

The Stabat Mater.

Translation of Denis Florence
McCarthy.

By the cross, on which suspended
With His bleeding hands extended
Hung the Son she so adored,
Stood the mournful Mother weep-
ing
She whose heart, its silence keep-
ing,
Grief has cleft as with a sword.
Oh, that Mother's sad affliction—
Mother of all benediction,
Of the sole-begotten One;
Oh, the grieving sense-bearing,
Of her heaving breast, perceiving
The dread sufferings of her
Son.

What man is there unfeeling,
Who, his heart, to pity stealing
Could behold that sight un-
moved?
Could Christ's Mother see there
weeping,
See the pious Mother keeping
Vigil by the Son she loved?

For his people's sins atoning,
She saw Jesus wrestling groan-
ing,
'Neath the scourge wherewith
he bled;
Saw her loved one her consol-
ing,
Dying in his dreadful dolor
Till at length his spirit fled.

O thou Mother of election,
Fountain of all pure affection,
Make thy grief, thy pain my
own.

Make my heart to God returning,
In the love of Jesus burning
Feel the fire that thine has
known.

Blessed Mother of prediction,
Stamp the mark of crucifixion
Deeply on my stony heart,
Ever leading where thy bleeding
Son is pleading for my need.

Let me in his wounds take
part.
Make me truly each day newly
White like snow, O Mother, duly
Weep with Him the Crucified
Let me, 'tis my sole demand,
Near the cross where thou art
standing,
Stand in sorrow at thy side.

Queen of Virginia, best and dearest,
Grant, oh grant the prayer thou
hearest,
Let me ever mourn with thee:
Let compassion me so fashion
That Christ's wounds, His death
and passion,
Be each day renewed in me.

Oh, those wounds do not decay
me,
On that cross, oh, crucify me!
Let me drink His blood, I pray,
Then on fire enkindled, dying,
I may stand without despairing
On that dreadful judgment day.

May that cross be my salvation,
Make Christ's death my preserva-
tion;
May His grace my heart make
wise,
And when death my body taketh,
May my heart when it awaketh
Open in heaven its raptur-
ed eyes.

Closing the Contract.
(Concluded.)
Mrs. Conover, at her husband's
right, leaned nearer and spoke in
an undertone:
"This is no time to talk religion,
Do you want to spoil it all?"
But Ralph's table partner was
one of the multitude of those who
like to talk and hate to listen,
so his answer to her query passed
unheeded. The lady was already
giving her opinion of the new
style of dancing and had forgotten
the subject of a moment before.

Views about the war, politics
and theatre carried the conversa-
tion through the remainder of the
dinner, and when they left the
table never guests asked for the
latter part of the evening were
already arriving. When those at
the dinner countered back into the
long hall, they found the rug
rolled back and a small orchestra
stationed near the stairway.

Both Ralph Conover and his
wife were good dancers. The
crowd of young people, the dancing
set of long island took them
into their ranks at once.
"I'd love to have a home like
this and give a party," Mrs. Con-
over said to her husband during
one of the few moments they had
together.
"I'll get the contract," he
said, "and we'll be married on the 27th."
"I'll be waiting," she said, "and
I'll be waiting."

All Stuffed Up

It's the condition of many sufferers
from catarrh, especially in the morning,
that difficulty is experienced in clear-
ing the head and throat.
No wonder catarrh causes headache,
upsets the taste, smell and hearing,
stifles the breath, deranges the stom-
ach and affects the appetite.
To cure catarrh, treatment must be
constitutional—alterative and tonic.

Food's Sarsaparilla

"I'm sure of one thing," Ralph
yawned—"if I don't stop gossip-
ing about my neighbors and go
to sleep, I'll never be up in time
for church in the morning."
"Church?" Mrs. Conover start-
ed.
"Surely. The church here is
around the turn in the road, as
of the left of the monument we
passed on our way here. The late
Mass begins at ten o'clock, which
will give us plenty of time if we
don't stay awake all night talk-
ing."

"But, Ralph, the people here
are the only Catholics in the
house, and you don't want to be
conspicuous. Did Henry Severance
or his wife say anything to you
about going to church?"
"No."

"Then Ralph, why are you so
determined to go?" It is going to
be a grave inconvenience to us
and to our host, if we make our-
selves singular in this way. You
said yourself that a lot depends
on our making a good impression
here, and now you're planning to
upset it all. Have you forgotten
about the contract?"

"That is one of the reasons I
am sure going to Mass," Ralph
replied gravely. "I am certain
that Henry Severance knows that
I am a Catholic; the first time I
met him was at a reception to the
Cardinal. He understands us,
every well-informed Protestant
does that a Catholic's obligation
to assist at Mass is more binding
than a non-Catholic's duty to at-
tend his church on Sunday."

