

The Awakening

(Continued.) When Marion came down, Mrs. Manson and Dave were at breakfast. 'I'm going to fix up a tray,' the girl said, 'and then I'll be with you. Unless you would rather do it.' She looked inquiringly at Mrs. Manson. 'I don't carry a tray upstairs, the older woman declared. 'I don't see what's going to take care of him, anyway.' 'I am, if there's no one else to do it,' Marion's voice was dangerously soft. 'Do you perhaps remember who took care of you two days last week?' 'Marion!' David exclaimed. 'Oh, I don't mean to be rude, but it's time someone opened the eyes of you two, dear, blind bats. Oh, you see that he's here—that he's there! He's needed! Nothing should so quickly as that. What if he should think he's not wanted? A father! He's living alone, isolated, in the midst of his family, I'm beginning to find out what he is, how big and splendid.' She turned to Dave flushed with indignation. 'Whose farm is this? Don't you suppose he wants to plan and do big things on it? Yet I've never heard you consult him, or know you to take his opinion as a professional adviser. And it's good advice, too. I've seen him scrubbing the piazza floor, and kneading the bread, and washing the clothes when he was acting to be out there managing his own affairs. Do you suppose men like to do such things? But he's good! He lets you rob him of his birthright.' 'Marion,' David said, 'you're overwrought and exaggerating the matter.' 'Am I, Dave? I don't think you've done these things intentionally. But from now on let's count him in our plans. And let's have a girl for the heavy work.' 'She'll bring the flannels.' That was all that Mrs. Manson, overwhelmed, could find to say. 'Do you prefer a shrunken spirit to shrunken flannels?' There was silence in the pleasant room; then Marion started out to the garden to get some flowers for the tray. She glanced in the hall mirror at the reflection of her flushed face, and nodded to it gravely. 'It's a good thing for you, Miss Impertinence, that you are new. I you had been here a year, your retreat might not have been so orderly.' For a few moments after Marion had left them, Dave and his mother sat silent. 'Mother,' Dave said, and his voice was a little husky, 'it isn't so, is it?' Mrs. Manson tried to be honest. 'I don't think so,' she said slowly. 'Well, we must make sure.' For several days Mr. Manson was confined in his room; yet they were the most satisfying days that he had known for a long time. Marion read to him and surrounded him with the books that she had found he loved. Together they planned to turn the spacious upper hall into a library; she was to have all her father's books and many other things sent on for the room. 'I'll build some fine bookcases,' Dave said enthusiastically. 'But I am afraid it will be cold here in the winter.' Then Mrs. Manson made a suggestion. She was a little shy, a little reluctant to show her approval, but she had become thoughtful since Marion's onslaught, and she was putting her desires farther into the background than she ever had done before. 'There's a Franklin stove in the attic. We could have it fixed up, and it would be almost as good as a fireplace.' 'You dear!' Marion cried. 'Thank you!' It was not altogether the stove for which Marion was expressing thanks. So the partnership expanded and grew big enough to include them all. Every morning Dave came in for advice, and the wonder in Mr. Manson's eyes gave place to contentment. One night late in the summer there was to be a mass meeting in the village. A state issue that especially affected the neighborhood was to be discussed. 'It's damp, do you think you'd better go?' Mrs. Manson asked her husband, anxiously. 'Don't you worry about me, Julia,' he replied, 'Of course I'm going.' Near the close of the meeting the chairman started the Manson family by calling on Mr. Manson to express his views on the question. Mrs. Manson drew a short breath. She had almost forgotten that her husband had an intelligence apart from hers, and the thought of his speaking was as terrifying to her as the prospect of addressing the meeting herself would have been. 'She clutched his coat to keep him from rising. On the other side, Marion was urging him on. He rose slowly; but when once he was on his feet, the old exaltation that he had felt in his brief college days, when he was a leader in the debates, surged over him. Quietly and forcibly, with no attempt at oratory, he laid before the people the facts as he saw them and the logical inferences. There was not a word of speech made, and after he had finished, there was no one who did not clearly understand the issue.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes buncches in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption. Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since.' J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont. Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands. He sat down, and was surprised at the burst of applause. 'O father, Manson you're fine,' Marion exclaimed, when they were in the carriage. 'I think I'm going to cry.' 'I didn't know it was in you, David,' his wife said, with her hand on his arm. That remark made up for the scrubbing of many floors. The next morning Marion went to the city. She returned while the Mansons were at dinner, and entered the dining room bearing a great bouquet of flowers. 'For the assembly mat-tob-ti' she said, dramatically, and gave it to Mr. Manson. 'What are you talking about?' Dave asked, bewildered. 'There were two men sitting in front of me on the train this morning,' she answered. 'They were talking about father's speech, and they said he was the one man to send up to the legislature this fall. I don't know who they were, but they were personages.' 'They didn't mean Dave?' Mrs. Manson asked anxiously. 'I should think not! They said father could go now, because young Dave had settled down.' David Manson arose. The stoop had disappeared from his body and the last trace of sadness from his eyes. The past was gone. Before him stretched a future of usefulness and activity a new and splendid opportunity, — and he was content. — Maud M. Brown in the Youth's Companion.

