THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD

The Sisters.

She wrote, dear child, from London, To her sister at St. Luke,-The merry, madcap Alice, To the Novice at St. Luke : "I've just been to the palace, With a Duchess and a Duke.

"In your poor secluded Cloister O my gentle Geraldine,-With its round of dreary penanc And its ever dull routine What think you of the honor Of an audience with the Queen

"A Countess went before me, And a Marchioness behind, And all the Royal chamber, With noblemen was lined, And the Prince beside his mother, Looked upon me fair and kind

"For I wore my snowy velvet, And my set of precious pearls, And a wreath of whitest roses, Rested lightly on my curls : Now was I not, sweet sister. The happiest of girls ?"

.

Then Geraldine made answer From her Convent by the sea "God keep thee ever guileless In thy gaiety and glee, But bear with me, beloved While I tell my joy to thee. " Today, my little Alice, I too at Court have been ; And held converse with the Queen A dearer and a fairer Than any earthly queen. "With a wreath of whitest roses, Prayer is so sweet that hours are They crowned thy kneeling Nun And when the queen embraced Mirth is so pure, though freely it me.-O, my darling little one,-Before the Court of Angels, She espoused me to her Son. "The richest, rarest jewels, He has brought me from or high : He clasped me to His bosom With a love that cannot die; O, tell me, happy Alice, Art thou happier than I?"

ment

meet her; they told her the story An Ancient Foe of Hubert Lang's coming chanting To health and happiness is Scrofulahis praises, for by this time he as ugly as ever since time immemorial It causes bunches in the neck, dis-figures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakespect of the simple household. Ellen entered wearily. Her ens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity soft coler was gone there were for recovery, and develops into conshadows under her beautiful eves. suniption. She was weary in body and mind, "Two of my children had scrotula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them she had succeeded but her uncle roin going to school for three months had given the loan with sharp words that cut the poor ambas

has kindred we know.

Olntments 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 sero? uls since." J. W. McGrxs, Woodstock, Ont. Hood's Sarsaparilla essened her magnetic charm her will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

For weary is my stricken soul Of sorrow and of sin.

I've sought for rest and found it In things of earthly mould, One Heart alone is worth my

love' That Heart that ne'er grows cold. Yes, Jssus take me to thyself,

I'm weary waiting here, I long to lean upon Thy breast, To see and feel Thee near.

St Philip Neri. This is the Saint of gentleness and kindness Cheerful in penance and in precept winning; Patiently healing of their pride and blindness

Souls that are sinning, When he comes near, to teach us and to bless us, but a minute possess us Sin is not in it. Thus he conducts, by holy paths

and pleasant, Innocent souls and sinful souls forgiven, Towards the bright palace where our God is present Throned in high heaven.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Mostly Ellen.

my perfect mother is gone, and I'm

not a bit poor, Maybe I'm a

prince, who knows ?' He looked

ischievously at - Moira, whose

Mrs. Moore consented to accept

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

is taken by people in tropi-cal countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well

ALL DRUGGISTS

embarassment was pitiful, feeling

Coughed won the admiration and Almost All Night With That Dry Tick-

ling Sensation in the Throat.

sador the more that she herself A bad cough, accompanied by that had no hope of returning the listressing, tickling sensation in the nominal loan, Ellen's langour throat is most aggravating.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup heals mucous surfaces, relieves oppression bright girlishness, but it increased nd tightness of the chest, removes the loveliness of her face and cumulated mucous or phlegm, quites awoke pity amid the admiration en the most obstinate and distressing ughs, securing sleep and rest at night, no one could refuse her-and pity t only to the sufferer, but to others ose rest would otherwise be broken.

