

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 penance 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, They crowned thy kneeling Nun And when the queen embraced 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 on high; He clasped me to His bosom With a love that cannot die; O, tell me, happy Alice, Art thou happier than I?"

Close Veiled in That Sweet Sacrament.

Close veiled in that sweet Sacrament, Our Jesus' Heart, our treasure, lies; Love's priceless, dearest testament, Is shrouded in that mystic guise, Our Jesus left His realms of light, On wings of love to earth He's flown; To dwell with us 'tis His delight, He makes our heart His dearest throne. O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould be, If we could die for love of Thee. Love is not loved; O angles, weep; Ye virgins chaste, breathe bitter sighs; O earth be clothed in mourning deep; Withdraw your light, ye radiant skies: For all, our souls' dear Spouse hath died, For all His Heart with love doth burn; Yet this meek Saviour men deride, And for his love make no return. That Heart for us could do no more, In anguish deep it sighed and bled; A spear His sacred bosom tore, For us His last life's blood was shed. The Spear, O Jesus, pierced Thy Heart That we within its depths might flee, Oh, wound our own with love's sweet dart, Let us expire for love of Thee.

O Take me to Thy Sacred Seat.

O take me to Thy Sacred Heart And seal the entrance o'er, That from that home my wayward soul 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;

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula— as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes 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. McGee, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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 not

In things of earthly mould, One Heart alone is worth my love That Heart that ne'er grows cold. Yes, Jesus 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, Prayer is so sweet that hours are but a minute; Mirth is so pure, though freely it possesses 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.

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

"All right; so am I—not precisely a Catholic child now, but a Catholic fast enough," said Mr. Lang. "It's my honest opinion that you don't often find the sort of girl you've been sketching in your Ellen outside the Old Church's training. My mother was a girl like your sister, I'm sure of that. Did you ever think Miss Moira and Master Bob, that when you were making novenas for the benefit of that prince you were talking of as well as for your 'mostly Ellen'? He'd be a pretty lucky man who won her."

"I should say," agreed Bob. Then he regarded the newcomer studiously for a long moment and Mr. Lang looked up to find Moira also studying him, blushing furiously when he caught her doing it.

"I wonder if I might stay around here for a few days?" Mr. Lang inquired. "It's a pretty spot, I'd like to see all its loveliness, Do you ever take boarders?" Moira gasped. Her nearly sixteen years' romance bridged the question over to vague future possibilities. "We never have," she said in her best grown-up manner. "But perhaps mother might. Father is a cripple, mother is fearfully busy, but I'd help her, and Ellen would be home tomorrow." Again Moira blushed.

"Are you rich?" The horse looks rich," observed Snipe, the irrepressible to the boundless surprise and dismay of Moira. "I'm not poor, small Moore, who I see is not likely to be less," laughed Mr. Lang. "I'm alone in the world, now my perfect mother is gone, and I'm not a bit poor. Maybe I'm a prince, who knows?" He looked mischievously at Moira, whose embarrassment was pitiful, feeling that her thoughts were transparent.

Mrs. Moore consented to accept the stranger as her first boarder. When Ellen returned the following night the entire clan of Moores were at the station to meet her; they told her the story of Hubert Lang's coming chanting his praises, for by this time he had won the admiration and respect of the simple household. Ellen entered wearily. Her soft color was gone there were shadows under her beautiful eyes. She was weary in body and mind, she had succeeded but her uncle had given the loan with sharp words that cut the poor-ambassador the more that she herself had no hope of returning the nominal loan, Ellen's languor lessened her magnetic charm her bright girlishness, but it increased the loveliness of her face and awoke pity amid the admiration no one could refuse her—and pity has kindred we know!

SCOTT'S EMULSION is taken by people in tropical countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as winter. ALL DRUGGISTS

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Hubert Lang felt his attraction toward this Ellen, which her brothers' and sisters' manifest love 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 with self-forgetful kindness in her luminous eyes.

Something in his eyes made the swift color flood Ellen's pallor and she withdrew her hand hastily.

