

The Nations Prayer

Out from the depths where the people see Death without hindrance nor pause, Cometh the cry, our country's plea: "Save, thou, O God, our cause. Lo, where our brothers by myriads fall, Crushed out of liberty when What is their crime? That they they cherish all Their inborn freedom as men. "Standeth to aid them and never to yield The crest of our nation's youth, Justice their breastplate and Faith their shield, Vested and girded with Truth. "What shall avail them their feet climb To the speedy Gospel of Peace? The Sword of the Spirit, the sublime, Whose edge is the soul's release. "From the mad subservience of rule outworn, From the thrall of a base belief That hearts must be wrested and heartstrings torn For the few who thrive on their grief. "Shouldst thou not aid us to comfort their death And hearken their desolate call. When all that we seek is Thy Kingdom on earth, And Thy multiplied reign over all? "See in our manifold councils today, We bury past feud and we find Man to man, aim with aim, brothers loyal for aye, In the union of all humankind. "Then how anst Thou turn from our cohorts when we Seek only from Thee for the light To straighten a course that forever shall be The ultimate triumph of right. "So surely wilt Thou through our armies descend, As our hope is throughout and within Our deep trust in Thee as our spirits we bend To receive Thy assurance to win." —Americus.

The Old Portager

I first met the old portager "Somewhere in France," behind the lines of the Canadians. It was a cold, dark night, and a thick fog had settled down over everything; not a light could be seen from hut or house, as every window was darkened from the ever baleful eye of the Zeppelin. I was accompanying the chaplain of the battalion on a visit to a wounded soldier who was billeted down in the village, and we had not gone very far on our way when the priest stopped suddenly and caught me by the arm. I came to attention and we both stood there in the darkness, peering through the fog towards where I knew a group of trees stood. Something white was coming along the road towards us; it seemed like a small white cloud rising from the ground as it advanced. It was an eerie thing with its cold darkness, and a strange fear came over me as I thought of gas. But the chaplain, who was more experienced than I in the ways of gas, dispelled my fears. And then I smiled quietly in the darkness, as I heard a low voice coming from behind the white cloud say: "There now, hold up your heads, go easy there and keep to the road." The priest chuckled audibly and whispered, "It's Jim Murray and his mules." As we drew nearer two mules yoked to a large transport wagon emerged from the white cloud. The driver was Jim Murray, known among the Canadians as the portager. I could not see him very well as he sat on his load of provisions, but the priest introduced us. Then we let the mules pass and continued on our way. A few days later I met the old portager again, he was a medium-sized man with iron gray hair and mustache, a small wrinkled brown face and a pair of merry gray eyes that twinkled when he spoke. I liked him

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. I. K. WASH, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

immediately and began to chat with him. "Why do they call you the portager?" I asked. His eyes twinkled and then he explained that in Canada all the supplies for the lumber camps are brought from the nearest railway station, or depot, camp, on large sleds drawn by a team of horses. The driver of one of these teams is called a portager. "I've portaged for over thirty years," he said, "and I've had some pretty long portages in my time. They've been times when I'd leave the camp early in the morning, before the sun was up, travel all day, only stopping long enough to feed on the side of the road where the snow would not be deep, and we would reach the depot camp late in the afternoon. We would load up there, pass the night and then start early in the morning on the return trip, arriving late in the evening at the lumber camp when the cookee would be settin' the table. The oil lamps that hung from the rafters would be lit and the big square wood stove that stood in the middle of the floor would be red and trembling from the heat inside. "I've made many portages in the woods of Canada. Often they were wet, nearly always they were cold, but always there was that great silence of the forest, and the sweet breath of the woods. I've traveled often for twenty miles and have seen nothing but the great tall trees on either side of the road, with now and then a deer gliding across the portage, or a rabbit hopping along on the snow. In the evening the stars would come out in the dark blue far above, and often the moon lit up the white road through the inter-lacing shadows of the trees. "I've portaged to camps where men worked whose sons are here; there is a young lieutenant with us, Mr. Callaghan, in charge of No 8 Platoon, B Company and a fine young fellow he is. I know him well and his father, too, for I've portaged for his father since the winter of 1902. I never worked for a finer man than old Dan Callahan. When the word goes round that Dan Callahan is going to begin operations for the winter, there is never any trouble about getting a crew. "Why did you enlist?" I asked. "Surely you have passed, the age limit?" He looked at me quickly and his eyes twinkled. "My age is down in the book as forty-four," he said and he went on to tell me how he came to enlist. "In the fall of 1914, we began operations on the ox-bow, far away in the northern part of New Brunswick, but many of the young men that had been with us the year before were missing. They had exchanged the axe and red mackinaw for rifle and khaki tunic. We were short-handed when we began, and we became more and more short-handed as the winter went on. I never saw the men so eager for the papers as they were that winter. I would be sitting down by the stove, after my day's trip, when the lads would come crowdin' in from their work, covered with snow and bearing with them the fresh odors of spruce and pine. They would rush towards me, every one calling out for a paper. There was hardly a week passed that some one did not ask for

