

The Veiled Madonna.

It stood in a showman's window, in a crowded thoroughfare—An image of Mother Mary in attitude of prayer, A delicate, pure achievement of sculptor's highest art, Revealing in every feature the reverent heart.

For over the head of the Virgin the master hand had thrown, As if with an angel's tenderness, a marvelous veil of stone: And over the maiden visage, so like a thing of flesh Like a spider's web o'er a lily, was cast that filmy mesh.

Till, out of the airy shadow, the faultless lineaments Emerged in their gracious sweetness, their grave young innocence.

Even as once they brightened (instinct with life and breath), The old Egyptian doorways, or the porch at Nazareth.

Twas well to stand undiscovered, and watch the hurrying crowd Ebb and flow to the window, with praises low or loud: Like to the dark Egyptians, or the Nazarenes of old, The rabble was won by the magic of the image pure and cold.

Unto the dusty workmen who halt in the sun or rain, Unto the ragged gamins who gape thro' the crystal pane, Unto the merchant, prince, wordlings, or children young She spake, thro' the spell of her silence, with sweet mysterious tongue:

"Come over to me," she whispered, "and be enlighten'd, all: And watch at my gates in patience till the dew of grace shall fall;

Come over to me, my children—The Mother of God above.

Am I—and of fear and wisdom, of hope and of holy love?"

And they cannot choose but come over—not choose but pause for space,

Till their hearts are filled with the glory of that veiled and virgin face:

For she spreads the spirit of Jesus abroad in the sunny street;

And the world, the flesh and the demon are drawn to her royal feet.

And going their ways thro' the city to their haunts of toil and ease,

Men carry about them a fragrance, an exquisite odor of peace,

Sweeter than lilies and roses, stibler as light can be—'Tis the breath of the veiled Madonna and her clinging memory!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY, in Standard and Times.

How do you Tackle your Work.

How do you tackle your work each day?

Are you scared of the job you find?

Do you grapple the task that comes your way

With a confident easy mind?

Do you stand right up to your work ahead

Or fearfully pause to view it?

Do you start to toil with a sense of dread

Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,

But you'll never accomplish more;

If you're afraid of yourself, young man,

There's little for you in store.

For failure comes from the inside first,

It's there if we only knew it.

And you can win, though you face the worst,

If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success: It's found in the soul of you,

And not in the realm of luck!

The world will finish the work to do,

But you must provide the pluck,

You can do whatever you think you can,

It's all in the way you view it:

It's all in the start you make, young man,

You must feel that you're going to do it.

How do you tackle your work each day?

With confidence clear, or dread?

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 can't.

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. I consulted 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. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida K. WALK, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

What to yourself do you stop and say
When a new task lies ahead?
What is the thought that is in your mind?
Is fear ever running through it?
If so, tackle the next you find
By thinking you're going to do it.

—EDGNAR A. GUEST, in Detroit Free Press.

A Crust of Bread.

(BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD, in Ave Maria.)

(Concluded)

I remember wishing it were all over, and making a feeble effort to crawl toward the dead-line, in the hope that a shot from the guard would put an end to my misery. A man pulled me back. He dragged me to the shade of a tree, and brought me water from a pool the boys had scooped with their hands. Then he took from his pocket a crust of bread,—homemade bread, dried and dirty. He handed it as a miser might his gold. I had no money left. My blankets had been bartered away long before. I was nothing but a poor, penniless, miserable wretch, clothed in rags; but I felt that I would barter all I might ever have to get possession of that crust. I looked at him. He was older than I, a living skeleton with a skin like parchment—written in his face. But I begged him for it. He gave it to me without a moment's hesitation, and I ate it to the last crumb, while he looked on.

In the hour of his humiliation, Eleanor Duncan came to her father, and wept softly on his shoulder.

"That crust of bread saved my life. Four days later I was exchanged. Now, friends," concluded James Duncan, "I need scarcely tell you that I am not a man of sentiment, but I have an uncommonly strong grip on a purpose. Lying in that sweltering swamp, gnawing that dried crust of bread—the sweetest morsel I ever tasted,—I promised myself that if I lived to get away, I would share my last cent with the man who had given me his last crust. But I lost all trace of him after I came away. The Lord knows I've tried hard enough to find him, but I had little to go on: only his name—unfortunately a common one,—the State in which he enlisted, and the fact that he was a private soldier, I've fancied him old neglected and homeless. I've thought of him ill and in want. I've often feared that I might find only a grave.—Private Brown, of New Hampshire, I've been looking for you twenty-five years!"

After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century the two men clasped hands and gazed at each other with eyes that were not ashamed of the tears that gathered in them.

"It wasn't much, but it meant a great deal to me. Do you know how hard I've tried to find you—confound your name! I've had the war records searched; I've put detectives on your track; I've even had personals in the daily papers. But when Fate tried to lend me a hand by marrying your son to my daughter, I turned the lady with a distaff out of doors. Never mind!" he added, lowering his voice. "She's found her way in again and her web will be finished yet."

Across the room Eleanor and

Horace were standing, their hands joined in a cordial clasp. Tears stood in their eyes as in those of their fathers—tears of joy.

Going to John.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I don't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for a train to go to John."