whose rest would otherwise be broken. Mrs. Duel Marshall, Basswood Ridge, N.B., writes:—"Just a few lines to let ou know what Dr. Wood's Norway line Syrup did for me. I took a severe old, coughed almost all night with that dry, tickling sensation in my throat. The first bottle did me so much good, I thought I would try a second one, which I am pleased to say resulted in a complete pure. I can strongly recommend if to any one suffering from a cough or any broat irritation." Hubert Lang felt his attraction toward this Ellen, which her brothers' and sisters' manifest ove and their praise of her aroused, leap into something warm and living as he took her hand and she smiled up at him with an effort, looking at him hroat irritation

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25c. a bottle; the large with self-forgetful kindness in amily size, 50c. her luminous eyes. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark, and is nanufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Something in his eyes made the swift color flood Ellens' pallor

and she withdrew her hand hastily. As the birds come in the sping, "I'm truly glad to see you, Miss Moore," Hubert said. "The We know not from where; So the stars come at evening younger ones and I-I, at leasthave grown to be fast friends From the depths of the air. -Longfellow and have been having fine times in your absence

" That's good," said Ellen. " MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. wonder what you found to talk about ?' LIMITED "Mostly Ellen," he laughed. GENELEMEN-Last Winter Don't be shocked at my impertireceived great benifit from the ase of MINARD'S LINIMENT nence; that's a quotation. "Oh, all these funny foolish in a severe attack of Lagrippe little cackling Moore chickens!" and I have frequently proved it

cried Ellen, wondering whether be very effective in case of Inshe was pleased or displeased ; she flammation. forgot that she was tired, forgot Yours. the humiliation from which she W. A. HUTCHINSON.

was newly returned in a rush of strange new emotions. Why was If roses were like some men, this handsome man with the clear they'd insist on being coaxed to eyes so disconcerting yet so debloom, lightful ? Never had Ellen felt so

frghtened, so confused, so happy in all her short life before. The A girl would rather be poor sense of humiliation was gone;



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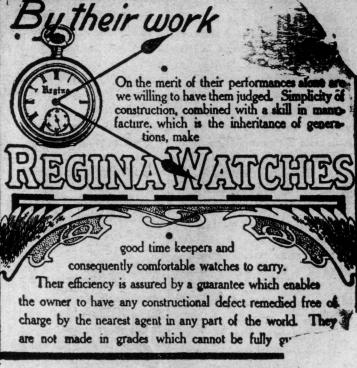
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MANY NEW

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Close Veiled in That

Sweet Sacrament. (Concluded) "Yes, sir," said Bob, a note of defense in his voice.

Close veiled in that sweet Sacra-"All right; so am I-not precisely a Catholic child now, but a Our Jesus' Heart, our treasure, Catholic fast enough," said Mr, Lang. It's my honest opinion Love's priceless, dearest testament. that you don't often find the sort Is shrouded in that mystic guise, of girl you've been sketching in Our Jesus left His realms of light, your Ellen outside the Old

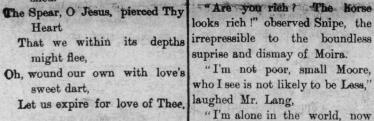
On wings of love to earth He's Church's training. My mother flown : was a girl like your sister, I'm To dwell with us 'tis His delight, sure of that. Did you ever think He makes cur heart His dearest Miss Moira and Master Bob, that throne when you were making novenas for

O Sacred Heart, how sweet the benefit of that prince you were 'twould be, talking of as well as for your If we could die for love of 'mostly Ellen'? He'd be a pretty Thee. lucky man who won her."

"I should say !" agreed Bob. Love is not loved; O angles, Then he regarded the newcomer weep Ye virgins chaste, breathe bitter studiously for a long moment and Mr. Lang looked up to find Moira sighs; O earth be clothed in mourning also studying him, blushing furiously when he caught her

deep; Withdraw your light, ye radiant doing it, skies : "I wonder if I might stay For all, our souls' dear Spouse around here for a few days ?" Mr. hath died, Lang inquired. "It's a pretty For all His Heart with love spot, I'd like to see all its lovliness, Do you ever take boarders ?". doth burn :

Yet this meek Saviour men deride, Moira gasped, Her nearly six-And for his love make no re- teen years' romance bridged the turn question over to vague future That Heart for us could do no possibilities, "We never have." she said in her best grown-up In anguish deep it sighed and manner. "But perhaps mother might. Father is a cripple, mother is fearfully busy, but I'd A spear His sacred bosom tore. For us His last life's blood was help her, and Ellen would be home tomorrow." Again Moira blushed. shed.



