

## Emmanuel.

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling  
amongst us,  
Nothing of glory or majesty  
here;  
Only a faint ruby light lifts the  
shadow,  
Only the heart feels a Presence  
is near.

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling  
amongst us;  
But who can tell of the wounds  
Thou hast healed!  
Who of the peace Thou hast  
brought to the weary?  
Who of the hearts Thou hast  
entered and sealed?

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling  
amongst us—  
Thou whose kind hands for the  
famished hold meat  
Nigh draws the sinner for pardon  
and blessing,  
Virgins to nestle secure at Thy  
feet.

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling  
amongst us,  
Cold is the world where Thou  
ling'rest for me;  
Yet many hearts truly beat for  
Thee only.

Striving to live and be lowly  
like Thee.  
Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling  
amongst us,  
Lifting our hearts by Thy kind-  
ness and love,  
Breathing Thy sweet noble spirit  
upon us,  
Aiding our steps toward the  
kingdom above.

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling  
amongst us—  
Ah, what would life be if Thou  
ceased to stay!  
Tarry, Lord, tarry, the night is  
approaching—  
Crown of hereafter, but Need of  
today.

—Sentinel.

## Christ and the Children.

The twilight came to Judea  
At the close of a sultry day,  
And the laborers turned them  
homeward  
From the meadow and the hill-  
side gray.  
In the shade of the palm they  
lingered

By the side of a deep old well,  
And greeted their friends and  
neighbors  
As the peaceful twilight fell.  
Hither the patient camels  
From the dusty wayside came,  
And the gentle sheep from the  
pasture,  
Which the shepherds call by  
name

And the little children loitered,  
Tired with their merry play;  
And they drank the crystal water  
In the cool of the passing day.  
And there came the Master also,  
To rest Him a little space,  
And the children clustered round  
Him,

Drawn by the gentle face,  
And the tiny brown-haired  
maiden.  
And the little lads eager-eyed,  
Trusting leaned upon Him;  
And rested there by His side

And He lovingly clasped the wee  
ones,  
Feeling a kinship sweet,  
Master of earth and heaven—  
With the little ones at His feet,  
And he raised His eyes to the  
people

And said in his dear voice mild,  
"To enter the kingdom of heaven,  
You must be as a little child."  
The clear stars shone o'er the  
hillsides  
As the children homeward  
sped,  
And the master mused by the  
wellsides.

And the sheep to the fold were  
led,  
And the years that are passed are  
many,  
But the Master's heart is the  
same,  
And He blesses today the children  
Who whisper in love His  
name.

## A Mile From New Ross.

If ever there was an Irishman  
with out as much as two pence  
worth of superstition, or as they  
call it now-a-days, mysticism,  
about him, I would say that man  
was Peter Daly. He was a stout  
block of a man with side whiskers  
and always wore a dark tweed  
suit with a hard hat, and he  
never felt himself completely  
dressed without a pocket watch  
stick under his arm. Maybe it  
was because he was a King's

## All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers  
from catarrh, especially in the morning.  
Great difficulty is experienced in clear-  
ing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache,  
impairs the breath, deranges the stom-  
ach 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 dis-  
couraged 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." Mrs. Hous Ro-  
gers, West Lacombe, N. S.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strength-  
ens the mucous membrane and builds  
up the whole system.

county man, born and bred, he  
had such a stiff, hard way with  
him; some of the farmers down  
there can't see anything, or don't  
want to see anything beyond their  
fat sheep and cattle, at least  
that's what I've been told. I  
suppose there are good men and  
women everywhere, and sure  
Ireland wouldn't be in it at all  
today if all her children weren't  
putting their shoulders to the  
wheel for her. Well, be that as it  
may I started to tell you about  
what happened Peter Daly the  
time he went to bury his wife's  
mother up in the County Wexford.  
Now you needn't get any of your  
old jokes off on me, a man that's  
going to bury his wife's mother  
has no more right to be in a  
hilarious mood than if he was  
going to bury a friend of his own,  
and Peter Daly's mother-in-law  
was a decent, good woman, that  
minded her own business and never  
interfered between him and his  
wife. Of course, and I know you  
will not repeat me for saying it,  
Peter's misses was well able to  
take care of her own business  
and Peter's eye and Peter, him-  
self, too, for that matter. But,  
sure, there must be a head in  
every house, and for all Peter's  
stiff hat and independent ways,  
he was like putty in that little  
woman's hands. Of course, I'm  
only repeating things as they  
were told to me and the man  
might be another Napoleon for all  
I know about his family affairs.

I do know, though, that he was a  
hard, shrewd business man and  
the hardest customer to convince  
about the soundness of a beast I  
ever met.

