

**In A Garden.**

By Benjamin Francis Musser.

With Mary-love my heart was gay,  
The while I pass'd the time away  
A-dreaming dreams on Lady Day;  
I saw a garden wall enclose  
A labyrinth, where soft there  
blows  
The petal of the wind-toss'd  
rose.  
And heard a whisp'ring through  
the firs,  
And song of floral choristers;  
And sought to find the gardeners,  
Nor found within a sentinel  
Save Cedars round a sealed well,  
And glens of Pink and Asphodel,  
And Virgin's Bow'r and Briony,  
And Mary Mint and Lady Key,  
And Thistle Fluff of Sainte Marie,  
Their rustling flow upon the air—  
The song of Rose and Maiden  
Hair—  
To tell of her who dwelleth there,  
And ask of her to pluck and bless  
Her chosen flow'r, and to caress,  
And close upon her heart to press.  
And lo! I seem'd to see, with tread  
So soft nor bruise'd the Erachsen's  
head,  
The Blessed Mother pass through  
red,  
Woodbine and Mary's pinch, and  
stand,  
Beside the well all sealed, and  
Her heart unclose with willing  
hand,  
And ev'ry flow'r and blossom  
there  
Stretch'd upon the trembling air  
To see the heart its chosen wear.  
Then cease'd the wind, the Rose  
its shower;  
A hush o'erspread that verdant  
bower—  
Our Lady held the Passion  
Flower!  
Its purple depths with red emboss,  
Its cords and nails and, oh, its  
cross  
Brought to her mind our gain, her  
loss,  
And she for us the Passion chose,  
Nor Lily pure nor ardent Rose;  
Her heart th' Atonement did un-  
close.  
Nor other flow'rs that ever grew  
Within the garden wet with dew  
Were wet with tears of her who  
knew.  
Still in that vale they sing and  
blow;  
But round the well the Passion  
grow.  
And fill the world and overflow;  
While to her heart their Blessed  
Queen  
Still clasps the Passion Vine  
terrene,  
Till earth and heaven she holds  
between.

**A Child's Prayer.**

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander,  
in The Missionary.

A True Story.

A class of reverent little maidens sat one day in the office of the Directress of a certain large academy listening to the last instructions of the gentle nun who was preparing them for their first Holy Communion.  
She was a queenly woman, with a countenance of great beauty, spiritualized by close communion with God in prayer. She had been the guiding spirit of this institution for many years, and she had left the impress of her rare personality on every one who came in contact with her. Ever zealous and watchful she had guided these little girls all through their preparation for this unique and especially sacred occasion of their lives, and now she was giving them the last evening's instructions.  
All eyes were on her noble face with loving reverence as she concluded her instruction with these impressive words:  
"My dear children, you have been to confession, and your hearts are pure and spotless, and in all those past days you have been preparing most fervently to receive our dear Lord with proper dispositions. There is one more thing I wish you to do. When you return home this evening, be serious and recollected, and at a fitting opportunity go to your father and mother and kneel down and ask them to forgive you, if you have ever given them any pain or suffering by your conduct. Ask them to come to the

**Aching Joints**

in the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.  
Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.  
"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss FRANCES SMITH, Prescott, Ont.  
"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

Chapel tomorrow morning and witness your happiness in making your precious First Communion. If any one has a father or mother not a Catholic pray fervently for their conversion at Mass, and when you go home, ask them to grant you one request on your First Communion day to make you happy, and that is to come into the Holy Catholic Church! I am sure our Lord whose Presence will still be with you, will touch their hearts and some day your request will be granted. Now, this is all. May God bless you and take care of you. Remember you must be very recollected this evening, and think of the great blessing in store for you tomorrow."

The nun paused; and the little maids looked at her with reverence as if her words had been heaven-sent. The evening sunlight streamed through the casement window and lighted up the scene; but most of all the tall, queenly figure whose beautiful smile and gentle presence had made these evening instructions a memory never to be forgotten. They silently rose and left their Convent-school with subdued steps and voices.  
One earnest-faced little girl lingered, a blue-eyed, fair-haired child of ten, into whose heart these last words of Sister H—had deeply sunk. Her father had never been in a church to her knowledge, although she had heard he was once a Catholic. Her mother was a Methodist. The child had been attending this Catholic Academy because the winning kindness and graciousness of the directress had laid hold of her parents' hearts when they sought an institution where she would have every advantage of culture and education; and they had no objection when their daughter wished to make her First Communion with her little companions, as happily she had been baptized a Catholic, and some lingering memories of his faith had tugged at her father's heart strings.

