

The Seed And The Flowers.

A baby seed all dressed in brown, Fell out of its cradle one day; The West wind took it with loving arms And carried it far away.

He laid it down on a bed of leaves, And hid it with blankets white; And there it slept like a weary child, Through the long, dark winter night.

It woke at last, when the spring-time came, And stretched its arm on high, And it grew and grew through the life-long day, Toward the sun and the clear blue sky.

Father Ryan's Stand.

(Concluded.) The boys hung their heads and realized they had been a little hasty in their act.

They promised Father Ryan they would inform Hop Joy of what had taken place, so as he would not expect his friend. Up the narrow street they fled. Their spirits could not be kept down for long and they soon were joking and laughing once more.

They soon arrived at the residence of the town's one Chinaman, but found that worthy out on an errand. They concluded that it was mighty peculiar for a Chinaman to be gathering wash on Sunday, but soon consoled themselves with the thought that everything he did was peculiar.

They peered into the open window and once more temptation stood in their path. The back window was open. As Jake was the smallest member of the gang he was duly elected to be pushed through the little opening, which barely accommodated his body.

Once inside Jake began to explore. "What do you see Jake?" came in chorus from the gang. "Not any of your photographs, you can bet on that, but I do see a million packages of fire crackers, punk and some Chinese candy," came back the answer in a tantalizing tone.

At this critical moment the Chinaman hove in sight. Willie Monroe's mind began to work and work fast. A bright idea came to him and he rounded the corner of the building and met the Chinaman.

"Hello John," "Hello yourself. What's a matter?" "Mrs. Winter is awful mad at you John. She wished you to call for her wash yesterday and here it is today, and no wash yet. She said if you did not come at once she would do it herself," answered Willie diplomatically.

This was more than the Chinaman could stand. He could not see a possible customer slip from his grasp without making a strenuous effort to get that possible customer on his regular list. He accordingly made all haste to reach the lady's home in question before she carried her threat into execution.

Now Mrs. Winter lived on the very opposite side of the town from the Chinaman's residence, which was score one for Willie Monroe as he judged it would take that worthy a long time to make the return trip. "Hurry up there Jake," he called to the one inside. "No time to lose, Jake, as there will be a mad Chink here in about an hour or less, when he finds I have sent him on a wild goose chase."

Jake needed no urging. It never once entered his head that he was stealing. He was convinced in his own mind that he was taking a natural course. The transfer was soon made, willing hands ever being ready to help on the outside. Jake joined his comrades, and they soon were in search of a cache for their plunder.

"I wonder how old, Mose is," said Monroe as they passed the cabin of the town's one negro

Minard's Liniment for Dipteri-

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, irritates the throat, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. "I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. H. W. Jones, West Lincoln, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

Mose was a jovial old soul and his good nature never deserted him in any supreme crisis. The little cabin was soon surrounded by the gang. Peering in they could easily discern old Mose on his couch taking his afternoon rest in ease.

"I say fellows, let's have some fun," said Monroe. "Fun did you say?" asked another youngster. "What with old Mose there? Why you fellows have got him about all worn out now, so what's the use of wasting any effort on him."

"This is to be the supreme effort, though," said Monroe. "Get that coal shed at the lower end of the yard, and bring it up here. Make it fit in such a fashion that the door of the house and the door of the shed open into each other."

They pulled and they tugged. If their mother had asked them to perform half the labor they would all have experienced sudden heart failure, but this was different. The shed was eventually placed, and the window next to old Mose's resting place was cautiously raised.

A giant firecracker was hastily lit and kindly and lovingly placed under the sleeping Mose. It did not fail in its duty as was evidenced by the loud report that followed. Old Mose made the quickest move of his life.

"Oh Lawdy, oh Lawdy, what is it? I never done nuthin' oh Lawd believe me. Please let me go this time," and old Mose shook in his fright. Another explosion resulted soon followed by others. Mose ran around the room in circles. He rushed blindly for the door and ran into his own coal shed. To the superstitious Mose everything was awe inspiring. Every crack and crevice of that shed had a small boy's eye firmly glued to it, hugely enjoying the fun.

At a given signal firecrackers were tossed in and bedlam again was renewed. The noise of the firecrackers could not drown the yells of terrified Mose. He turned this way and that, but there was no mercy in the world that day. He sprang for the door of his cabin. A figure in large sheet met him on the threshold, and he sank on one knee and begged for mercy.

"Give me a chew," said the figure in white stood at attention dramatically, pointing one long finger at the shivering Mose. The figure advanced and Mose retreated until he could go no further.

A stern finger was pointed at the terrified Mose. The finger rose to a level with the terrified man's forehead. The din of the firecrackers increased in volume. The negro sank in a huddled heap to the floor.

"Give me a chew," the figure again repeated. "Oh, Lawdy I has no chew, but here's a smoke is all you want it." The figure in white disappeared and silence became oppressive so sudden was the stoppage of the din. Willie Monroe called off his followers, and with one mighty whoop they passed out into the street.

An outraged Chinaman was in their rear. "Did you get the wash, John?" and Monroe grinned. The Chinaman gave chase, and all ran into the arms of Father Ryan. The Chinaman related all that had taken place. Father Ryan needed no urging. It never once entered his head that he was stealing. He was convinced in his own mind that he was taking a natural course.

The transfer was soon made, willing hands ever being ready to help on the outside. Jake joined his comrades, and they soon were in search of a cache for their plunder.

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Minard's Liniment for Dipteri-

WHOOPING COUGH Her 3 Children Had It.