"We are Catholics and under-
stood to be Catholics. There will
be more than one member of the
house party watching to see if
Donohue and I go to Mass,
although they will be too well
bred to mention the subject. This
snobbishness on the part of well-
meaning Catholics merely serves
to discredit them. We are Catho-
lics, and I for one don't intend to
apologize for it or be a Catholic
on the sly when I am sure none
of my stylish friends will see
me."

"All right," Mrs. Conover
sighed. "Only don't blame me if
you lose the contract."
"I won't blame you no matter
how it comes out. I am merely
doing what I know to be the
right thing."

The sun had been up many
hours before the guests at the
Severance home were about next
morning. Even then some pre-
ferred to have breakfast in their
rooms, and so were not in the
room when Mrs. Severance enter-
ed.

"We have lunch at two o'clock
and dinner at seven," she announ-
ced, "and I want each of you to do
what he likes best. You will find
cards in the library and the
motors in the garage at your
service. They have a good course
at the country club for those who
like golf, and tea is served there
at four o'clock. I have arranged
that those of you who care to go
will be looked out for there."

"Mrs. Conover and I are plan-
ning to go to church this morning,"
Ralph smilingly remarked. "We're
Catholics, you know, and if there
is no motor convenient, it will do
us good to walk there."

"Of course there is a motor
convenient, and I'll tell the man
to be ready in time. The Catholic
service is at ten o'clock and the
Episcopal at eleven. I am sorry I
didn't mention it before; I knew
you were Catholics, too! Is there
any one else for the trip?" How
about you, Mr. Donohue?"

Donohue reddened as he caught
his wife's glance.
"I don't know," he said, "I
don't know."

"I'll be waiting," she said, "and
I'll be waiting."

Oh, I guess not today, thank you.

The Monday morning sunshine
poured itself over the lower
Manhattan, touching with a thou-
sand lights the wondrous sky-line
of down-town New York. Pile on
pile the mighty buildings rising
proudly above their more modest
fellows, lured hundreds of thou-
sands of workers to their weekly
toil.

In the Director's Room of the In-
tercontinental Railway offices, half a
dozen chairs had been hastily
pushed back from the mahogany
table and an uniformed clerk was
gathering up pencils and pads.

President Henry Severance
shook hands with the departing
directors and passed through the
door at the rear into his private
office. He did not go to his desk,
but stood looking out over the
splendid panorama below him. He
was going over in his mind the
result of the directors' meeting,
and thinking of the opportunities
which had placed in the way of a
young man. Severance had passed
the meridian of life. He had won
the battle for success and had
realized his reward in wealth
power and distinction. Yet he felt
that he would willingly give it up
to be young again and have the
joy of conflict and victory that he
felt sure was in store for the man
he was about to summon. Going
to his desk he pressed a button.
His secretary responded.

"Get Mr. Conover on the wire
and ask him to come to my office."
In ten minutes Conover was
there.

"Mr. Conover," the president
began, "our directors met today
and gave final consideration to
the awarding of the bridge con-
tract. I don't mind telling you
that the decision lay between
Donohue and yourself. Both bids
were substantially the same; the
standing and reputation of the
bidders were equally satisfactory.
But there is an element in every
contract that does not appear in
the papers—the element of
character. That is what counts
most after all, in the business
world. They had asked my re-
port on that, and that is why I
invited you both to my home."

"It was your stand on the
matter of going to church that
influenced my final decision. I am
not a church member, but I under-
stand the Catholic attitude and
I like to see a man true to his
convictions. I may or may not
agree with him—we can't all see
alike—but they are his convic-
tions and he is known by them.
If a man is faithful to his ideals
to the religion to which he is
pledged, it shows that he has the
one thing most needed in business
—character. It shows that he will
be faithful in other matters,
faithful when no one is looking
on."

"This is, in substance, what I
reported to the directors, and they
closed the contract by awarding
it to you on an unanimous vote."
Ralph was too excited to do
more than nod his thanks and
acceptance.

"And now the matter is settled.
I want you to come to lunch with
us. We can talk over the details
then."
"Certainly," said Ralph. "You
don't mind my using the teleph-
one a minute, do you? I want
to send a message," here Ralph
smiled—"it's to my wife."

Titles of Christ.
Christ is called "The Deceitful," and
a literal thing of wood, but a
spiritual deed.

He is called "the Way," not
one trodden by man's feet, but
one who leads to the Father in
heaven.

He is called "the Sheep," not
an irrational one, but the one
which through its precious blood
takes away the sin of the world.

He is called "the Shepherd,"
because He not only keeps His
sheep but dies to save them.

He is called "the Lion," in op-
position to him who prech about
as a roaring lion seeking whom
he may devour.

He is called "the Stone," not
quarried by man's hands, but
the chief cornerstone, elect, pre-
cious.

