Sweetest Jesus, kind and dear, For my sake, abiding here, Not in glory bright and great, But in poor and mean estate; Look on me who kneel before This Your little curtained door, Through that door, if I could see, You would look like bread to me But Yourself is there I know; For yourself has told me so. Humbly here I kneel and pray: Help me, Jesus day by day, Till the time when I shall see. ip the whole system. You in all Your majesty. Help me Jesus to refrain From all naughty words and vain And from every naughty deed, Like the thorns that made You bleed By the wounding of Your side, Keep me from the sin of pride; By the wounding of Your hands, Break the power of Satan's bands, By the wounding of Your feet, Teach me Your obedience sweet, Bless my dear ones, dearest Lord In their thoughts and deed and word J Bless, dear Jesus, every one-Jesus, sweet; my time is done. Now, good-bye. And yet I know How Your love will with me go; Though within the Church you stay All the night and all the day, -Holy Childhood.

Jesus In The Tabernacle



Mother, upon my lips today, Christ's precious Blood was laid, That Blood which centuries ago Was for my reason paid; And half in love. and half in fear I seek for aid from thee, Lest what I worship, wrapt in awe Should be profaned by me. Wilt thou vouchsafe, as Portress dear, To guide those lips today? Lessen my words of idle worth And govern all I say;

ing wings to rest. Keep back the sharp and quick retort That rises easily; Soften my speech, with gentle a al wailing notes of the "Miserere. To sweetest charity; Miserere, Miserere," pitifully the

his balance and fall to the stone That's the condition of many sufferent pavement below. I could not re rom catarrh, especially in the morning. ireat difficulty is experienced in clearstrain myself longer, and I said: ng the head and throat. "Little boy, what is the matter" No wonder catarrh canses beadache He did not answer, again I said, mpairs the taste, smell and hearing, ollutes the breath, deranges the stom-"Little boy, out there in the tree ch and affects the appetite. what is the matter Maybe I can To cure catarrh, treatment must be hely you, does the little bird belong nstitutional-alterative and tonic. "I was fil for four months with catarrh the head and throat. Had a bad cough d raised blood. I had become dis-uraged when my hasband bought a bottle Hardth. Warms. o vou? "Oh, yes, Signora, the bird was Hood's Sarssparilla and persuaded me bry it. I advise all to take it. It has nred and built me up." Mas. Hoese Ro-Whole day he has left me, he be-burgh, West Liscomb, N. B. ongs to me A rich Hood's Sarsaparilla American lady bought my Cara lures catarrh-it soothes and strength-ns the mucous membrane and builds for a little girl, and she is going

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD

shaking so I feared he would lose

Letsano's Nightingale. By Mrs. D. Francis Murphy. Just a little bird-but it sings away the gray, ringing back the sunshine on a

All Stuffed Up

rainy day; fust a little boy-drifting o'er the foam, Bird and boy together singing

strains from home. It was Ave Maria hour in Napes. A child's sweet voice interurpt d the melody of my thoughts

listurbing the peace and solitude f an Italian sunset. I use the ord "melody" for my heart was

"No, Signora, I do not live s my eyes wandered slowly over lone; I have my mother and the beautiful Bay of Naples. Leanhop and he sells everything, ing from an open window the air mes, oranges, mulberries and was balmy and sweet, though it ananas. He sells shells, gold-fish was early Spring everywhere, a olden sunset flooded the sky, was

ird until today. Father was in lear of bluest blue, save for the reat anger with me. I brought no hreatening black cloud that a noney home for two days. For ways hovers over Mount Vesuvius. all day I sell 'shines' for shoes, The fragrance of fresh spring but no one wanted to buy a shine owers floated up from the garden for shoes yesterday, because it eneath, the leaves were stirring

on the trees and twittering birds pon the branches were cooing

our Cara.

hig mate.

