The Acceptable Time

Sinner in sorrow and shame bowed Hush your bitter, despairing cry.

Seek you a balm for your soul's deep Jesus of N. zareth passeth by.

You who are blind to the light of faith. "Lord, that I see!" be your earnest

Hear what the voice of the miltitude

Josus of Nazareth passeth by! You in the city's attractive marts, Seeking what silver and gold can't

You with the sensual, sin-scarred Thy glad de'eat should let no sullen Jesus of Nezareth passeth nigh.

You who recoil with a soul unclean Is only love, its tenor passing sweet

Ponder the tale of the Migdalene, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Sinners too haughty to bend the

God and religion why decry? What go the militudes out to see? Jesus of Nazareth passing by. Cometh He forth on tiumphal car, Robed like a monarch enthroned on high?

Weary and footsore, yet bailed afar, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. See in Ris countance love divine.

Mercy aglow in His kindly eye; List, He is begging your heart and Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Here is a solace for you and me, For all that sorrow and all that Cry to him: "Saviour, that I may,

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. -James S. Boyle.

The "Building Inspector"

BY T. A. DALY.

Is certain to assume the right To pose as chief inspector. He deems it quite the thing tha Should represent the laity, And watch the builder's work and

He dosen,t chest the rector.

Of course the whole thing, s badly He tells you, and you understand How good it is that he's at hand To check some greater llander,

The mortar's bad. He breaks a crumb Between his finger and his thumb, And shakes his head and murmurs,

Who sold 'em that, I wonder?" Tous after Mas: Sanday morn, With mingled pity, grief and scorn He gees about on his forlorn,

G im duty of inspection. Bat, no, not every Sanday though-That statemen's not exactly so-Some Sandays you take up, you

The building fund collection.

Strength

Coursge and Faith and Patience! Keynotes these To the full music of a perfect life.

Courage to bear and brave the wasting strife Of eartbliness, nor crave ingloriou

In a hard world of toil by lands and Faith in ourselves to win the wars we wege

'Gainst s If and sin, knowing no mind can guaga The peace that crowns all hard-won

ing white

hath graven Tais on the winding way that leads to Heaven,

A Pole star gleaming through the darkest night. Tue utmost heights would we achieve

at length, Courage and Faith and Patiencethese are strength. TERESA BRAYTON

A Sunburst

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN Q lick sunshine flies adown the golden valer;

Flash out resplendent, as the veiling

Yields to its touch, So he whom Heaven assails With its great might, crushed and defeated, trails

His broken standard on the dusty Like youder mist, his doubts and dull delays

O soul wherein the half-sough light bath found Such golden entrance, sing and rejoicel

All Stuffed Up That's the condition of many sufferers rom catarrh, especially in the morning.

Great difficulty is experienced in clear ng the head and throat. No wonder catarrh causes beadache. impairs the taste, smell and hearing. ollutes the breath, deranges the stom ch and affects the appetite. To cure catarrh, treatment must lonstitutional—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 Sarasparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mas. Hugh Rudolph, West Liscomb, N. S.

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

sound Into its splendor, Thy Great Vic-

tor's voice. And blush for sins of the reddes! Come closer, now, and kiss His wounded fee!!

SHORT STORY

The Proposal

(Continued from last week.)

There was sunshine in the shabby hall and sunshine all the way up the threadbare stairs. But Ellen did not bink that there was anything shabby or threrdbare about. She tripped up lightly, with a smile of content on her slightly flashed face. Mrs. O'Neil was on the second land-

"How's your head, Ellen?" she "Why, it's stopped!" Ellen answer ed. She was surprised to find that

he headache was gone. She opened the door of her room and stepped in. How pratty it was! In the window the purple violets made a great splash of vivid beauty. "If I won't marry him I can't have any more lovely bouquets like this -or theatre tickets, or an occasional

cafe supper!" she said aloud. She crossed the room and picked up the flowers in their vase. She When ground is broken on the site burried back to the hall and down For your new church some busy the stairs. "Won't you take these into Miss Wall's room, dear lady?" she called to Mrs. O'Nail. "She is ili today, I know, for she did not get

> Back in her room, she laid away her hat and gloves and set about pre. paring her simple dinner. How dear this room was! Just her own, with everything to make her comfortable! What a julty good chop! And she'd fry a potato and an onion, and make tea! She threw wide the window. Hellol that cheeky little sparrow! He'd fly in and pick the rumbs out of the wastepaper basket, if she didn't sprinkle some here for him! And the air was delicious! In drawer was a pink bow, and she

rolled up her sleeves and fied on a foolish little aprop. "Wnativer are ye singin' about?" Mrs. O'Naif demanded suspiciously, when she heard Ellen out in the ball at the hotiwater spigot. "Sure, ye're

pinned it perkily in her hair. She

as happy as a lark!" "Indeed I am!" laughed Ellen. 'Come and have a cup of tea with me! I have only one chop, but the tea is bally, and there's enough fried onion for both of ue! If you don't come up, you'll declare you were too onesome to eat and you won't have a bit of lanch!"

