

Girls Who Are In Demand

The girls that are wanted are good girls— Good from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily, is white and pure, From its heart to its sweet leaf tips. The girls that are wanted are home girls— Girls that are mother's right hand, That fathers and brothers can trust to, And the little ones' understand. Girls that are fair on the hearthstone, And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folks, Ready and anxious to please. The girls that are wanted are wise girls, That know what to do and to say, That drive with a smile and a soft word The wrath of the household away. The girls that are wanted are girls of sense, Whom fashion can never deceive; Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare what is silly to leave. The girls that are wanted are careful girls, Who count what a thing will cost, Who use with a prudent, generous hand, But see that nothing is lost. The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts; They are wanted for mothers and wives; Wanted to cradle in loving arms The strongest and frailest lives. The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl, There are few who can understand; But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls, There's a constant, steady demand. —Anonymous.

The Fisherman's Will

It was a Breton village, thatched cottages perched upon the cliff with sand-dunes all about as far as the eye could reach. Being so close to the sea, it is hardly necessary to add that it was a village of fishermen— Catholics and Bretons— sea-faring and God-fearing men— of whom their cure spoke with pride: "My parishioners are always at the post of duty. At sea they are on their feet; in the church they are on their knees." The call of the sea was in their ears from the day of their birth, and from father to son for generations they took to the boats as their profession, just as the young gulls left their nest for the waves of the sea. Sea-birds one and all. Nay: there was an exception, a boy of eighteen who could soon have qualified to take his father's place as master of their own boat, had not a call from heaven sounded louder, more insistently even than the call of the sea in his ears. At first he did not understand the vague discontent that filled his soul, the feeling that God had given him life and intelligence for something better than being a mariner. But through long days and long nights out on the open sea, with nothing between the fishing boat and the immense vault of heaven, it came gradually to the boy that it was a divine discontent—a call to follow so many of his countrymen into the service of the Church, to work his way as a priest of God to the eternal reward of Heaven. His people had never thought of this for him. He was his father's heir, his hope and his pride, and at first he hardly grasped the meaning of the boy's words. "You are not satisfied with your life?" asked the old man incredulously. "You want more than this?" and his eyes rested lovingly on the cherished fishing-boat, whilst he pointed to the whole fair scene around. And very true it was, with the sunshine playing on the village, glistening on the great wide stretch of sea, and even lightning the grey granite of the old church.

HAD WORST CASE OF CONSTIPATION DOCTOR EVER KNEW.

Although generally described as a disease, constipation can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular evacuation of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should never be neglected. Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have no equal for relieving and curing constipation and all its allied troubles. Mrs. F. Martin, Prince Albert, Sask., writes:—"I had one of the worst cases of constipation my doctor said he had ever known, and Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of it. My father-in-law had used them, in fact he was the one who gave them to me. A number of people around here use them, and they all say that they are the best pills they ever used."

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURE DANDRUFF.

The Aviator's Shrine.

They have church formerly used for Mariners—Confraternity prays for them. Out of the drab background of mud and blood which seems, from press reports, to make up the picture of the great war, there stands, like a memory of old romance, the aviation corps, with its breathless achievements, its knightly adventure, and the high thrill of daring in man's new field of action—the air, says the Queen's Work. And just as every human peril has its response and solace in some devotion to the Blessed Mother, so the aviators have found a shrine all their own in Notre Dame du Platin, near La Rochelle in France. The shrine has a wonderful natural location in a huge bend of the sand hills on the Bay of Biscay, commanding a mighty sweep both of the air and the sea. This great amphitheater is called le Platin de Puyravaud. There was a shrine for mariners there, and the aviators have appropriated it as their own. The Bishop of La Rochelle approved the formation of a Confraternity of Notre Dame du Platin, and the prayers of those who join this confraternity are offered in a special way for all who are exposed to the perils of the air.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Bilious Spell without griping, purging or harshness. Price 25 cts.

A SENSIBLE MERCHANT.

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

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 25c. a box."

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states: "I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

MILBURN'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

SHARP PAINS SHOT THROUGH HEART.

Thousands of people go about their daily work on the verge of death and yet don't know it. Every once in a while a pain will shoot through the heart, and little attention is paid to it at the time, and it is only when a violent shock comes that the weakness of the heart is apparent. There is only one cure for the weak heart and that is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mr. H. A. Young, 83 Hayer St., Toronto, Ont., writes:—"I used to have sharp pains about through my heart, suffered from shortness of breath, and was so nervous I could not sleep at night. A friend advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after one box I found great relief. Three boxes completely cured me."

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula as ugly an ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the skin, disfigures the face, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption. "Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. I bought them Scott's Emulsion and began giving them Scott's Emulsion and the sores healed, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGraw, Woodstock, Ont.

Food's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands. round which the houses lay. Below them, foremost amongst the fishing fleet lay the "Marie-Anne," their own boat, and the master-mariner's voice was scarcely steady when he questioned his boy again, though now he understood that a magnet stronger than the "Marie-Anne" was drawing the lad away.

"Are you sure you want something better than this? Better than what you will have of your own when I am gone?" He did not deny that Jeannot's choice was better, and beyond making sure he put no obstacle in the path of his son: so that three months later Jean, the fisherman's son, had become a student in the Ecclesiastical College from which after seven years he came forth a priest of God.

His comrades had nicknamed him "Jean the Fisherman." It came to the Bishop's ears, and he referred to it when sending the young priest to his first mission: "Go back to the Landes, my son," he said; "cast your nets again but now what you catch will be for God."