This disease begins like a simple cold in the head that rapidly goes to the chest. The cough is at first short and sharp, but gradually increases in severity and occurs in sudden spasms.

Often vomiting follows a severe attack of coughing, and sometimes there is nose-bleed. Mothers sometimes neglect the treatment of whooping cough, for it is much more serious than most people think, as it may be followed by some grave lung trouble, such as bronchitis, pneumonia or consumption, since the sufferer's power of resistance are often greatly weakened by the violent and exhausting cough.

On the first sign of a "whoop," Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be administered, as it helps to clear the bronchial tubes of the collected mucus and phlegm.

Mrs. Burton Leopold, New Ross, N.S., writes—"My three children had the whooping cough so bad last winter, I thought they would choke. I tried many different remedies, but none of them seemed to help. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and I was greatly surprised to see how quickly it helped them. I shall always recommend your wonderful remedy to others."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 35c. and 60c. a bottle at all drug stores and dealers. Put up in bottles of 1/2 pint and 1 pint. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Ryan called him aside and they conversed earnestly in low tones. The pastor waxed eloquent, and though the boys could not catch a word of what was spoken they knew it vitally concerned them. The mystery deepened, the Chinaman walked off grinning, and the boys could not understand it all. If they thought Father Ryan would enlighten them they were badly mistaken for he also walked away in the direction the Chinaman had taken.

"Well what do you know about that?" and Monroe groaned. "The suspense is worse than a beating. The Chinaman loses his firecrackers and seems satisfied and we do not even get a lecture."

But all too soon they reckoned. Monday morning dawned bright and clear. The boys assembled in the school hall as usual after Mass, Father Ryan was there to meet them, and informed them that instead of having school that day they would take a little walk. The boys were delighted, and the walk commenced. The home of the Celestial was reached. They were asked to step inside.

"Thapp's an apron for all of you," said Father Ryan. "Put them on." Wondering they obeyed. They were directed to tubs of well filled suds, and told to go to work. The amusing scene commenced, they had all turned into the washing game.

"I thought you said one Chinaman was enough for this town and here we have a dozen," whispered Jake to Monroe. "Ah, shut up," "Come on boys," said Father Ryan. "A little faster there, There is lots to do and the day is short."

Their lesson was being learned. The boys grew good natured as the day advanced, the Chinaman grinned, the pastor smiled and everybody was happy.

And in after years the boys often spoke of the stand Father Ryan had taken to show them the road of honesty and truth.—J. L. Warhover in the Catholic Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen.—In July 1915 I was thrown from a road machine, injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 14 months. In Sept., 1916, Mr. Wm. Outridge of Lachute urged me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I did with the most satisfactory results and today I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours sincerely, MATTHEW BAINES.

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The component parts of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are indicated to do away with palpitation and other heart weaknesses and thus strengthen both the heart and nerves.

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.

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Special Lines FARMERS' PLOUGH BOOTS...\$3.50 Also many Special Lines in Women's and Children's

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Today Autumn looms before us. Its enjoyment calls for new Apparel—new comforts and beauties for the Home. We've spent busy months finding and gathering all these wanted things—the best obtainable at each fair price.

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Will you, when down town today, drop in to see this really excellent line of Women's Stockings? They are high boot model with lisle top. They are shown in sand, tan, white, black, brown, blue and grey.

They are wonders for the money \$1.25

MOORE & McLEOD, Ltd 119-121 Queen St. Charlottetown August 25, 1920.

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, 17th December 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week, on the route, Howland Rural Mail Route No. 1, 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 Howland, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR, Post Office Inspector, Post Office Inspector's Office, Charlottetown, November 6, 1920, November 10, 1920—31

DEPARTMENT OF CUSTOMS AND INLAND REVENUE. EXCISE TAX LICENSES

Retailers, Jewellers, Manufacturers and Sales Tax Licenses as required under the Amendment to the Special War Revenue Act, 1915, are ready for issue, and application forms may be had from the undersigned.

Firms not in possession of Licenses on the 15th November, 1920, will be subject to penalty as provided in the Act.

PENALTY For neglect or refusal to take out a License shall be a sum not exceeding ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

F. J. CASEY, Collector of Inland Revenue at Charlottetown. Oct. 13, 1920—41

LIME We have on hand quantity of St. John LIME In Barrels Casks.

C.L.YONS & Co. Farm Laborers For The West

Canadian National Railways will give Reduced Fares and Special Train Service on August 6th and 13th.

Harvesters are urgently needed in the West to garner in the wheat yield of Canada. Estimates are that over 300,000,000 bushels of wheat stand ready for reaping. This in addition to other grain.

The call of the West is for 30,000 Farm Laborers to harvest immense grain crop. Canada's prosperity depends on the response.

The Canadian National Railways are prepared for the transport of Harvesters from all parts of the system. From Maritime Province points special arrangements have been made. Reduced fares to Winnipeg are to be granted on August 6th and 13th, and special trains will run via Quebec Bridge, and from Quebec to Winnipeg via the Transcontinental Line as the best and quickest route from Maritime Province points.

The trains will carry the best type of new colonial cars, and special arrangements will be made for the supply of box lunches en route. Special provision will be made for women accompanying the party or desiring to take advantage of the excursion rates.

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The rules and ethics of the exchange do not permit sending out alluring price lists, yet we give you an exact and expert grading and pay you at a rate of five to twenty five cents more on the dollar than the average advertiser fur company, as we cut out all middleman's profit in dealing directly with you.

St. Louis Fur Exchange 6th & Chestnut St, St. Louis, Mo, U.S.A. July 28, 1920.