The Sons of Martha

The Sons of Mary seldom bother,
for they have inherited that
good part,
But the Sons of Martha favor
thir mother of the careful
soul and the troubled heart;
And because she lost her temper
once, and because she was
rude to the Lord, her guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's
Sons—world without end,
repreive or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to
take the buffet and cushion
the shock;
It is their care that the gear
engages; it is their care that
the switches lock;
It is their care that their wheels
run truly; it is their care
to embark and entrain.
Tally, transport and deliver duly
the Sons of Mary by land
and main.

They say to the mountains, "Be
ye removed!" They say to
the lesser floods, "Run dry!"
Under their rods are the rocks
reproved — they are not
afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hilltops shake to the
summit; then is the bed of
the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may over-
come it, pleasantly sleeping
and unaware.

They finger Death at their
glove's end when they piece
and replace the living wires.
He rears against the gates they
tend; they feed him hungry
behind their fires.
Early at dawn ere men see clear
they stumble into his terrible
stall,
And hale him forth like a haltered
steer and goad and turn him
till evenfall.

To these from birth is belief for-
bidden from these till death
is relief afar—
They are concerned with matters
bidden—under the earth line
their altars are.
The secret fountains to follow up,
waters withdraws to restore
to the mouth,
Yea, and gather the floods in a
cup, and pour them again at
a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their
God will rouse them a little
before the nuts work loose;
They do not teach that His pity
allows them to leave their
work whenever they choose,
As in the thronged and lightened
ways, as in the dark and the
desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days,
they their brethren's days may
be long in the land.

Lift ye the stone, or cleave the
wood, to make a path more
fair or flat,
Lo! it is black already with blood
some Son of Martha spilled
for that.
Not as a ladder from earth to
heaven, not as a altar to
any creed,
But simple service, simply given
to his own kind, in their
common need.
And the Sons of Mary smile and
and are blessed—they know
the angles are on their side,
They know in them is the grace
confessed and for them are
the mercies multiplied.
They sit at the feet, and they
hear the Word—they know
Low truly the promise runs.
They have cast their burden up-
on the Lord and—the Lord
He lays it on Martha's Son's.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Rope

"Two years!" sighed Mollie O'Rorke, and her voice held all the sadness that a girl's voice can hold when she is in love—when fate is treating her badly—when she is only eighteen. Her eyes were blurred with weeping. Her hands were outflung in appeal. "Two years, Thady lad!" she repeated despairingly. Think of the days—hundreds of thim—the hours by the thousand — and I'll nivver see you or hear the laugh of you comin' up the brow! Two years! How many other girls will you be smilin' at in the time, tell me that thin!"

Thady MacMorrogh was far too deeply and seriously in love to hear any humor in this quaint little descent into bathos. He only put his arm very tightly about his love, while his fingers carressed the golden torrent of her hair. For rent with grief as she was, Mollie had no heart for tidiness—the very thought of giving anything but Thady and her own misery attention revolted her. So her hair hung as it willed, loose about her shoulders, a golden veil reaching to her very knees. And Thady touched it with a sort of awe, feeling that he would not exchange one thread of it for all the minted gold in the Bank of Ireland.

But as a man—he was twenty-one—he felt it his duty to show a manly countenance. It may be, too, that he did not quite comprehend the absolute luxury of melancholy which Mollie's emotional temperant distinguished in the situation. Perhaps being older. He had discovered that two years would come to an end some time, all too soon not a few of us who have come to years of discretion are inclined to think.

"All the girls will be wood and stone for the looks I'll be castin' them, Mollie asthore!" he declared. "Sure ye know ye have me whole heart—ivry shplinter of it. Two years is a time—bedad. It's a long, long time, but pin your thoughts to the home I'll be raisin' for ye and at the end of it!"

Mollie shook her head.

"I can't think two years ahead!" she lamented. "You may be dead and mesilf wedded to another ugly fella in half the time! It's now I want you Thady—now—now—now!"

She leaned her head upon her hands and broke into a storm of weeping, Thady at the end of his resources of consolation, felt very much inclined to join her. He sat very still, utterly unhappy, and looked out across the bay wondering in a dull, half-resentful mood how the sun could shine and the ripples laugh upon the shore while beside them two hearts were breaking.

