

JACK.

How a Mother Loved and Trusted Through
A Hour of Darkness.

As he turned the corner of E. M. Avenue, the postman stopped abruptly in the middle of the merry June he was whistling and peered anxiously down the street. "Yes, she is there again!" he exclaimed under his breath. Unconsciously he slackened his pace as he walked on, seemingly intent on sorting the pile of letters in his hand, without raising his eyes.

E. M. Avenue was a pretty street, broad and well-paved and shaded by giant trees which almost met across it, houses, though unpretentious, were large and substantial and prosperous-looking—wib but one exception. It was a tiny cottage, neat, in decent repair, and not greatly in need of paint, yet somehow marked by the unmistakable something which proclaims to the initiated that every dollar has always been inconveniently important.

At the gate stood a small, thin, old woman with a pale face, which was not with out charm, though it might have been hard to define wherein it lay. Her gray hair was nicely arranged and her simple dress was exquisitely neat and clean without making any pretensions of obeying the arbitrary dictates of fashion.

She was standing at her gate looking down the street, and from the moment that the postman turned the corner she watched him breathlessly. As he approached, longing and fear and hope, all showed in her face each, struggling for mastery.

He came slowly, nearer and nearer. Only once did he disappear into a neighbor's yard to deliver some mail. He drew closer, with his eyes still fastened on his letters, nor did he raise them until he was beside her, then he glanced up and exclaimed in well-learned surprise. "Oh good day, Mrs. Martin!"

"Is there anything for me this morning?" she asked quietly. Her voice was cheerful, but her eyes pleaded wistfully.

"Not this morning, Mrs. Martin," he answered with a hopeful note in his voice which promised better things for the following day. He had answered her so, morning and afternoon, for four weeks.

"She made no answer. The hope did not die from her face, she did not even sigh; and as the postman passed out of sight and she turned to go back into the house. Surely tomorrow!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Martin," a man's voice called detaining her. "Any news from Jack this morning?"

Mrs. Martin went back quickly, holding out her hand. She was fond of Mr. Scott. "I did not see you," she said.

"No you were looking the other way as I came up the street; and he repeated his question. "What news from Jack? Did you hear from him this morning?"

"Not this morning, Mr. Scott. But he is well and doing splendidly." "Good good! I never doubted that he would, Jack is a fine boy."

Mrs. Martin's face beamed. Thank you for saying that, Mr. Scott. You and I are the only people about here who ever half appreciated him. I always feel grateful for your good opinion of my son."

"Oh there is nothing to thank me for. I couldn't help admiring Jack if I wanted to. If as you say, many people haven't appreciated him it is only because they do not know him as well as we do. I imagine—he hesitated before he went on kindly if a little blantly, in fact, I am quite sure that they are inclined to think that he should have stayed here with you and kept up his father's store."

"They do not know that, even in Mr. Martin's lifetime, it never paid, and that most of your own money was lost in it. There is no need of their knowing all this—it is not their business—but Jack will have to prove to them that there is good stuff in him."

"Oh, no, no; they must not know! Mrs. Martin cried quickly. Mr. Martin did the best he could, but it was no use. I am glad that Jack sold out. But—but it was hard that he had to leave Pleasant Grove!"

"But what opening is there here?" "Yes I understand, she answered. She smiled bravely at him as he said good-bye and hurried away, but an instant later her eyes were so full of tears that she could see nothing and fairly groped her way to the house."

Mrs. Martin had always been proud of her only son, the prouder perhaps because many of the middle-class people of Pleasant Grove did not quite approve of him. He was dreamy, impractical, talented; the greater number of them were none of these things, and therein lay his offense. They thought it unfortunate that he was not more like his father and (purely for his own good) had never hesitated to tell him so.

They little guessed that Jack, unbusiness like though he was by nature, had struggled bravely to make a living for his mother and himself out of the little store into which his father's loving father had carelessly snook his wife's small fortune.

Four or five weeks had passed since Jack had left Pleasant Grove with the prospect of a good position in an office in Cincinnati. He had

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Summ, Pleasant, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDonald, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can take it.

promised to write to his mother every few days and to send her half his salary on each pay day. She had protested that she did not need so much, but Jack would have it so.