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

his time say goodbye to his old campmates, and take his seat beside me in the early morning and drive all day till we came to Charlo, a little settlement where the depot camp was built. Then he would say goodbye to me and leave for the nearest recruiting office. "The cut that year was very small—the smallest that Dan ever had—although there were many other camps whose crews were as large as ours that did not cut so much as we did. All the camps lost men that winter. "The following summer I met Pete Mullin in a hotel at Harcourt. He had been boss of the depot camp for the past seven or eight years—used to look after the stores there. He told me he had enlisted in this battalion, and asked me to come along. I thought of it for two or three days, then I went in and signed on, too. They said over here that I was too old for the firing line, but they let me do the transport work, and this is somewhat in my line, although here most of the transporting is done at night, and it is noisier than the woods. Besides, one never can tell at what time a shell may come seeking a resting place." He ceased speaking, and from the distance came the sound of the guns. He seemed to be thinking, so I waited. "I often have a chance to do other work," he said. Sometimes in the morning after I come back, sometimes in the evening before I leave. "He did not say what the other work was, but I surmised. After this war is over there will be many who will remember gratefully Jim Murray and his mules. Some time after that I met the old portager coming from the stable where he had been to feed the mules. It was late in the afternoon and I knew that soon he would be starting out with his team. We walked along together, and as we passed the huts where some of his battalion were billeted, I noticed little groups of Canadian lads standing along the road. Some were talking and laughing, others were quiet or low-toned, while others were tightening straps of an equipment which did not seem to need tightening. These were lads of a new draft who had lately come to the battalion and they were "going in" that night for the first time. And as we walked along, from away in the distance came the sound of guns—there had been heavy bombardment of late. And up in the trees the birds sang sweetly as though all the world were at peace. I did not sleep much that night, for the air was filled with the noise of the bombardment. It was a beautiful night—the stars were clear; the heavens seemed intensely peaceful. And as I walked up and down the little path, behind the little village church, I thought of the old portager and his Canadian lads, and I thought especially of the boys who were in the trenches for the first time. Early the following morning, when the transport work was over and the old portager and his mules should have gone to rest, I saw a strange procession coming towards me. It was Jim Murray's mules and transport wagon. There was nobody on the driver's seat, but two Canadian privates were kneeling down in the wagon and the old driver was running along by the side, holding the reins. As they drew nearer I noticed a wounded officer lying on straw on the floor of the wagon. The portager was looking up from time to time, and I could hear him speaking to the officer: "There now, me lad—sir, we'll have you there in no time and then you'll be all right." Then he spoke to the mules: "Go easy there now, and keep to the road!" The old portager continued to bring down the lightly wounded, but I was called away and it was some weeks before I saw him again. Now and then, however, I heard good reports of the work he was doing after hours. One day he had picked up along the way, eight slightly wounded, he brought them into the little village where he was billeted. One or two had bandaged hands, others were wounded in the legs or arms, but they were all singing. "On the Rocky Road to Dublin," and those who had two sound feet or one sound foot were basking time on the bottom of Jim Murray's transport wagon. (To be Continued)

SUMMER COMPLAINT IS DANGEROUS.

The Old and the Young, the Strong and the Weak, are all affected the same. There is not a summer passes without thousands of people being attacked by Summer Complaint. The prostration, often verging on collapse—which sometimes accompanies this disease makes it one of the most serious and dangerous we have to contend with during the hot months. Very few people escape an attack of summer complaint. It may be slight, or it may be severe, but nearly everyone is liable to it. You cannot tell, when it seizes you, how it may end. Let it go for a day or two only, and see how weak and prostrate it will leave you. There is only one safe way to cure it, and that is by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It has been on the market for the past 72 years, and has been proved and tried. You do not see permanent when you buy it. Do not accept a substitute or imitation, as many of these may be positively dangerous to your health. Insist on having Dr. Fowler's. It does not leave the bowels constipated. Mrs. T. Haggerty, Algoma Mills, Ont., writes: "I must recommend your Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. When my little boy was a year and two months old he had a bad attack of summer complaint. I got the doctor and he gave him some medicine, and said if that wouldn't do him good he could do no more for him. I wrote to my aunt and told her I was going to lose my little boy. She sent me a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I only gave him four doses when he was completely cured. It certainly saved my child's life. Price 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Big Wind

"The big wind," a name given in Ireland to a terrible windstorm which began on the night of January 6, 1839, in Limerick, Galway and Athlone hundreds of houses were blown down, and hundreds more were burned by the wind spreading the fires of those blown down. Dublin suffered severely. No Irishman knows this storm by any other name than "the big wind" "The night of the big wind" forms an era; things date from it; such and such a thing happened "before the big wind, when I was a boy" or it happened "a twelve-month after the big wind, when your Uncle Dennis was but a lad." The use of the name seems a sort of survival of oral tradition as opposed to written history.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYPHTHERIA

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 25c. a box.

Will you kindly place this cigar in my mouth and light it for me?

"Great Caesar, man! Are you too lazy to lift your arm?" "No, I promised my wife I wouldn't put another cigar in my mouth for six months."