Grand Trunk System News

Items

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1913. More than one despatch emanating from a competitive source has recently found its way into the Canadian Press, that of the East more particularly, as to the unpopularity of the route from Edmonton on the Grand Trunk Pacific to Grande Prairie that fertile section of the Northern interior of Alberta, which perhaps more than any other is attracting the attention of enterprising settlers at the present time. Grand Trunk Pacific authorities at Winnipeg are however in receipt of the following information from Mr. Henry Church, of Church and Wealthy, Mill Contractors of Edson, Alberta. 'I am glad to be able to deny the scandalous reports he writes, originated in Edmonton in respect to the Grande Prairie trail, I should safely estimate that 1,000 teams have come over the Edson Prairie trail this winter after their supplies, farm machinery etc. The average loads hauled per team (2 horses) is 35 to 40 awt, and the average time on the trail of 230 miles is 8 days down and 10 days back loaded. Two or four teams would travel together and double up on two different hills. The trail has been splendid this winter and there are 18 stopping places, ranging in distance from 10 to 20 miles apart so that if the traveller has fair luck there is no necessity for camping out. Regarding this trail as a summer route to the north I would say that the Alberta Government deserves great credit for making such a good trail over such a rough country and giving the people such a short cut to railroad transportation from the interior. We carry the mail from Edson, leaving there every Tuesday and Friday and arriving at Grande Prairie the following Monday and Thursday, a 7 days trip, carrying on an average from 10 to 12 awt of mail besides passengers, both winter and summer. We change teams some 10 times on the 3 days, making the stage station every noon and night. We have freight teams on the trail all summer hauling feed. Why do the new settlers travel 500 miles by the old trail when it is only 230 by this way? Just because they are persuaded to do so by the people of Edmonton who know nothing and don't want to know anything of the new route which is alarming them by attracting away a considerable amount of their trade.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the only emulsion imitated. The reason is plain—It's the best. Based upon having Scott's—It's the world's standard flesh and strength builder. ALL DRUGGISTS

WHOOPING COUGH

LEFT A NASTY, DRY COUGH. Doctors Could Do No Good.

A Vancouver despatch states that Mr. J. W. Stewart of the firm of Foley, Welch and Stewart, Grand Trunk Pacific contractors, has acquired 50,000 acres of the Duke of Sutherland's own estate in Sutherlandshire, embracing some of the finest scenery in the Scottish Highlands, bounded on the south by Loch Assynt and the River Inver and the land is extremely fertile and includes the villages of Stoer, Achmelvich, Inver, and Kyleak, Mr. Stewart is a native of Drumbeg, Sutherlandshire, and emigrated to Canada close on 30 years ago. It has long been a cherished desire of Mr. Stewart's that has thus been realized to possess a portion of his native land in the district where he was born and brought up as a boy.