Four or five weeks had passed since Jack left. He has sent no word to his lonely old mother. Not one letter had she received, nor one cent of money. Where was Jack? What had become of him? These questions tortured Mrs. Martin hourly, but she found no answer for them. She could only hope and pray and believe in him as he did all three unflinchingly. Her beads were ever in her hands.

After Mr. Scott left her that morning she made her way to the house and for an hour or more tried to busy herself in dusting and putting things to rights in the already immaculate rooms. She made little headway, and found that the work fatigued her greatly. At length she went to the cupboard and looked over her scanty stores. There was little of anything left, and she sighed as she handled them, peering into this jar and that this and that paper sack. There was no butter and but one egg, the bread was stale and the coffee almost gone.

"These things must do for today and tomorrow," she decided. There isn't a great deal of anything, but everything costs so much, and I might not hear from Jack even tomorrow. It really doesn't matter, because I have very little appetite. How fortunate that it is warm weather and I need no fire! She concluded, trying to find a little silver in the lining of her cloud of anxiety.

At that moment a knock at the side door startled Mrs. Martin, and before she had time to put the food back into its place, one of her neighbors opened the door and walked in unceremoniously.

"Oh excuse me! Don't let me interrupt you if you are busy. I thought I'd drop in for a little visit with you. You must often be lonely now that Jack's gone."

"Lonely! How could I be when I hear from him so often?" Mrs. Martin answered quietly. Her conscience pricked her sharply as she uttered the deliberate falsehood, but she did not wince. Mrs. Brown had never been a friend of hers nor of Jack's but of late she had fallen into the habit of "dropping in" almost daily to inquire about him and to console with her. Mrs. Martin would have been glad to talk to any one except Mrs. Brown, for she was lonely lonelier than she admitted even to herself, and horribly anxious despite her efforts to hope for the best and not to allow herself to imagine possible sad explanations of her son's prolonged silence.

"And how is Jack? You still hear from him often?" Mrs. Brown said as soon as she had seated herself comfortably in the best chair, while Mrs. Martin was still struggling with a refractory shade which refused to go up at all unless to the top of the window.

"He is always well and doing splendidly," said the old lady, not without nervousness. "And Mr. Brown—is he better?"

"But Mrs. Brown was not to be turned from the subject so easily. "Oh Mr. Brown is doing as good as could be expected for one of his age. He is well on to seventy, you know, and at once she went back to the discussion of Mrs. Martin's affairs. She had a suspicion that all was not well. How she got it for where she did not know, unless she had guessed it from Mrs. Martin's brave little face, which in spite of her, had in it something tragic which could not escape so practiced an observer as Mrs. Brown. And she was not hampered by delicacy of feeling or any fear of being intrusive.

"You'd better be very proud of Jack if he does well in Cincinnati, Mrs. Dale tells me that he was offered a splendid position."

"I have always been proud of him," Mrs. Martin answered evenly. "No success he may have could possibly make me so."

"It is nice that you feel that way," Mrs. Brown said crisply, and her tone gave to the words a double meaning. "For what reason I can not imagine; but through them. No doubt you will buy all kinds of new things for yourself and for the

house now. Well it is pleasant to have plenty of money."

"Since you think so I hope that you may have it some day," Mrs. Martin said innocently, not too much to repay the enemy in her own coin. Mr. Brown was a notoriously "poor provider," as they expressed it in Pleasant Grove. "As for me I shall probably spend no more than usual. I care nothing for fine clothes, and very little for fixing up this old house I am fond of it as it is." As she spoke a vision of her empty cupboard and almost empty purse rose before her.

"May the good God forgive me—but what can I do? I cannot let these people think ill of my boy," she thought.

Finding that she was learning nothing, Mrs. Brown turned the conversation to gossip about the affairs of half the people in the little town. For three-quarters of an hour she rattled on, satisfied with the monosyllabic answers which were Mrs. Martin's only effort at keeping up the conversation. At last she arose to go and, unconsciously, Mrs. Martin gave a little sigh of relief. Mrs. Brown heard it and misinterpreted its meaning. That she could be tiresome never crossed her mind.

"And give my love and congratulations to Jack," were her parting words, meant to be a thrust for she was convinced that something was wrong. She hastened away to communicate her unsubstantial suspicions to every listener she could find and there were many.

