

Arthur Aldis' Great Work.

(By Georgina Fell Curtis.)

When Margaret Donovan married Arthur Aldis, she said, "My life is magnified this day above all my days," and for a year she believed it. Then came the awakening. Slowly it dawned on her that it was not her handsome, creamy, good-tempered husband who was doing all the work on the farm, but the freckled, raw-boned brother Tom.

The farm in the far West had been given to her as her wedding dowry by her father, whose broad oak ranch, in the shadow of the Rockies, stretched for miles beyond her own land. It was one summer when she was just back from her convent school in Denver that Margaret had met Arthur Aldis, artist, literateur and dreamer, who had come out to Colorado and Wyoming because of some slight tendency to delirium of the lungs, and being him with all her heart, had married him.

Months later her father died, and his broad lands had passed to her eldest brother, Robert. Then it was that Tom, the youngest son, and Margaret's favorite brother, had come to live with them, and gradually Arthur had handed over to him first one thing on the farm and then another, until, at the end of a year, Tom was doing practically all the work.

"He likes it," the optimistic dreamer told his wife, "and as for me, I can now have more time for my literary work." So he fitted out the most attractive room in the house as his "den," and proceeded to write magazine articles that brought him a slender pittance, which, had it not been for the farm, would have utterly failed to provide for them.

In five years the faithful Tom married, left for a home of his own, and confronted with the necessity of assuming the reins of government, Aldis settled it to his own satisfaction, "Joe will look after everything," he said, "and he can report to me from time to time."

Joe, a farm hand, with the best of good will, but no executive ability, scratched his head and looked at Margaret doubtfully as Aldis' graceful figure disappeared into the house, seeing which, Margaret smiled bravely. "It's all right, Joe," she said. "Go to the north field and start the boys ploughing; it then come to me."

In the years that followed, it was Margaret that became the dominant spirit, while Aldis continued to write and to assure himself and every one else how Joe did the work under his direction. In the meantime, he had not wisely abandoned writing for the magazine, and was to be engaged on a monumental work that would bring him fame and money—nothing less than the "Interdependence of Literature," a book that was to astonish the world. Margaret did her best, but the babies came fast, and sixteen years after her marriage she died, leaving her husband to face life with their nine children, the eldest of whom was only fifteen.

It had passed Aldis to give his children poetic names, and it was the eldest, a girl named Mona Lisa, to whom the dying woman recommended her other children. "You will do your best, Mona—always love your father, and teach the others to love him; and have patience with Don and Vittoria, and be a mother to little Angelo." And Mona Lisa, her soft brown eyes wet with tears, had promised, and then Margaret, whose brave spirit had never submitted to any one but herself that her handsome husband was a broken reed to lean upon, had filled her hands and receiving the last sacraments, died with a great peace, her sorely tried spirit had long been a stranger to.

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't get it if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted. Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Angelo was awakened from his nap. Vittoria Colonos, a sturdy, handsome girl of thirteen, departed, and Donovan gathered up an armful of logs and disappeared down the passage leading to his father's sanctum. He was back in five minutes.

"The Governor wants a cup of tea," said the boy, "and he says he's cold and can't write when his fingers are so stiff. Gee whiz, but I wish that book would be finished and paid for before summer comes."

A little pucker appeared on Mona's forehead, but she busied herself getting the tea, and presently handed it to the none too willing Donovan, who again departed down the passage-way. In the boy's heart was a growing resentment—at fifteen he was beginning to realize the condition of affairs, and to see how heavily burdened was the elder sister whom they all adored. But at fifteen cares can also be forgotten, especially by a boy, and presently he was back in the kitchen, racing around the room on all four, with three-year-old Angelo, laughing and triumphant, in his back.

At two o'clock Mona had her kitchen tidied up, and gathered the whole eight around her for a talk. Ever since they could remember the Aldis children had kept the Ban King's festival on Twelfth Night. It was a custom Aldis had seen carried out in some parts of Germany and France, and it had taken his artistic fancy so he had taught it to Mona Lisa and Donovan. When not too much absorbed in his work, he would take part in it himself.

Looking at the eager faces around her, Mona Lisa smiled. "I have not much money," she said, "but I have a plan, and she proceeded to unfold it. In the midst of great clapping of hands the door was opened, and there entered a stout, comfortable-looking woman, followed by a fair-haired, manly young man, "Ach Ja!" said the newcomer, "I want you, meine Liebste Blome. Is it to the town we will go, mit meinem Fritz. Is it not so, mein Engelchen?"

Mona Lisa's face was rosy red. "How good you are, dear Mrs. Harter," she said, "I was just wishing I could go to town in preparation for tomorrow. There is so much to do, and so little time in which to do it."