And so Jean went back to his beloved sea, in a village not far from home, to begin his ministry. The parish was large and straggling, and often in his wanderings he came across those who had once been his school companions, his childhood's friend. They were proud of him, these men to whose race he belonged; and if he passed by a group of fishermen, stopping for a word with one or another, they would follow him with their eyes, in his black soutane, his breviary in his hand, and say to each other: "There goes one of ourselves. The right sort; afraid of nothing, understanding our joys and our troubles. Why, even in all this misery around us now he never thinks of himself. Where poverty and sickness are at their worst, there you may be sure our Abbe will be found."

And so it was the day-in, day-out, he had no time to rest because of the sickness in his parish and of the poverty that caused it. Bad weather had ruined the home fisheries that year, and the hopes founded on the season off the Newfoundland coast were all that stood between starvation and many homes. Then when the boats were gone, carrying off every able-bodied man, fever-swept over the homes, where old folk and women and little children were the only victims it could find.

But these it did not spare. In one week the Abbe had a funeral service every day, and the rest of his time was spent passing from house to house, trying to carry comfort, both spiritual and temporal, to ravaged homes and stricken desolate souls. Young and strong though he was, he could not go on very long as he was doing. When he came in, late at night, having worked all day without his dinner, he was met by the disapproving looks of his old "house-keeper."

"How long do you expect to go on at this rate, M. le Recteur?" she would ask sternly. "No dinner, no rest. On the tramp from morning until night, and what for? There are houses—well of course, if trouble comes you must visit there—but to come in at this time of the night because Yves Ploec is dying—!" She ended with a grunt of disgust, but M. l'Abbe looked up quickly. "Yves Ploec?" he repeated. "Did you say Yves Ploec is dying?"

He paused, but the old man who at first had been preparing for an indignant repudiation of anything said in favor of priests, was silent. His eyes were fixed on those of the Abbe, and in them he read no resentment of what had passed, only an infinite Christ-like pity.

"That's what I heard," replied the housekeeper, "but they told me you had been there since sunset, so you should know better than I, Monsieur."

For once rumor had run ahead of truth. The Abbe had not been with old Yves, because he had not heard of his illness, and he knew that unless the approach of death had softened him, he would have no welcome for any priest. The old man was the only one in all the parish who neither went to Mass nor to the Sacraments; he was the only one from whom the young Abbe had had to put up with rudeness and abuse, and his first instinctive feeling had been satisfaction at not having had to attend to him. But the feeling was only momentary. Who needed him as much as this lonely old man? and possibly with death drawing near he might be able to influence him for good, to persuade him to return to the practice of his faith.

"I shall be going out again after supper, Marie," he said quietly, "and do not wait for me. If, as you say, Yves is dying and alone, I may have to stay with him."

He paid no heed to the old woman's grumbling expostulations, and no sooner was his supper done than he turned out into the darkness of the night with only the roaring of the sea to guide him along its shore to the dying fisherman's house.

The Abbe remembered the last time he has visited Yves le Ploec, and the remembrance did not make him look forward with hope to the coming interview. "I don't want you here," the old man had said. "I've kept clear all my life of idlers and beggars like you. Why don't you go to sea and earn for yourself as the other village lads are doing, instead of staying comfortably at home and living on the charity of the poor?"

Feed! Feed!

Just Received into Warehouse 1000 bags Bran, best quality 300 bags Middlings! 400 bags Cracked Corn 250 bags Cornmeal 600 bags Oilcake Meal (old process). Several cars Good Hay 500 bushels Feed Oats Cracked Grain, &c., &c. Lowest Prices Wholesale and Retail.

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No matter where he is, or what other tobacco he can get, the Island soldier who chews tobacco is never satisfied with anything but HICKEY'S TWIST. In hundreds of letters from the boys in Flanders, France, England and the training camps, they ask for HICKEY'S TWIST—and the rogth took along 20,000 figs with them. Send your soldier boy a pound of HICKEY'S with the next parcel.

Hickey & Nicholson, Ltd.

Foot Wear FOR THE Family

Buy now and save. Our stock of Winter Footwear is complete and the prices are right. See our lines in Felt Boots, Lumber and Rubber Overshoes, Knitted and Felt Socks, Amherst Boots, Rubbers, Gaiters and Leggings. The time to buy your summer shoes is now. Everything points to higher priced footwear—so buy now.

Pure Bred Live Stock for Sale

Table with columns: NAME, ADDRESS, BREED, MALES. Lists various livestock including Dan. G. McCormack, Dan. A. McNeill, J. Leslie Poole, etc.

ALCOHOL

is almost the worst thing for consumption. Many of the "just-as-good" preparations contain as much as 20% of alcohol; Scott's Emulsion not a drop. Insist on having Scott's Emulsion FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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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 tailored 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 a good dresser. 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.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD You must have Good Yeast. GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worryment she necessarily suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast. This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast. If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Recipe Book.

R. F. MADDIGAN & Co Agents for P. E. Island.

J. D. STEWART BARRISTER, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

NEWSON BLOCK

Commencing Wednesday, November 28th, and until further notice, the Train for Murray Harbor will go back to the old time and leave Charlottetown at 3 p.m., as advertised in newspapers and shown in folders. District Passenger Agent Charlottetown, November 27, 1917.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Money to Loan on Real Estate Dec 13, 1916-7/17.