had no people. . . . George," Tom went on with unaccustomed earnestness, "I can't tell you why, but I do feel sorry for the old man. Here's a man who knocked me down, gave me a broken leg, and worst of all, tried to rob me, and yet I cannot feel hard toward him. He isn't a regular thief; he had never robbed any one in his life, and he wouldn't have thought of doing it now, only he had been out of work and hadn't eaten anything for nearly a week. Think of it! And when he was almost starving he met an old mining camp chum who took him to a saloon and gave him a drink. That was the condition he was in when he attacked me. The queer part of it is," Tom concluded, "he told Father O'Connor he didn't want to hurt me—it was only the pearl he wanted for his little girl. But Father is inclined to think he was wandering when he said that."

"The pearl?" asked George in surprise. "What pearl?" "Why," Tom explained in some confusion, "I bought a pearl for Frances—for Christmas, you know."

"Oh!" exclaimed George significantly, "the sixteenth pearl! I knew you were slated for it! Well," pitying his friend's confusion, "do you really want me to go to see the old stage robber?" with a smile. "I wish you would," was Tom's rejoinder.

The small ward in which George's "stage robber" lay dying was in a pleasant corner of the hospital with a western outlook. The pale, wintry sun shone softly on the old man's face, and George was constrained to admit that the countenance turned toward him was a prepossessing one, though sunken now in the dark shadows of death.

"My name is Naughton," said George as he took one of the wasted hands. "I'm a friend of Dalton's you know, and he asked me to come to see you. The dying man looked up intently at his visitor. "Naughton?" he said in a feeble voice. "I used to know a George Naughton here twenty-five years ago."

"Then you must have known my father," George said, "for he used to live here. In fact I was born here."

The sunken eyes regarded the young man closely. "Your name is George," he said finally, "and you have a cousin Frances."

"That's right," George answered in growing surprise. "You knew my people then?"

The lids fell over the watching eyes, and there was no immediate reply. Then George noticed a tear slip down the pallid cheek as a trembling hand was reached out to him.

"Tell your father and mother," the sick man said faintly, "that I blessed them with my last breath."

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And when you go home,"—he choked—"when you go home give one kiss to your little cousin for a poor, lonesome, sorry old man!" His face broke up into a misery of tears; and George, answering the signal of a watchful nurse, slipped out of the alcove, softened, mystified and shaken with a curious presentment which had seized him as the old man spoke.

"How awful if it should be so!" he thought blankly. Then, "I'll go straight to Father O'Connor and get his name."

Frances, bending over the bed in the alcove, had no fault to find with the face of her long-lost father, turned in such adoring love. "My father, given back to me, it was true—but to get tending his far journey. A known circumstances entuate her grief, for she knew he was Tom's ass."

"It's strange," remarked Mrs. Naughton to Father O'Connor after the funeral, "that after all it was his thought of Frances that brought him back to repentance. When he saw the pearl, he said, his mind could only center hazily on getting it for her. Only for his attack on Tom"—she shuddered—"he might have died in the gutter—any place! It's absolutely startling, isn't it, how God brings good out of evil?"

"It is," answered the priest thoughtfully. "Truly, His ways are wonderful and past finding out!"

Three Main Cycles In Church Year.

The year as arranged by the Church is called the Church Year. The Church arranges her year to suit her end and purpose, namely, to glorify God and to sanctify men, says the Pittsburg Observer. In her year the Church commemorates and renews the work of our redemption. To accomplish her end and purpose, the Church celebrates throughout her year feasts commemorative of the work of redemption, particularly feasts of our Lord, and feasts of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, to set forth and emphasize how the graces of redemption have been efficacious and feasts of the Holy Angels to bring to mind their part in the work of our redemption and sanctification; she offers continuously the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; she preaches the Word of God and administers the Sacraments instituted by her Divine Founder and the sacramentals ordained by herself.

The Church Year begins with the first Sunday in Advent. The Sunday nearest the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle (November 30) is the first Sunday in Advent. This first Sunday can fall anywhere from November 27 to Dec. 3, inclusive.

The principal facts in the work of our redemption and sanctification are: 1, the coming of the Redeemer; 2, the work of redemption; 3, the work of sanctification through the Holy Ghost by applying the graces of redemption to the souls of men. Christmas commemorates the coming of the Redeemer; Easter the work of redemption; Pentecost, the work of sanctification. These three feasts are called the central feasts of the Church Year, because around them all the feasts and seasons range.

The Church year, then, is arranged in three periods or cycles: Each cycle is named from the central feast. We have therefore the division of the Church Year into the Christmas Cycle, and Easter Cycle, and the Pentecost Cycle. The Christmas Cycle comprises the time from the first Sunday in Advent to Septuagesima Sunday; the Easter Cycle, the time from Septuagesima Sunday to the Feast of the Ascension of Christ; the Pentecost Cycle, the time from the Ascension to Advent. Each Cycle is subdivided into three parts: the preparation of the feast, the celebration of the feast, and the after-celebration of the feast. The preparation for the feast is remote and proximate. The remote preparation is the time before the vigil of the feast; the proximate preparation is the vigil. The after-celebration is during the Octave; the remote after-celebration is the time after the Octave.

We should, year by year, study the Church Year, and strive to live in the spirit of the seasons

HONESTLY BELIEVED HE WAS GOING INTO CONSUMPTION.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup CURED HIM.

Mr. Frank E. Anthony, 69 Ellen Street, Winnipeg, Man., writes: "Having taken several bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, during the past few weeks, to relieve a chronic cough and general throat trouble, allow me to express my unbounded satisfaction and thanks as to its sterling qualities. A short time ago I became suddenly subject to violent coughing fits at night, and directly after rising in the morning, for about an hour, and found I was gradually losing weight. All my friends cheerfully informed me that I looked as though I were going in consumption, and I honestly believed such was the case. However, after having taken several bottles of 'Dr. Wood's' I am pleased to relate that the cough has entirely disappeared, along with all the nasty symptoms, and I have since regained the lost weight. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as a sure cure for all those troubled in a like manner."

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

and feasts of it. It affords, week by week, much matter or earnest thought; it is, in fact, the meditation book for most Christians.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Sirs,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for the past 25 years and whilst I have occasionally used other liniments I can safely say that I have never used any equal to yours. If rubbed between the hands and inhaled frequently, it will never fail to cure cold in the head in 24 hours. It is also the best for bruises, sprains, etc. Your truly, J. G. LESLIE, Dartmouth.

Bix—"That's a fine lot of books you have. Why don't you get a case for them?" Dix—"I would if I could get one the same way I got the books. Have you one to lend?"

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.

"Enui," said the club cynic, "is the polite society name for laziness. It means doing nothing and feeling too tired to stop."

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."

Indignant Customer—"Barber, why did you drop that steaming towel on my face?" Barber—"Because it was too hot to hold, sir."

Mrs. Wm. McKelvin, Temperance Vale, N.B., writes: "I am not much of a believer in medicines, but I must say Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are all right. Some years ago I was troubled with smothering spells. In the night I would wake up with my breath all gone and think I never would get it back. I was telling a friend of my trouble, and he advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. He gave me a box, and I had only taken a few of them when I could sleep all night without any trouble. I did not finish the box until some years after when I felt my trouble coming back, so I took the rest of them and they cured me."

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