oft and low as they covered their hin heads and folded their rustl-

lear voice sings out, but for a few bars and it faded into the sorrow-

ight of him-a little boy of not

more than ten years, who looked

ragged and reached just below the

knees. He seemed to be directly

upturned, regarding wistfully the

balcony adjoining mine. As I

ause of this transformation,

WOELD ALMOST GO OUT OF HER MIND. Many women become run down and worn out by household cares, and duties never ending, and sooner or later find

ves with shattered nerves an weak Learts On the first sign of any weakness of the heart or nerves you should avai ourself of a perfect cure by using Mil burn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mrs. Archie Goodine, Tilley, N.B. writes: -"When I was troubled with my leart, two years ago, I was very bad. nerves were so unstrung, sometimes ould almost be out of my mind. bred myself with everything get, until at last I got four bo to take him far across the sea to America. Oh, Cara will never live f Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and iey have cured me. I cannot speak oo highly of this wonderful remedy, ad will recommend it to all sufferers.¹⁸ without me!" he sobbed. "She will die away across the sea. It is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of so cold, so cold. They have never bright stars or moonlight and Toronto, Ont.

Cara sings best when the moor hines brightest." "Are you really going to marry "Little boy, what is your name?" Harold ? "My name is Letsano Nestola." "I don't know what to say. All

"Do you live near here?" the girls in my class read his let-"See, look down, Signora, do ters. ou see the great wide street over "Well?

there where the green lights burn Eighteen of them think him a n the Plazzo, Reale near the dear and nineteen say he's a dub. harbor There's my home." Washington Herald. "Do you live alone, and why

lid you sell your nightingale to Minard's Liniment Cure the American lady? You surely Dandruff. could not have given it to her

when you loved the bird so much.', Now tints and rats and puffs a curl Combine to make a women.

father with me. Father has a little There is much padding to a girl But some of her is human. -Kansas City Journal

and birds, but he never sold my W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratfordsays:ont—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experience great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

splashed rain all day; so when I went home last night my bird was gone. A great lady driving that by tangoing they can get A Boston doctor tells fat women by during the day heard my Cara thin. And he might telf thin ing, so she gave father a little women that in watching fat wo-"Ave Maria! Ave Maria!" the pile of silver for it, and told him men tango they can laugh enough to buy a cage for it, too. Father to get plump .-- Concord Monitor. brought the bird here last night and I followed him. Oh, Signora Mniards Liniment Cures Neu-I did not sleep last night, I want aloia. my Cara back." voice trailed off into silence, then



Check thou the laugh or carele gain the Ave Maria sweet and That others harsh may find;

ear with new hopefulness in the Teach me the thoughtful words of ones. I leaned far out that I love, night see over the balcony be-That soothe the anxious mind

vant my Cara back.' neath and catch a glimpse of the Put far from me all proud replies, singer, How great must be his prrow. What could have happened

And each deceitful tone, So that my words at length may be the child?-for a moment] Faint echoes of thine own. nought he must be a professional O Mother, thou art mine today, begger, who was using this little By more than double right; rick in his voice to gain alms. A soul where Christ reposed must After repeated efforts I caught

Most precious in thy sight; And thou canst hardly think of much younger. His trousers were

From thy dear Son apart: Then give me for my sinful self under my window. His face was A refuge in thy heart.

In the May-Tide Gleam- into his eyes. I turned to see the

Ing.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

against the tree calling, "Cara, my Tis sweet in the twilight, wh peautiful one! Ah Carissima, come toil is suspended. to me, sing to me, are you lonely A hush on the house and the ip there, my little birdling" tapers unlit; I glanced to see if the young The work and the woe of another girl noticed him, but she had day ended, "Tis sweet at the feet of Our passed into the open window closng the casement after her. Could Lady to sit, it be the child was grieving for To creap to her side, tired children the little nightingale in the cage? of Mary, I looked again, the boy had dis-So sure that our Mother our need appered, but I heard a tiny understands: whistle, a fluttering in the heavy Our feverish brows in her dear branches of the trees opposite the lap to bury balcony. And feel on our heads the soft The little fellow had climbed touch of her hands. the tree and was hidden in the No need to complain to give voice shadow. I waited,-was it the little girl or the nightingale he to our sorrow The tongue may be mute, but was trying to attract? My curithe full herat o'erflows; sity seemed satisfied. The tree The wounds of today and the was too far away for him to reach wants of tomorrow the bird, but very close to me; he Are soothed by that touch with

was crooning to the bird and callthe balm of repose. ing it by name, in loving tones No matter how burden't the dusk as a mother hushes her baby to may have found us, sleep. When the bird discovered How vexed with our failures, the child, the little throat swelled how weary of heartout in a wondrous burst of song. She draws the cool folds of her The boy was so close to me I mantle around us. ould reach out and touch him. And heat and vexation of spirit Again he broke into sobs, he was

thought of, nor was

depart. Oh why! will you sink 'neath your crosses my brothers? Why drop in despair with a bosom oppress'd; A few years ago flying machines were hardly When here at the feet of the fond est of Mothers, Awaits for the weary the sweet Scott's Emulsion est of rest?

