

The House of Santa Maria

(By Patricia Mackay, in Ave Maria)

To the north, south and east the hills rise tier on tier, guarding the lovely vale from intrusion; while to the west the Pacific stretches away and away to the horizon in a glorious expanse of sparkling blue waters. It is like a charming bit of the Old World set down beneath the sunny skies of California. The hills, steep and thickly timbered with giant live oaks, chaparral, manzanita and madrone are interspersed here and there by canyons as densely wooded, through which silvery streams, wind their way in and out among the ferns and flowers, to flow at last into the valley, keeping it green when all without this favored spot is parched and brown beneath the fierce rays of the summer sun. The vale is thickly dotted with the haciendas of the Spanish Dons, where grazing herds, tended by peasants in picturesque garb, crop the luscious grass, or fields of golden grain reflect the sunlight.

Down on the strand near the harbor nestles the little town, a vision of sleepy contentment, its white-walled adobe houses scattered along the winding streets in charming confusion. Here stately palms and olive trees lift their heads toward Heaven, or graceful pepper trees droop their feathery fronds to shelter the portico where the inhabitants spend the greater portion of the waking hours—the women making delicate dresses work and lace, or weaving baskets and rugs, from the sale of which the major part of their income is derived; the men mending the sails and nets from their fishing boats; and the children tumbling about, bare-foot and happy, their red lips ever smiling, their dark eyes alight with the joy of living.

But the glory of Santa Maria is its roses—great, glowing, velvety, long stemmed blossoms, shading from flaming scarlet, pointed buds or open chalice blushing over with a fragrance that permeates the entire valley. Every home is embowered with them, every inhabitant of the valley wears them. And well may the people love them; for, in addition to being a token of Our Lady's favor, they will grow in no other spot. All in vain have the few strangers who penetrate the isolation of the valley attempted to transplant them to alien soil; and even in Palmarosa, a few miles distant beyond the gauding hills, the roses wither and die. They are a part of Santa Maria, bound up in its history—a reason for its existence.

Years ago, when the harsh mandate went forth suppressing the missions; when greedy strangers infested the Coast, claiming for their own the fertile mission gardens, destined soon to become a waste of weeds and thistles. Scattered they set their faces, and after a day's travel they lay down beneath the stars to take their rest,—men and women and little children,—a forlorn band of pilgrims, journeying they knew not whither. The following morning they set forth again but toward nightfall they reached a range of almost perpendicular hills, so thickly wooded with trees and underbrush that further progress seemed impossible. Discouraged, they made camp; but before retiring they besought the Virgin Mother to guide them to a place of safety.

Long after the camp was wrapped in slumber, the brown-robed friar knelt in prayer before the crucifix, imploring divine guidance for his little flock. Wreathed with his long march, he fell asleep upon his knees, and in his dreams he beheld the crucifix wreathed with a vine on which gleamed scores of blood-red roses that flooded the air with a celestial fragrance. Then the heavens palpitated with light and color—a rainbow as of liquid gold and jewels—and from the midst of them appeared a Lady of surpassing loveliness who placed one of the blossoms and held it in her hand as she went before him along a path-way whose entrance was concealed by underbrush. For miles she led him up and down hills, through cool, green canyons, then over a low-towered hill, and down again into a sheltered valley where a crystal spring gurgled in the waning light. On the brink of the pool she placed the rose, and, smiling upon him, she vanished.

When morning dawned the party broke camp; and, saying nothing of his dream, Padre Fernando sought and found the path that the Lady

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, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It cures catarrh—its soothing and strengthening the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

had shown him. All day they followed it, and toward night they entered the valley, where they found grass for their horses, and water in abundance for man and beast. And there on the brink of the spring, in all its dewy freshness, lay the rose of the "Palmer's Valley."—It was now he knew it had not been a dream. Calling his people about him, he told them how their progress had been assured; and together they planned the crucifix where the rose had lain, and, kneeling, thanked God and Our Lady for such signal proofs of their protection. Night after night the vision was repeated; day after day they were guided through the wilderness like the Israelites of old. Every morning the roses vanished, and every evening they found it awaiting them. After weeks of toilsome marching, it led them at last to the vale where today the Virgin's roses grow in such profusion about the homes of their descendants.

On the last night of their journey they planted the crucifix down with love and faith, while from her coral lips poured forth a flood of melody as clear and sweet as air as the notes of the bell she saw.

