

Submission.

O Heart of Jesus! Sea of Love profound! O Queen of Mercy! since it please Thee, (And Thou in love hast made it known to me) To thus my soul imprison, and build 'round My nights and days a sombre wall, uncrowned By vine or leaf! I ask not to be free, Nor have I any wish, dear Lord, to see Or move amid the roses that abound In wild profusion near the narrow cell In which Thy providence will I shall dwell, In blind submission to Thy wise decree I bow my head and bend a willing knee; My one desire, that Thou, my Keeper be 'Till Time has merged into eternity Margaret A. Snider, In the Western Catholic.

An Old Woman's Rosary.

I bless myself and I kiss the Cross, And the holy creed I tell; And the Paters and Aves trip off my tongue, For it's me that knows them well. For it's many a day these same old beads I told in the same old way; I got them my First Communion morn, And that's sixty years this May. 'Twas the joyful mysteries then I liked (And I said them joyfully), When our Lord was only a Child Himself At His Blessed Mother's knee. Ooh! but it's many and many a year I've turned from the joyful deeds; And I cry on the sorrowful mysteries With tears as big as my beads, For my beautiful boy with a fever went, And "himself" next morning died; Do you wonder I think of the mysteries That end with the Crucified? For it's them as I'm telling each blessed bead, A kneeling beads say bed; We two women, God's Mother and me, Have many a talk of our dead. But what am I crying about at all? Sure, all of us have to die; I have my sins, and she had none, 'Twas she had reason to cry. And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell Her pains and her darling Son's; It's plenty of time I'll be having in Heaven, To think of the glorious ones. —Rev. Hugh B. Blount.

To The Infant Jesus.

O King of Heaven from starry throne descending, Thou takest refuge in that wretched cave; O God of bliss! I see Thee cold and trembling, What pain it cost Thee fallen man to save! Thou, of a thousand worlds the great Creator, Dost now the pain of cold and want ender; Thy poverty but makes Thee more endearing, For well I know 'tis love has made Thee poor. I see Thee leave Thy Heavenly Father's bosom, But whether has Thy love transported Thee? Upon a little straw I see Thee lying; Why suffer thus? 'Tis all for love of me. But if it is Thy will for me to suffer, And by these sufferings my heart to move, Wherefore, my Jesus, do I see Thee weeping? 'Tis not for pain Thou weepst, but for love; Thou weepst thus to see me so ungrateful; My sins have pierced Thee to the very core; I once despised Thy love, but now I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, then, Jesus, weep no more. Thou sleepest, Lord, but Thy heart ever watches, No slumber can a heart so loving take; But tell me, darling Babe, of what Thou thinkest, 'Tis not for me, 'of dying for thy sake.' Is it for me that Thou dost think of dying? What, then, O Jesus can I love but Thee? Mary, my hope! If I love Him too little, — Be not indignant, — love Him thou for me. —St. Alphonsus Liguori.

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 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. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Wray, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Christmas Night.

At last Thou art come, little Saviour! And Thine angels fill midnight with song; Thou art come to us, gentle Creator! Whom Thy creatures have sighted for so long. Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother; She hath looked on Thy marvelous face; Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary! And she was Thy channel of grace. Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon, And our souls overflow with delight; Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus! With the joy of this wonderful night. We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour! Art Thou come to us, dearest! at last? Oh bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother! This is worth all the wearisome past! Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary! Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;— It seems such a wonder to have Thee, New Brother! with us in our home. Thou wilt stay with us now evermore; We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother! On Eternity's jubilant shore. Father Faber.

SHORT STORY

"The Personal Equation."

(Continued from last week.) Consider for a moment, Mr. Shea, all the good you can do. Those boys need capable encouragement and direction at the hands of a man whom they look up to and respect and who furthermore knows and understands their needs better than any one else, better than they themselves. I am trying for all I'm worth to keep those boys straight, to stimulate the right sort of ambition in them, to prevent them from running wild and banging around alone. I can't do the work alone single handed. Will you help me out? The President was distinctly uncomfortable. He fidgeted and his face retained its flush. "I'll have Joggins or one of the foremen take your club in hand, Father Cleary—good thing, I see, and we ought to push it along. And," he continued feebly, "I'll look in myself once a month or so and see how things are going. Now, what do you say to that?" The question was like a cry for mercy, but Father Cleary smiled a little sternly and shook his head. "I must tell you, in your own words, Mr. Shea, that we have no room for small change." The President's head fell forward, "Still, Father Cleary, I think I'm doing a good deal. The men I would send—" "Would not be you, Mr. Shea, didn't ask for your man. Charity, as I understand it, means personal, individual interest and sympathy." The President slapped his knee. It was a sound slap, too, and Father Cleary started. "You win, you win! Organization or no organization, you certainly land the big things—big things as I see them, anyway. When do you want me to start?" "You are very kind, Mr. Shea," said the priest quietly, "but everything is not quite settled yet. There is another matter—" "Well, that beats me!" the President exclaimed, absolutely quivering with excitement. "Is that all that's there anything else you can ask?" "There is," Father Cleary asserted him, his face set and his hands grasping the worn hat very tightly.

ALCOHOL is almost the worst thing for consumptives. Many of the "just-as-good" preparations contain as much as 20% of alcohol. Scott's Emulsion not a drop. Insist on having Scott's Emulsion FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

"I told you that the name of the club is the Catholic Boys' Club. It is under Catholic auspices and it is designed to tend toward Catholic ideals."

