

Mrs. Norberry's Subscription.

The front door was open, and the mistress of the house stood in the hall.

"Go away," she shouted to the little girls who were about to ring the bell.

They spoke at once. "We have come to ask if you would kindly give a small subscription towards

"No, I won't. Be off with you. There is always someone bothering for money. I won't be worried all day long by beggars at the door."

"But we are not beggars," replied the eldest of the two small children, whose neat plain clothes might have suggested that they came of poor but honest parents.

"I thought you said you wanted money," remarked Mrs. Norberry sharply.

"A little subscription towards a home for orphan children, I don't approve of them," interrupted the woman. She was unusually impatient and irritable that morning.

Her new dress was so tight it would not meet across her chest, and the cook had just said that she must go home to nurse her brother. Things seemed to be conspiring to annoy her. These begging children were the final straw.

"We heard you were a Catholic, and thought of course, you'd understand," pleaded the elder girl.

"Oh, I understand all right. Now run away."

They hesitated still. A child's head appeared beside the woman in the doorway. She looked a nice kind child.

"If I have to speak again I'll set the dog at you," said Mrs. Norberry sharply.

"Spark!" A fox-terrier came dashing around the corner of the house. The youngest child screamed, and clung to her sister in an agony of fear.

"Oh, please, please call away your dog," cried the sister, who was trembling, too, but more with anger than with fear. "Edith is so dreadfully afraid of dogs."

"Go away, then," shouted the woman without attempting to restrain the terrier's investigations.

The child of the house pushed past her, and seized him by the collar. "Be quiet, Spark! He isn't savage; he wouldn't really hurt you," she explained. "Oh, don't cry, please don't cry. I'm so sorry."

She drove the dog back to his kennel, and led the little strangers to the garden gate. Then her mother called her.

"I'm coming directly, Mummy," she answered hunting in her pocket for a half-penny.

"Come when I call you," shouted Mrs. Norberry angrily, and Edith began to cry again at the sound of the loud harsh voice.

But Mrs. Norberry's voice was not always harsh and loud. It was a very different woman who called on Lady Mary Stuart at the castle, ten days later. Her little daughter accompanied her.

"I want you to know the Stuart children," she explained; "they will be such particularly nice friends for you; beautifully dressed, well brought up, and with all sorts of grand relations."

"I don't think I shall care about that, Mummy dear," said Maggie; "I hate best clothes myself."

She was decked out for the visit in a scarlet pelisse with brass buttons and velvet cuffs, a satin ribbon sash, lace collar, socket chain, bracelet, and brooch; and feathers in her hat. She felt uncomfortable, and looked far less attractive than she had done in her holland overall, with her dark curls flowing naturally.

"Now you look nice," remarked her mother. "I want her ladyship to think my little girl is smart." And, as a matter of fact that was exactly what Lady Mary did think, though she also thought some other things, which were charitably left unsaid.

It was a most unfortunate visit. From the moment Mrs. Norberry entered the drawing-room she felt out of her element, and ill at ease. There was another visitor whom she did not know. She talked a great deal and said things she did not mean to say, out of sheer nervousness.

"I am so glad you have come to reside here," she began. "Most of the people in this neighborhood are so dreadfully common. I hardly know a family with whom

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. 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. Hoon Reardon, West LaSalle, Ill., U.S.A.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures catarrh—It soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

I care for my Maggie to associate."

"Oh, Mummy! the Johnsons are very nice children interposed Maggie who was not shy.

"Hush, dear! Their father is a retired dentist."

"A man of whom my father has the highest opinion," said Lady Mary, quietly. "I am hoping that the little Johnsons will be able to do lessons with my daughters."

"I should so like to see your little girls," said Mrs. Noberry. "Maggie is longing to make friends with them."

"Not if they always wear their best frocks," said Maggie.

Lady Mary laughed. "They certainly do not do that! I will send for Edith, Winnifred is out riding with her father. But poor Edith has not been very well lately. She had a fright soon after we arrived."

"We cannot think who the woman was," said one of the other visitors. "I've been trying to find out for you ever since."

Mrs. Norberry looked puzzled.

The other woman explained: "Some brute of a woman set her dog at the children when they were out collecting for their orphanage, and poor little Edith, who is a timid, delicate little thing, has been having nightmares and screaming in her sleep."

"How Lady Mary can allow them to go out begging I never can understand. It seems to me an altogether-uncalled-for humiliation, but she has extraordinarily severe views on the subject of holy poverty, and I believe she considers that begging for the poor is a necessary part of a training in holiness. I don't approve of it myself. However, as I was saying, some woman set a dog on them, and frightened Edith out of her wits."

"I'd like to set a lion at her, and see if she'd be frightened," was what Winnifred said when she came back; but Edith is the most wonderful little saint already, and, if you can believe it, she prays every night and morning to St. Vincent de Paul to soften that woman's heart."

Maggie listened with open eyes, but whatever remark she was about to make was checked by the appearance of Lady Mary's youngest child. In a plain white flannel frock, with no sash no hair ribbon, her hair hanging loose about her thin pale face, she stood in the door way taking a survey of the strangers before entering the drawing-room. When her large dark eyes rested on Mrs. Norberry she gave a scream and rushed to bury her head against her mother's shoulder.

"It's the woman who set her dog on me," she gasped.

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Norberry.

"Surely there must be some mistake," said Lady Mary.

"Of course, it was entirely a mistake," said Mrs. Norberry; "the beggars about here are very tiresome, and how would I guess for a moment that those were your children?"

"Then do you mean to say that it was you?" asked Lady Mary, surprised and shocked.

"You know in any case that they were somebody's children," interposed the other visitor. "I cannot conceive how any mother could have been so cruel!"

