

The Major's Promise.

It was Decoration Day. In a beautiful cemetery, amid flowers that were heaped up on the graves of brave soldiers who had died for their country, surrounded by waving banners and flags, and men in the uniform of the United States army, within view of a vast crowd of men and women, who stood in silent sympathy, a Catholic priest raised his voice and told his listeners what patriotism meant and what heroism stood for in this great land of ours.

In glowing words he lauded love of country and the men who had died to save it, and as the audience listened, many an eye was tear-filled, and all heads were uncovered as he spoke the words of benediction and the prayers of the Church for the eternal rest and glory of those who died to save their homes and fatherland.

On the outskirts of the crowd stood an army officer with uncovered head, a cane in his hand. He was a middle aged man, and the stripes on his uniform showed he had seen service on the field. He was handsome and erect, and when the crowd dispersed and the priest came near him he raised his hand in military salute and smiled gravely.

The priest smiled and stopped to speak to him. After a few words, the officer said: "I believe you are a Catholic priest?"

"I am, Major," was the reply. "Well, I am not a Catholic, and have no desire to be one, but I love my country, have shed my blood for her and would do it again, and I assisted at these services, conducted near my home, for the sake of the brave men who are lying under the sod."

"The priest raised his hat and extended his hand. "I honor you, Major, and I salute you with respect. You are too young for the Civil War. Was it in the Cuban war you served?"

"Yes, sir. I was in three fights, and almost lost this leg at Santiago. It is crippled pretty badly ever since."

"You are very erect for a cripple," said the priest pleasantly. "So I am told," said the officer. "But I owe my life as well as my leg, crippled though it be, to the good nursing and devoted attention of the Sisters who had charge of the hospital in Cuba."

"I tell you, sir," continued the Major, and his fine face lighted with enthusiasm, "those Sisters were like the angels of God to us, as we were rushed in, bleeding, helpless, dying, from the field. The one who took charge of me never seemed to rest, never sat down, never was off duty. Day and night she was there. I have wondered since if she ever ate or slept. She pulled me through, and I'll never forget her as long as the breath is in this body. When I was discharged and able to get about with a crutch, I was eager to get home, but before I started I went to that lady and I said to her: 'Sister, I am leaving the hospital and returning to the United States. I want to thank you for all your kindness to a stranger. I am an officer in the United States army and possess some influence with our Government. Now, if I can do any favor for you or for your convent I wish you would mention it right here, for I would like to serve you.'"

"Thank you, Major," she said, with a smile, "I do not think you can do any favor for us. We serve the sick or wounded anywhere, everywhere, whenever our nursing and poor services are needed. We do not expect any reward, although it is good of you to noble to offer it to us."

"But, Sister," I persisted, "won't you let me do something for you personally, even to please you by some little thing?" "Would you wish to please me?" asked the Sister earnestly. "I would do anything for you, Sister," I said eagerly. "Only name it." "Then," she said, "promise me that after you get home, at some time or other, you will go into a Catholic church and stay there for a few minutes; and do this three different times. Choose your own time; simply pay three short visits to a Catholic Church in memory of what I have asked you."

"Why that's too easy," I said. "I cannot promise you, however, that there will be any religion in it. I will simply do as you say in order to please you." "That's all I ask," said the Sister, and as she extended her hand I reluctantly clasped it and said good-by.

"I came home, and, being a retired officer and quite comfortable, life went on smoothly for some years, and I forgot all about my promise. One day, however, as I sat on my porch in the evening I saw a number of people passing, all in one direction. I asked where they were going. I was told the Catholics had a mission in their church in the next block. Suddenly my promise to that good Sister came up before me, and, seizing my cane and hat, I said: 'I'd go and redeem the first third of my promise.'"

"I went to the church, and I heard a splendid sermon that set me to thinking very seriously about the destiny of man. I was very much impressed, and the next night I went again, and thus fulfilled the second third of my promise. I heard a good deal about the Catholic Church,

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." Max. Houn. Boston, West Lincoln, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

and, although I have no desire to be a Catholic, I am much more enlightened about her claims than I ever expected to be.