She was beloved in all Santa Maria; and out in the valley or on the brown, salted fishing boats that roared the wind on the sparkling waters of the bay, every head was bowed when the voice of the Don Rosita rang out in praise of the Blessed Virgin. The passing years added to the child's charms, until in early womanhood she was the perfect type of patrician loveliness,—tall and slender, like a young willow, and graceful and shy as a fawn. She was the joy of the great house, the pet of her mother's servants, the pride of Santa Maria, as she flitted about the town, tending the sick babies, reading to the old and sightless, feeding the doves in the plaza, playing the organ in the church, singing the Benedictine hymns in a voice that would have brought her fame and fortune out in the great world to which she was a stranger; or aiding a neighbor in the completion of some bit of lace so delicate that it might have been the work of fairy fingers.

Every morning she superintended the departure of the little stage, instructing Jose what price to ask for Juanita's baskets, for Maria's rags, and Carmencita's lace. For now that all danger to their faith and property is past, they need a daily stage—a bookboard driven by a pair of sleepy horses and driven by a drowsy jennet—on regular trips to Palmarosa, the very modern town on the very modern railroad that lies just beyond the hills.

One day in early autumn Jose lounged against the station wall, awaiting the arrival of the train, his shadow tipped back on his dark, bronzed face, a gleam of mischief about his eyes, and a gleam of Santa Maria roses on the lapel of his black coat, while at his feet lay the rags and baskets, and—also for his entertainment—was the lace which he had been commissioned to sell. He removed the cigarette from his lip, touched his hat in a graceful salute, and smiled a charming, indulgent smile as a pair of tourists alighted from the south-bound train and approached him. A number of his wares were sold to good advantage, and the train bell was ringing its warning when the lady stepped the train.

"Ah, how exquisite!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of these beautiful blossoms to take with me. Do they grow here?" "Not here, Senora, but in Santa Maria" (saying his slender brown hand toward the west), "only in Santa Maria."

Briefly he outlined the story of their origin; and she turned to her husband, exclaiming: "Maurice, we must see this wonderful place. A few days' delay is of no consequence. Will you go to the car and bring our suitcase?" Maurice Teravious was quite accustomed to the vagaries of his beautiful wife, and readily accustomed to gratifying her fancies. She

HAD VERY BAD COUGH

And Ticking Sensation in Throat.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured It.

Miss C. Davidson, Swansea River, Man. writes—"Last fall I had a very bad cough and a tickling sensation in my throat. It was so bad I could not sleep at night, so I went to a dispensary and had a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup sent me to try it. I had taken one bottle when I was completely cured. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone who suffers from a cough or throat irritation."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is without a doubt one of the greatest cough and cold remedies on the market to-day, and so great has been its success there are numerous preparations put up to imitate it. Do not be imposed upon by taking one of these substitutes, but insist on being given "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. It is a yellow sugar, this glass from the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Fanny thing about my wife." "What?" "She can't walk three blocks without getting tired, but she can pump a piano player for hours without pausing to rest."

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

"Just remember," said the rich wife, "that I am the goose that lays your golden eggs."

You're the first goose I ever saw that cooked every time she laid."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Together—Arthur I shall be obliged to detain you again to-day after school.

Arthur—Of course you understand that if any gossip comes of your keeping me in every day you are responsible for it.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. 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 a box 50c."

"You seem to be rather fond of wine cheese," remarked the dyspeptic. "I always thought cheese with holes in it was indigestible."

"The holes are," rejoined the man who has just finished his fourth sandwich, "but I never eat the holes."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

"Johnny, I see you have taken more care than I said you might have."

"Yes, mother. I made believe there was another little boy spending the day with me."

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Stinging Headache Remedy gives women prompt relief from monthly pain, and here so had other efforts whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25c and 50c.

"Why Freddy," exclaimed the mother of a precocious five-year-old, "aren't you ashamed to call little six-year-old Go to her at once and tell her you are very sorry. 'Amie,' said the little fellow, a few moments later, 'I'm awfully sorry you are so stupid.'"

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms goy at the vital of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

Had Palpitation of the Heart Weakness and Choking Spells.

When the heart begins to beat irregularly, palpitate and throbs, beats fast for a time, then so slow as to seem almost to stop, it causes great anxiety and alarm. When the heart does this many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, and become weak, worn and miserable. To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief.

Prince Edward Island Railway

Commencing Jan. 5th, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Trains Outward, Trains Inward, Stations, and times for various routes like Charlottetown, St. John's, etc.

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