

Mary's Part

(Written for The Catholic Bulletin by Rev. P. J. McCabe.)

What joy to think of beauty defied— A beauty touching earth and heaven's throne: There is but one whom God thus magnified. She's heaven's Queen, and yet, she is our own. Her soul, so pure it could not purer be— Immaculate in body, love and mind— Predestined Mother, from eternity, Of God Himself, Redeemer of mankind. Did Angels hear the pray'r the Virgin said, That moved her God to look into her heart And choose her beauty for Himself to wed? That in redemption she might set a part. Her pray'r went up, oh yes, her soul went too. Her pure humility was gift so rare It pleased the Father, knowing it was true. Then Spouse and Mother, Mary was made there. A change, we can not comprehend, took place. Creator now created seemed to be, And creature's crowned above created place. Her crown is this: Divine Maternity. Redemption: Oh, the task indeed was great; For sin destroyed what God Himself called good, And Justice justly closed up heaven's gate To open only to the Precious Blood. Then joys and sorrows mingled in her heart. The Hand-maid now, her office will fulfil. The sword may pierce her soul— she'll do her part, —Her goodness makes her do God's holy will. O, faithful Virgin, Spouse and Mother too: Thou art not God but creature all alone. To say Thou art divine, would not be true. Yet God, Thy Son, Thou claimest for Thy own.

The Restitution Of Francoise

(Lucia Marrachi, in The Christian Family.) It was dusk in the early summer when a young woman could be seen walking along the high-road which led to the small Norman town of C— She was heavily veiled and dressed with simplicity, but there was about her that chic which is the unmistakable art of the Parisian couturiere. A few villagers passed by, hastening to their evening meal, and stared at her curiously. Night had fallen when she reached a large homestead, surrounded by well-kept sloping lawns and almost hidden by majestic oaks. Light was streaming from the long French windows at the side of the house. The stranger hesitated noiselessly along the path, she hid herself among the tall rose-bushes, and through a chink in the shutters she looked in. It was a charming scene. A venerable old priest with snow-white hair, seated in the place of honour, was evidently telling a story. Nearby sat a gentleman in the early fifties with a grave and noble countenance. At his right was a slender young girl just budding into womanhood. A younger, fair-haired girl, sitting on a low stool at his feet, was listening with rapt attention. As the woman gazed, her face changed, and the slow tears crept down her cheeks. For the moment she regretted the unreasonable impulse which had driven her to her old home like a thief in the night. How peaceful and happy they all looked, she thought. It seemed ages ago since she had last seen them. Why Claire was only a baby when she had left and Jeanne was a woman! One would hardly recognize them. The old priest, to be sure, was unchanged, and as for her father she caught her breath in a quick pang, as she noted the lines on his face and the slight stoop in

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night— That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They soothe. The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear. "I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable, concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. I have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Wain, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

the figure which had formerly been so erect. To think that her place was there among them and that of her own free will, in a moment of folly, she had forfeited the right forever! There was another whose chair was vacant. Dear, gentle Madeline. No doubt she was even now a humble servant of God, working tirelessly among His poor. Though they missed her greatly, still how proud they were of her! The thought of her brought no blush of shame to the cheeks of those she loved. Alas, could she have foreseen this that unhappy day, eight years ago, when in a rebellious moment, she had left her home forever! Then Francoise Beauvais had been a gay, thoughtless girl. She had lost her mother when still a child. Her father was a gentleman of the old school, almost austere in the strict rule of conduct he set for himself and his family. With Antoine Beauvais a high code of honour was a dominating passion, only equalled, it must be admitted, by his pride. His three other daughters were very docile and obedient, giving him no trouble whatsoever, but Francoise, his first-born, in whom he recognized his own cardinal failing, had ever been a source of anxiety to him. Strange to say, he was perhaps the fonder of her for this, and certainly he had cause to be proud of her. She was very lovely, with soft brown eyes and bright hair that curled prettily about her small head. Her features were delicately chiselled and her mouth red and shapely. Francoise was generous to a fault and so good to her younger sisters that they adored her. Quick to anger and quicker yet to repent, with an infinite capacity for getting into trouble and being reprimanded by her father in consequence. Old Father Blanc, the village priest, would often tell him: "Nay, mon ami, do not be too severe with the little Francoise. She must be ruled by kindness. Restrictions will only increase her willfulness." When Francoise had been punished she would go to the old priest for sympathy, and he would pat her golden head and tell her to bear in mind that if her father loved her dearly; if at times he scolded her, she must be patient, as he had her welfare at heart. She would then run home armed with excellent resolutions and promptly proceeded to get into another scrape before the day was over. Francoise was gifted with a beautiful voice, and every Sunday the clear, bird-like tones would ring out in the little village church. Then Antoine Beauvais would smile fondly, as he sat in the family pew with his little daughters beside him. This happy life continued until Francoise was eighteen years of age. With a realization of her face and voice, the demon of discontent entered her heart. She became restless, and at times moody. She was tired of the little provincial town and longed to see the wonderful world. Especially did she dream of Paris. There beautiful ladies wore gorgeous gowns and ropes of pearls around their necks like you saw in the Journaux de Mode. She coaxed her father to take her to the great city, and he, becoming alarmed at these sym-

