

It's Nothing to Me.

"It's nothing to me," the beauty said. With a careless toss of her pretty head. "The man is weak who can't refrain From the cup they say is fraught with pain."

About Ben Adhem.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw, within the moonlight in his room,

The Sixteenth Pearl.

Isn't it strange, auntie, that we never hear from him—never a word," Frances asked wistfully. "It is strange," replied Mrs. Naughton thoughtfully.

All Stuffed Up

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

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, small and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. "I was ill for four months with catarrh of the head and throat. Head a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged 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. Hova R. Colver, West Lincoln, N. S.

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

All our prayers are not to go unanswered. I am convinced of that. So let's go on hoping and praying, my dear."

Frances brightened. "And maybe—who knows?"—he may be at home this Christmas she said, smiling.

The Naughtons had formerly lived in Denver, where twenty-one years before Mrs. Naughton's only brother just bereaved of his wife, had left his motherless little girl in the care of his sister and had gone West, ostensibly in search of fresh opportunities, but really in search of forgetfulness.

Unable to rise above the blow of his wife's death, he had fallen among convivial companions of other and less happy years, to his consequent detriment and the grief of his sister. A year later he had returned with extravagant gifts for Frances, for Mr. and Mrs. Naughton and their small son, and with equal extravagant praises of the gold fields whence he had decided to seek his fortune.

He remained but a week or so, leaving Mrs. Naughton not much happier for his visit. Shortly afterward Mr. Naughton was transferred to Pittsburgh and the family left the West, taking little Frances with them who grew up cherished as their own. But her father never came to see her, though he used to write at infrequent intervals. The last time she had seen him he had given her a small pearl of undoubted value, sending her one like it regularly for the next six years.

When the pearls ceased coming, a wealthy cousin of Mrs. Naughton's conceived the idea of completing the string of pearls for Frances and every year on the girl's birthday added one to the collection, until there were fifteen, perfectly matched and of a rarely beautiful color. Then the generous cousin died, leaving the string uncompleted.

"I guess you'll have to sell those pearls, Frances," her cousin George remarked lazily on day. "Indeed, I shan't!" retorted Frances indignantly. "Why?"

"What good are they?" he scoffed. "A lot of little white buttons in a drawer! Girls are funny!"

"Little white buttons? I want you to know, George Naughton I have fifteen perfectly lovely, round pearls, and they're worth— I can't tell you how much they're worth!" The girl eyed her cousin in angry disdain.

"Humph! No, I don't suppose you can," he answered, dryly. "But where's the sixteenth one coming from? That's what I'd like to know."

"Oh, I'm not worrying," said Frances loftily. "Maybe uncle will buy me one some day, or auntie, or—"

tone, santuring off with his hands in his pockets.

"What's he talking about?" asked Tom, mystified. "I haven't the slightest idea," answered Frances, glaring after her cousin. "Let's change the subject." And the new subject, whatever it was, proved so engrossing that the call to Sunday evening supper found them still with plenty to say.

It was plain to the most casual observer that Dalton's admiration for his friend's cousin was deepening into something stronger, and in the course of time it became evident, too, that as she was concerned, Tom might add to the pearls any day. Matter stood thus when Tom was sent West on a business trip expecting to be gone a month. But various annoying delays occurred, and on a cold blustery night, three weeks before Christmas, he found himself in Denver still uncertain as to the date of his return. It was too bad, he thought gloomily for the hundredth time, as he sought to dispel his increasing loneliness by watching the gay crowds on the streets.

He drifted idly along, thinking of Frances and wondering just what he would select for her Christmas present. "I believe I'll buy something here," he thought with a sudden happy inspiration. "It will help to pass the time. I did intend to wait till I got home, but—"

A jeweller's window took his eye and he stopped. In the midst of the brilliant array of jewels there was a handful of loose pearls in a velvet basket against the dusty background of which they glowed with their own peculiar soft and alluring luster. Tom's eyes brightened.

"Jove! There's the idea!" he exclaimed. "A pearl for Frances! I wonder I did not think of that before." For in common with all the intimate friends of the family he had often been called upon to admire her little hoard of pearls. In a moment a salesman's hand had withdrawn the basket from the window, and the would-be purchaser was poring over them, seeking to measure with his eye the size he wished to select. As he held up first one lustrous globe and then another, and listened to the eager salesman as he exploited their perfections, a lurking figure outside the window watched the performance with greedy eye and devouring curiosity.

The purchase made, Tom returned to the gay street feeling a little less lonely. For the pearl, reposing chastely in a handsome case in his coat pocket, brought Frances strangely near him. A warm feeling stole around his heart as he allowed himself to dwell on the incidents of the presentation. And thus happily meditating he made his way towards his hotel, unconscious of a tall figure with a muffled face following furtively in his rear. As he reached a dark alley in the shadow of a large building, he suddenly became aware of labored breathing just behind, but before he could turn, with a nameless fear in his heart, he was felled to the ground by a heavy blow. As his assailant stooped over the prostrate body, seeking the jewel which he had seen his victim purchase, a big car whistled quickly out the alley and struck him with a violence which threw his body over against the curb. Victim and assailant both woke in a hospital some hours later.