As she lingered in the great doorway, Sister H—took the little hand and said with a smile:  
"I know what you want to say, dear; yes! ask father and mother, both, to come tomorrow. I know that father does not go to church, but perhaps our dear Lord will make you the instrument in his conversion. What a great happiness it will be! Be sure to tell him Sister H—is looking for him."  
A delightful smile broke over the face of the child, and without a word she bounded forward to join the rest, and then as recollecting herself, subdued her steps to a quiet gait.

That evening at home everyone knew that Amy was getting ready for her first Holy Communion. She spoke little, and after tea while her father and mother were sitting in the library and the other children had gone out, she came in modestly and kneeling down between them clasped her little hands and in a broken voice begged them to forgive her if she had ever pained them by her childish faults. The effect can be imagined. Her mother clasped her in her arms, and with tears kissed her and told her she had always been a good child. Her father took her on his knee and silently pressed her to his heart.  
"Who told you to do this?" he said.  
"Why, Sister H—She said it was our duty; and she wants you both to come up to the chapel and be there when I will make my First Holy Communion, for

**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

it will be the happiest day of my life," said little Amy.  
The parents looked at each other.  
"Well we'll see" was the reply.  
But when morning came only her mother accompanied Amy. Her father would not, could not go. Long forgotten memories of a First Communion day of his own, stirred under the rust of years, and he dared not trust himself. Grace was knocking at his heart, and while he resolutely barred the entrance, peace was gone. And all through the day the vision of those innocent blue eyes and the fair little face in its pleading rose before him.

The ceremony of First Communion in the Convent Chapel was beautiful. Each little girl was accompanied by an "Angel" bearing flowers and a taper to do reverence to the Lord of all as He came to each little heart. With downcast eyes and folded hands they returned from the altar-rail and tears rose to the eyes of many who watched them. Amy's mother was deeply impressed. After Mass during the breakfast, at which the parents assisted and which Sister H—'s generosity provided, happiness shone in every face. Was it not indeed the great day of their lives?

That evening when Mr. C— returned from his office, his wife gave him a full account of the events of the morning, and Amy who still wore her white dress confirmed her mother's story by the beautiful joy that shined on every feature. Mr. C— was silent but his face shone his interest. He went into the library and sat down with his newspaper, but Amy followed him and softly closed the door. She nestled close to her father, and caressing his face said:  
"Papa, will you grant me a favor on my First Communion day, to make me happy?"  
"Why, daughter, I thought you couldn't be happier. What in the world would I give you that would increase your joy?" said her father, smiling.  
"Just one thing, Papa" said Amy.  
"And what may that be, dear?"  
"Why, Papa, weren't you once a Catholic? You won't be happy while you are not going to Church, and your little girl won't be happy either!"

The man of the world grew pale. Wasn't it true? Had he been really happy all these years? Life was passing. How long would it last? Was his little daughter, standing there like an angel, her pleading eyes fixed on him, was she to be his accuser? He moved impatiently. He could not answer.  
In the silence which followed Amy feared she had displeased him. Taking hold of the emblem which hung from his watch chain, she pleaded:  
"Won't you come back to the Church, Papa dear, and be a good Catholic?" His glance fell on her hand which unconsciously held the trinket. He pushed her gently away.  
"Well, then," said Amy in a saddened tone, "Sister H—told me to ask you to wear this, under the lapel of your coat; she sent it to you in memory of my First Communion day, and the child drew a little gold League pin of the Sacred Heart from a small box and showed it to her father.  
"Did Sister H—send that to me?" he said.  
"Pin it on," he said, raising the lapel of his coat. "I'll wear it for your sake dear, and for hers." He remembered the gentle nun who received his little daughter into the academy when he placed her at school.  
"For my conversion?" he repeated with a smile. "Well! I need conversion, and you both will be a strong team! But run along dear, and enjoy yourself I will give you some other remembrance for your First Communion day."

Amy looked at him earnestly but said nothing. She softly closed the door, and the man sat thinking.  
He took the emblem in his hands,  
(Concluded next week)

Our store has gained the reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1915 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service. R. F. Maddigan.

**COUGHED SO HARD  
Would Turn Black  
In The Face.**

**SHE WAS CURED BY USING  
DR. WOOD'S  
Norway Pine Syrup.**

Mrs. Ernest Adams, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., writes: "My little girl, six years old, had a dreadful hard cough. At nights she would cough so hard she would get black in the face, and would cough for several hours before she could stop. We tried different kinds of medicines and had several doctors, but failed to do her any good. She could not sleep nor eat her cough was so bad, and she was simply wasting away. A friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle and saw an improvement, and got another. Now I am only too glad to recommend it to all mothers."