O Take me to Thy Sacred Seart,

that her thoughts were trans-O take me to Thy Sacred Heart parent. And seal the entrance o'er, the stranger as her first boarder. That from that home my way When Ellen returned the followward soul ing night the entire clan of May never wander more. O Jesus' Heart, meek, patient, kind, My soul to Thee I turn, Thou wilt not crush the bruised

reed. Nor sorrowing spirit spur. O Mary by the priceless love Which Jesus Heart bore thee. Pray that my home in life and death

That loving heart may be. O Jesus, open wide Thy Heart And let me rest therein ;

instead she had the sense of being crowned a queen. W. H. O. Wilkinson, Strat.

Hubert Lang lost no time in fordsays:ont-"It affords me much teaching Ellen to love him. Before pleasure to say that I experienced he had seen her he had half loved great relief from Muscular Rheuthe girl whose loveliness shone matism by using two boxes of so apparent to the careless young Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price eyes of her brothers and sisters, a box 50c. transcending the dimming effect

of prosaic daily contact. When he saw her he at once knew her for

There are just three paths to a the ideal woman of whom he had man's heart-one through his dreamed and whom he had devanity, one through his imaginaspaired of finding. And Ellen tion and one straight over his proved an apt scholar. Oblivious obstiancy. of sublunary things she loved

Hubert Lang from their first Minard's Liniment Cures neeting. Dandruff. But Moira, feeling worldly-wise

and fully grown, discovered that The best sort of an excuse is Hubert was going to give her none too good. Ellen the lesser gifts of this world

with his love, that he was almost the prince of their imaginings,

Handsome men would be annoying endowed with wealth and honor. f there were any. "Won't Ellen be suprised ?"

cried Moira, "Isn't it wonderful Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont Such a glorious husband and everywrites:--- "My mother had a badly thing else in his pocket ! But it's sprained arm. Nothing we used not half enough for her yet!" did her any good. Then father got "My novena to St. Joseph done it !" triumphed Anne, too Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days Price oyous for the restraints of gram. 25 cents."

"Anne, please be grateful in good English !" rebuked Moira. They who carefully husband their And really you had only started store. your novena the day Hubert Rarely reside at poverty's door. "That dosen't matter," persisted Minards Liniment Cures Neu-Anne. "One end of an novena algia. is just as good to be answered as another. I suppose St. Joseph To die is landing on some silent knew he could trust me to finish shore shore the other eight days, if he sent Where billows never tread, nor Hubert on ahead. And I did tempest roar.

-Samuel Grath. "Do you think St. Joseph sent ne ?" asked Hubert entering at this God and sin can never be in stage of the conservation, unharmony. "Well, I do, so what's the use ! cried Anne, desperately, pro foundly embarrassed.

"Do you know what I want Was Badly from him ?" hinted Hubert. Run Down. "Mostly Ellen !" cried Anne giggling and scampering from the

Milburn's Heart and "She's coming !" cried Moira, **Nerve Pills Built** nd fled after small Anne. Her Up.

"Ellen !" Hubert exclaimed Moores were at the station to holding out his hand to her,

ziger's Maganize.

"Ellen !" Hubert exclaimed, holding out his hand to her, "Brave, pure, sweet, devoted, wonderful Ellen. Everything in the brown house is 'mostly Ellen,' but in all the world the most is Ellen. Could you love me a-little, Ellen ?" Ellen shook her head. "No," she whispered I couldn't. It—it isn't my way !" And so, with all his other great gifts, it was "mostly Ellen" that glorified Hubert Lang's life. Mariom Ames Taggart, in Ben-ziger's Maganize.



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