Lady Mary rose. "I must ask you to excuse me," she said. Edith was still trembling and sobbing. She took her hand and moved towards the door, Maggie sprang forward to open it, and threw her arms around the little girl's neck.

Lady Mary stooped and kissed her.

"I have heard about you, too, dear," she said. "May God reward you for your kindness."

This might have been the end, at any rate it was an unfortunate beginning.

"There is no chance of any intimacy with the castle now," said Mrs. Norberry, when Maggie begged to be taken there again.

Great was her surprise, therefore, at finding Lady Mary's card upon her table a few days later, when she returned after an shopping expedition. An invitation for Maggie to go to tea with the little Stuarts soon followed, and the children became fast friends.

No one minded what Mr. Stuart called "Maggie's semi-detached-villa refinement of manner." It was the result they felt, of her mother's anxiety to do the best for her child. Lady Mary described her as "a sweet little soul dying to be natural." Our Lady's Sociality was about to be started in the parish, and she believed that the supernatural influence of a perfect Mother would help Mrs. Norberry to realize that complete simplicity was the lesson of the home at Nazareth.

"She has a good heart," said Lady Mary. "That is a great thing."

Winnifred and Edith showed her all their treasures, and told her stories of "our friends the saints."

Their large French picture-book delighted her. She had never seen so beautiful a drawing of St. Francis of Assisi and the birds before.

"St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Vincent de Paul are our favorites," Winnifred explained. "Edith prays to St. Elizabeth about your mother every night, because her relations couldn't understand her being so devoted to the poor. And we both ask St. Vincent de Paul to look after our orphanage."

"Ladies," he said, compassion and charity have made you adopt these little creatures for your children; you will be their mothers according to Grace, because their mothers according to nature have abandoned them. Isn't it a lovely picture?"

Maggie was much interested, and repeated everything she learned at the castle to her mother when she got home.

"Winnifred and Edith don't have sugar in their tea, and get the money instead, and that is why they wear plain frocks. Will you let me be like them, and help an orphanage?"

"We'll see," said Mrs. Norberry, softening.

"If we can collect more money than is wanted to keep our children through the year," Edith explained, "one day we hope it will go towards Christmas presents for the others."

"Don't you have Christmas presents yourselves?" asked Maggie.

"Not now. Our friends and relations have got to know what we like best."

"I think you will be saints," said Maggie, gravely.

"I hope so. A saint is one who loves God more than anything," said Edith.

"I think I'd rather be a martyr," said Maggie.

YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID OF A COUGH OR COLD.

Coughs and colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are well known to everyone, but their dangers are not so well known. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Many people when they contract a slight cold do not pay any attention to it, thinking perhaps that it will pass away in a day or two. The upshot is that before they know it, it has settled on their lungs.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that on the first sign of a cough or cold it must be gotten rid of immediately, as failure to do this may cause years of suffering from serious lung trouble.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP will cure the cough or cold and prove a preventative from all throat and chest troubles, such as bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption.

Mrs. B. E. Druce, Brighton, Ont., writes: "I am sending you my testimony of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, telling you what it did for my little girl. The doctor had given her up as she was, as we thought, going into a decline with the cough she had. I was told by a lady friend to try 'Dr. Wood's' and when she had taken two bottles she was on her feet again, and four bottles cured her."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the best cure for coughs and colds. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pins from the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"But, mother!" "You are no longer afraid of the dog?" "Oh, no."

Then you are still afraid of Maggie's mother?" "Yes, rather."

(Concluded next week.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED

GENELEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Lagrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

"Pardon me, how can I get quickest to the zoological collection?" "Better get yourself stuffed."

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."

Employer—Did you put that note where it will be sure to attract the foreman's attention when he comes in? Office Boy—Yes, sir, I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES NEURALGIA.

Senator Tillman was arguing the tariff with an opponent. "You know I never boast," the opponent began.

"Never boast. Splendid!" said Senator Tillman, and he added quietly, "no wonder you brag about it."—Washington Star.

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."

It was an Irishman, doubtless, who commented on the ugly feet of the women of London, contrasted with their good looks, said "The London women's feet do not come up to their faces."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

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Mrs. Hugh Mother, Chester Basin, N.S., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I have suffered greatly with heart trouble and nervousness, and was all run down. I used lots of medicine, but received no benefit until I was advised to try your pills, and did so, and before I had finished the first box I felt so much better I got 5 boxes, and am now well and strong. I can truly say they are the best medicine I have ever used. I cannot praise them too highly. I recommend them to anyone suffering from heart trouble."

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.

"Mother, what shall we do?" they asked.

Lady Mary considered a moment. "I think it would be very good for you and very good for Mrs. Noberry, if you were to go and ask her to subscribe again."

"Oh, mother."

"I think that she would help you now."

Men's Suits and Overcoats AT A BARGAIN

A recent purchase of a lot of Men's Suits and Overcoats as part of a Bankrupt Stock has enabled me to put these Goods on the market away below regular retail prices.

Men's Suits

Style single breasted Saque—in assorted Tweeds—Medium Brown—Dark Brown and Grey—sizes 34, 36, 38, 39, 40, 42, 44. Sold regularly at 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00 and \$10.50.

Men's Overcoats

In Brown and Grey Tweeds—sizes 37, 38, 39, 40. Regular 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00.

Also

Men's Blk Beaver Coats with Persian Lamb Collars, \$15.00 for \$12.00—and a lot of boys' and youths' overcoats and suits at reduced prices.

Men's Underwear

10 dozen Suits Men's all wool Underwear double back and front and unshrinkable, worth \$2.50 per suit. Price now \$1.75.

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The good kind that will keep you dry in a regular down pour—Regular price \$9.85 and \$10.50, but selling now at \$7.00 and \$7.50.

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Sheep lined and cloth lined at special prices.

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