

The Land of Beginning Again.

I wish that there were some wonderful place - Called the Land of Beginning Again. Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches And all of our poor, selfish grief Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door, And never put on again. I wish we could come on it all unaware, Like the hunter who finds a lost trail, And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done The greatest injustice of all Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits For the comrades he's gladdest to hail. We should find all the things we intended to do But forgot and remembered - too late, Little praises unspoken, little promises broken, And all of the thousand and one Little duties neglected that might have perfected The day for one less fortunate. It wouldn't be possible not to be kind In the Land of Beginning Again; And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged Their moments of victory here Would find in the grasp of our loving hand-clasp More than penitent lips could explain. For what had been hardest we'd know had been best, And what had seemed lost would be gain. For there isn't a thing that will not take wing When we've faced it and laugh it away And I think that the laughter is most what we're after In the Land of Beginning Again! So I wish that there were some wonderful place Called the Land of Beginning Again, Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches And all of our poor selfish grief Could be dropped like a shabby old coat, at the door, And never put on again.

An Easter Offering.

(BY LINDA DE K. FULTON.)

It was April there had been a shower, and the raindrops on the lawn glistened in the bright sunshine. Miss Levison gazed out of the open window and noticed two boys playing on a bench under a wide-spreading oak tree. An old man enjoying the beautiful spring day, overhead in the azure sky the snowy cloud piles looked like mountains, and she thought how all Nature rejoiced in the coming of spring, and with the resurrection of the flowers, the sweet hope for suffering humanity of the resurrection of Christ, after the long, sorrowful weeks of Lenten abstinence. Then, too, she rejoiced that all this beauty of sky and budding trees, of sunrise and sunset, the sea with its sparkling waves, its murmuring tides, the grand voices of the winds, the flowers, belonging to all, and the thought how transitory was life and property, and she realized that she was only the temporary owner of her home and its beautiful surroundings, which in the course of Nature she must surely leave behind when her summons came to join "The immutable caravan that moves To that mysterious realm where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death." Yes, she realized that no one has more than a life lease of property, and she resolved to, above all, to do her duty toward the two orphan children, whose fate had consigned to her charge and to try and bring them up as true children of the Church. This, however, she knew would be no easy task as both were high-spirited, and owing to the ill-health of their parents had been a little too much indulged by their grandparents. On this spring morning when we find Miss Levison day-dreaming at the window, the breakfast

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula - as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces in the neck, disfigures the skin, 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.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

The postman had just gone and their aunt had been looking over her mail, while the children chafed each other good-naturedly as they ate their grape fruit out of silver bowls.

Presently Miss Levison looked up and said: "Your Uncle John is coming from Denver to spend the Easter holidays, and we are all to meet and have dinner at the old farmhouse on the river. Your grandparents will be very glad to see you, and we will all attend Mass together on Easter morning at the little church in the village."

"And we will go in the automobile?" asked Dick.

"Yes," said his aunt, "it is only thirty miles. And now, children," she went on, "I have another pleasant surprise for you. Uncle John has sent you ten dollars. It can be divided. Now, what will you do with it?"

Dick's face brightened, and he exclaimed, "Hurrah! It is just enough with what I have saved, to buy a new wheel. Dorothy don't need anything!"

"Oh, Dick!" cried his little sister. "How selfish, when you know I want a kodak!"

He went to the door, opened it, then a bang resounded through the house. A moment later he thrust his head through an open window and shouted, "Get the kodak, but don't ask me to develop any pictures, 'cause I won't!" Then he was gone.

Dorothy burst into tears and buried her curly head on the table.

The tempest had come so quickly that Miss Levison had scarcely comprehended its meaning, and now she said in a tone that permitted no denial:

"Dorothy, go to your room and remain there until you are in a better humor."

Dick came in at luncheon time. He was silent and a little dejected, and Dorothy was depressed eating very little. Nothing was said about the ten dollars, but a cloud hung over them and it was evident that Uncle John's generous gift was not going to be a source of happiness for these two favorites of fortune, and for a moment Miss Levison was somewhat dismayed;

but she felt sure that at heart the children were not selfish, only they were suffering from having too much, and from not having been taught self-denial. Too much luxury had already begun its disastrous work, as it is sure to do, and is one reason why in so many cases the children of the rich don't succeed in life as well as the children of those who have to struggle for existence. So, after careful thought, and a fervent prayer for guidance, she decided to teach them a lesson from real life, and when the almost silent meal was over she said: "I would like you both to go out with me this afternoon."

The invitation was eagerly accepted, for they always enjoyed an outing with Aunt Mary, and soon they were trudging along one on each side of her.

"Where are we going?" asked Dorothy.

"First to the Church to say the stations," said Miss Levison. They entered the sacred edifice, and at once she found peace as

she knelt before the altar, and she felt assured that these young souls given to her guidance were under Divine protection.

Coming out of the Church into the sunlight she stopped at a florist's and bought some lillies, and later purchased oranges and other dainties.

"Who are they for?" asked Dorothy.

"Wait and see," said her Aunt, smilingly.

It seemed as if they had come to another part of the world when, after a long ride in the elevator (I forgot to say they lived in Brooklyn), they came to a narrow, dingy street on the east side and stopped before an old brick house way down near the Battery.

It was now a tenement house, and under its roof dwelt many families, some living in only one room. As they mounted the worn and carpetless stairs, sunken in places by the ceaseless march of the city's poor, hopeless derelicts they met on every landing loud-talking slovenly women and scantily-clad babies crawled almost under their feet.

All the women seemed to know and like Miss Levison. They smiled at her, and one of them said:

"Good day, ma'am. May God bless you! And is it the poor lamb up-stairs beyond you are going to see?"

Miss Levison nodded.

