

A Poem by Father Benson.

The following verses, written by the late Father Benson on the eve of his reception into the Church, in 1903, were printed in the London Tablet, of Oct. 24th 1914: I cannot soar and sing, my Lord and love; No eagle wings have I, No power to rise and greet my King above, No heart to fly. Creative Lord Incarnate, let me lean My heavy self on Thee; Nor let my utter weakness come between Thy strength and me. I cannot trace Thy Providence and place, Nor dimly comprehend What in Thyself Thou art, and what is man, And what the end. Here in this wilderness I cannot find The path the wise men trod, Grant me to rest on Thee, Incarnate Mind And Word of God. I cannot love, my heart is turned within And locked within; (Ah me! How shivering in self love I sit) for sin Has lost the key. Ah! Sacred Heart of Jesus, Flame divine, Ardent with great desire, My hope is set upon that love of Thine, Deep Well of Fire. I can live alone another hour; Jesu, be thou my life I have not power to strive; be Thou my Power In every strife! I cannot do nothing—hope, nor love, nor fear, But only fail and fall, Be Thou my soul and self, O Jesu dear, My God and all. —ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

Do All That You Can.

"I cannot do much," said a little star, "To make this dark world bright; My silvery beams cannot pierce far Into the gloom of night: Yet I am a part of God's great plan, And so I will do the best that I can." "I can't pose as being so busy as you fellows," said Dr. Le Roux, "but I certainly hate to see her go. Bet she doesn't come back. She has a sort of bluish air that looks to me like a June bride's," he added gloomily. "Raven?" "Make it as bad as you can!" "Nothing of the kind, man!" The three doctors turned on him savagely, and Dr. Von Hellern said: "I really don't think it is so bad as that, Le Roux. She is tired and wants a rest. Her mother has been sick and she's been nursing her and running us besides. She has a right to be tired. The mother is going away and Miss Elmsley feels she ought to be at home to take care of the small brother and sister. We'll simply have to let her off and try to get somebody else, though we needn't expect to fill her place." Accordingly, Miss Elmsley departed on the Saturday following, mourned by "her doctors," as she called them; and Dr. Le Roux went to his office Monday morning with a sinking heart, wondering what sort of "freak" as he expressed it the new incumbent would be. As the Doctor opened his office door he was met by an apparition at which he opened his eyes, so unexpected was it; a slim girl in a neat dark blue gown, with the planet of white collars and cuffs, the sort of uniform exactly suitable for a business woman. A pair of clear gray eyes, very large and long-lashed, were raised to

Miss Dimples.

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, in Ave Maria As a general thing, the coteries of doctors which occupied suite 1013 in the huge office building held the even tenor of their way with extreme serenity. There was in the suit a fashionable dentist, a throat specialist, an oculist, and a young doctor just starting out,

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. 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. Irwin, 100 St. Johns, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system. who cheerfully described himself with Gay French insouciance, as a "specialist for the skin and its contents." The four men were uncommonly congenial; and if one appeared a bit touchy on occasions, the others pleasantly permitted him to "grouch" in peace until such time as he felt sociable again.

The office was comfortable, four private rooms grouped about a general waiting room, and all cared for by Miss Elmsley, a young Englishwoman, sweet as a hawthorn blossom in a fresh country lane, Well-mannered, and possessed of a diplomatic way of making patients forget how long they had been waiting. Miss Elmsley was in short, the presiding genius of the place.

Things went so well in 1013, in fact, that young Dr. Le Roux, had been heard to murmur that it was "too good to last," mindful as he was of the friction in other offices, where befrizzled, rattled office girls made life miserable for his professional friends by forgetting to deliver messages, keeping important patients waiting unnecessarily, and by their genius for admitting book agents, drug dispensers and other unwelcome persons.

When therefore one morning, Dr. Von Hellern, who managed the suite, with a long face broke the news to his confreres that Miss Elmsley was leaving for a three months' vacation, there was general consternation. "Confound the luck!" fumed Dr. Crocker, the oculist. "Just at the time when I have the most patients! Everybody comes down town shopping for Easter bonnets, and gets chunks of March dust in the eyes; and there's nothing better for my business except face veils and the 'Movies'."

"Yes, and throat trouble is just ripe for picking," said Dr. Emmet; "and when they sit here three deep and all in a hurry, Miss Elmsley makes them forget its my lunch hour, and they wait like lambs."

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THIN MILK How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother is pale and delicate? Scott's Emulsion makes the mother strong and well; increases and enriches the baby's food.

his, a most bewitching pair of dimples flashed into pink cheeks, and then disappeared again, as a well-modulated voice asked: "Whom do you wish to see, please?"

"I am Dr. Le Roux," he smiled. "Are you?"—hesitatingly.

"Miss Burton, the new office assistant," she replied pleasantly again with that flicker of dimples; and as Dr. Le Roux disappeared into his private office, hope once more arose within his breast.

Nor was his hopes unfounded. Miss Burton—promptly christened "Miss Dimples" by Dr. Le Roux with whose friendly, merry manner no one ever took offence—was a treasure. Her work was always well done; she was always agreeable, always on time, always well dressed. "Too well dressed!" grumbled Dr. Crocker, inclined to be the fault-finding member of the community.

"But, my dear fellow," argued Le Roux, "why on earth shouldn't the girl be as well dressed, as she likes?"