A SENSIBLE MERCHANT

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects what ever. Be sure you get Milburn's rice 25 and 50 cts.

ARCHIE E. LAUNDRY.

Edmonton. There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dispepsia, Sick Headache and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or harshness. Price 25 cts.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER

A Friend to the Aged. 73 Years Old and Feels Fine. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A Boon to Those Up in Years.

As the years creep on, the heart becomes weak, the circulation poor, and the vitality on the wane. Little sicknesses and ailments seem harder to shake off than formerly, and here and there evidences of a breakdown begin to appear. Those who wish to maintain their health and vigor and retain their energy unimpaired should use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mr. E. Beeson, Swift Creek, B.C., writes: "I had a weak heart, and was advised by my neighbor to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I got two boxes and took them regularly, and felt I was getting better. I sent for two more, and now I can go out and saw wood and get water without feeling tired and weak. I am now 73 years old and feel fine. I can highly recommend your pills to anyone who has a weak heart, for they are a good remedy." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price 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 tailored 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.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO MAKE GOOD BREAD You must have Good Yeast GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worry which she necessarily suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast. This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast. If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Recipe. Book.

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BOOTS AND SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES This year we have stocked up with many new lines of medium priced Footwear: MEN'S BOOTS \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50 EACH LINE EXTRA VALUE. WOMEN'S BOOTS Many lines of Women's bought at the old prices, and selling at the old prices. See our lines at \$3.75, \$3.95, and \$4.50 LET US SHOW YOU. ALLEY & CO. AGENTS FOR Queen Quality and Amherst Shoes.

Pure Bred Live Stock for Sale NAME ADDRESS BREED MALES Dan. G. McCormack Launcheon York 1 (2 yrs. old) Dan. G. McCormack Launcheon " 1 (4 mos. old) Dan. A. McNeill Village Green " 1 (2 yrs. old) J. Leslie Poole Lower Montague " 1 (5 mos. old) Joseph Carmichael Peake's Sta., R.R. 2 " 1 (1 year old) Col. G. Crockett York " 1 (2 year old) G. W. Wood Hazelbrook Berk 1 (4 yrs. old) A. P. Ings Pownal, Lot 49 " 1 (1 year old) Jos. L. Cameron Ellis River " 1 (3 yrs. old) C. B. Clay Bridgetown, Shrop. lams, 10 rams and 7 ewes John Howlett, Annandale " 7 rams A.A. Farquharson, 259 Queen St., Ch'town, for Island Stock Breeding Company Shrops—1 mature and 4 ram lambs Cheviots—1 mature and 2 ram lambs Leicesters—1 ram lamb DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Change of Time Commencing Friday, June 28th, 1918, and until further notice, the Car Ferry Prince Edward Island will be with drawn from service between Borden and Tormentine, and the S.S. Northumberland will be placed on the Summerside-P. du Chene route. Trains west will therefore be changed and run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: Leave Charlottetown 6.25 a. m., arrive Summerside 8.50 a. m., leave Summerside 12.20 p. m., arrive Tignish 6.05 p. m. Leave Charlottetown 4.00 p. m., arrive Summerside 7.20 p. m., leave Summerside 8.50 p. m., arrive Tignish 11.55 p. m. Leave Tignish 5.30 a. m., arrive Summerside 8.35 a. m., leave Summerside 9.10 a. m., arrive Charlottetown 11.55 a. m. Leave Tignish 12.05 p. m., arrive Summerside 5.35 p. m., leave Summerside 8.45 p. m., arrive Charlottetown 11.10 p. m. Leave Borden 6.20 a. m., arrive Emerald 7.20 a. m., arrive Charlottetown 10.15 a. m. Leave Charlottetown 12.15 p. m., arrive Summerside 4.10 p. m., leave Summerside 6.10 p. m., arrive Emerald Jct. 7.20 p. m., leave Emerald Jct. 9.45 p. m., on arrival of night train from Summerside and arrive Borden 10.45 p. m. Trains between Souris, Georgetown, Murray Harbor and Charlottetown will continue to run as at present. District Passenger Agent's Office, Ch'town, P. E. I. July 3, 1918 li.

Near Sighted People See clearly close by, and for this reason try to get along without glasses, thereby suffering endless misery, and sometimes blindness follows: We are competent to examine and fit your eyes with the proper glasses, and guarantee satisfaction. Orders by mail promptly filled.

E. W. Taylor Optician, Watchmaker, Jeweler South Side of Queen Square CHARLOTTETOWN - P.E.I.

Mail Contract SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 28th July, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week. Over Rural Mail route No. 3 from Cherry Valley, P. E. Island, from the 1st October next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Cherry Valley, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector. JOHN F. WHEAR, Post Office Inspector. Post Office Inspector's Office, Ch'town, 22nd May, 1918. May 29, 1918-81. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 28th July, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week. Over Rural Mail Route No. 3 from Murray Harbor P. E. Island, from the Postmaster General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Murray Harbor, Abney, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector. JOHN F. WHEAR, Post Office Inspector. Post Office Inspector's Office, Ch'town, 14th June, 1918. June 19, 1918-81.