

The Nun's Vow.

O Lord, dear Lord, behold me at Thy feet,
While years are few and life appeareth sweet,
Yet conscious that the shining world can give,
Nor joy, nor treasure, that forever shall live,
No lowering shadow hath my path o'erspread,
No dark foreboding yet awakened dread;
The vista of the future seemeth bright,
And still my heart desires a holier light.
I want Thee, Lord. No creature else can fill
The inner void; no other voice can thrill,
In low-toned music, floating on white waves,
As when the sea, a sun-parched shore line bathes.
It might have brought content, at least in part,
To rest mine own upon another heart,
And quaff sweet draughts of human love, all pure,
Save for the thought—how long will this endure.
Thus grew the yearning for some higher love,
Some pledge of life and hope that never dies,
A bond secure, unfeeling as Thy word;
None such could give save only Thee, dear Lord.
The voice of pleasure chanted in the vale,
The song of triumph echoed on the gale,
Domestic joy in winning accents called,
But none of these reclaim a soul once thrall'd.
By chains of Thine. The weakness sin and woe,
Thou found'st in me, did not my claim forego,
With all the misery, a hope was there;
I turned to Thee; Thou didst not spurn my prayer.
Gladness, this hour, doth in my soul hold sway,
I'm Thine, dear Lord, and will be Thine alway.
Oh! that my words could summon to Thy shrine,
Young hearts, more fervent, purer far than mine!
Thy chains are gold, with a clasp empearled,
They guard me from a cold and dangerous world,
Each link is welded by the Hand of Love,
Annealed to strength by seraph flames above.
I feel portection in each light-some bond,
And tender care, and peace, all else beyond,
Content am I, Thy gracious Will allows
My lips to speak—today, my holy Vows.
—From "Flowers of the Cloister."

The Man Who Played the Cyrenean.

(Concluded)
It was unbearable. Yet she could not rise to go; she could not even take her eyes from the screen.
No wonder his face wore a look of utter wrath and outraged indignation! George—who had been the respected religious leader of a respectable parish! What could it mean? How could he do it? What was this man's perversion that could drag him from exalted position to—that.
No wonder he had never told her what he did to earn a livelihood! Of all the humble things that she had thought of and put from her as beneath even possibility for him, none could have compared with this. And another of the soldiers was striking him. That wince was real—the flash of anger. Oh, merciful Heaven!—George!
Her son—her poor, proud son who had never asked her for the help, which though hardly appreciable, might have saved him from that. He had looked gloomy, sad, broken, that time she had seen him two months ago. But now—what had he gone through when his face looked like that picture of the man bearing the cross behind the Lord? George never could act like that. George had felt it. It was real—anger, loathing, bitter regret, shame, humiliation, agony of mind and soul.
Then the screen turned black. Upon it appeared white letters. It took her a moment to adjust her

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes 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 sores 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 my children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGee, Woodstock, Ont.
Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

straining eyes to the print and to read.
"The Cyrenean Saved by the Cross."
The pictures again—up the hill. But what was the change upon the Cyrenean's face? The bitterness was gone. The anger seemed past. Grim fortitude was in its place—and this giving away to resignation to—
Why, George was smiling. It was not his mythical smile she had occasionally had opportunity to see him use upon some parishioner. There was something triumphant about the smile. Something more of love in it. And—it was genuine. She knew George. But—what could he smile about?
The last fall! And George was bending over the fallen One. It was as if he had overcome his fear and loathing for a criminal; and begun to rejoice that he was permitted to share the burden of his Lord. She began for the first time, to feel the illusion of the pictures. She forgot that she saw only a play. She was looking upon Golgotha, upon a Saviour who had spent His strength and fallen prone upon His face. And she was looking upon the man who had helped Him carry the cross—and the man was George!

And the Saviour, the Son of God. Creator of heaven and earth—as they rudely lifted Him over to lay Him upon the rough boards, His altar of Eternal Sacrifice, was looking up into George's face; and George was bending low to hear the whispered words of thanks, to kiss the hand over which a soldier already lifted a cruel spike.
There was no applause. Here and there came a little sound as if someone gulped. George was snatched from view. Another "leader" flashed out:
"Forgive them. They know what they do."
Mrs. Wilson suddenly came back to realities, suddenly knew that she was but watching a moving picture on a screen. It was hard to get back into her mind that her son had not actually helped the Christ in Whom they both believed on His last, hard journey, had not just received the highest honor man may ever hope to merit, the approving smile of his God.
And before she had succeeded in getting back to realities, she perceived that she must get further back and find realities were just as the picture portrayed them.
Realities—
Yes, George was not preaching now, was not moving men to righteousness by his eloquence, was no longer looked up to as a pastor; but George was a moving-picture actor! Perhaps the Cyrenean, in his own country, had been a teacher, a leader, a man of influence and prominence. Perhaps he had afterwards become a disciple and pastor among the early Christians. But whatever the Cyrenean ever had done before or ever did after, nothing he ever could do was greater than helping God carry His cross.