Well, to go on with my story,  
Mrs. Ryan, Peter's mother-in-law,  
died about the middle of November  
and himself being in the city of  
Dublin at the time, selling some  
beasts, he started down to Wex-  
ford on the train about nine  
o'clock of a fine frosty night. Of  
course the man was tired and  
the consequence was, that he fell  
asleep and hearing what he  
thought was his own station  
called out when he wakened,  
jumped out of the train. It was a  
little by-station he found himself  
in and not a house or home at all  
in sight, and not one to direct him  
except the porter who told him to  
go and finish his sleep when he  
asked him to direct him to Clon-  
moy. Judging by the time and  
distance he knew that his destina-  
tion could be no more than about  
an hour's journey away. So off  
he started up the hill thinking  
the next one he would meet would  
put him right.

It was getting on in the night  
now and a misty little moon was  
shining in the sky, sort of low  
down and making things kind of  
shadowy like as if there was a  
veil over them.

About half a mile up the road  
he met a man driving a jennet's  
car and asked him the way to  
Clonmoy. "I'm a stranger myself,"  
the man told him. "But there is  
a village with a name sounding  
like that over the rise of the hill."

Peter went on with a light  
heart, but lo and behold ye when  
he came to the rise of the hill he  
knew the minute he set eyes on  
it that it was not where his  
mother-in-law had just left her  
soul-case behind, and then he  
knew he was lost entirely. Knock-  
ing at a cottage door where he  
saw a light burning in a window,  
Peter Daly asked for directions  
again, and let me tell you he was  
a bewildered man by that time!  
The woman of the house asked

him to come in and take a seat  
by the fire and a drop of the milk  
she was pouring out for her  
children's supper for 'tis the Irish  
have the warm ways with them  
even when they haven't fat sheep  
and cattle, thanks to God. Telling  
the vanities he was not tired or  
hungry only lost, Peter laid down  
a shilling on the table and asked  
her to show him the way to take.

Now when a gracier offers a  
shilling to any one you may be  
sure he wants the full value of it  
in return, and Peter Daly was in  
a bad fix entirely when he was  
ready to pay for his information.  
The woman told him to pocket  
his shilling and sent one of her  
gorgeous up the hill to point him  
out his road. "About five miles  
straight on," she said "and as it is  
down hill you will not be long  
going, so long as you don't want  
to hire a car." Peter gave the boy  
a few pence when he left him and  
started off with his kipeen under  
his arm feeling at last that he  
was on the right road for Clon-  
moy. He was always a good  
walker and after a while he be-  
gan to take a real pleasure in the  
road he was going. Men like  
Peter Daly often find great  
interest in things nobody else  
looks at twice, and things too you  
would never suspect them of  
noticing.

The ring of the frosty road  
under his feet, the smell of the  
dead leaves, and the croon of  
winds blowing in his face gave  
him enjoyment, somehow, and  
sent his mind racing back to days  
when he was a little boy and he  
used to gather sprigs of wood for  
his mother late at night, in the  
big demesne where trespassing  
was forbidden, and to snare a hare  
was a crime that led one to jail.

"There isn't a poor cottier around  
now but has a few acres of the  
old villain's land, bad luck to him,"  
said Peter fervently as he strode  
along, his spirits rising at every  
step, "and it is a good thing for  
Ireland their day is done."

With many a thought like this  
running through his mind and  
pipe in full blast Peter went over  
the miles like he was a young  
man again and just going to see  
his sweetheart up the road. His  
wife, at the time he met her was  
a shop-girl down in his own place,  
so it was mighty little he knew  
of Wexford. I may tell you, too,  
it was very little galling him he  
done anywhere which may account  
for his strange lightness of heart  
this night, tramping along a  
strange road, and no one to tell  
him to turn to left or right. It is  
one of the curious things in human  
nature that it is always your soul  
quiet-looking men that enjoy get-  
ting loose by themselves once in a  
while.

Be that as it may, however, it  
was not long before Peter Daly  
started to sing a little song to  
himself—though heaven and mys-  
self that once heard him, knew  
he was no singer—and of all  
songs he tried a stave of "The  
Boys of Wexford." He got along  
all right to the line "and if we  
failed to keep them 'twas drink  
that brought us down," when a  
voice said beside him. "That's a  
d-d lie." Peter jumped like a  
scared rabbit and turning around  
saw a man about his own age  
and build dressed in a long coat  
and carrying what seemed the  
handle of a rake on his shoulder.  
"Good-night sir," said Peter;  
being a well-drilled man in his  
own home he never forgot his  
manners.

"Good-night said the stranger  
without lifting his head or seem-  
ing to take any notice of Peter  
when he spoke.

## HAD A BAD COLD

WITH PROLONGED  
COUGHING.