And yet what was to be done? To gain this little home he was forced to go—he had not the means to take up a holding or buy a share in a boat. He was an orphan, raised as many an Irish child is raised, by the good will of relations alone. Now the two old cousins who, in his early days, had supported him and whom his later wages had gone to suppor, were independent of him. A long-lost brother in Canada had sent them the money to join him with the promise of a home in their old age. Thady, resolved not to drag Mollie down to be a mere laborer's wife, had set himself rigoriously to save every unnecessary penny of his wages to buy a steerage ticket and follow where so many Irish feet have led. He, too, was oft to Canada to win the dollars which were to win a wife.

For Months Mollie had been all sympathy and encouragement. Now, with the realization of his departure, her passionate agony at losing him had broken free.

"Sure nothing — nothing — would make you put your hand in another fellar's?" he asked anxiously. "Two years? 'Tis not too long to ask a girl to keep open her heart for a true lad?"

She lifted her face to his and flung her arms around his neck.

"For iver's not too long!" she cried passionately. "But if any harm came to ye, me own bhoy, where would I be thin? Wouldn't me father and mother have the right to marry me on their own choice man? And I? How would I bear it—how would I bear it?"

But Thady refused to allow this. The bad they could see was bad enough without imagining worse. He managed to put a ring of something like laughter in his tone.

"There now—there!" he cried. "I have the best of hilth and the stren'th and the fist to keep thim!

Nothin' goin' to come between us and the two years'll be sooner over if we stop makin' faces at thim. As for bein' parted—do you give me a rope that'll bind me to ye whereiver I am—just a long len'th of yer own beautiful hair, Mollie, me own! To put where yersilf shall be whin we meet again—above me heart!"

She looked at him silently with all the passion of her love and of her grief in her sea-gray eyes. Still silently she put her hand out to receive the knife which he took from his pocket and offered. Her fingers rose to her head and drew out a broad, shining ripple of hair from among the waves which flowed down her shoulders. With a quick turn of the blade she shore it off and handed it to him.

He took it, touching it and dwelling upon the thickness and the shining radiance of it as if he handled a relic. Then, twisting it into a true lover's knot he thurst it into the breast of his jacket.

"It'll lie there till it goes into my coffin with me," he said simply, but at the words Mollie's grief broke out afresh.

"Don't say the word—don't say it thin!" she moaned. "Way over there ye may be buried a hundred times and I not know it! How will I be sure yer dead or livin' with all thim acres of water between!"

Gently he took her hand and began to lead her across the rocks toward the little hamlet at the cliff foot. He had won back to self-reliance again—his voice was strong and sure—he saw the future in true prospective. He was looking down the years with the peasant's invincible common sense.

"Heart of me heart—have ye niver heard of an institution called the pinny post?" he asked?' "Twas made up for just the like of you and me. Ivry month ye'll be hearin' of the tanks of money I have collected and ivry time ye'll be answerin', tellin' me the news of the countryside, and sayin' over and over again—"Thady I love you! And Father Malachi is waitn' around the corner on tip toe, holdin' a weddin' ring. Hurry up, now, lad, and shkin the Canny-da-das of their dollars as quick as ye know how!"

Her sobs ceased. Her imagination was touched — her smile leaped forward, quicker even than his, to outline the alluring future. A watery smile showed through her tears. Knowledge of the coming parting was still in her mind—sub-consciously. But over the gray of it was the gold of a new day—a day not of partings, but of exquistie comings together again.

The next morning some of that gold remained—even when the last good-by was said. Leaning far out of the emigrant train as it pulled out of the station Thady saw his love remained erect, her eyes steady, her smile—wistful, but unfaltering—upon her lips. And so she stood till a turn of the track hid her from his sight. With a little sob he dropped back upon his seat and thurst his hand into the breast of his coat.

At her daughter's side Mrs. O'Rorke turned briskly from the station.

"There now—that't the ind of a fine bit of dhramin', Mollie, me girl," she said. "Ye've had yer bit of philanderin' and the time's come for ivry day business, Thady's been a habit with ye, but it's a habit ye'd best grow out of—quick."

Mollie turned upon her two wide and incredulous eyes.

"I'll be thinkin' of him ivry hour—and ivry minute!" she declared. Business? Sure I'm ready for any business ye ask of me, but what I'll live for is the time two years from now and the letters in between."

"Letters?" Mrs. O'Rorke shrugged her shoulders. "Don't be countin' on thim, child. Young min's young min, and Canada's Canada. If he spinds a shillings-worth of stamps on ye in two years I'll give ye a crown for ivry extra penny—so I will!"

Mollie stopped in the street and looked at her indignantly.

"He'll write ivry month—I have his promise!" she cried.

Her mother smiled an aggravating little smile.

(To be continued.)