"And that was your last visit, Major?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, it was, for I couldn't attempt to get into the church the next night, which was the last of the mission. So, although I attempted to fulfil the last part of my promise to that good Sister, I did not succeed, through no fault of mine. Then Decoration Day came, the memorial day of every true soldier, and I came in here, heard you speak, Father, and find myself talking to you and telling my history."

"They were walking slowly towards the cemetery gate.

"It is early still, Major," remarked the priest. "Our rectory is quite near. Come and sit on our porch and rest a while before you return home. You may have fatigued your lame member by all this standing, and you need some rest before you start homeward."

The Major went willingly. He was a little tired, and was glad to sit somewhere; besides, he liked this young priest, and was nothing loath to talk to him.

On the porch, seated and comfortable, he began to speak of religion. The priest was astonished to find he had a childlike, earnest nature to deal with. Want of information and some bigotry had given to the Major the hard ideas of the Catholic Church that are so often met with, but gradually he had come to see that he was wrong in some things, and was more than half convinced that there were other matters that might be explained satisfactorily also. After an hour's conversation he arose.

"Our church is just at hand," said the priest. "Suppose you go and pay the last instalment of your promise to that good Sister. There were three visits to a Catholic church promised, were there not, Major?"

"There were three visits," said the Major, seriously, "and there is no reason why I shouldn't finish off this memorable day by the 'burning of the mortgage,' so to speak."

The priest led him through a side entrance, opened a paw in front of the sanctuary and left him.

The silence of the holy place, the little ruby lamp swinging from the ceiling, the star in its white lines, with vases of lilies on each side of the Sacred Door exhaling a fragrance that reached the Major—all these things affected him strangely. He had never been so close to the Holy of Holies before.

Soon a strange peace filled his heart, the strange sense of the Divine Presence. The hour for which the one in distant Cuba prayed had come. God's grace came forth from the tabernacle and struck the upright heart of the soldier as the lightning struck Saul on his way to Tarsus. He believed!

An hour passed. The priest returned. The Major was still there. But he rose and followed his friend. When they were outside the sacred precincts the priest looked at the Major. His fine face was full of reverent joy.

"Father," he said, "I am a Catholic. Will you instruct me? That good Sister knew what she was doing when she asked me to visit Christ in His Temple."

"Need it be said that the priest accepted his task joyfully? The days passed by. The Major was instructed, was baptized, made his First Communion, and is now a fervent convert."

Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the altar.—Rev. Richard Alexander in the Catholic Standard Times.

Character.

Life Dominated by Principle.

"Character" was the subject of an able address delivered a few weeks ago in Liverpool by Father Bernard Vaughan, The Lord Mayor of the city (a Protestant) occupied the chair. Noting the advance of democracy in England the eloquent Jesuit said that: Whether aristocracy or democracy was to be on top did not matter—the one thing that really mattered was character.

They were not afraid of democracy if only it would build up a character dominated by lofty and holy principles. Before God man's mission was character, as destiny, for good or evil, was the result of character. The upper classes knew the "lower," as they were called, from Dickens and other writers, but let them get their coats off, tuck up their sleeves, and go down and above with them, and see with them, and feel with them, instead of patronising them.

If there was a real wish to help there must first be a real insight into the feelings and character of the poor. As there were no two drops of water, so two grains of sand exactly alike, so there were individual differences of character. Men were not bricks turned out from one kiln in the same mould. That was a mistake made in the nursery, in the home, in the school, in the factory, in politics, in the pulpit, even by priests in dealing with their people. A true shepherd should see differences in his sheep which no one else could, and the priest should have a similar knowledge of his people. If the priest or minister of religion found that people were not coming to his church perhaps it was because he did not go to their houses. It was the house-to-house-going priest that made the church-going people.

Take away Character and what is a Man.

Character was that quality which marked off one person from another and made him or her known as one who would be true to some principle—honorable, noble, lofty and holy. From the servant to the scullery to the First Minister of the Crown they needed character, and it was the one thing they could all build if they would only take the trouble to do it. Character had four great engravers—heredity, environment, education and religion. Take away character, and what was a man? In social life—a visiting card, in politics—a vote; if a traveller, he was no better than a ticket; and if he stayed at the best hotel, what was he but a number? God did not look at whether they had been a success or a failure in life. Before God a man was so much character. When they slowed into the eternal terminus the poor man might find that the crimson carpet and the minstrels were all prepared for his home-coming.

Enter Too Late With God.

They could not judge by what they saw here on this little planet, lost in an archipelago. But God knew when the work was done, and He would take them at their best. Let them go on struggling. Did they say it was too late to begin? It was never too late with Him. Heredity was a great engraver of character. He warned not merely fathers and mothers but the young who were rising up to take their fixed place in life to tear out root and branch anything that was going to ruin character and pass on poison into the wells of young life. Let them be careful in the selection of their parents for life to remember that God was using man and wife to cooperate with Him in His creative faculty. If they abused it and shattered His designs they spoiled God's work. But heredity could be corrected; its faults might be remedied; in fact, he was told that the heredity house might be done away with altogether. He supposed that when that happened one section of the community would hail it as a peerless time. Environment played a great part in life. It was not true to say that it determined character altogether. But how could they build up physical, mental and moral character in slumdom? There was not elbow-room for morality.

The Housing Problem.

The housing problem was at the root of the religious and moral question. The function of education was to correct what was faulty in heredity and environment. But modern education did not go on right lines. It reminded him of the fattening of Strasburg geese; the children were stuffed with all sorts of facts and dates they did not want, and which they forgot as soon as they left school. When a lad got into the 6th or 7th form his bent should be ascertained, and his training should have some relation to the calling for which he showed aptitude—Finally what was the good of education without religion? Was it not arming a mob? What was the good of putting the weapons of knowledge into hands untrained to use them properly? You talk to me of scientific culture—what balderdash! what nonsense! In the laboratory I find nothing to neutralize the poisons in life's stream; in the surgery nothing to mitigate the agonies of a wounded or a broken heart. I find nothing in the camera that is going to fix with permanence the beautiful traits of virtue. Scientific culture had no moral sense, and religion, the queen of sciences, must step in to train a man to rise to his full stature.

The Colored "Knights of P. E. S. Glaver" Organized.—The Knights of Peter Claver, a fraternal organization of colored men, has been organized by the Rev. Conrad Rebesch, pastor of the Church of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, for the colored Catholics of Mobile, Ala., and it is expected to do much good for the Catholic colored men throughout the South.

Constipation

Is The Cause of More Sickness Than Anything Else.

If You Wish To Be Well You Must Keep The Bowels Open. If You Don't, Constipation Is Sure To Follow.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

act on the bowels and promote their free and regular action, thus curing Constipation and all diseases arising from it.

Mr. Harry Revoy, Sharnick, Ont., writes—"Having been troubled for years with constipation and trying many remedies without success, I finally purchased Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills and found them most beneficial; they are indeed splendid pills and I can heartily recommend them."

Price 25c. per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Grand Trunk Railway has issued a circular authorizing all Agents in Canada to sell Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets to points in Western Canada. This is interesting information for those desiring to take advantage of these excursions on certain dates from April to December 1911. The Grand Trunk route is the most interesting, taking a passenger through the populated centres of Canada, through Chicago, and thence via Duluth, or through Chicago and the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Ask Grand Trunk Agents for further particulars.

Gray horses are the longest lived. Creams are usually delicate and are seriously affected by very warm weather.

Biochemist Strike—For your altars and your fires! Strike! Till the last armed foe—

Fan—Dat's two strikes, mister! One more an' yer out.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

"And there was not a soul to mourn his death."

"Ob, well, there may be some time."

"How can that be?"

"His widow may marry again."

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. 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."

At the bottom of the ocean water is much colder than at the top.

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

"Women," remarked the grocer, "are not hard to please."

"No?" interrogated the bachelor.

"Yes," continued the grocer. "All you have to do is to let them have their own way."

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry

Is the most effective remedy known for the cure of DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

This sterling remedy has been on the market for over 65 years and has yet failed to do what we claim for it. Be sure and ask for Dr. Fowler's and insist on being given what you ask for.

Just a line to let you know that I have a little girl five years old, and during the hot weather of last summer she was very bad with the Summer Complaint, in fact I thought we were going to lose her. We tried everything we could think of but without success. One day one of our neighbors asked what was the trouble with the little girl, and we told him. He advised us to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which we did. I honestly believe it was the only thing that saved my little girl's life. I don't think there is anything better for Summer Complaint than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Price 35c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Constipation

Is The Cause of More Sickness Than Anything Else.