TRIED NEARLY EVERYTHING  
FINALLY

DR. WOOD'S  
NORWAY PINE SYRUP  
CURED HIM.

Mr. Wallace H. Grange, Vancouver,  
B.C., writes: "During a cold spell here  
about the middle of last October (1913),  
I caught a cold which got worse despite  
all treatments I could obtain, until  
about November 22nd, a friend said,  
"Why not try Dr. Wood's Norway  
Pine Syrup?" Really, I had no faith in  
it at the time as I had tried nearly every  
other remedy I had heard of, to no avail,  
but I thought I would give this last  
remedy a trial. I purchased a 50 cent  
bottle, and in three days I was feeling  
a different man. My cold was so hard,  
and the coughing so prolonged, that  
sneezing occurred after a hard spell of  
coughing. I carried the bottle in my  
pocket, and every time I was seized with  
a coughing spell I would take a small dose.  
I can most heartily recommend Dr.  
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone  
with a severe cold, as its powers are most  
marvelous, and I never intend being  
without it at all times."

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see  
that you get what you ask for. It is  
put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine  
trees on the trade mark; the price 50c  
and \$1.00; manufactured only by The T.  
Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Poet,"—Some poetry is never  
out of season, as for instance:  
Though a man may have a rasp-  
ing voice  
That like a scythe will mow  
you,  
It's sweeter than sweet music  
when  
He says: Here's what I owe  
you."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO.  
LIMITED  
GENELEMEN—Last Winter  
I received great benefit from the  
use of MINARD'S LINIMENT  
in a severe attack of Lagrippe  
and I have frequently proved it  
to be very effective in case of In-  
flammation.

Yours,  
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

"The streets of New York are  
a blaze of glory—a veritable riot,"  
explained the American. "Why,  
there's one electric sign with  
100,000 lights in it."

"Doesn't that make it rather  
conspicuous, old top?" asked the  
British friend.—Harper's Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Cures  
Dandruff.

He—"Girls are queer creatures  
they marry the first fool who  
asks them, as a rule. I suppose  
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She—"Suppose you ask me  
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25 cents."

Bix—"You may depend upon it  
that your friends won't forget you  
as long as you have money."

Dix—"That's right; especially if  
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matism by using two boxes of  
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a box 50c."

New proprietor of public house  
(that levies a fine for every swear  
word)—Ere, Bill, that's a punny  
you owe to the person's swear  
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Bill—"I'd better do what I done  
before—put a half crown in and  
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War News  
Affected Her.

Many people who have been reading  
the terrible war news from day to day,  
especially those who have relatives at  
the seat of war, have become so nervous  
that it is impossible for them to sleep.  
The nerves have become unstrung and  
the heart perhaps affected.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will  
build up the unstrung nervous system  
and strengthen the weak heart.

Men's Suits and  
Overcoats  
AT A BARGAIN

A recent purchase of a lot of Men's Suits and Over-  
coats as part of a Bankrupt Stock has enabled me to put  
these Goods on the market away below regular retail price.

**Men's Suits**  
Style single breast Sack—in assorted Tweeds—  
Medium Brown—Dark Brown and Grey—sizes 34, 36, 38,  
39, 40, 42, 44 Sold regularly at 15 and 16 dollars—our  
price \$10.00 and \$10.50.

**Men's Overcoats**  
In Brown and Grey Tweeds—sizes 37, 38, 39, 40.  
Regular 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00.

**Also**  
Men's Blk Beaver Coats with Persian Lamb Collars,  
\$15. for \$12.—and a lot of boys' and youths' overcoats and  
suits at reduced prices.

**Men's Underwear**  
10 dozen Suits Men's all wool Underwear double back  
and front and unshrinkable, worth \$2.50 per suit. Price  
now \$1.75.

**Men's Waterproof Coats**  
The good kind that will keep you dry in a regular  
downpour—Regular price \$9.85 and \$10.50, but selling now  
at \$7.00 and \$7.50.

**Men's Duck Coats**  
Sheep lined and cloth lined at special prices.

**Men's Oilskin Coats**  
Some good ones just received from England—double  
to the waist and buttons reinforced with leather \$3.50.

**Sweaters**  
We are well stocked in Men's and Ladies' Sweaters  
You will save money by buying from—"My Store."

**L. J. REDDIN**  
117 Queen Street.

**FLEICHMAN'S**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

**Yeast Cakes!**

LET US MAKE  
Your New Suit

When it comes to the question of buying  
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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 qual-  
ity of the goods carried in stock, and nothing  
but the very best in trimmings of every kind  
is allowed 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 all  
good dressers.

If you have had trouble getting clothes  
to suit you, give us a trial. We will please  
you.

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