"Wait till I bring up the butter!" said Mrs. O'Neil.

She came puffing in, in a little while, "The lodgers throw more things around on Sunday than any other day, and they stay in bed longer!" she sighed. "It makes it hat hard for me!" What makes ye so happy, mayourneen?" she enquired, eying the girl's bright face.

"Oh, I feel so peaceful!" gurgled Ellan, "as though a great load were off my mind! This is a peaceful world, and God is good to everyone in it. I just know that life is going And best of those is Patience, shin- to be all right! My ship's coming in! So is yours! So is everybody's! On the bead-roll of virtues; God And we're all going to stay well and bappy! You are going to have all kinds of good luck-right away!

Two lumps?" "Ah, but yo're the sunsaine in a bousel" said Mrs. O'Neil. She wiped her misty eyes on her apron. "God bless ye, Ellen Conpor! Ye'll niver want for a roof over ye while I'm livin'l"

-Jerome Harte.

Tales of the Festivals.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

All Hail, Jesusl Mary, All Haill "How dall it will be to-morrow," said little Nina one evening, as she The orange maples in autumnal and Madeleine sat at supper with

is the only emulsion imi tated. The reason is plainit's the best. Insist upor having Scott's-it's the world's standard flesh and strength builder.

Mirie, while Father Pierre and the elders of the party chatted round the HER HEART and HERVES "And why should it be so dull to.

morrow?" asked Marie, in great sur_ "Ob, because I always think every

one looks so cold and hungry on Ash-Wednesday," answered Nina. "And then the great black paich on their foreheads makes them look so

Black patch on their foreheads! oried Marie; "What do you mean, Nine? Shall we have black patches on our forebeads tomorrow?"

"Yes, to be sure," persisted Nina: we go up to the altar, and the priest makes the sign of the cross on our foreheads with ashes. Where have you lived all your life, Marie, not to know that?"

Marie colored a little, but Madeline ame to her assistance. "And pray how should she know

anything about it, when she never was able to go to Church in all her has often told me so."

leine," said Marie, "Why will oript. Father Pierre put ashes on our foreheads tomorrow?" Madeleine besitated a moment, Neuralgia.

nd then she said, "In the first place," Marie, I believe it is to put us in mind that we all must die, because the priest always says while he signs that determines character, he cross on our forehead, 'Rememer, man, thou art but dust, and undust thou shalt return." "Well," said Marie,

ther eagerness. "In the second as we are sinners we ought to do penance for our sine; and we are naturally more willing to do this, when we reflect that every day may be the last of our lives and that we and she has succeeded." shall have to suffer in the next world for the sins which we have not aton- dissipatio: ?" ed for by our mortifications in this

"But why should ashes put us in mind of doing penance?" said Nins: Houston Post, 'I do not see what they have to do with one's sins, or to one's doing penance for them either."

answered Madeleine, "that in the God struck him with ulcers from head to foot. And also that when the prophet Jonas preached to the inhabitants of the city of Nineveb. they wore sackcloth, and covered

themselves with ashes, in token of their sorrow for their sins," "Certainly," said Marie, it seems the cautious father. very right that if we commit sin, we should do penance for it, because lo anything naughty."

"And we are all of us, both old

nd young, the little children of our to this good and tender Parent, who, Pills. Price a box 50c. n amends for our many ingratitudes wards Him, asks nothing more dismal of us than fasting some few morning." He smiled, and laid his ed bis speech. She grew scarlet in moment, but then, with a great effort of courage, she said, "Well but, Father Pierre, it must be very disagreeable to go without one's reakfast in the morning,-and people always look as if they thought o, too"-she added, growing bolder

as she detected another smile on the good father's face. 'Very likely candy?" Sare I do but I gotta buy they do," he answered, now laughing outright; "for a good breakfast a very good thing, and not at all be despised; but let me tall you omething, my little Nina, which I the disagreeable necessity of going praised by man. without your breakfast during the

lismal days of Lant " "Ob, do tell it to us, sir" said Madeleine; "For I confess I often think I shall not like fasting much better than Nins does, whenever I am old enough to be obliged to keep