An Ancient Foe

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter.

Try it in a little cold milk or water.

ALL DRUGGISTS

All kinds of Job Printing done at the Herald Office

BRONCHITIS WAS SO BAD

Coughed Every Few Minutes.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HER.

Bronchitis starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with a rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest. At first the expectoration is a light color but as the trouble progresses the phlegm arising from the bronchial tubes becomes of a yellowish or greenish color, and is very often of a stringy nature.

Bronchitis should never be neglected. If it is some serious lung trouble will undoubtedly follow.

Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This well-known remedy has been on the market for the past 25 years.

It cures where others fail.

Mrs. Geo. Lotton, Uxbridge, Ont., writes: "I have had bronchitis so bad I could not lie down at night; and had to cough every few minutes to get my breath. I had a doctor out to see me, but his medicine seemed to do me no good. I sent to the druggist for some good cough mixture, and got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle helped me wonderfully. I stopped coughing, and could lie down, and rest well at night. I cannot praise it too much."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

ANDREW KING.
Halifax.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMTNT.

LT-COL. C. CREWE READ.
Sussex.

I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

C. S. BILLING.
Lakefield, Que. Oct. 1907.

Make truth your motto and your guide and you will be the gainer in the end.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

"The Mr. Jones we met yesterday is a married man."

"Who told you he was?"

"Nobody. I knew it from the fact he was such a good listener,

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 50c. a box.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher "if you had six pennies and Charlie had four, and you took his and put them to yours, what would that make?"

"Trouble."

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."

"My face is my fortune," said the blushing maid.

"And it's counterfeit at that," muttered the young man, who had observed that the blush was permanent.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPTHERIA.

Mr. Rodd—You should remember, my son, that there is nothing attained without labor. You need not expect to get something for nothing.

Tommy—Huh! I got lots of lickings for nothing, anyhow.

New Teacher—Who can tell me a thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago?

Little Boy—Me.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART SHORTNESS OF BREATH

CURED BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. S. Walters, Matapedia, Que., writes: "I wish to let you know how much good I have received by taking your Heart and Nerve Pills. I was suffering from palpitation of the heart and shortness of breath. The trouble with my heart was caused by stomach trouble.

I had tried all kinds of medicine, both patent and doctors', but I found none relieve me like Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I believe anyone suffering like I did should use them. I only used four boxes and I now feel like a different person."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years and have a most wonderful reputation as a remedy for all heart and nerve troubles.

Price 50 cents. 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.

LET US MAKE Your New Suit

When it comes to the question of buying clothes, there are several things to be considered.

You want good material, you want perfect fitting qualities, and you want your clothes to be made fashionable and stylish, and then you want to get them at a reasonable price.

This store is noted for the excellent quality of the goods carried in stock, and nothing but the very best in trimmings of every kind allowed to go into a suit.

We guarantee to fit you perfectly, and all our clothes have that smoothe, stylish, well-tailored appearance, which is approved by all good dressers.

If you have had trouble getting cloths to suit you, give us a trial. We will please you.

MacLellan Bros.

TAILORS AND FURNISHERS

153 Queen Street.

Xmas Gift FOR SOLDIERS

A FEW POUNDS OF HICKEY'S BLACK TWIST

CHEWING TOBACCO!

OR A POUND TIN of HICKEY'S BRIGHT CUT

SMOKING TOBACCO

Insist on Hickey's, the Soldier's choice.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON TOBACCO CO.

The Live Stock Breeders Association

STALLION ENROLLMENT

Every Stallion standing for service in Prince Edward Island, must be enrolled at the Department of Agriculture, and all Certificates of Enrollment must be renewed annually.

Every bill, poster and newspaper advertisement advertising a stallion must show his enrollment number and state whether he is a pure bred, a grade or a cross bred.

For further particulars apply to the

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

It Is Not Too Early TO SELECT OR ORDER Jewelry or Watches

If you are planning to procure something very special, tasty and original, as even the large stores in the big cities cannot carry everything in stock. All kinds of combinations of precious stones can be used in making Pendants, Rings, Brooches, Initials on Watches and other articles. Then again certain patterns and sizes of Clocks, Silverware and Jewelry that we have now in stock might be hard to duplicate if the selection was left as late as other years, in fact might not be procurable at any price.

E. W. TALLOR,

JEWELER.....OPTICIAN

142 Richmond Street.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD

You must have Good Yeast

GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worriment she secessarily suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast.

If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial.

Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Receipt Book.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Charlottetown

Agents for P. E. Island.