Another week passed, still another was growing old. Every morning and afternoon saw Mrs. Martin at her gate a full half hour before the postman's time. She always returned empty handed to the house. Once only there was variation in the routine. That morning she called to the postman after he had passed on. He went back instantly. Her thin old face was quivering and her eyes were full of tears. The man's heart ached, but what could he say?

"Mr. Jackson, I wish that you—I would rather—you won't tell any one will you?" she whispered pleadingly. He could not see her for the sudden tears in his own eyes, and his throat was so full that he did not trust himself to speak. He only shook his head vigorously and hurried on, but she was satisfied.

More and more strongly did the neighbors suspect that something was wrong—that they could not decide. They besieged Mrs. Martin with questions which were meant to be artful, but were only impertinent. They tortured her, but she never flinched. In their curiosity some women are merciless. As for Mr. Scott, he was, if possible, kinder and gentler and friendlier and more inquisitive than ever. Without giving any reason he suggested to his wife more than once that she invite Mrs. Martin to dinner, and when he saw how heartily she ate, it almost broke his heart. Her ravenous appetite, unusual in one of her age, told its tale. He forced her to take home a basket of fruit, for they had more than they could use, or at least so he said.

A Saturday morning dawned sweet and bright and cool, the Saturday just six weeks after Jack Martin left Pleasant Grove for Cincinnati and the high road to fortune. Listlessly his mother drank her weak coffee and ate a little dry bread. She was beginning to lose hope. Winter was at hand—so what could she do? She asked herself the question many times each day, and as she loitered over her frugal, tasteless breakfast, she was puzzling about it again.

Just as she rose from the table the bell clanged noisily, and before she could reach the door Mr. Scott opened it from the outside and entered waving a newspaper excitedly. He seized Mrs. Martin's hand and shook hard, laughing joyously as he did so. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell us he is here! I congratulate you a thousand times! But then I always knew it was in him."

Mrs. Martin sank heavily into the nearest chair, bewildered, but still with a vague feeling that at last—at last—she was to have news of Jack.

"Mr. Scott, what are you talking about?" she gasped. "What—what is it?"

Mr. Scott stared at her in amazement. "You don't mean that you know nothing about it? But—why of course you couldn't. And all these weeks what—? A light burst upon him and explained many things."

Mrs. Martin had risen from her chair and he took her gently by the arm and led her back to it. She was trembling from head to foot. She knew that he had something important to tell her about her son. With a mother's keen instinct she was fearful in spite of his bright face.

Mr. Scott took a seat close to her and told his news as gently as he knew how. To avoid startling her too much he began in a roundabout way which tortured her. "You may remember, Mrs. Martin, having seen in the Journal about six weeks ago the account of that big wreck on the C and V Railroad? And if you did you must recollect that—"

Mrs. Martin interrupted him. "No, no, Mr. Scott, I never read the papers. But that is the road Jack went on. What happened—do tell me quickly. Was he hurt? She trembled more and more violently, and her face was ashen.

(To be Continued.)

BRONCHITIS

Was So Choked Up
She Could Hardly Breathe.

Bronchitis is an acute inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the air tubes of the lungs, and should never be neglected, for if it is very often the disease becomes chronic, and then it is only a short step to consumption.

On the first sign of bronchitis Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be taken, and thus prevent it becoming chronic.

Mr. John D. MacDonald, College Grant, N.S., writes—"My little girl, seven years old, caught a bad cold which developed into bronchitis. She was so choked up she could hardly breathe. Reading about your wonderful medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle, and with such good results that I got another which completely cured her. I cannot say too much in its praise, and would not be without it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 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.

The Ointment—I suppose she is all the world to you? The lover—Not exactly; but she's all I want of it—five thousand acres and a Elizabethan mansion.

MILBURN'S LINIMENT CO., Limited
I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would struggle. I used MILBURN'S LINIMENT, and it cured me at once. I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully,
MRS. C. D. PRINCE.
Nauyasgow, October 21st.

Do you think your son will forget all he learned at college? asked a friend. I hope so, replied the father. I don't see how he can earn a living finding oriel t and football.

A Sensible Merchant.
Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder gives women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

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."

Countryman (to boarding-house keeper). And what time do you have dinner here? Boarding-house keeper, From twelve to three. Countryman, Oh, that'll suit me very well. I never like hurrying over my meals!