"John. There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh, John is my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I'm going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face were noticed by the stylish lady, as the gray head bowed upon the toll-marked hand. She waited to hear her story; to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no, I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble tonight."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went west to begin for himself. He said he had provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—"

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found that they were ashamed of my bent old body and withered face; ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them.

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back a long, kind letter, for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart; but there's room for his old mother—God bless him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day when I'm gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them for many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out as if to look for a train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks; while tears of sorrow and sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties, that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on her careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

Nearly Lost Little Girl from DYSENTERY

She Was Cured By Using DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Dysentery manifests itself with varying degrees of intensity, but in well marked cases the attack is commonly preceded by loss of appetite, and some amount of diarrhoea, which gradually increases in severity, and is accompanied by gripping pains in the abdomen. The discharges from the bowels succeed each other with great frequency, and the matter passed from the bowels, which at first resembles those of ordinary diarrhoea, soon change their character, becoming scanty, mucous or slimy, and subsequently mixed with, or consisting wholly of, blood.

Never neglect what at first appears to be a slight attack of diarrhoea or dysentery may set in. Cure the first symptoms by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. John Peterson, Radville, Sask., writes: "I cannot speak too highly for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I nearly lost my little girl, aged three years. I took her to the doctor, and he told me her temperature was 104, and forbid me taking her out to our home, six miles from town, but I was forced to do so. We managed to get her home, but the fever did not go any lower, and we thought we would lose her sure, as she was so bad with dysentery she even passed blood. A neighbor came in and brought a change for the better, as she was quite a time before she was on her feet again. I do believe if it were not for Dr. Fowler's, my little one would have died."

The genuine "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured only by the T. Mitchell & Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 25 cents.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me sometime."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes that inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would turn homeless in the world, to go John.

This is to certify that fourteen years ago I got the cords of my left wrist nearly severed, and was for about nine months that I had no use of my hand, and tried other liniments, also doctors, and was receiving no benefit. By a persuasion from a friend I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and used one bottle which completely cured me, and have been using MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family ever since and find it the same as when I first used it.

ISAAC E. MANN, Metapedia, P. Q. Aug. 31st, 1908.

The only wealth that will not decay is knowledge—Langford.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

To be thoroughly good nature and yet avoid being imposed upon shows great strength of character.

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."

"The last time I saw him was thirty years ago, when he was a baby."

"Well, I saw him yesterday, and he hasn't changed a bit."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

How soon are we forgotten! Do you ever recall your friends who are dead? Will any one think of you a year after you are in your grave? What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!

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."

The man who never makes any blunders seldom make any good hits.

Heart Palpitated

Would Have to Sit Up in Bed. FELT AS IF SMOTHERING.

Mrs. Francis Madore, Alma, P.E.I., writes: "My heart was in such a bad condition I could not stand any excitement, and at times when I would be talking my heart would palpitate so that I would feel like I was smothering. At night I would lie in bed, when I would go to bed and be lying down for a while, I would have to sit up for ten or fifteen minutes, as I would feel as though I was smothering. I read in the daily paper of a lady who had been in the same condition as I was, and was cured by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I bought a box, and they did me so much good, my husband got that word, and before I had used half of the second box I was completely cured. I feel as though I can never say enough in favor of your Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are composed of the very best heart and nerve tonics and stimulants known to medical science, and are for sale at all dealers, or will be mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25.

VOL-PEEK

MENDS HOLES IN POTS & PANS IN TWO MINUTES WITHOUT TOOLS

MENDS — Granite-ware Tin — Copper — Brass Aluminium Enamelled-ware — Cost 1/2¢ Per Mend

PRICE 15c. 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 1/2c per mend. Mends Granite-ware, 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 inconvenience, 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 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.

Sent Post Paid to any address on receipt of 15 cents in Silver or Stamps

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Agents for P. E. Island.

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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.

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Says the Critical Tobacco Chewer

"Of all the chews I ever chewed I never chewed a chew as good as HICKEY'S TWIST. It is the chew I always choose."

Ask for HICKEY'S---You'll like the flavor.

Stylish Shoes for Stout Women

Why wear shoes not built for your feet, which are bound to stretch and lose their shape? Here is one of the "AUNT PULLY'S OUT SIZE" boots which has made a host of friends.

By a clever idea in shoe-making these shoes give extra room at the ankle, top, and the broadest part of the foot, and still appear smaller than the shoes which you have previously found it necessary to content yourself with.

No trouble at all give you a perfect fit.

to Size 2 1/2 to 11.

\$4.50 to \$5.50.

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Don't let them become strained or overtaxed when the use of glasses will obviate any weakness or difficulty of vision. If you need spectacles the sooner you will get them the greater service they will render you. If you will let us examine your sight, we can determine the question of what you need, and supply the proper glasses.

By procuring from us you save the exorbitant charges too often made by agents and avoid the possibility of getting a wrong glass with no chance of changing.

If not convenient to come in, and you send us some particulars of your requirements we could mail a pair of eyeglasses or spectacles out for you to try, but a visit to us would be more satisfactory.

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In the cure of consumption, concentrated, easily digested nourishment is necessary.
For 35 years
Scott's Emulsion
has been the standard, world-wide treatment for consumption. All Druggists