"So," was the answer. "Wrap up warm, mein Lieblich, and gliding around at the chime of bright, eager faces, "There is room for just one more in the sleigh, next to me. Fritz—Ach Gott! For ten-year-old Sopher, unable to restrain his eagerness, had jumped up, and stripped by Aubrey de Vere's outstretched foot, had landed right in Fritz Harter's comfortable lap. Since he had arrived in so previous a manner, Sopher it should be, and ten minutes later he was stowed away under the warm carriage robes, the while Mona Lisa, a drowsy sweetness in her face as she caught Fritz's eye, was being tucked in the back seat next to his mother. With the musical jingle of the bells they were off, after Mona Lisa had left the house and the younger children in care of Vittoria and Don.

Aldis wrote late that afternoon, and just as the western sun was setting in a flow of golden light, he reached for another sheet of paper, to find there was none. Should he stop? No! He had got to a most interesting period of George Washington's life.

man literature in the time of Charlemagne. He would work another hour or two while the subject was fresh in his mind. Rising from his comfortable seat, he walked to a closet that was built in the wall between his room and his eldest daughter's and reached up to a shelf where there was a pile of writing paper as he did so, a clear, boyish voice was raised in the next room, and he paused, spellbound.

"I tell you, Vitt, it's a burping shame! There he sits day after day in that room, writing all this stuff that nobody will want to read, and everything in the house and on the farm going to rack and ruin, and Mona near worked to death; and none of us with proper clothes or anything else. It's a shame I tell you!"

"It killed mother," said Vittoria's voice, "and it will kill Mona." "And then we'll all die in turn," said the first speaker. "I tell you, Vitt, it's our tomb."

ere, and silence reigned. The heart of Arthur Aldis throbbed with indignation. For the first time in eighteen years he had heard the truth. He had killed his wife by his selfishness, and now he was darkening his children's lives in the same way. Slowly he returned to his room. His dreaminess vanished. In the heart of the man, now that the veil had been torn aside, was an overpowering remorse and regret. Memory took him back to the first day he saw Margaret. How blue her eyes were, how straight and supple her figure, how sweet her low voice! She had given him everything, and in return he had laid on her a burden heavier than she could bear. How he had wasted his years in dreaming, shutting his eyes to all practical needs! Long he sat and thought, until his resolution of feeling was complete, and then he arose. Well, thank God, he had it in him if he would, to retrieve the past. Who was it who had told him in his younger days that he was a practical idealist? His mother! Yes, his mother, who understood him as mothers alone do. Then he had drifted West in search of health, and had gradually allowed the practical to be dormant while he had given himself up to the ideal. With a gesture of disgust and scorn he walked up to his writing table, gathered up the precious manuscript and thrust it into the blazing fire. Renunciation, following on resolution, was now complete.

Ten minutes later he opened the door of the kitchen and appeared before seven astonished children, who, with the quickness of childhood, saw something new in both voice and mien.

"Donovan," he said, "I have had my eye on some splendid evergreens up on the mountainside—and not so far up as you can't get them. Bring an axe from the shed, and let us go and cut them down and surprise Mona, when she gets home, by having the room all ready for Twelfth Night festival."

The procession that set forth from the house a few minutes later was almost a rout. Vittoria, in charge of Angelo and Juliet, the two youngest, kept close to Donovan, the while Aubrey de Vere, Francis Ignatius, and Elaine brought up a tumultuous rear. How they danced and stamped around in the snow and shouted to each other, as the great axe flew up and down and the trees trembled under its blows, the while the sun set behind the grand old mountains, and earth and sky and happy hearts seemed to speak one message of the hope presaged by the Star of the East.

When Mona Lisa drove up at eight o'clock, her return having been delayed as much as possible by Fritz after he left his mother at their farm three miles beyond, she was astonished to see the whole house lit up. What could it mean? The door was flung open and she was seized by Aubrey de Vere, who whirled her across the kitchen to the living-room beyond.

And, oh, wonder of wonders! there was a royal throne, banked by the dark evergreens, on which sat Donovan, resplendent in regal robes, a gold crown on his head, surrounded by his court of laughing children. He waved his sceptre as Mona Lisa entered.

"It is my will, O Princess," he said, "that you should cut our bean cake on yonder table."

Had Weak Back.

Would Often Lie in Bed For Days, Scarcely Able To Turn Himself.

Mrs. Arch. Schmale, Black Point, N.B., writes: "For years I was troubled with a weak back. Sometimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attend to me without avail and tried liniments and plasters, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Dean's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Dean's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them; and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

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Blowhard has just finished relating a strange occurrence. "Why do you look so surprised?" he queried of his one-man audience. "Don't you believe it?" "Yes, that's the trouble," rejoined the other, "I happen to know that it's true."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD. Some time ago I had a bad attack of Quinsy which laid me up for two weeks and cost a lot of money. Finding the lump again forming in my throat, I bathed freely with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and wearing a cloth with the liniment let it on all night.