ptoms, commanded her never to speak of it again. She acceded sullenly, but the thought never left her mind. One lovely day in Spring Francoise slipped out of the house unseen and went to the woods to hunt violets. She was in a happy mood and sang at the top of her voice, the sweet, pure notes filling the balmy air with melody. A man passing by ordered the chauffeur to stop his car and sat listening to the song. Francoise came out of the woods still singing, her hands filled with violets. Her cheeks were flushed, and she looked unusually lovely. The stranger beckoned her to come. She hesitated a moment, and then went up to him. "My child," he said, "do you realize that you have a beautiful voice. With a face like yours you would make a fortune in Paris. Why do you not go there to study?" "M'sieur," Francoise hastened to assure him, "you do not know my father. He would not hear of it."

The stranger smiled and handed her a card. That night Francoise received a sound lecture for having absented herself so long without leave and was sent up stairs supperless to bed. She sat for a while gazing out of the window, too proud to cry and snarling with anger. A spirit of rebellion surged within her. Would her father never realize that she was getting too old to be treated like a child? No? Well, then, she would show him. At that moment a rash and evil inspiration came to the girl. She hastily scribbled a note, and stifled the promptings of her conscience, opened the window and clambered down the strong ivy trellis which covered the house. She then ran swiftly through the night, headed for the inn of the Chien d'Or.

That was the last her father had seen of her for eight long years. In the heat of anger he had said that she was his child no longer. She had chosen her life, let her abide by her decision. He refused to let any Parisian newspapers enter his home, fearing that he might see his daughter's name mentioned. Old Father Blanc saw it was useless to renege with his friend, and himself had gone to Paris to bring back the erring lamb. After a long search he found her. Francoise having tasted of the poisonous fruits of luxury and adulation, was in no mood to return home to an outraged father. In vain Father Blanc stormed. In vain he pointed out to her the inevitable remorse and shame which would be her share and begged her, with tears in his eyes, to return before it was too late. She hardened her heart and remained obdurate, and the old priest returned home sorrowing. It had been a cruel blow to proud Antoine Beauvais, and from that time he aged perceptibly. The three girls sadly missed Francoise, and every evening they knelt together and prayed that the good God would watch over their wayward sister. Now known as "La Belle Francoise," the little provincial girl was no more. In her place was a woman whose youth, beauty and talent made her the toast of the gay capital, while highly-coloured accounts of her extravagance and her escapades figured in the sensational sheets. As she stumbled along the garden a gleam of light struck her eye. A tiny candle was flickering in the grotto. How well she remembered it. She had built it with her own hands and during the summer months had sought the fairest flowers to lay at the Virgin's feet. She knelt down and wept bitterly. "O mother," she sobbed, stretching out her arms despairingly, "why did I not die then when I was innocent and happy? Why did I live to bring sorrow and shame to those I love? dear mother, pray the good God for me, for I am unworthy to speak to Him. Pray that He may have mercy on me and forgive me the wrong I have done. Oh, if He would only grant me the power to rehabilitate myself for their sake! Could I make restitution for the shame I have brought upon myself!" (To be Continued)

SUMMER COMPLAINT IS DANGEROUS.

The Old and the Young, the Strong and the Weak, are all affected the same.

There is not a summer passes without thousands of people being attacked by Summer Complaint. The prostration, often verging on collapse—which sometimes accompanies this disease makes it one of the most serious and dangerous we have to contend with during the hot months. Very few people escape an attack of summer complaint. It may be slight, or it may be severe, but nearly everyone is liable to it. You cannot tell, when it seizes you, how it may end. Let it go for a day or two only, and see how weak and prostrate it will leave you. There is only one safe way to cure it, and that is by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It has been on the market for the past 72 years, and has been proved and tried. You do not experiment when you buy it. Do not accept a substitute or imitation, as many of these may be positively dangerous to your health. Insist on having "Dr. Fowler's." It does not leave the bowels constipated. Mrs. T. Haggarty, Algoma Mills, Ont., writes: "I must recommend your Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It saved my little boy who was a year and two months old he had a bad attack of summer complaint. I got the doctor and he gave him some medicine, and said if that wouldn't do him good he could do no more for him. I wrote to my aunt and she sent me a bottle of your Wild Strawberry. She sent me a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I only gave him four doses when he was completely cured. It certainly saved my child's life." Price: Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Good Of Company Managers.

There isn't any trouble in the home when there is company in the house. Everything runs smoothly, as a rule, avers the Columbus Dispatch. The children are better behaved, regard for what mother says about it; father is more patient. There is no quarrelling among the children—when there is company. Everything is cleaner, and more orderly, and voices are lowered, and correct language is used. Which is to say, wouldn't it be a blessed good thing to have "company manners" in the home all the time. To have the break-down pass off as quietly, to have that little harsh language, to do away with the usual family criticisms—wouldn't it be glorious if we used "company manners" whether there is company present or not. It would be an awful strain for a while, to be sure. The whole family is under a strain when there is company in the house. But the general effect would justify the strain. There would come a time when it wouldn't be any strain at all; it would become a habit. Table manners would be improved, conversation would be more rational, criticism would be less bitter, dispositions would mature with the sweetness of ripened fruit that has grown in the sunlight.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYPHTHERIA. 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 25c. a box. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and if healed all up and disappeared altogether. DAVID HENDERSON. Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N. B. Sept. 17, 1904.