"Ah me! 'tis easy to see that she is wearin' awa to the land o' the leal," said a brawny, red-haired Scotch woman, who had a baby in her arms, while a little two-year-old, with a similar red head tugged at her gown.

Dainty Dorothy's nose curled high; she clung to her aunt and whispered: "I don't like here a bit. It smells bad, and the stairs are dirty; they will soil my new white shoes. See those little girls, their hands are quite disgusting. How can these people live in such a place—how can they stand it?"

"They have to stand it, dear; not many little girls have such a home as you have."

The child was silent and thoughtful, and Dick also had his eyes open to the different conditions, and he noticed with much interest a crippled boy, about his own age, a fine sturdy lad, with bright blue eyes, who was looking at him from an open door with such a wistful, appealing look that Dick had a queer desire to know him, to some way help him; so he too, began to think and wonder.

At last they found themselves on the fifth floor, after a long climb. Miss Levison paused, they knocked at a door on which a card informed the public that Mrs. Brown, who lived within, did plain sewing and mending.

A neat-looking woman opened the door and, on seeing her visitor, smiled and said: "Come in, miss and the children, too. You're as welcome as the flowers in May and it's very grateful I am that you come so often to see my little girl. She is just after asking for you. She said but now: 'Mother, is my dear lady comin' today?'"

"How is she?" inquired Miss Levison.

"No better in body, miss, but the spirit is powerful. 'tis just soaring to the skies. She told me when she woke that the Blessed Virgin had called her in her dreams and when I hear her tell of that heavenly place she's a-goin' to I can't wish to keep her here; and Father Paul, who was here yesterday, says that the child is pure as an angel. But come in and be seated; you must be tired after the stairs, miss. I'll go and tell her. I know she will want to see the children."

They entered a long, low room, the ceilings slanted a little at the sides; the wide-latticed windows which faced southward had broad window seats, and the sun streamed in, making it bright and cheery. A blue and white rag carpet covered one-half of the floor, and a well-polished kitchen stove, under which was a bright red oilcloth, furnished sufficient warmth. Everything was tidy and clean, the shelves on the wall were painted white and held shining tins and some blue china which reflected the sunlight, and in one of the blue-cushioned window seats a large tortoise-shell cat lay curled up asleep.

(Concluded next week)

All kinds of Job Printing done at the Herald Office

Had Severe Cold ON HER LUNGS.

RAISED PHEGEM AND BLOOD.

Never neglect what at first seems to be but a slight cold. You think perhaps you are strong enough to fight it off, but colds are not so easily fought off in this northern climate, and if they are not attended to at once will sooner or later develop into some serious lung trouble such as bronchitis, pneumonia, and perhaps that dreadful disease, consumption.

Miss Kaye McDonald, Sydney Mines, N.S., writes: "Last winter I contracted a severe cold, and it settled on my lungs. I would cough and raise phlegm and blood. I had the cough for a month, and had medicine from the doctor, but it did not seem to do me any good. I really thought I had consumption.

My friends advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Fine Syrup, which I did, and it gave me great relief. I am very glad I used 'Dr. Wood's,' and would recommend it to every one.

You can procure Dr. Wood's Norway Fine Syrup from any druggist or dealer, but be sure and get "Dr. Wood's," when you ask for it as there are a number of imitations on the market, which some dealers may try to palm off on you as the genuine.

See that it is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by THE T. MINARD CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

The mistress of the house always goes straight to the point, says a writer in "Punch." "Why did you leave your last place?" she bluntly asked the applicant for housemaid's place.

"I couldn't stand the way mistress and master used to quarrel, mum."

"Dear me, did they quarrel very often?"

"Yes, mum. When it wasn't me an' 'im, 'twas me an' 'er."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited Gentlemen, - had my leg badly hurt, the pain was very severe and a large swelling came above the knee. I expected it would be serious—I rubbed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, which stopped the pain and reduced the swelling very quickly. I cannot speak too highly of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

AMOS T. SMITH, Port Hood Island.

"He's the most conceited man I ever met."

"Why?"

"He's even sorry for his own son, because he says the boy hasn't a chance to be a better man than he is."

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 50c. a box.

A Scotch schoolboy was asked for the definition of a skeleton. He replied, "it's a man w' his inside out and his outside af'!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

"What's your opinion about votes for women?"

"It's a great proposition," replied Mr. Meekton. "It has smashed all the arguments Henrietta used to give me about the precious hours I spent talking politics."

Mary Ovington, Jasper On 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."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

"The man I marry must have common sense," she said haughtily. "He won't," replied he bitterly.

Boots and Shoes At Reasonable Prices



About a year ago feeling the advance coming in all lines of Footwear, we bought large quantities of all our staple lines. TODAY We can give you shoes at about the same prices as a year ago. TRY US. ALLEY & CO. Agents for Amherst, Invictus and Queen Quality.

HICKEY'S TWIST DOES NOT CRUMBLE

Or fill the teeth. It is the one Chewing Tobacco that fully satisfies the demands of the man who wants THE BEST. It is

Always Fresh, Moist and Absolutely Clean

Made in a sanitary factory from the choicest of fully developed leaves. HICKEY'S is the chew with the fine, wine flavor. A big fig for a small price.

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 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. Charlottetown Agents for P. E. Island.

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Brooches in staple and new patterns, Bracelets in extension and clasp, Watch wristlets in gold and with leather strap, Cuff links in both plain and engraved Collar studs with short and long posts, Chains with and without Pendants and Locketts, Gents chains in a variety of styles, also fobs, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Clocks and Watches, Eyeglasses, Spectacles. In our work Dept. we clean and repair Watches

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142 Richmond Street.

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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 quality of the goods carried in stock, and nothing but the very best in trimmings of every kind 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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