

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil. They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach. Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

Prepared and Bottled at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

THE VISITATION.

BY EDWARD OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P. (Ave Maria).

The word made flesh—Inviolately shrined,

O House of Gold, in these—

Has straightway moved thy ever-dolourous mind,

To sweetest charity.

In haste thou settest forth, to hail with joy

Thy cousin Elizabeth.

The angel told thee of her unborn boy; and they rewarded faith

Would clasped with hers. But little dost thou know,

As yet, the full design

Of that mysterious impulse bide thee go—

A purpose all divine.

Comes the New Covenant to meet the Old:

To bring the larger grace,

The better Presence, by the seers foretold

Of Juda's chosen race.

And chosen chosen of that Gift art thou!

Thy voice of greeting sounds:

The prophet-babe regenerate even now,

Within his prison-bounds

Leaps, eager witness to the God in thee,

The God whose Spirit fills

Thy cousin too, and gives her words to thee

The awe her bosom thrills.

And we, O Virgin-Mother—have strain caught

Elizabeth's raptur'd dream,

Link'd with the salutation angel-taught,

Faith's evermore refrain.

We hail thee channel of all grace that flows

From Jesus' Precious Blood;

And pray thee meet us in the joys and woes,

Which shape our final good:

Until, at death, thou glad us with a smile

Shall bid our spirit sing

Thine own Magnificat—in peace the while

Awaiting Christ the King.

DOAN CURES BACKACHE.

"I have been troubled for several years with kidney disease, pains in the back, dizziness, and sleeplessness, so that at times I could not work. Doan's Kidney Pills which I started taking about two months ago have made me all O. K."—P. J. McGINNIS, Belleville, Ont.

The Trains Ran on Time.

BY WILLIAM RYAN DUKE. (Ave Maria).

"Jonas, can't you stay at home and rest?"

"No, Martha dear. If I do, I shall certainly lose my place."

"Well, but can't you get somebody to relieve you?"

"There are fifty men waiting to take the place; but they will not take it for a day. Of course, we'll not be able to stand the strain if it lasts much longer. But things may change soon; and when they do, the man who is fortunate enough to have the job will keep it. So I'd better hold on."

"But it is three days now that you have been having only four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. What if something should happen?"

"And the woman turned pale and shuddered."

"Keep up your spirits, Martha. It's only a war of the railroads. They're cutting rates, and they have to make it up some way; and the easiest is to let out half the force and make the other half do double work. But, you see, it can't last. So give me a kiss, and take care of Bernard and Mattie; and may the Lord be with us all!"

And Jonas Barkley strode off with his basket, through the piercing cold, along the path to the main switch at Hope Station, an eighth of a mile away.

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seen distinctly. The headlight of No. 19 rounded the curve a mile above Hope Station, and the train came dashing down the straight line with the rumble of growing thunder. At 7.53 the engine reached the switch. There was a sound upon the frozen air as of something sharply snapping. At once the engine jumped the track, poughed its way for a dozen yards through the brittle soil, and then rolled itself up into a shapeless mass. The tender was flung out over the lastern at the switch. The baggage car drove ahead and went to platters against the ruins of the engine. There was a horrid orchestra of sounds—grating, grinding, crushing, breaking—making a dismal obbligato with the hissing steam to the shrieks of a hundred voices.

The great man of the Morning Lyre was in his sanctum. He touched a button. In half a minute a young man opened the door and entered.

"Ferret, there has been an accident on the N. S. E. & W. at Hope Station. Take the nine o'clock train and find out all about it."

Ferret retired. It was known to those who were interested in knowing such things, that the N. S. E. & W. was working its men over time, and was making money in the rate war.

The nine o'clock train made a circuit about Hope Station, and was then run back to the platform, so that Ferret alighted near the scene of the accident. The outbound train had also made its circuit. The coaches of No. 19 had been pulled back and were moving toward the city with a new engine.

The night was bitter cold and dark. Fifteen or twenty men, muffled to the eyes, were heaving away in silence. The baggage car (that had been) lay like a pile of kindling wood about the wreck of the engine. The tender had been lifted, and at the switch-rod there was a great pool of frozen blood. The general gloom was just visible in the light of the heavily smoking torches.

"Anybody hurt?"—It was Ferret who spoke.

"Switchman, Engineer, and fireman killed."

"Anybody else?"

"No. Postal clerks and baggage-men seriously injured."

"What was the switchman's name?"

"Jonas Barkley—the best man on the road."

"Did he live here?"

"Yes; just down the road. See that light? That's Jonas' house."

"Did any of the other victims live hereabouts?"

"No."

"Who were they?"

"As the officer answered, Ferret wrote the names.

"How did it happen?"

"That's all a mystery. The switchman was right here at his post, and there was no obstruction. So I think we'll never know anything about it."

Ferret started down the pathway which showed in the starlight and the glare of the torches. As he neared the switchman's house, the door was flung wide open and a woman rushed out, bareheaded, into the cold. A man with a lantern followed her; then another man with a lantern. The second overtook the first; and catching up with the woman after she had passed Ferret, stopped her to cover her head and shoulders with a heavy shawl which he had brought from the house.

As the other man was passing, Ferret joined him.

"Is that Mrs. Barkley?"

"Yes. We brought her news a few minutes ago, and there was no keeping her in the house."