> Father Pierre answered very gravely; "The sweet Jesus fasted for Settled On Her forty nights in the desert. He neither ate nor drank during all that time, lying on the bare ground, and having, as St. Loke tells us, brute beasts for His sole companions. When we fast, we try to imitate Jesus, and to become like to Him. And we must never forget that the more we resemble Him, the dearer we become to our Heavenly Father, who has declared by the boly Ghost himself, "This is My beloved Son, in

whom I am well pleased." Jesus and our heavenly Father, I should be very glad to begin to-morrow," whispered Marie.

"After Jesus had fasted forty days in the desert," continued Father Pierre. "Scripture tells us be was tempted by the devil; and this be permitted in order to show us how needful it is for us to mortify our bodies, if we wish firmly to resist our natural inclination to evil."

(To be continued next week.)

Were So Bad She Could Not Sleep.

To those who sleep in a kind of a way, out whose rest is broken into by fearfu dreams, nightmares, sinking and smother-ing sensations, who wake in the morning as tired as when they went to bed, we can ls. By taking them you can have ur old, peaceful, undisturbed, refresh-

only peaceth, indisturbed, refreshing sleep back again.

Mrs. Chas. Teel, Horncastle, Ont., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart and nerves were so bad I could not sleep, and the st noise or excitement would make feel so that I used to think I was going ild hardly stand. I took doctor's last I tried Milburn's Heart and Ne s, and I can certainly say they did a great amount of good. I can reand them to anyone who is suffer ng as I was."
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are Oc. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all-ealers, or mailed direct on receipt of rice by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Coronto, Ont.

" Has Owens ever paid back that life on Ash-Wednesday? for Minette \$10 you loaned him a year ago?" "Oh, yes; he borrowed twenty-"You will tell me all about it, five more from me last week and without laughing at me, dear Made- only took fifteen."-Boston Trans-

Minard's Liniment curs e

It is not the death, but the lil

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Oat writes :- "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used "Well," said ber friend, laughing did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it place, I think it is to warn us, that cured mother's arm in a few days Price 25 cents."

> "She married him to reform his "What was his favorite form

" He was a spendthrift." Why, he has nothing to spend." " Nope, she spent all he had."-

"Father Pierre told me yesterday," MINARD'S LINIMENT Co. LIMITED. GENTLEMEN-Last Winter I olden times ashes were always used roceived great benefit from the use as a sign of sorrow or of repentance. of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a And he says it is mentioned in the severe attack of Laggrippe and I Bible, that holy Job put ashes on his have frequently proved it to be very as a mark of suffering, when effective in cases of Inflammation.

Yours. W. A. HUTCHINSON.

" How do you expect to support my daughter on your salary? asked

"Hadn't though of that," replied the navy youth. I'm one of those even quite little children are purish- people who believe a woman should ed by their mothers whenever they be thoroughly independent "-Wash ington Star.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont Heavenly Father," said Father ays:-"It affords me much pleasure Pierre, who had been silently listen- o say that I experienced great relief ng to the children as they sat chat- from Muscular Rheumatism by using ing together. "Lit us be thankful two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic

Mamma-You naughty boy! What do you mean by saying Don't days of the year, and receiving ashes bother me now when I asked you on our foreheads on a cold spring how you got your clothes soiled? hand upon Nina's head, as he finish say when I ask you something you dou't know how to answer.

Minard's Liniment cures

dandruff.

bog, do you want to buy some soap."-Life.

Some are blamed by men who are commended by God and and some think would reconcile even you to are ecudemned by God who are

A Severe Cold

Lungs.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and medicine. Last winter my little girl just a year old, took a severe cold which settled on her lungs. I tried everything, and was almost in despair, when by chance I read of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and decided to try it. "Ab, if fasting makes us dearer to got two bottles, and as soon as I started to use it I could see it was taking effect. I gave her three bottles in all, and they impletely cured her."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a universal remedy for sufferers from all bronchial troubles. Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and Throat and Lung Troubles, ppear quickly after a few doses have

It will stop that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat which causes oughing and keeps you awake at night. our natural inclination to evil."

"And was our Blessed Saviour the first person who ever fasted, Father Pierre?"

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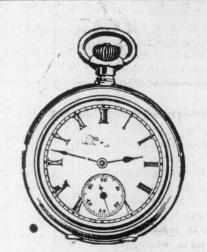
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