"Well?" The President's frown was ominous. "Well, Mr. Shea, I believe that a man's religious convictions—or his absence of convictions—are, strictly speaking, a man's own business. You, I have reason to know, are no practical Catholic, have not been, indeed, since I came to Brunsford. Ordinarily, that might be no concern of mine. But now that you have expressed your willingness to assume charge of the Catholic Boys' Club, the situation changes. The man who is to direct that club will have a powerful influence over the young men belonging to it. He must be a practicing Catholic."

"Then that lets me out," called the President. "I have no religious convictions and no religious affiliation; and I don't want to have any. The priest took a step forward and laid a gentle hand on the other man's arm."

"Give me credit, if you please, for some understanding—and for sympathetic understanding, too, I think I know what your case is. You were reared a Catholic, and so were your father and grandfather before you. You were a clean boy, and you're a clean man—as most men go. But you grew indifferent to all things that didn't have a big dollar sign before them. You threw out of your life every interest that didn't in some way or other contribute to your business success. You told yourself you had no time for Church and the Sacraments—and well you slipped through not using your eyes. But our Saviour restored sight to the blind centuries ago in Palestine, and He does it in America today. He never fails to hearken to the cry, 'Lord, that I may see.'"

The President rubbed his hands rapidly across his eyes. Then he flung out his arms beseechingly. "But, my God, man, do you realize what a sacrifice all that would mean?" As Father Cleary answered, his face seemed transfigured: "I told you that charity means love, and that love means sacrifice." He bowed slightly and crossed to the door.

"All I want you to do is to think it over. God will meet you halfway. I'll be in next Tuesday to hear what you have to say. Now, my last words to you are: Don't be a piker." When Mr. Shea looked up he was alone.

Christmas Thoughts.

How full, how busy are these days preceding Christmas. There is so much to be done, so much time and consideration to be given to the selection of appropriate gifts for the friends whom we always remember at this great time of gift giving. And is there not just a little danger in the midst of all the excitement of preparation that we may not think as often as we might of just what sort of gift we are preparing for our best and truest friend whose Christmas gift to us is none other than Himself?

What a pity we should permit petty annoyances and superficial worries to eliminate from our minds all thought of that sweetest love story the world has ever known, the tale old yet ever new, of the gift that Heaven bestowed on us that first sweet Christmas night when Christ the Saviour was ushered into our mortal world.

Let us then not think mainly of the material side and so little of the spiritual significance of the beautiful feast of feasts, but keep uppermost in our minds during these Advent days what Christmas really is.

He asks for our hearts. That is the only gift He desires. Will we not strive to make them worthy of Him and not slight our best friends on Christmas Day?—Tiddings.

JAMES H. REDDIN

Barriester, etc., Has Removed his Office from the City Hotel Building, Great George Street, to rooms over Grant's Implement Warehouse, Corner of Queen and Sydney Streets. Collections attended to. Money to loan. Ch'town, Feb. 22, 1911—C1

Couldn't Do Housework HEART WAS SO BAB.

Mrs. Thomas Melville, Saltcoats, Sask., writes:—"I thought it my duty to write and tell you how much your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart was so bad I could not sleep, eat, nor walk about the house. I could not do my housework at all, what my husband could not do had to go and find me. I had two small children depending on me besides three men to cook for, and it worried me to not be able to do anything. My husband had taken some of your pills, some years ago, and insisted on me trying them, so I started, and before I had taken them two weeks I was considerably better, and before I had taken two boxes I was doing my own work again. Anyone suffering from heart or nerve trouble of any kind should just give your pills a trial. If anyone cares to write to me I will gladly give them all the information I know concerning your wonderful medicine. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

"What are you thinking of, Miss Wombs?" "Of your name, Mr. Huggins." "My name?" "Yes; as Shakespeare says, is there anything in a name?" He showed her there was.—Kansas "City Journal."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Hub—Mary, my love, this apple dumpling isn't half done. Wife—Well, then, finish it, my dear. Let the small boy make the noise of the neighborhood and he carries out who does the work.

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

"Pa, I'm going to quit studying arithmetic; I don't like it." "You're going to do nothing of the kind, young man. Why, arithmetic is the greatest study there is. How would anybody figure up the baseball averages if it wasn't for arithmetic?"

I was cured of painful Goutte by MINARD'S LINIMENT, BAYARD McMULLIN, Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT, MRS. W. A. JOHNSON, Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT, Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY

"I want to feed on literature. What authors would you recommend to give me a literary appetite?" "I think, if I were you, I would begin with H. G. L. M. and Bacon." —Baltimore "American."

W. 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."

Rev. Callier.—Well, Mrs. Mangie's and is the good man any better? Mrs. Mangie.—Oh, Yes, sir, 'E's nearly all right again, sir. 'E don't say 'is par no more of a right now, sir.—Sissy "Ballatin."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

When Adam got home from a party, One speech he'd his please could look; For dear Mother Eve never shouted at him, "You villain! Just look at the clock!"

Her Cough Racked Her Terribly.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP Effected A Cure.

Obstinate coughs and colds yield to the great soothing and healing power of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and for the racking, persistent cough, often present in consumptive cases, it will be found exceedingly beneficial and pleasant to take. The use of it is generally indicated wherever symptoms of throat or lung troubles appear, but especially so with all persons of a consumptive or catarrhal tendency. Its prompt curative properties speedily remove the danger, and restore the throat and lungs to a sound healthy state if used in time. Mrs. Edward Patterson, Young's Cove Road, N.B., writes:—"I have had occasion to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and can say that it is certainly a good medicine. About a year ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and left them in a very weak state. The cough racked me terribly, and I was in despair until a friend advised me to give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a trial. I got a bottle, and before I had it half gone I found relief. I used two bottles, and have never been bothered since. I would not be without it in the house." Price, 25c; family size, 50c. Manufactured only 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 is 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. 153 Queen Street.

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