A SENSIBLE MERCHANT. Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects' whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's Pills 25 and 50 cts.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER. A Friend to The Aged. 73 Years Old and Feet Fine. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A Boon to Those Up in Years.

As the years creep on, the heart becomes weak, the circulation poor, and the vitality on the wane. Little sicknesses and ailments seem harder to shake off than formerly, and here and there evidences of a breakdown begin to appear. Those who wish to maintain their health and vigor and retain their energy unimpaired should use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mr. J. Bronson, Swift Creek, B.C., writes: "I had a weak heart, and was advised by my neighbor to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I got two boxes and took them regularly, and felt I was getting better. I sent for two more and now I can go out and saw wood and get water without feeling tired and weak, and now 73 years old and feel fine. I can highly recommend your pills to anyone who has a weak heart, for they are a good remedy." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold in a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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 tailored 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.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO MAKE GOOD BREAD You must have Good Yeast 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 she 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 mors 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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Summer Footwear Wear something light and easy on hot days. We carry a full stock for every member of the family For Women White Boots (leather or rubber soles) \$3.65 a pair and up White Pumps, Sneakers, Oxfords, all kinds For Men Canvas Shoes, Sneakers, Low Shoes, for any wear For Misses & Children Sandals, Slippers, Pumps, White Canvas Boots and Pumps TRY HERE ALLEY & CO.

Live Stock Breeders. List of Pure Bred Live Stock for Sale. NAME ADDRESS BREED AGE Geo. Annear Montague Ayrshire bull calves (3 yrs. 8 mos) Wm. Aitken Lower Montague Ayrshire Bulls (3 yrs. 6 mos) M. McManus New Haven Shorthorn Bull (5 years) W. F. Weeks Fredericton " (2 years) David Reid Victoria Cross " (2 years) Ramsay Auld West Covehead " " calf Frank Halliday Eldon 6 Yorkshire Pigs (5 weeks) Ramsay Auld West Covehead Yorkshire Hog (2 years) J.A.E. McDonald Little Pond Duroc Jersey Boar (2 years) " " " 5 " Sows (4 weeks)

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Change of Time Commencing Friday, June 28th, 1918, and until further notice, the Car Ferry Prince Edward Island will be withdrawn from service between Borden and Tormentine, and the S.S. Northumberland will be placed on the Summerside-Prince du Chene route. Trains west will therefore be changed and run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: Leave Charlottetown 6.45 a.m., arrive Summerside 8.50 a.m., leave Summerside 12.20 p.m., arrive Tignish 6.05 p.m., leave Charlottetown 4.00 p.m., arrive Summerside 7.20 p.m., leave Summerside 8.50 p.m., arrive Tignish 11.55 p.m. Leave Tignish 5.30 a.m., arrive Summerside 8.35 a.m., leave Summerside 9.10 a.m., arrive Charlottetown 11.10 a.m. Leave Tignish 5.30 p.m., arrive Summerside 8.35 p.m., leave Summerside 8.45 p.m., arrive Charlottetown 11.10 p.m. Leave Borden 6.20 a.m., arrive Emerald 7.20 a.m., arrive Charlottetown 10.15 a.m. Leave Charlottetown 12.15 p.m., arrive Summerside 4.10 p.m., leave Summerside 6.10 p.m., arrive Emerald Jct. 7.20 p.m., leave Emerald Jct. 9.45 p.m., on arrival of night train from Summerside and arrive Borden 10.45 p.m. Trains between Souris, Georgetown, Murray Harbor and Charlottetown will continue to run as at present. District Passenger Agent's Office, Charlottetown, P. E. I. July 3, 1918.

Near Sighted People See clearly close by, and for this reason try to get along without glasses, thereby suffering endless misery, and sometimes blindness follows. We are competent to examine and fit your eyes with the proper glasses, and guarantee satisfaction. Orders by mail promptly filled. E. W. Taylor Optician, Watchmaker, Jeweler South Side of Queen Square CHARLOTTETOWN - P.E.I.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS Change in Time-Table Commencing Monday August 19th, 1918, the Car Ferry, Prince Edward Island, will resume service between Borden and Tormentine, and the time table will be the same as was in effect when she was withdrawn, giving two return trips to the Mainland daily. The service between Summerside and Pt. du Chene will be discontinued after Saturday, August 17th, 1918. District Passenger Agent's Office August 10th, 1918. August 14, 1918. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon, on Friday, the 5th July, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week. Over Rural Mail route No 1 from Cherry Valley, P. E. Island from the 1st October next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Cherry Valley, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector. JOHN F. WHEAR, Post Office Inspector Post Office Inspector's Office, Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 28, 1918-31

Flying Machines A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, now was Scott's Emulsion in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists