

JACK.

How a Mother Loved and Trained Through Hours of Darkness.

(Continued.)

But Mr. Scott was not to be hurried. 'Now wait a minute, Mrs. Martin, I'll come to Jack by-and-by. So you say that you heard nothing of the C and V wreck? Well, it was a big one, a very bad one. A small bridge gave way under a train and it fell headlong into a gully. Fortunately, there weren't many passengers on it, but those who were none escaped injury and several women were killed outright.'

Mrs. Martin's face was pale, but Mr. Scott could not or would not hurry. 'They were two miles from the nearest town: it was raining, and there wasn't a man there who was badly hurt. It looked as if they would all have to lie there until the next train came that way—and there was the chance that the engine would not see the broken bridge until it was too late.'

He leaned toward Mrs. Martin and spoke very impressively and, it possible more slowly and deliberately. 'There was a man there whose ankle was sprained and whose left arm was crushed to a jelly. That man was a hero! He made his way—it took him two hours—to the nearest station, and gave the alarm. Help was sent to the injured, trains were warned in time. In the excitement no one noticed that the bearer of the news was hurt. In fact no one thought of him at all. In the morning he was found lying on the ground not far from the station—unconscious. He was taken to a hospital. No one knew his name, and he was in no condition to tell it. They thought that he would surely die. Day after day the papers have been giving a report of his condition just as they did about McKinley when he was shot! He's going to get well!'

Mrs. Scott glanced uneasily at Mrs. Martin. She was still very white, but with a trace of a smile on her face. 'Oh Mr. Scott, that was Jack! Every boy will appreciate him now! Oh wasn't it just like him! Just like him! Mr. Scott echoed warmly, much relieved that, for the moment at least, she thought more of his glory than of his fearful suffering. 'The whole country has been ringing with praise of this unknown hero. And to think he had to die to be our Jack! And he added more quietly. 'Strange that it never occurred to me before.'

Mrs. Martin's exultation was short-lived. 'But he must be very ill! Oh where is he? May the good God help him!'

'Now don't worry. He is getting well just as fast as he can. I wouldn't be here this morning if he were not. He has been out of his bed with a fever all these weeks—the result of that night's exposure, I suppose. But he is coming round now. His arm is in a bad condition, in fact. He faltered a little before he added, 'The fact is that they had to take it off. But it was only his left arm.'

In the momentary silence that followed Mrs. Martin sobbed just once; then Mr. Scott hurried on brightly: 'He was able to tell them his name yesterday. Why the paper is full of it this morning. The first words he said were, "O Blessed Mother—"

The ringing of the door bell interrupted him, and he hurried to answer it. A boy handed him a telegram for Mrs. Martin. Her hand shook so much that she tried in vain to open it, and her eyes were so full of tears that she could not have read it if she had. She gave it to Mr. Scott and he read aloud: 'Have been ill—an better—home to see you soon Jack.'

All that day her friends poured in to congratulate Mrs. Martin. They were loud in the praise of the boy whom they snubbed all his life. As for her, she was proud and felt that she ought to be happy, but the thought of all her son had suffered haunted her, and she grieved sorely over the loss of his arm. The following day brought a letter from the physician in attendance upon him, saying that all danger was past, a lady from one of the president of the railroad including a check which took her breath away, a grateful note from his fellow-passengers who owed their lives to him. It, to contain money. Best of all, ten days later, there came a few lines written in a shaky, illegible hand by Jack himself.

One day some weeks after, all Pleasant Grove turned out in festive attire. The tiny railway station was crowded as it had never been before. People were there from every town and hamlet and farmhouse within a radius of twenty miles. On the platform as close to the track as it was safe to stand Mrs. Martin, plain and old-fashioned and nervous, but glorified by the love which shone in her face and by a joy almost greater than she could bear.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and the itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

'I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and in ten days I was cured. Have never had any other skin disease since.' Mrs. Mrs. E. W. Wain, Cape Point, N.S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all impurities and cures all eruptions.

from the car. One sleeve of his coat hung empty and he walked with a limp. Louder and louder rang the shouts.

His mother's first glance was at the limp, empty sleeve, and the sight of it sent a pang to her heart; then she saw his face, Jack's own dear face smiling at her, and all else was forgotten. As for him—the man whose praises were on every one's lips the ordinary over—he saw but one figure in all that throng, heard amid all the clamor of applause, but one weak voice which cried softly, 'My son! My dear son!'

And then he folded his mother in his arms.—Florence Gilmore.

A Four Year Old Saint.

She was not a child-martyr of long ago, nor is she a saint in the canonical sense, though it is quite possible she may some day become so; only a little Irish girl who died in Cork, February 2, 1908, aged four years, five months and eight days. The facts of her short career were so extraordinary that the Bishop of Cork permitted them to be delectated to Rome and wrote a letter giving them formally the weight of his authority, and the Holy Father addressed an autograph reply to her schoolmates in which he expressed the wish that they 'may always keep as good as their companion Nellie who was called to heaven while still a child.'

Her life has been since written in Italian by a priest attached to the Vatican, and dedicated to Pope Pius X by the express permission of His Holiness; and 'A Priest of the Diocese of Cork has given a charming account of her in a penny brochure of some 20,000 words under the title, 'Little Nellie of Holy God,' (Cork: Gray & Co), which has the exceptional merit of letting the beautiful story tell itself.

Nellie O'Keefe or O'Keefe was born of poor but truly Irish parents August 24, 1903. When she was three years old her father died, and the four children were placed with charitable institutions in Cork, Nellie, with her sister, going to St. Finbar's Industrial School, conducted by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. She was sickly from the first, an inheritance from her mother's disease tuberculosis, and was a constant sufferer from other painful maladies, but she was always cheerful, insisted on sharing with others whatever was offered her, and never complained after she had become acquainted with a little over three, with 'the story of Holy God.'

Seeing a statue of the Infant of Prague on an altar in the Infirmary she asked what it was, and being told it was an image of the Child Jesus, she wanted to know His whole story. She then called Him 'Holy God,' and spoke of Him by no other name thereafter. She would ask Him for many things, chiefly for others, but one day she was rebuked by the nurse for asking the globe in the hands of the Child's statue in exchange for her 'little shoes.' 'Oh,' she replied, 'He can give them! He likes 'em. Indeed, it appears she had special warrant for thinking so from the many instances related of her personal relations with the Child Jesus and the unusual favors she received from Him. When she made the way of the Cross in her nurse's arms, Nellie became agitated at the Crucifixion, and wanted to know why are they burning him, and why Holy God allows them. On hearing the explanation she burst into tears, crying between sobs: 'Poor Holy God!'

She used the same expression whenever her eyes fell on the Crucifix. She quickly grasped the mystery of the Real Presence in the Tabernacle, or, as she put it why Holy God was 'Shut up in that little house,' and was quite glad that he was not 'queezed.' Soon her searching questions about religious mysteries and practices exhausted the information of the nurse, who had not been long a Catholic and who confesses that Nellie cured her of many residual antipathies against Catholic ways. The nurse though usually a daily communicant, some times failed to receive and on such occasions Nellie, inspired by some spiritual instinct, would fix reproachful eyes

upon her, saying: 'You didn't get Holy God today.' Once she thought Nellie was dying and said to her the child replied, 'No Holy God says I'm not good enough yet.' When questioned she said Holy God did come and stand there, and her clear description did not correspond with the picture she had known.

She was soon to die, and her spiritual perception was so extraordinary that the Bishop, deputed administrator to her Confirmation. She told him: 'I am Holy God's little soldier, now.' She then began to have an insatiable desire for Holy Communion. She knew instinctively, though there was no human means of her knowing it when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and would cry: 'Holy God is not in the lock up today; take me down to him.' Then in her childish language she would speak the thoughts of God's saints. As despite her begging, she could not yet get Holy God, she insisted that a Sister would come immediately after receiving Holy Communion and kiss her. Soon the Bishop after a Jesuit Father pronounced the child extraordinarily endowed with God's love, arrived at the age of reason permitted her to receive Holy Communion. 'The child,' writes the Father, 'brought for her God and received him from my hands in a transport of love.' In the remaining two months she received 'Holy God' thirty-two times and spent nearly all day in thanksgiving. A noxious odor from a diseased bone in her jaw had been hitherto almost unbearable but disappeared completely after her First Communion. She insisted on being dressed in spotless white when receiving Holy Communion, and she would have some but fresh natural flowers, 'Holy God's own flowers,' around her.

SEVERE COLD DEVELOPED INTO PNEUMONIA

DOCTOR SAID HE WOULD NOT LIVE.

Next to consumption there are more deaths from pneumonia than from any other lung trouble. There is only one way to prevent pneumonia, and that is to cure the cold just as soon as it appears. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will do this quickly and effectively.

Mr. Hugh McLeod, Esterhazy, Sask., writes: 'My little boy took a very severe cold, and it developed into pneumonia. The doctor said he would not live. I got some of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and he began to improve right away. He is now a strong, healthy child, and shows no signs of it coming back.'

Do not be talked into buying any other Norway Pine Syrup, but insist on getting the original "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark. Price 25 cents.

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

They had been engaged only a week. He had kissed her fully forty times that evening. When he stopped the tears came into her eyes, and she said, 'Dearest, you have ceased to love me.' 'No, I haven't,' he replied, 'but I must breathe.'

MILBURN'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. DEAR SIRS,—Your MILBURN'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly. CHARLES WHOOTEN, Port Mulgrave.

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.

Harry one day climbed up in a parlor chair, in order to reach something he wanted. 'Don't get up in that chair with your feet, Harry, exclaimed his mother. 'I just have to mamma,' replied the little fellow. 'I can't take my feet off.'

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.'

Tramp—Please help a cripple sir. Old Gentleman—How are you crippled? Tramp—Financially, sir.

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'Well, it didn't take her long to choose between a fiance in the head and a idea in the bush.'

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A military man laughed at a timid little woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired.

He subsequently married that timid woman and six months afterward he took off his boots in the ball when he became in late at night.

Suffered With Nerve Trouble For Two Years. WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO SLEEP.

Mr. Chas. W. Wood, 84 Torrance Street, Montreal, Que., writes:—'For two years I suffered with nerve trouble, and it was impossible for me to sleep. It did not matter what time I went to bed, in the morning I was even worse than the night before. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a tonic to take a half hour before going to bed. "It was all right for a time, but the old trouble returned with greater force than before. One of the boys who works with me, gave me half a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took them and I got such satisfaction that I got another box, and before I finished it I could enjoy sleep from 10 p.m. until 8 a.m., and now I feel good. The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. They are for sale at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.'

The Dying—I suppose she is all the world to you? The Lover—Not exactly; but she's all I want of it—five thousand, more and an Elizabethan mass.

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Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing March 28th, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Trains Outward, Read Down, Day, Ex, Sun, P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M. and Trains Inward, Read Up, Day, Ex, Sun, P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M. Stations include Charlottetown, Port Hill, Hanter River, Emerald Juno, Kensington, Summerside.

Table with columns: P.M., Noon, A.M., P.M. Stations include Summerside, Port Hill, O'Leary, Alberton, Tigeish, Emerald Juno, Cape Traverse.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M. Stations include Charlottetown, St. Stewart, Montserrat, St. Peter's, Souris.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M. Stations include Charlottetown, Ordigan, Montserrat, Ar Georgetown.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M. Stations include Charlottetown, Vernon River, Murray Harbor.

Trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. G. A. SHARP, Supt. P. E. I. Railway. Railway Offices, March 23, 1912.

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Now Is a Good Time

To have your Watch or Clock, repaired and put in serviceable order.

We also repair Barometers musical boxes and all kinds of Jewellery in a workmanlike manner.

Goods For Sale:

Eight Day Clocks Alarms and Timepieces \$1 up Girl's Watches \$3 to \$10 Ladies' Watches \$10 to \$35 Men's Watches \$4 to \$40 Boy's Watches \$1.75 Half doz. Tea Spoons. \$1.25

to \$2 up A nice Butter Knife, 75c., \$1. \$1.25

Cake Baskets, Tea Sets, Bread Trays

Necklets 75c. up Locketts 50c. to \$20.50 Reading Glasses 25c. up Telescopes

Spectacles, 75c. and \$1 up Fobs and Chains, \$1 up Bracelets 75c. to \$8

Hat Pins 25c. up Ladies' and Gents' Rings Cuff Links, Collar Studs Field Glasses. \$3.75 to \$20

Barometers \$4 to \$8 Thermometers 25 cents up to \$5

Mail orders filled promptly. E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

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