

Hail, Full of Grace!

(By Teresa Brayton, in The Ave Maria.)

Hail, full of grace! The flowers of May are springing. Young buds are swinging on the greening trees; Hail, full of grace! The homing birds are winging. Back to our shores from summer overseas. O Maiden tender as the snow-drop blossom! Mary, most holy in God's holy place. Thou who didst bear our Savior on thy bosom, Show us our summer in thy shining face!

Hail, full of grace! The planets roll beneath thee, Young worlds are wheeling where thy glories are, Uncharted suns fling out their light to greet thee Throned forever as God's highest Star. The earth that bore thee trembles at thy glory, The winds, night hushed, lie down at close of day Yearning to hear again her wondrous story, Whose radiant flowering is the crown of May.

Hail, full of grace! The happy children gather Cowslips and daisies at thy feet to strew, Lipping their throats "Hail Mary's" and "Our Father," Calling thee Mother and God's Mother, too. Down in the valley little lambs are bleating (The Lamb of God was folded on thy breast), A misty moon the kiss of eve is meeting,— Hail, full of grace! Thy name is peace and rest.

Blessed art thou! The seas that ever vary Thrill to their depths and all the waves of them, When mourning mothers wail to thee, O Mary, With sad hands groping at thy garment's hem. Soft as the wand of death o'er hopeless weeping, "Am I not Mother, too?" thine answer saith,— Mother of Christ, we give unto thy keeping All we have ever loved in life and death.

Hail, full of grace! Thy touch of mystic healing Laid on our hearts when pain and woe assailed, Is like the tidal wave of heavenly feeling Flooding thy soul when Gabriel whispered "Hail!" O Mary, reaching through the hovering shadows, Find us and bind us on the road we fare, Till out of sleep we waken in God's meadows, And thou, O Full of Grace, to greet us there!

IN THE WOODS OF CASTLEBERG.

Netta Hardacre was admitted on all sides to be far and away the prettiest girl in Middleton. With her lustrous dark hair her creamy, soft-tinted skin, her fine features, flashing teeth, and a pair of big brown eyes expressive of every mood of softness or sadness of gaiety or tenderness, she was a girl who almost at the very first sight of her won not only admiration, but love from all beholders.

She might so easily have been spoiled, too by all this so easily won admiration and homage, to say nothing of her position as the only child and heiress of Sir Victor Hardacre. Yet she was not in the least degree. There was never a girl who spent less time before the looking-glass, and people who knew her best often wondered if she had any knowledge or realization of her wonderful beauty and charm. Though allowed by her adoring father a more than generous dress allowance, she hardly spent a thought upon chiffons, and would, from her utter disregard for such trivial matters, have proved the despair of her dressmaker and milliner were it not that fortunately, she wore every garment with such an air as made it always seem the most fitting and becoming possible. In almost everything indeed she

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula some which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGraw, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

was as simple and as lovely and as lovable as a child.

Had she not she might reasonably have felt very discontented as well as very, very lonely amidst all the wild beauty and solitude of her stately home at Castleberg. Standing high on a hill, surrounded on almost three whole sides by a thick belt of woodland, lordly chestnuts and sycamores, silvery-barked beeches, and gracefully drooping birch trees, its many wide windows looked down on a broad expanse of picturesque but hardly-inhabited country stretching far away to the hills and the deep, wide waters of the Atlantic.

A stately and beautiful home it was, with its high-terraced walks and gently-sloping gardens, its apple and cherry orchards, its hazel copse, and the deep darkness of the woods behind that at sunset were lit up as by a living fire with the glowing of red rays shining through of the sun setting low in the West. Yet very, very lonely it could be especially in the long evenings of mid-summer, when the only sound that broke the stillness of the evening was the noisy, monotonous cawing of the rooks in the trees overhead.

Neither Netta nor her father, however, were conscious of the least desire to leave it, save for a short while each autumn, when they went for a holiday together to Paris or to Rome, to Brussels or Berlin, or some other Continental town in which they might gratify their craving for the artistic and the old-world and beautiful.

For the rest they were perfectly content at home, for Sir Victor was, first of all, a good landlord and a country gentleman, and when he was not enjoying himself out with the hounds or down by the river and lake with his rod or his gun he found equal if not greater pleasure in improving the conditions of his tenants or in planting or pruning the lawns and many copses and shabbyeries about his own beloved old home.

Both he and Netta were inveterate readers, also, and between books and music, and flowers and landscape painting, and the care of her garden—for, though there were many gardeners at Castleberg, its beautiful and young mistress took a very active part as well as a special personal interest in everything that had already made the place such a wonder-world to visitors and sight-seers—the girl, on her part, never found time to feel lonely.

Though there was so little youthful society about the place, she always had her father. And the two had been all in all to each other for so long—ever since the time when Netta was only three years old, and her beautiful young mother was carried home from an accident in the hunting field never to open her sweet eyes on this sad old world again.

It was because of that, and of how her mother died, that Netta always felt a little unhappy in the autumn of the year. For though the woods were very beautiful with their branches all orange and gold and the beech trees sending down shower after shower of copper-colored leaves on the vivid green turf of lawns whereon the pampas grass waved in the breeze tall white heads like the funeral plumes of a hearse, there seemed always a vague sadness and mournfulness in the air.