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.
Milkman—I see by the papers that a Frenchman has invented a new way of transforming water into milk. Customer, Well I hope you'll adopt it. I'm getting awful tired of the old way.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.
There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dispepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

The early-haired little sprit of the house came running to her father in the study, and throwing her arms about his neck, whispering confidentially in his ear. On Papa's, it's raining! Papa was writing on a subject that occupied his mind to the exclusion of matters as he said, rather sharply let it rain. Yes, papa I was going to, was her quick response.

SEVERAL DOCTORS COULD DO HER NO GOOD. THREE BOXES OF MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS COMPLETELY CURED HER.

Miss Mary Lebeau, Edison, Sask., writes—"I was troubled with heart disease and nervousness for over two years, and was so bad at times I had to sit up at night being unable to breathe, and every little noise would make me shake and shiver. I tried several doctors, but they were unable to do me any good. A neighbor then advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. As soon as I began to take them I began to feel much better, and by the time I had used the third box I was completely cured. I would advise anybody suffering from heart disease and nervousness to try these pills. They will save quite a bill in doctor's fees."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all heart and nerve troubles by their restorative influence on every organ and tissue of the body.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

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

Trains Outward				Trains Inward			
Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up
Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly
ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex
San	San	San	San	San	San	San	San
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
STATIONS				STATIONS			
5:30	4:00	7:45	Lv Charlottetown	Ar 11:40	9:50	2:10	
5:50	4:17	8:00	Lv Rymal Juno	Ar 11:24	9:35	2:41	
6:36	4:52	8:28	Lv N. Wilsheir	Ar 10:50	9:05	1:50	
6:36	5:04	8:38	Lv Hunter River	Ar 10:33	8:55	1:44	
6:52	5:41	9:05	Lv Emerald Juno	Ar 10:04	8:26	1:00	
7:40	6:11	9:30	Lv Kensington	Ar 9:33	8:02	12:22	
8:50	6:40	9:50	Ar Summerside	Lv 9:00	7:40	11:50	
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.

Trains Outward				Trains Inward			
Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up
Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly
ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex
San	San	San	San	San	San	San	San
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
STATIONS				STATIONS			
7:50	12:00	Lv Summerside	Ar 8:45	4:55			
8:48	1:23	Lv Port Hill	Ar 7:46	3:26			
9:37	2:40	Lv O'Leary	Ar 6:57	2:10			
10:15	3:41	Lv Alberton	Ar 6:19	0:09			
10:50	4:35	Ar Tigheish	Lv 5:45	12:15			
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Trains Outward				Trains Inward			
Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up
Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly
ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex
San	San	San	San	San	San	San	San
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
STATIONS				STATIONS			
8:30	Lv Emerald Juno	Ar 7:30					
9:20	Ar Cape Traverse	Lv 6:40					
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Trains Outward				Trains Inward			
Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up
Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly
ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex
San	San	San	San	San	San	San	San
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
STATIONS				STATIONS			
3:20	6:45	Lv Monnet Stewart	Ar 9:15	5:20			
5:19	9:35	Lv O'Leary	Ar 8:05	3:35	4:30		
5:40	9:54	Ar Georgetown	Lv 6:54	2:00	2:45		
6:15	10:35		Lv 6:30	1:15	2:00		
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Trains Outward				Trains Inward			
Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up
Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly
ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex
San	San	San	San	San	San	San	San
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
STATIONS				STATIONS			
4:56	8:52	Lv Charlottetown	Ar 9:15	5:20			
5:17	9:20	Lv Port Hill	Ar 8:05	3:35	4:30		
6:10	10:50	Lv Alberton	Ar 7:16	2:28	3:13		
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Trains Outward				Trains Inward			
Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up	Read Down	Read Up
Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly	Dly
ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex	ex
San	San	San	San	San	San	San	San
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
STATIONS				STATIONS			
4:56	8:52	Lv Charlottetown	Ar 9:15	5:20			
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6:10	10:50	Lv Alberton	Ar 7:16	2:28	3:13		
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

6 15 10 35		Ar Georgetown		Lv 6 30 1 15 2	
P M A M				A M P M P	
Dly Sat				Sat Dly	
ex only				only ex	
Sat				Sat	