"I'm truly glad to see you, Miss Moore," Hubert said. "The younger ones and I—I, at least—have grown to be fast friends and have been having fine times in your absence."

"That's good," said Ellen. "I wonder what you found to talk about?"

"Mostly Ellen," he laughed. "Don't be shocked at my impertinence; that's a quotation."

"Oh, all these funny foolish little cackling Moore chickens!" cried Ellen, wondering whether she was pleased or displeased; she forgot that she was tired, forgot the humiliation from which she was newly returned in a rush of strange new emotions. Why was this handsome man with the clear eyes so disconcerting yet so delightful? Never had Ellen felt so frightened, so confused, so happy in all her short life before. The sense of humiliation was gone; instead she had the sense of being crowned a queen.

Hubert Lang lost no time in teaching Ellen to love him. Before he had seen her he had half loved the girl whose loveliness shone so apparent to the careless young eyes of her brothers and sisters, transcending the dimming effect of prosaic daily contact. When he saw her he at once knew her for the ideal woman of whom he had dreamed and whom he had despaired of finding. And Ellen proved an apt scholar. Oblivious of sublimity things she loved Hubert Lang from their first meeting.

But Moira, feeling worldly-wise and fully grown, discovered that Hubert was going to give her Ellen the lesser gifts of this world with his love, that he was almost the prince of their imaginations, endowed with wealth and honor.

"Won't Ellen be surprised?" cried Moira. "Isn't it wonderful! Such a glorious husband and everything else in his pocket! But it's not half enough for her yet!" "My novena to St. Joseph done it!" triumphed Anne, too joyous for the restraints of grammar.

"Anne, please be grateful in good English!" rebuked Moira. "And really you had only started your novena the day Hubert came."

"That doesn't matter," persisted Anne. "One end of an novena is just as good to be answered as another. I suppose St. Joseph knew he could trust me to finish the other eight days, if he sent Hubert on ahead. And I did too!"

"Do you think St. Joseph sent me?" asked Hubert entering at this stage of the conversation, unheard.

"Well, I do, so what's the use?" cried Anne, desperately, profoundly embarrassed.

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

"She's coming!" cried Moira, and fled after small Anne.

"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 isn't my way!" And so, with all his other great gifts, it was "mostly Ellen" that glorified Hubert Lang's life. Marion Ames Taggart, in Ben-ziger's Magazine.

Coughed Almost All Night

With That Dry Tickling Sensation in the Throat.

A bad cough, accompanied by that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat is most aggravating.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup heals the mucous surface, relieves oppression and tightness of the chest, removes accumulated mucus or phlegm, quiets even the most obstinate and distressing coughs, securing sleep and rest at night, not only to the sufferer, but to others whose rest would otherwise be broken. Mrs. Duff Marshall, Basewood Ridge, N.Y., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. I took a severe cold, 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 cure. I can strongly recommend it to any one suffering from a cough or any throat irritation."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25c a bottle, the large family size, 50c.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

As the birds come in the spring, We know not from where; So the stars come at evening From the depths of the air. —Longfellow.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED

GENELEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Lagrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

If roses were like some men, they'd insist on being coaxed to bloom.

A girl would rather be poor than fat.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont.—"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."

There are just three paths to a man's heart—one through his vanity, one through his imagination and one straight over his obstinacy.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The best sort of an excuse is none too good.

Handsome men would be annoying if there were any.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont. writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

They who carefully husband their store, Rarely reside at poverty's door.

Minard's Liniment Cures Neuralgia.

To die is landing on some silent shore, Where billows never tread, nor tempest roar. —Samuel Grath.

God and sin can never be in harmony.

Was Badly Run Down. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Built Her Up.

Mrs. Frank Blough, Sarnia, Ont., writes:—"I embrace the opportunity to write you saying that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and found them very helpful to me. I was very badly run down, and was taking doctor's medicine. My son, out West, wrote me saying, 'Mother! you use the Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, they will be better for you than doctor's medicine.' This I did with good results. I often recommend them to other people. My doctor did not know I was using them, he used to say 'Why! I never saw any one's heart gain up like yours has. You do not need any more medicine.'" Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c 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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