Swiftly she reviewed her own life. She had often spoken of the crosses of her husband's work. She wondered now what they had been. Even the sorrow at the loss of her spouse paled before the humiliation and hardship her son was enduring. She had lent her influence, worked, given time and strength and energy as a wife of a clergyman. She had felt gratified over and over to know that she had done some good.
But—
George was carrying the cross. The tears coursed down her

SCOTT'S EMULSION
is taken by people in tropical countries all the year round. It keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as in winter.
ALL DRUGGISTS

face as Miss Smith arose and thus brought to her mind that the picture-play was ended. "Shall we take a little run before we go home," her host suggested.
"Yes—yes," she agreed eagerly. "I want to see my son."
A few minutes later she entered the dingy tenement. Perhaps Miss Smith had recognized the man who had played the Cyrenean; perhaps she didn't. For Mrs. Wilson had scarcely kissed her son when, in a voice broken up with eagerness, she uttered a request strange enough from her lips:
"George, I want you to give me a cross.
For an instant the son hesitated, surprised, doubtful. Then he drew from his pocket a tiny golden crucifix. As a matter of fact it had been given him by a high-church parishioner in the days before his conversion, but it had been blessed since by the priest who had received him. He pressed it reverently to his lips before he handed it to her. A moment later he was gulping in astonishment.
Slowly, tremulously, still half fearing from long teaching that the thing she was doing savored of idolatry, with tears gathering in her eyes as she gazed steadily at the golden emblem, with lifelong prejudices melting as wax before her and seeming to melt her very heart within them—she lowered herself to her knees.
Not yet did he understand the significance of her act; nor did he yet find an answer to the question of the good to be done by his own hard-life, until he heard it from his mother's lips, after they two had been reverently pressed to the cross—
GEORGE A. M. CAIN, in Benziger's Magazine.

Motorman Dan Egan.

(From the New York Railways Employees' Magazine.)
On the afternoon of October 27 Motorman Dan Egan of the Fourteenth street division, probably better known to his friends in the company as "Garryowen," had a student under instructions. The car was operating eastbound, nearing the East Tenth street ferry stand, and Dan was standing on the right hand side of the platform, preparatory to stepping down on the step in order to remove his run plate.
The power had been thrown off and the car was coasting, but at a good rate of speed, and as Dan leaned out to remove the plate he observed a small boy about three and a half years old run from the sidewalk directly in front of the car. We have often heard it said that there is a thrill which comes once in a lifetime, and we believe that the time had come for its visit on friend Dan, who, without losing a fraction of a second to even think, grasped the air-brake with his left hand, throwing it to the emergency, and realizing that the car could not be stopped, jumped to the street, running directly in front of the car, and with one supreme effort threw the child to safety.
The car went rolling by just as Dan managed to gain a safe clearance of it himself. The child was saved from serious injury, and probably a worse fate, and Dan was very much pleased with his heroic work. When the spectators recovered he was centre of attraction, and for his great work they copiously congratulated him. So delighted was one woman that she pushed her way to Dan, and throwing her arms about his neck kissed him several times.
All heroes, must expect this, but Dan, who is rather a timorous person did not take kindly to this woman's manner of congratulation, and besought the employees present not to mention a word of it to any one. He expressed his regret in having to throw the boy aside roughly, but it was a time for quick action, and his one thought was to save the youngster, forgetting entirely his own predicament. When told that the child was not hurt by the experience Dan was well pleased, and continued with his car.

Our store has gained the reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1915 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan.

Was All Choked Up Could Hardly Breathe.

BRONCHITIS Was The Cause; The Cure Was DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Mrs. Garnet Burns, North Augusta, Ont., writes: "I caught a dreadful cold, going to town, and about a week after I became all choked up, and could hardly breathe, and could scarcely sleep at night for coughing. I went to the doctor, and he told me that I was getting bronchitis. My husband went to the drugstore, and asked them if they had a cough medicine of any kind that they could recommend. The druggist brought out a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I started using it, and it completely cured me of my cold. I cannot tell you how thankful I was to get rid of that awful nasty cold. I shall always keep a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup on hand, and I shall only be too glad to recommend it to all others."
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a remedy that has been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and we can recommend it, without being obliged to bring the best cure for coughs and colds that you can possibly procure.
There are a lot of imitations on the market, so when you go to your druggist or dealer see that you get "Dr. Wood's" put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c.
The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentleman.—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.
The above facts can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish Priest or to any of his neighbors.
A. COTE, Merchant, St. Isidore, Que., 12 May, '98.