Priest Runs Printing Shop

Two years ago Father Campbell was sent to organize a mission in a little town in Texas. The zeal of this priest was contagious and soon in the hearts of his people was planted a desire for a place wherein they could worship God. After many trials they arranged for the purchase of a church building for the sum of \$4,000 and in interest. The poverty of his people is so great that they could not manage to raise more than \$500. Father Campbell had a little money of his own and it all went into the church. But he had not nearly enough to complete the payment, and, nothing daunted, opened a printing shop. He is working as hard as any day laborer and trying to make an honest dollar in any way that he can. He wrote the Catholic Church Extension Society and the Society voted him a sum of money some time ago. For the last two years owing to lack of irrigation the crops have been very bad, and in some cases individuals have come very near starving. The priest has played Father to his flock in every sense of the word. His lot is not with the poor and unfortunate and the welfare of his people is his great thought. 'These two bad years he,' writes to the Catholic Church Extension Society, 'have caught the people unaware. So far I have turned my hand to every thing so as to earn a dollar. I have been and am still publishing a paper, doing the whole of the work myself, rising early and going to bed late, and then I have my mission to look after. I beg you that you would not disregard the plea of a poor priest in need.' The Society will not disregard his plea. Any contributions that anyone desires to send him may be forwarded to The Catholic Church Extension Society, 1133 McOrnick Building, and they will be promptly mailed to him.

Power of One's Guardian Angel

This little story illustrating the simple faith of a negro child, comes from the pen of Fr. Villame, S. J., a missionary in Madagascar: 'A boy of five years had retained from the instruction given the children by a priest, the fact that an angel was appointed solely to protect and care for him. The child delighted with this idea, prayed often to his guardian angel. 'One day he went with his mother to cross a river at a place which usually afforded a good ford. Heavy rains had made the footing dangerous however, and suddenly the little one slipped and fell into the stream. The current bore him away, but instead of screaming he raised his hands and uttered his favorite prayer, 'My good angel, save me!' 'Several times his head disappeared, but again he rose to the surface, and always with the same cry. 'My good angel save me!' 'The mother, frantic with alarm, ran along the shore shouting for help. When the boy had been some time in the water, always in danger of sinking, yet strangely enough upheld by the current a number of workmen employed on the banks saw the child and ran to his assistance. 'He was saved and returned to his mother's arms, and it is needless to state that thereafter his faith in his protector increased a hundred-fold. In every extremity he has now no other thought than to say trustfully, 'My good angel save me!'

Woman Mosaic Worker

There is in Westminster Cathedral, London, a woman mosaic worker who has been entrusted with carrying out the mosaic in the Lady Chapel. She is the only woman mosaic worker in England, and her present work at the Cathedral marked the commencement of her career as a mosaic worker. The design are by Annie Bill and they consist of a large panel of the Blessed Virgin behind the altar and four niches representing the prophets Daniel, Ezekiel, Isaiah and Jeremiah.

WHOOPIING COUGH

LEFT A NASTY, DRY COUGH. Doctors Could Do No Good.

Mrs. A. Mainwright, St. Mary's, Ont., writes:—'I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for my little boy. He had whooping cough, which left him with a nasty, dry hard cough. I took him to several doctors, but they did him no good, and I could see my little lad falling day by day. I was advised to take him to another doctor, which I did, and he told me he was going into a decline. I was telling a neighbour about it, and she told me to get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and give it to him regularly. She then got to tell me how much good it did her children, so I got a bottle, and gave it to my little boy, and was so pleased with the result that I bought another one, and by the time he had finished it he had no cough. He is now fat and strong, and I would not be without a bottle in the house on any account.'

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO.

Gentlemen—I had my leg badly hurt and the pain was very severe and a large swelling came about the knee. I expected it would be serious—I rubbed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, which stopped the pain and reduced the swelling very quickly. I cannot speak too highly of MINARD'S LINIMENT. AMOST SMITH. Port Hood Island. Teacher—And now, who can tell me why we should always be neat and clean? Little Lizzie—in case of accident, mamma. 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. The teacher was explaining the tense 'Now Willie,' she said, 'suppose I should say: 'I have a million dollars.' What tense would that be?' 'That'd be pretence,' answered Willie. 'You look warm.' 'I've been chasing a hat.' 'Did you hit blow off?' 'It wasn't my hat. It belonged to somebody else, and it had a pretty girl under it,' did you catch it?' 'Yes. My wife saw me chasing it.'

Had a Weak Heart.

Doctored For Three Years Without Any Benefit. Through one cause or another a large majority of people are troubled, more or less, with some form of heart trouble. Little attention is paid to the slight weakness, but when it starts to beat irregularly, and every once in a while, pain seems to shoot through it, then it causes great anxiety and alarms with all kinds of medicines and pills for weak heart, I heard of your Heart and Nerve Pills, so thinking I had never used anything that did me so much good, I kept on using them, and I had only used four boxes, when I was perfectly cured. Price, 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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