"She should," growled Dr. Crocker "if she can afford it. But I confess that it makes a fellow feel queer to see his office girl walk in on a raw March day wearing handsomer sables than he can give to his wife."

"Ah, there's the rub, eh?" Emmet laughed. "Work harder and buy your wife her sables."

Crocker was a good man, spoiled by having an income outside of his profession, so that he did not have to work.

"No danger of your not getting your wife sables!" retorted Crocker. "You're always running around to do something for her. There's nothing so fatal to a doctor's success as being happily married."

"What's the row?" inquired Le Roux, cheerfully. "Let me in on it. I feel fine and scrappy."

"Get along, Infant! There's no row," was the reply. "We were just discussing the new office girl."

"Miss Dimples? She's all right," said the young Doctor. "Tends to business and keeps everybody jollied. She'll be as good as Miss Elmsley, if she stays long enough."

"There seems to be a kind of mystery about her," said Crocker, slowly.

"Mystery! Why? Von Hellern had references all right enough," Le Roux answered. "Orphan, lives with an aunt, works for an honest living for four cantankerous doctors,—where's the mystery? You've been attending too many nickel shows, Crocker: gone to your brain."

This sally was received with a shout from the other two, and an indignant snort from the elegant Crocker.

"Fancy Crocker going to a nickle show!" said Emmet. "He never attends anything less than ten cents."

"But," persisted Le Roux. "I'm all ears to hear the mystery about Miss Dimples."

"Come to putting it in words," Crocker spoke slowly. "I can't tell you; only it seem queer that a girl so evidently above her place, with such clothes as she has, should be willing to work for ten dollars a week." "But really, old man" (Le Roux's snapping brown eyes looked a bit keen). "I don't feel that it is any of our business. Miss Burton does her work admirably; she dresses to suit her part while she's playing it; she is unmistakably a lady. If she fails to take us into her confidence in regard to her private affairs, that is surely her own concern. She either needs to work for a living or she doesn't; and, if the latter is the case, she is probably bored at home and wants something to do."

Dr. Le Roux had a happy faculty of ignoring things which bothered other people, and was totally lacking in curiosity about his neighbor's affairs,—a circumstance which made him easy to get along with, albeit there were times when it nearly drove his wife frantic that he showed no "proper interest" in things which she thought of considerable importance. (Concluded next week.)

HAD A BAD COLD WITH PROLONGED COUGHING.

TRIED NEARLY EVERYTHING FINALLY DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM.

Mr. Wallace H. Grange, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "During a cold spell here about the middle of last October (1913), I caught a cold which got worse despite all treatments I could obtain, until about November 22nd, a friend said, 'Why not try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup?' Really, I had no faith in it at the time as I had tried nearly every other remedy I had heard of, to no avail, but I thought I would give this last remedy a trial. I purchased a 50 cent bottle, and in three days I was feeling a different man. My cold was so hard, and the coughing so prolonged, that vomiting occurred after a hard spell of coughing. I carried the bottle in my pocket, and every time I was seized with a coughing spell I would take a small dose. I can most heartily recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone with a severe cold, as its powers are most marvelous and I never intend being without it at all times."

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c, manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Sirs,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for the past 25 years and whilst I have occasionally used other liniments I can safely say that I have never used any equal to yours.

If rubbed between the hands and inhaled frequently, it will never fail to cure cold in the head in 24 hours. It is also the Best for bruises, sprains, etc.

Yours truly, J. G. LESLIE, Dartmouth.

"See here, waiter," exclaimed the indignant customer, "here's a piece of wood in my sausage?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "but I'm sure—"

"Sure nothing! I don't mind eating the dog, but I'm not going to eat the kennel too!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

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."

Tom was a butcher with considerable native wit. One day just before dinner, when his shop was full of customers, a man whom he did not like very well came in and asked for three-pennyworth of dog's meat.

"All right," said Tom; "will you have it wrapped up or just eat it here?"

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Boy—No, sir.

Examiner—Correct!—London Opinion.

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 a box 50c."

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"Yes, with red paint," grumbled the stern parent. Philadelphia Record.

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Many people who have been reading the terrible war news from day to day, especially those who have relatives at the seat of war, have become so nervous that it is impossible for them to sleep. The nerves have become unstrung and the heart perhaps affected.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will build up the unstrung nervous system and strengthen the weak heart.

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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.

VOL-PEEK MENDS HOLES IN POTS & PANS IN TWO MINUTES WITHOUT TOOLS. MENDS Graniteware Tin - Copper - Brass Aluminium Enamelware. Cost 1/2¢ Per Mend. PRICE 15c PER PACKAGE

"VOL-PEEK" mends holes in all kinds of Pots, Pans, Boilers and all other kitchen utensils, in two minutes, at a cost of less than 1/2c per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron, Tinwares, Copper, Brass, Aluminium, etc.

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The housewife has, for many years been wanting, something with which she could herself, in her own home, mend such leaks quickly, easily and permanently, and she has never found it.

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"VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a still putty, simply cut off a small piece enough to fill the hole, then Burn the mend over the flame of a lamp, candle or open fire for two minutes, then the article will be ready for use.

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R. F. Maddigan & Co. Charlottetown Agents for P. E. Island.

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Also Men's Blk Beaver Coats with Persian Lamb Collars, \$15. for \$12.—and a lot of boys' and youths' overcoats and suits at reduced prices.

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