Tom was not seriously injured, though he had a broken leg and a battered head. The blow from his assailant had thrown him to the side and thus out of the way of the car. The would-be robber, however, had received a mortal injury and was suffering intensely. When he awoke in the hospital the first face he saw was that of a Sister, who was assisting the doctor to arrange his bandages. He looked at her wistfully and then turned his eyes with a groan. "I'm not fit to look at such as she," he thought remorsefully, before oblivion closed over him again. The next time he awoke there was a priest at his bedside. He still felt dazed, but he struggled back to consciousness.

"Father?" he said weakly. "Yes," said the priest, with an encouraging hand on his. "You are better. Don't you think you could tell me your name?"

A wan smile lit up the sufferer's face for a moment. "Ah, my name doesn't matter, Father," he said. "I'm nobody—just a wanderer—no home—no friends

A COLD Settled On Her Lungs Causing Great Pain.

THE CURE WAS DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

Miss D. M. Pickering, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "Having derived great benefit from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I thought I would write and tell you of my experience. When I first came out from England I contracted a severe cold, owing to the change of climate. It settled on my lungs, and caused me a great deal of pain. I tried every remedy I could think of, but got no relief. My father, who had heard a great deal about the good qualities of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, advised me to try it. I did so, and I am pleased to say, found immediate relief. I only took one bottle and it cured me completely. My mother had a severe cold also, and Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cured her, so we never fail to keep a bottle of it in the house."

See that none of those so-called "pine syrups" are handed out to you when you go to your druggist or dealer and ask for "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25c and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Oh!" a spasm of pain contracted his pinched features. "Oh, it's been a long lonesome road! I'm thinking maybe"—and he looked up at the priest wistfully, fearfully—"that this is the end."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen—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 inflammation.

An elderly gentleman was observed acting rather nervously in a department store and the floorwalker approached him. "Anything I can do for you, sir?"

"I have lost my wife," "Ah, yes, mourning goods two fights up," promptly responded the floorwalker.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford says:—"It affords no 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."

"So you think a college education is a good thing for a boy?" "Yes, I think it a pretty good thing. Fits him for something in life. If he can't catch on with a baseball team, he can often land a job as a professor."

MARY O'VINGTON, 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."

"Mamma," said small Edmund. "I'm very sorry I ate the cake after you told me not to." "So, your conscience is troubling you, is it?" asked the mother. "I don't know," answered Edmund. "I thought it was my stomach."

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

Sudden fright or emotion may cause a momentary arrest of the heart's action, or some excitement or apprehension may set up a rapid action of the heart thereby causing palpitation.

Palpitation, again, is often the result of digestive disorders arising from the stomach, or may be the result of over indulgence of tobacco or alcoholic drinks. The only way to regulate this erratic heart trouble is to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MUST-SELL-SALE!

AT L. J. REDDIN'S

Ladies' Cloth Coats About 40 in all to be cleared at 25 to 33 1-3 per cent. discount.

Furs A lot of sample Neck-Furs, half price. 1 only Rat Coat, \$55 for \$44. Fur Sets in Fox, Wolf, Sable, Coon, Persian Lamb, Opossum, etc.

Also Separate Muffs in above Furs Men's Coon Coats, \$60 for \$50. " " " \$85 " \$70.

Overalls. A special line of Overalls at 90c. and \$1.00.

Dress Goods. All lines of Dress Goods selling at cut rates.

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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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Watches for the MEN and boys; also some very fine and close timekeeping ones among them. Solid Gold and Rollplate Pendants, Necklets, Bracelets, Fobs, Cuff Links, Studs, Brooches, fancy and useful Clocks.

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At the Front Are Asking For Hickey's Black Twist CHEWING TOBACCO

BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST Hickey & Nicholson Tobacco Co., Ltd. PHONE 345

NEW SERIES Synopsis of Canadian West Land Regulation

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in the Northwest Territories or Alberta. The land must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy is made at any agency, on conditions by father, mother, daughter, brother or sister of the homesteader.

Dates—Six months residence and cultivation of the land in three years. A homesteader's name must appear in person at a farm of at least 80 acres and occupied by him or by his mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader's good standing may pre-empt a section alongside his homestead. \$3.00 per acre. Dates—Must reside upon the land or pre-empt six months each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time as a homesteader) and cultivate acre as usual.

A homesteader who has cultivated his homestead right and cannot pre-empt may enter for a post-homestead in certain districts. \$1.00 per acre. Dates—Must reside upon the land for six months in each of three years, cultivate six acres and erect a worth \$500.00. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

McLean & McKinnon Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law Charlottetown, P. E. Island

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Boilers and all other kitchen cost of less than 20c per m. Tinwares, Copper, Brass, Al.

Easy to use, require no pan, kettle or boiler just when few things are more convenient, a little leak in often spoil a whole morning.

The housewife has something with which she commend such leaks quickly, never found it. What has been needed that will repair the article same time be always at hand.

A package of "VOL-PEEK" air sized holes. "VOL-PEEK" is in the off a small piece enough to mend over the hole in a minutes, then the article is sent Post Paid to any Silver or Stamps

R. F. Mad Charl Agents for Mathieson, MacDona & Stewart, Newson's Block, Charlottetown Barristers, Solicitors, e McDonald Bros. Building, Georgetown July 26th 1912.—tf