"What was the cause of the accident?" Ferret went on.

"No one knows anything about it. Jonas is the only man that could tell us, and he is gone. She says she knew something was going to happen. She says he was working overtime, and must have fallen asleep at the switch." And the man suddenly pushed ahead to be rid of his questioner.

Ferret saw that there was no further information to be obtained. But he had enough for a purpose; and he made his way back to the station to inquire about the possibilities of getting into the city. He found that the next train was due after midnight. But an engine was to pass Hope Station about eleven o'clock, and it wanted but a few minutes of that hour. His credentials as a member of the press secured him a place on the engine; and at 11.50 he was standing beside the great chief of the Morning Lyre, telling his simple, carefully worked story.

"Ferret, sit down for a few minutes."

The chief took his pen. Then he knitted his brows, and kept them knitted whilst his pen went cautiously over the paper. It was five minutes after twelve when, having closed and addressed an envelope, he said: "Ferret, take this out to Bonds, in Pluto Place. See that it is given to him. Accept no excuses. There must be an immediate answer."

"Yes, sir."

Without another word the young man left the room. On his way downstairs he telephoned for a cab to be sent immediately to the neighboring drug-store. The cab reached

the spot almost as soon as he did. Stopping in, he said:

"Drive as fast as you can to Doctor Smith's near Twenty-fourth and Gage. Let me out at the corner."

At Twenty-fourth and Gage, Ferret left the cab; and telling the driver to wait for half an hour, made his way around the block to Pluto Place.

Pluto Place was one of those double city-blocks set apart for the use of mammon. No house of street-fronted houses along the vulgar street which ran through the middle, and which had been condemned as a thoroughfare, in favor of the elect. The thoroughfare had been converted into a greenward adorned with trees and shrubs and elegant flower beds. On each side of this stretch of park there was a drive. Beyond each drive was a milk-white sidewalk. Beyond each sidewalk came more greenward and flower-beds, where other white walks led up to the portals of exclusive mansions. Back against the streets that bounded Pluto Place, east and west, were located the stables—a meet daily vision for the humble eyes of the plebeians who had been so rash, so presumptuous, as to build over the way.

Ferret stood in the outer vestibule of No. 4 Pluto Place, with his finger on the electric button. He had been pressing the button for two or three minutes, when, suddenly, light flashed through the jeweled glass of the door. Yet there was no sound within. The light was only a signal turned on from some distant part of the house, and was meant to indicate that the bell had been heard and would soon be answered. Presently there was a shadow on the glass; the next instant the door was opened abruptly by a large man, who gave a quick, piercing look into the eyes of the little Ferret.

"I want to see Mr. Bonds."

"Please to step inside, sir." (The door closed.) "I do not think Mr. Bonds will wish to see you at this hour—I am sure he will not."

"Then you must take this message to him."

"If I wake him, I shall be discharged at the end of the month."

"If you do not wake him, you will be discharged to-morrow."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Business of the greatest importance, and which he must know without a moment's delay."

The man accepted the message, bade Ferret be seated, looked the door, put the key in his pocket, and then disappeared back into the gloom. He was thus careful, in the presence of the visitor, to conceal the approach to his master's room, which was directly at the head of the grand staircase. Arriving at the sleeping apartment of Bonds, he opened and closed the door softly, and, turning the switch, it up the room as he was accustomed to do at seven o'clock on those dark winter mornings.

"Mr. Bonds!"

"Well, Jerry! All right! I'm awake. But is it seven o'clock already? I do not feel as if I had slept half an hour."

"Sir, there is a messenger down stairs."

"What does he want?"

"Here is a letter." And Jerry, dreading the consequences that might follow his action, handed the envelope to Mr. Bonds.

Bonds, feeling that there must be some sufficient motive for Jerry's rashness, received the plain envelope, opened it immediately and unfolded the letter. He looked at the heading, "Office of the Morning Lyre;" then at the signature, "I. Blackmail." Between there was a brief history of the accident, with a special stress laid upon the cause—the sleeping switchman. Then came the essential paragraph:

"Nothing but hard persuasion will keep it out of the papers. I have been over to the chief of the Frequentator, and have seen Shilling and Quarter. I have also sounded Lyeball of the Evening Hoaxer. They are all bent on having a sensation. A strong argument will be needed to bring them to their senses."

There was also a postscript which ran as follows:

"P. S.—The bearer of this note, Mr. Argus Ferret, is at the head of the case and holds the key. The presses must be going at half-past two."

"Half-past two!" And the eyes of the owner of No. 4 Pluto Place quickly sought the clock which swung its pendulum right opposite the bed, its figures always in full view to the mighty Bonds when he waked each morning to sometimes and plots and counter-plots of the day. He was thinking to find it at seven o'clock, and the whole matter beyond repair, when the clock gave a single, soft-toned murmur like the brushing of the bow upon some mellow violin, a sound destined to prolong sleep rather than to disturb it. It was one o'clock.

"Jerry!"

"Yes, sir."

"Entertain the gentleman down stairs, and return in four or five minutes for the answer."

The door closed noisily. Jerry was gone, and his misgivings, too.

(Concluded next week.)

THE THREE STAGES.

For the early stage, Scott's Emulsion is a cure. For the second stage, it cures many. And for the last stage of consumption it cures the cough and prolongs life.

For the