He is called "the Son of Man,"
because He was born of one born
and born of our flesh.

HAD A BAD COLD

WITH PROLONGED
COUGHING.

TRIED NEARLY EVERYTHING
FINALLY
DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY PINE SYRUP
CURED HIM.

Mr. Wallace H. Crane, Vancouver,
B.C., writes: "During a cold spell here
about the middle of last October (1915),
I caught a cold which got worse despite
all treatments I could obtain, until
about November 22nd, a friend said,
'Why not try Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup?' Really, I had no faith in
it at the time so I had tried nearly every
other remedy I had heard of, to no avail,
but I thought I would give this last
remedy a trial. I purchased a 50 cent
bottle, and in three days I was feeling
a different man. My cold was so hard,
and the coughing so prolonged, that
vomiting occurred after a hard spell of
coughing. I carried the bottle in my
pocket, and every time I was seized with
a coughing spell I would take a small dose.
I can most heartily recommend Dr.
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone
with a severe cold, as its powers are most
marvelous, and I never intend being
without it at all times."

"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.
Millburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont."

"He will save His people from
their sins."
His titles are, indeed, many;
his subject, however, is one—
St. Cyril.

I consider MINARD'S LINI-
MENT THE BEST Liniment in
use.

I got my foot badly jammed
lately. I bathed it well with
MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it
was as well as ever next day.

Yours very truly,
T. G. MULLEN.

The bride read the recipe over and
said,
"I'm really afraid that these
onions are strong."
And it says, "Under water's the
best way to peel them."
But I never can stay under water
that long.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DANDRUFF.
"This hotel is under a new
management."
"Why, I still see the old pro-
prietor around."
"Yes, but he got married last
week."

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
35 cents."

Doctor—"I want to pay that
little bill of yours."
Creditor—"Very well, sir."
Doctor—"But I can't."
Boston Transcript.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stan-
ford says—"It affords me much
pleasure to say that I experienced
great relief from Muscular Rheu-
matism by using two boxes of
Millburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price
box a 50c."

He was an honest man, was Pat
I'd trust him with a million.
In fact, he was so honest that
He wouldn't take a hint.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DIPHTHERIA.
Ever notice how little attention
is paid to people who talk too
much.

Being the friend of a "good
fellow is an expensive job."

War News
Affected Her.
Many people who have been reading
the "terrible war news from day to day,
and who have been feeling the
weight of the war, have been surprised
that it is impossible for them to sleep.
The answer lies in the nervous system
and the brain. The war news is
building up the nervous system and
affecting the brain.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DIPHTHERIA.
The T. Millburn Co. Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

THE NEW YEAR
Offers Another Opportunity
A pair of modern Spectacles or Eyeglass will make
the 'Old Folks' happy—enable them to read and sew in
comfort, make them "see young" again.
What more useful or acceptable gift could you select
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We are making a specialty of Spectacles at this Xmas
and have a scheme whereby they can be suitably presented
as a gift.
Make it Glasses for the
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You're Welcome

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Among the new things are sets of brushes and combs,
nail files, etc., in cases. These come in large and small
sizes and are sterling or quadruple plate. New designs in
Mesh Bags
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Gents Chains in different
styles
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ches in tinted gold set
with pearls
Fobs in Gold Filled and Rib-
ben
High Grade Watches
Boys Watches, \$1.00 up
White Metal Chains, 25c up
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Back Combs
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Nice Reading Glasses
Telescopes, from \$3.00 up to
\$20.00
Rimless Eyeglasses

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The Old Stand, 142 Richmond St.
Charlottetown.
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Your New Suit
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clothes, there are several things to be con-
sidered.
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.
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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
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.

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MENDS HOLES IN
POTS & PANS
IN TEN
MINUTES
WITHOUT
TOOLS
MENDS - Graniteware
Tin - Copper - Brass
Aluminium Enamelware
Cost 1/2¢ Per Mend
PRICE 15¢ PER
PACKAGE

"VOL-PEEK" mends holes in all kinds of Pots, Pans,
Boilers and all other kitchen utensils, in two minutes, at a
cost of less than 1/2¢ per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron
Tinwares, Copper, Brass, Aluminium, etc.
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 incon-
venience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will
often spoil a whole morning's work.
The housewife has, for many years been wanting
something with which she could herself, in her own home,
mend such leaks quickly, easily and permanently, and she has
never found it.
What has been needed is a mender like "VOL-PEEK,"
that will repair the article neatly and quickly and at the
same time be always at hand, easily applied and inexpensive.
A package of "VOL-PEEK" will mend from 30 to 50
air sized holes.
"VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a stiff putty, simply cut
off a small piece enough to fill the hole, then Burn the
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minutes, when the article will be ready for use.
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