Next morning the swelling was gone and I started on the warding off an attack of Quinsy to the free use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

G. F. WORDEN, St. John.

"No news is good news," quoted the Wise Guy "Huh!" snorted the Simple Mug, "I'm very evident you never worked in a newspaper office."

Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc. Uacle—"Shall I tell you a funny story, Johnnie?" Johnnie—"Hope, I guess not, pa tells me so many that they've got to be a sort of household pest."

Muscular Rheumatism. Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., 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 a box 50c."

"I am just crazy for an auto. I wonder how I can get over it?" "The same way a fellow gets over being crazy for a wife, get one."

A Sensible Merchant. Mrs. Fred. Laine, St. George, Ont., writes: "My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

Hoax—"I once fell over forty feet without hurting myself." Joax—"Whose feet were they?"

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia. She—"This is the candy store where we first met. You took shelter here from the rain, do you remember?" He (angrily)—"Yes, and now I see that there was a saloon next door, which I must have run past."

Beware of Worms. Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

Lady of the house—"I have the very nicest butcher that ever was. He can bamboozle me into anything."

The Eucharistic Congress.

The following is taken from the official programme of the Eucharistic Congress to be held in Montreal, September 7th to 11th, of the present year.

The main object of the Work of Eucharistic Congresses which was inaugurated some thirty years ago is to promote the knowledge, love and service of our Lord Jesus Christ in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, to assert His sovereign rights by solemn manifestations, and thereby to glorify Him.

The many Congresses that are being held everywhere especially, in our time Eucharistic Congresses are second to none in dignity and excellence. From the very outset Eucharistic Congresses have had a most brilliant career and the results achieved so far have surpassed the Founder's most sanguine anticipations.

They have been successively held in the important Cities of Lille (1881) Avignon (1882), Liege (1883), Freiburg (1885), Toulouse (1886), Paris (1888), Antwerp (1890), Jerusalem (1893), Rome (1894), Paris (1897), Brussels (1898), Lourdes (1899), Angers (1901), Namur (1902), Angoulême (1904), Rome (1905), Toronto (1906), Metz (1907), London (1908), Orléans (1909).

An International Eucharistic Congress is a rule held in a City famed in history for some remarkable Eucharistic event, or of its importance and its religious character warrant unusual splendour and profuse results from its demonstrations in honour of the Blessed Eucharist. The privilege of the XXI International Congress has fallen to the lot of Montreal which no better choice could have been made. Montreal is the commercial, industrial and religious Metropolis of Canada, and owing to the number and magnificence of its ecclesiastical edifices and the flourishing condition of its Catholic institutions it is justly styled the Rome of North America. We an icapitate unparalleled success for the coming International Eucharistic Congress.

The functions to be divided into two distinct classes, namely, public manifestations and sectional meetings. The primary object of Montreal's Eucharistic Congress will be public profession of Catholic Belief in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. Religious demonstrations will be held daily by the different sections of the City and they will be presided over by the most eminent members of the Hierarchy and by the Papal Legate himself. The most solemn will be, doubtless, the Midnight Mass in Notre Dame Church, the Pontifical Mass in open air at the foot of Mount Royal, the Holy Hour in which the Clergy will take part in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, the great Procession at the close of the Congress and the grand illumination of the City.

The daily reunion at which papers on the Blessed Eucharist will be read may be classified thus: general meetings, morning and evening; special meetings for the young, for Ladies and the Clergy every afternoon. Nodded orators, Bishops, Priests and Laymen will address the meetings. The most important reunions will unquestionably be the Priest's meetings and the General meeting every evening in Notre Dame Church.

Lord Baltimore. On the southern shore of Newfoundland is the district known as Ferryland. This is the site of the old foundation made by Lord Baltimore.

He laid the foundation of civil and religious liberty in Maryland while the city of Baltimore, the see of Cardinal Gibbons perpetuates the memory of this great religious colonizer. There are, in the town of Ferryland, many signs of the ancient foundation of Lord Baltimore. In Ferryland there was on New Year's day a very strong demonstration and procession of the Catholic Temperance Society of that centre. The Total Abstinence procession evoked general expressions of congratulation and bewailed for many yearly processions equally successful as that of 1910. The chief note of interest besides its temperance aspect, is the fact that it took place in a district associated with the memory of Baltimore. This shows the victories of the Total Abstinence Crusade from Baltimore's first settlement in Newfoundland, to the great southern city of U. S. A.—St. John's, Freeman.

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