If You Wish To Be Well You Must Keep The Bowels Open. If You Don't, Constipation Is Sure To Follow.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

act on the bowels and promote their free and regular action, thus curing Constipation and all diseases arising from it.

Mr. Harry Revoy, Sharnick, Ont., writes—"Having been troubled for years with constipation and trying many remedies without success, I finally purchased Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills and found them most beneficial; they are indeed splendid pills and I can heartily recommend them."

Price 25c. per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Grand Trunk Railway has issued a circular authorizing all Agents in Canada to sell Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets to points in Western Canada. This is interesting information for those desiring to take advantage of these excursions on certain dates from April to December 1911. The Grand Trunk route is the most interesting, taking a passenger through the populated centres of Canada, through Chicago, and thence via Duluth, or through Chicago and the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Ask Grand Trunk Agents for further particulars.

Gray horses are the longest lived. Creams are usually delicate and are seriously affected by very warm weather.

Biochemist Strike—For your altars and your fires! Strike! Till the last armed foe—

Fan—Dat's two strikes, mister! One more an' yer out.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

"And there was not a soul to mourn his death."

"Ob, well, there may be some time."

"How can that be?"

"His widow may marry again."

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. 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."

At the bottom of the ocean water is much colder than at the top.

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

"Women," remarked the grocer, "are not hard to please."

"No?" interrogated the bachelor.

"Yes," continued the grocer. "All you have to do is to let them have their own way."

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry

Is the most effective remedy known for the cure of DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

This sterling remedy has been on the market for over 65 years and has yet failed to do what we claim for it. Be sure and ask for Dr. Fowler's and insist on being given what you ask for.

Just a line to let you know that I have a little girl five years old, and during the hot weather of last summer she was very bad with the Summer Complaint, in fact I thought we were going to lose her. We tried everything we could think of but without success. One day one of our neighbors asked what was the trouble with the little girl, and we told him. He advised us to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which we did. I honestly believe it was the only thing that saved my little girl's life. I don't think there is anything better for Summer Complaint than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Price 35c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

You can save money as well as add to your character and appearance by wearing made-to-order clothes. You Cannot Buy Made-to-Order CLOTHES Cheaper than WE SELL THEM.

MR. MAN---We Can Save You Money on Your CLOTHES. Some men think that when they spend their money for a Ready-made suit, that they are buying their clothes at the smallest possible cost. They think only of the first cost. They do not consider that if they would spend a few dollars extra and have a suit made for them by a good tailor, that it would wear at least double as long, and from this standpoint alone, they would be saving. And then again, in a tailor made suit along with getting at least double the wear, you get style and good looks that stay, you get comfort and satisfaction that can only be had in a made-to-order suit. Are not these features worth from three to five dollars extra? Buy Your Next Suit Here. When you want your Spring Suit come here, look over the hundreds of different cloths we have, pick one that pleases you and let us build you a suit. We will put the finest of work on it, and use the very best of everything in it's make-up; we will make it to fit you perfectly, and in the newest style, and when finished you will be so pleased with it that you will never wear a ready-made again. 153 Queen Street MacLellan Bros., Bank of Commerce Building. Merchant Tailors.

For New Buildings Hardware We carry the finest line of Hardware to be found in any store. Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability. Also a full line of pumps and piping. Stanley, Shaw & Peardon. June 12, 1907. Fall and Winter Weather Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing. We are still at the old stand, PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers. H. McMILLAN. A BIG TEN DAYS' SHOE SALE! Here is a chance you will never get again. 150 Pairs of Men's American Lace Boots. Goodyear Welted, Velvour Calf, made on two different lasts, medium heavy oak sole—"a beauty" comfort. Compare them with any Five Dollar Boot in the city. Ten Days Only—\$3.50 a Pair. We have also RUSSIAN CALF and PATENT at the same price. All new stock. They've got the lead, they've got the style, They've got all others beat a mile. Hockey Boots! Hockey Boots! We lead for Low Prices on Hockey Boots. A good Boy's Hockey Boot at \$1.65. Men's \$3.00 a pair. Others at \$1.75, \$1.85 and \$2.25 a pair. A. E. McEACHEN THE SHOEMAN 82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.