"You look blue and discouraged, old man."
"I'm not myself this morning."
"Well, that's nothing to feel so bad over."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

Rural Visitor—"Don't it cost an awful lot to live in the city."
Native—"No, it doesn't cost so much to live, it's trying to keep up appearances is what paralyzes a man's bank account."

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."

It was very nice of the Shepards to adopt a little orphan-boy, says an exchange, but think of the people of little means who are doing the same thing every day without getting a three line notice in the papers about it.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYPHTHERIA.

Young Jones was exhibiting some photographs to a charming society girl, with whom he was very much in love.

"This one," he said handing her a picture, "is my photo with two French poodles. Can you recognize me?"
"Why, yes, I think so," replied the young woman, looking intently at the picture. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagar's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Kirk Deacon—"When I look at the congregation seated in the pews I ask myself 'Where's the purr?' When I look at the collection at the close of the service I ask 'Where are the rich?'"

Heart Would Beat Violently, Nerves Seemed to Be Out of Order.

The heart always works in sympathy with the nerves, and unless the heart is working properly the whole nerve system is liable to become unstrung, and the heart itself become affected.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will build up the unstrung nervous system, and strengthen the weak heart, so that the sufferer will enjoy the very best of health for years to come.

Mrs. John N. Hicks, Huntville, Ont., writes: "I am sending you my testimony for the benefit I have received from using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. As a nerve and heart builder they have done wonders for me. At times my heart would beat violently, and my nerves seemed to be all out of order, but after using a few boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I feel like recommending them to others that they might receive benefit as I did."
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and are universally considered to be unrivalled as a medicine for all disorders of the heart or nerves.
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. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

1916 For the New Year
We have quite a lot of **NEW GOODS**

We include plain and fancy Rings, Wrist Watches—with illuminating dials.
Ladies' Watches in handsome designs.
Young Men's Watches in the popular sizes.
Watches for the MEN and boys; also some very fine and close timekeeping ones among them.
Solid Gold and Bolidate Pendants, Necklets, Bracelets, Fobs, Cuff Links, Studs, Brooches, fancy and useful Clocks.
The latest and best in Eyeglasses, Silverware, etc., etc.

E. W. TAYLOR
142 Richmond Street.

LET US MAKE Your New Suit


When it comes to the question of buying clothes, there are several things to be considered.
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 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
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At the Front Are Asking For **Hickey's Black Twist CHEWING TOBACCO**
BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST
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Shropshire, Southdown, Leicester, Oxford and Cotswold Rams.
For names and addresses of owners write THEODORE ROSS, Secretary, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Possibly from an oversight or want of thought you have put off insuring, or placing additional insurance to adequately protect yourself against loss by fire.
ACT NOW! CALL UP **DeBLOIS BROS.**
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JOB WORK!
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Letter Heads Receipt Books Posters Tickets Dodgers Check Books Note Books of Hand
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NEW SERIES Synopsis of Canadian West Land Regulation
Any person who is the sole family, or any male over 18 years of age, may homestead a quarter section available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or Alberta. The land must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy made at any agency, on conditions by father, mother, daughter, brother or sister of the homesteader.
Duties—8c. monthly, maintenance and cultivation of the land in three years. A homesteader must within nine months of his homestead a farm of at least 80 acres sub-let and occupied by him or by his mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.
In certain districts a homesteader good standing may pre-empt a section alongside his homestead. \$8.00 per acre.
Duties—Must reside upon the land or pre-emption six months each of six years from date of entry (including the time he is a homesteader) and cultivate across extra.
A homesteader who has on his homestead right and cannot a pre-emption may enter for a pre-empted section in certain districts. \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must six months in each of three consecutive five years and erect a worth \$300.00.
W. W. CORRY, Deputy Minister of the I.O.

VOL-PIEK
Boilers and all other kitchen cost of less than 50c. per Tinwares, Copper, Brass, etc.
Easy to use, require Every housewife knows pan, kettle or boiler just a Few things are more convenient, a little leak often spoil a whole morning

The housewife has something with which she mend such leaks quickly, never found it.
What has been needed that will repair the article same time be always at hand.
A package of "VOL-PIEK" air sized holes.

R. F. Mac
Char Agents for
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July 26th 1912.—t