in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druzsi Job Printing at the Herald Office

His face was vary pale and his Even when they are all wrapp rown eyes flashed like bits of ed up in themselves the manner ire, and looking appealingly at of some people are rather cold. ne, he said. "Ah, good lady, I

MINARD'S LINIMENT "Letsano, if you promise m LIMITED

ou will go home, I will try to CENTLEMEN-Last Winter ave your bird returned to you. I ceived great benefit from the use m afraid to have you slide down of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a he tree, for the porter is standag beneath it and his voice seems severe attack of Laggrippe and I have frequently proved it to be ery cross. If you are very careul you can step over on this very effective in cases of Inflammheavy branch and then on to the ation.

Yours, balcony, I will take you through W. A. HUTCHINSON. my room then you will have an

pportunity to say 'good night' to All government overmuch kills the self-help and energy of the Poor little fellow, he talked to he little bird as a little girl would governed,—Wendell Philips. talk to her first doll. Cara was

watched him a glad light sprang his one bit of sunshine. As we Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont passed down the staircase, Letano writes :--- "My mother had a badly glanced up to a little niche in the sprained arm. Nothing we used A young girl with the fair face wall. I noticed him raising his did her any good. Then father got of an American was hanging a hat most respectfully. A very old Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured bird-cage on a nail that projected statue of Our Lady smiled down mother's arm in a few days Price over the balcony. By this time at us. As I passed out through 25 cents." the boy was beating his hands

he corridor of the hotel, I asked ne porter if it would be safe to From Mexico comes the newswalk with the boy a short dis- how dare we break it ?- that the ance and if the little shop was chicle crop is ruined because of far away. He told me he knew the war and that chewing gum the place well and it would be will become extinct and that jaw

erfectly safe to accompany the waggers will have to give theirs boy. To make sure he would per- a rest! Still, there was some commit me to walk through the gar- pensation in the chewing gum dens of the hotal, then I would habit-those addicted couldn't have only to step to the father's talk overmuch

Letsano ran away for a moment A COLD and to my surprise I found he was dissappearing up the tree, but with one bound he was down **Developed** Into again at my feet. He had huug his blackening box on one of the lower limbs. Waiting to strap BRONCHITIS over his back, he reached beneath the collar of his open shirt and

pronght out a tiny velvet bag. He However slight a cold you have, you nould never neglect it. In all pos-bility, if you do not treat it in time it nted over his earnings for the day and trotted on contentedly ill develop into bronchitis, pneumo y my side, but he hadn't forsome other serious throat or lung otten Cara, for every few mo Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup nents he would turn back and articularly adapted for all colds, cough with his fingers to his lips gave a onchitis, pneumonia, asthma, wheo ng cough and all troubles of the throat and lungs. Three points in favour of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup are: I. Its action is prompt. 2. It invigorates as well as heals, and soothes the throat and lungs? It is please the throat ong, peculiar whistle, which soundd like the call of a night bird to and lungs. 3. It is pleasant, harmless and agreeable in taste. When we reached the bird store and agr

as I stepped to the door, the Mrs. Albert Vait, Brockville, Ont., father came out of the living about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Our oldest little girl is now six years old. When she was four months old she got oom where the family were havng their evening meal. I told him wanted to buy some mulberries wanted to buy some mulberries beautiful branches heavily laden which draped the door. I also wanted a tiny gold-fish. Such a wonderful place, flow-the down of the door of the dry hacking cough had nearly all gone. There is nothing equal to it, ors and fruit, singing birds, and sone. There is nothing equal to it and we are never without it in the house. sea-gulls, chattering monkeys, See that you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it, as there are numerous strangely shaped shells, almost everything conceivable that the ns on the market. is manufactured by The Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. sea could wash into them. (to be continued next week) Price, 25c.; family size, 50c.

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