Her father was obviously restless and uneasy and depressed, and she could not help sharing at

Flying Machines
A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was Scott's Emulsion in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Diseases.

least some of his depression, though she busied herself more than ever—ere the winter should step in and prevent her—in the planting of bulbs and the putting in of cuttings and various other odds and ends of outdoor work in her own special walled-in garden, where the chrysanthemums these autumn days made a riot of gorgeous life and color beneath the dying splendor of the woods.

Once that autumnal anniversary time of decay and death had passed over her father's sadness disappeared, too, and Netta's heart began to lift relievedly with his own. And after that the months of winter seemed to fly, so short were the days, and so pleasant the long nights of reading and recreation together in the cheery glow of lamp and firelight.

As I have said, Netta had little society of her own age, and hardly any of her own sex beyond that of old Madame Ducros, who had been her governess and (being a widow and childless and, without friends) found a still welcome shelter and annuity under the kindly roof of Castleberg. But she had hardly felt the need of any society—at least, not until after Godfrey Sutherland had gone away.

She was not sure, even then, that any other society but his would have been much of a help and a solace to her. As long as she had Godfrey and her father, and the kind old Madame, and her garden and the poor and needy of the neighborhood to visit and be good to, how could she be lonely? Those evenings when Godfrey used to come to dinner—for though almost penniless, and with his estates, moreover, heavily mortgaged, there was no one in the neighborhood to whom her father extended a more hearty and generous welcome—staying afterwards to talk by the fireside or play a quiet game of whist with Madame and her father and herself—seemed periods of ideal joy and happiness and contentment now that Godfrey had gone.

What had they quarrelled about? It was hard to say and indeed the word "quarrel" seemed much too strong a word to apply to the estrangement that had gradually come between them. It began like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, in a slight feeling of jealousy on Netta's own part. But there had never been even the shadow of jealousy or misunderstanding between them until Estelle Dumont, a school friend of Godfrey's sister, had come to stay with them at Castle Grange.

They had always made Godfrey so welcome at Castleberg, for in spite of his poverty, Sir Victor, Netta's father liked him incomparably more than any other young man he knew. He was so rich himself that he could well afford to overlook such a small fault as poverty in an otherwise charming and deserving young fellow, and Godfrey was so big and handsome and cheery and kind—and Netta as well as her father, had perhaps dreamed dreams.

Dreams were all they were ever destined to be apparently, for with the coming of Estelle Dumont to his home, Netta and her father began to see less and less of their former frequent visitor. Perhaps it hadn't been altogether Godfrey's fault, she tried to think sometimes, for she herself had never been able to get on very well with Godfrey's only sister Julia, who seemed to her a very vain and frivolous person, supremely irritating, too, from her want of tact and her coarseness and opinionated self-assertiveness.

She had tried to like her and be nice to her for Godfrey's sake; but Julia Sutherland had so plainly showed her contempt for the dullness and dreariness of Castleberg—her first visit having unfortunately coincided with Sir Victor's autumnal period of mourning and depression—that, as she was fond of telling her brother and her friend Estelle "wild horses would not drag her to that house of gloom again for any consideration." Neither did Netta care very much for Julia's French school-mate and companion, who—perhaps as a result of her chatterbox hostess' constant declarations against the deadly dullness of Castleberg and its occupants—seemed to hold herself distant and aloof from them in a degree highly incommensurate.

(To be continued.)

DON'T GIVE

CONSUMPTION A CHANCE To Get a Foothold on Your System.

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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 for the 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.

Had ship's anchor fall on my knee and leg, and knee swelled up and for six days I could not move it or get help. I then started to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and two bottles cured me. PROSPER FERGUSON.

Gabe—What is a bore? Steve—A man who doesn't talk to us about ourselves.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

"What did the doctor say?" "He felt Jones' purse and said there was no hope."

"The man who is always punctual in keeping an appointment never loses anything." "No, only half an hour waiting for the other fellow to show up."

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."

We must never undervalue any person—every person is the handiwork of God.—De Sales.

Cholly—"When I was a boy you know, the doctor said if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes I would become feeble-minded." Miss Keen—"Well, why didn't you stop?"

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 box a 50c."

He—Once for all, I demand to know who is master of this house? She—You'll be happier if you don't find out.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC

"What's the matter with your wife, anyhow?" "She's got a case of flat tire." "What do you mean by a 'flat tire'?" "She's wearying of living in a flat."

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking at him.

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 suffered 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, this was they trembled. I gave up doctoring 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."

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MENDS—Graniteware Tin—Copper—Brass Aluminum Enamelware—Price 1/2 & Per Mend

PRICE 15c PER PACKAGE

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Easy to use, requires no tools and mends quickly. Every housewife knows what it is to discover a hole in a pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article. Few things are more provoking and cause more inconvenience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will often spoil a whole morning's work.

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"VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a still putty, simply cut off a small piece enough to fill the hole, then burn the mend over the flame of a lamp, candle or open fire for two minutes, then the article will be ready for use.

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