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that a cough or cold should be cured immediately.  
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure the cough or cold and prove preventative from all throat and lung troubles such as bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption.  
"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c and 50c, per bottle.  
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.  
Gentlemen,—I had my leg badly hurt, the pain was very severe and a large swelling came above the knee. I expected it would be serious—I rubbed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, which stopped the pain and reduced the swelling very quickly. I cannot speak too highly of MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
AMOS T. SMITH,  
Port Hood Island.

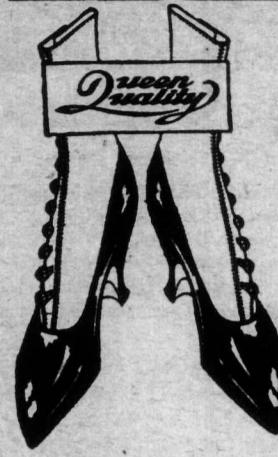
A good habit is a trusty friend in the Christian life. A bad habit is a treacherous foe, with which no terms can be made.  
W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price 50c a box.  
"Ex-Congressman, Flabduh wants a little write-up," remarked the magazine publisher. "What shall we say about him?"  
"What did he ever do?"  
"Nothing."  
"Say he upheld the best traditions of congress."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.  
Mr. Citybred—Do your cows give you milk?  
Mr. Tallgrass—No one ever gives me nothin', I have to swap 'em fodder for it.  
Mary Orington, Jasper, Ont. writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Haggard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

The financial problems Great Britain now faces are so grave that it wouldn't surprise us, says an Exchange to see a host of young British lords coming over to marry a billion or two out of the New York unsmart set.  
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.  
Dry Goods Clerk—We are selling these goods at 98 cents, madam, but they will not last more than a day or two.  
Customer—They won't? I wonder you have the cheek to offer them to anybody.  
"Have you not appeared before as a witness in this suit, madam?"  
"No, indeed! This is the first time I've ever worn it."

Heart Would Beat Violently. Nerves Seemed to Be Out of Order.  
The heart always works in sympathy with the nerves, and unless the heart is working properly the whole nerve system is liable to become unstrung, and the heart itself become affected.  
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will build up the unstrung nervous system, and strengthen the weak heart, so that the sufferer will enjoy the very best of health for years to come.  
Mrs. John N. Hicks, Hughtsville, Ont., writes: "I am sending you my testimony for the benefit I have received from using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. As a nerve and heart builder they have done wonders for me. At times my heart would beat violently, and my nerves seemed to be all out of order, but after using a few boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I feel like recommending them to others that they might receive benefit as I did."  
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and are universally considered to be unrivalled as a medicine for all diseases of the heart or nerves.  
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.

**Grand Showing  
OF  
SPRING FOOTWEAR**



**LADIES**  
Our Stock of Ladies' Shoes cannot be beaten. We have your Shoes here at the price you want to pay, Button & Lace Styles, \$2.50 to \$5.50



**MEN**  
This season finds us better prepared than ever before to supply you with the latest and best footwear, \$2.50 to \$6.00

**ALLEY & CO.**  
Agents Queen Quality, Invictus & Amherst for Shoes & Kant Krack Rubbers

**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.

**MUST-SELL-SALE!**

**L. J. REDDIN'S.**

**Ladies' Cloth Coats**

About 40 in all to be cleared at 25 to 33 1-3 per cent. discount.

**Furs**

A lot of sample Neck-Furs, half price. 1 only Rat Coat, \$55 for \$44. Fur Sets in Fox, Wolf, Sable, Coon, Persian Lamb, Opposum, etc.

**Also**

Separate Muffs in above Furs.

Men's Coon Coats, \$60 for \$50.

" " " \$85 " \$70.

**Overalls.**

A special line of Overalls at 90c. and \$1.00.

**Dress Goods.**

All lines of Dress Goods selling at cut rates.

**L. J. REDDIN**

117 Queen Street. The Store that always has Snaps open.

**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 smooth, stylish, well-tailored appearance, which is approved by all good dressers.

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

**MacLellan Bros.**

TAILORS AND FURNISHERS

153 Queen Street.

**ISLAND SOLDIERS**

At the Front Are Asking For

**Hickey's Black Twist CHEWING TOBACCO**

BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST

**Hickey & Nicholson**

Tobacco Co., Ltd.

PHONE 245

**1916**

**For the New Year**

We have quite a lot of

**NEW GOODS**

We include plain and fancy Rings, Wrist Watches--some with luminating dials.

Ladies' Watches in handsome designs.

Young Men's Watches in the popular sizes.

Watches for the MEN and boys; also some very fine and close timekeeping ones among them.

Solid Gold and Rollplate Pendants, Necklets, Bracelets, Fobs, Cuff Links, Studs, Brooches, fancy and useful Clocks.

The latest and best in Eyeglasses, Silverware, etc. etc.

**E. W. TAYLOR**

142 Richmond Street.