

Within the gloomy trenches Where hideous noises stun, And death's dark rainfall drenches - The gunner and the gun-Behold, there stands an altar To Mary and her Son.

How strange to bring her thither The Virgin full of Grace, Where battle-tempest wither The bravest of the race-But is she not their mother.

And is not this her place ? These lads from hillsides healthy

These men from wood and wold From bench and shop and smithy From farm and field and fold Their hearts lay hold on Jesus And Mary as of old.

And prayers they used to prattle In boyhood, have become A prelude to the battle More potent than the drum, And, oh the soul repeats them

E'en when the lips are dumb. And lest their spirits falter, And lest they fall as men, -

They raise her here an altar Within their darksome den, While waiting war's wild fury To burst on them again.

In death's last grip of pain, Our Lady of the Trenches,

Nor let their heart's devotion To thee be all in vain. -DENIS A. McCARTHY.

zine.

-(Concluded.)

"If we stayed in Tokyo, we old man, worn splendid between should, I fancy, have drifted the stones of sacrifice. I told apart in the gradual way of peo- him of my wife's need of him. ple who have no common super- I will come with you,' he said! natural bond. We were heading "We went back on the moun-

way! My bloosoms are yours, "I'm growing, I'm really grow Dan. A. McNeill ing !" it whispered to itself. "It's just as much as they are mine! J. Leslie Poole Don't you see-if it had not been Joseph Carmichael Peake's Sta., R.R. 2

that way, becoming very excell- tain road, coming with the ent friends, when I felt that my shadow of the temple of the work called me to Kasuki. Do Thousand Gods just as evening you know Kasuki, the little fell on the land. It was dusk mountain village of the Thous- when we entered my house. No and Gods? It is, they say, the servant was visible. There was most beautiful place in the world. no sound. We crossed the floor I thought it was when we went to the curtains, beyond which there. Never had I been so I knew that Frances waited. contented with life as I was on "The priest stood behind me as the day when we entered our I lifted them. Frances was lyown house in the shadow of the ing on the rug, silent as if she great temple. had swooned. I crossed to her,

"Do you believe that there are bending down to awaked her, haunting influences that leave eager to tell her that I had their spell on a house ? I have brought to her the one thing she come to believe that. There was had asked me. Something-I something, I know under the know not what-seemed to stop roof of that house, that entered the beating of my heart as I into our souls when we took up looked down upon her. Then I our abode. For my own part, touched her hand, and knew the

I felt it in a quickened inspirtruth. My wife was dead." ation to work that set me pro He was silent a long, long It could not stand up straight ducing such pictures as I had time, looking out beyond the

never believed myselt capable of stars of the Pacific. When he making. So engrossed was I in spoke again it was in the voice my own emotions, my own inof a man who has come through tensity of being Japanese-for I suffering into strength. "I suphad come to the place where I pose," he said, "that you have believed that I was one of the ever believed the story of the people among whom I lived-Angel and the Flaming Sword ?

that I paid little heed to Frances It is, nevertheless, true. God "Only the sight of a missends that angel to everyone o sionary on the road one day us who has denied Him. I, myreminded me that she no longer self, say Him that day at Kasuki. went to - church. "There is no For my sin was the unforgivable church here,' she told me when I I had led astray the soul of one spoke of it, for I knew what her of God's children. I do not bereligion had been to her. ' 'You'l ieve that I have kept her from have to come to the temple with God forever. That old man me,' I told her, half banteringly, who helped me bury her, told me for, to tell the truth, I wanted no that she will surely find her way influence as alien as hers within back to Him, who loved her. I those precincts with me. Oh, I am hoping that the hell I have tell you," Hoyt broke out with suffered in my knowledge of my throbbing intensity "I was obsin has explated her purgatory. sessed, possessed, in those days And I am going to do what I can "We lived in Kasuki three

to undo the wrong my life has years before Frances entered the temple. I had been going there "But what can you do ?" I whenever the mood came over skad me, and the mood came often

"Little, but I shall do that. She seemed to be fighting off some power that was drawing her to the mountain. I never back to my native land to study tried to influence her. for I bedeeper into the faith that I took lieved that she had absolutely away from my wife. If I am the same right to worship her worthy, perhaps some day I may God that I had to find comfort go back there'-he threw his in contemplation of the panthearm to the westward and, as the ism of the creed of the Thousand moon rose out of the sea, a shaft Gods. But I think she knew of golden radiance - lighted his that I felt that a growing barsombre face—"to teach mep that rier had been thrown down by there are not a thousand gods, her coming to the temple.

but one God. It is the only "I do not know if her illness way," Hoyt said, "that I can began in that time. I did not ake Him back to her." notice it for some time afterward.

SCOTT'S

When I did, it was too late to save her. Day after day I watched her fade. Day after day I strove to hold her, I day I strove to hold her. I I went to Tokyo, bringing back EMULSION

And the very next morning it for your kindness I should have Col. G. Crockett been quite discouraged. I should said earnestly, "1 can't stay down here any longer. I feel as though have dragged in the grass, and Λ . P. Ings been run over, and never would Jos. L. Cameron there was, work for me to do, up have had a single bloosom, not C. B. Clay there, somewhere !" one ! Don't you see that they're John Howlett, Up. up. into the warm subour bloosoms ?" shine it pushed its way! The

such fun !"

PAVAS

rasped.

Plant

quizzically.~

it stampered.

"Well, that is a comfort," exblack overcoat dropped off, and laimed the Old Birch Post, and here were two beautiful green its voice sounded crisp and heerful again. " 'Our bloosoms "Whyee! I'm not a seed any Well, well, well I", And just onger-I'm a plant! Now look-tomorrow morning we shall nust grow !". have seven ! Well, well, well !" So the little New Plant grew So the Old Birch Post and the and grew. Another leaf came Little New Plant that by its hen another, and another, and help had grown to be a graceful nother! And the stem became Morning Glory kept their part of very long and slender. It swaythe garden lovely all summer ed in the sunshine. One evening a merry

ame along, and stopped to play SENSIBLE MERCHANT a while. It played so hard that

the Little New Plant grew dizzy Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt re-The merry breeze flitted away lief from monthly pains, and with not so much as an "I'm eave no bad after effects what orry." Probably it did not no ver. Be sure you get Milburn's ice at all. Ob, how queer the Price 25 and 50 cts. little New Plant felt! "What

shall I do, what shall I do ?" i She-What is the trouble between Millie and Arthur ? Have "Here," said the dry, crisp they had a new quarrel? leasant voice. "lean on me." He-No; the patch came off It was the Old Birch Post !

their old one. "Oh, thank you !" whispered he Little Plant. And it leaned

hard, and soon was fast asleep Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. In the mooning it was a whole Gentlemen,-Last winter I reuch taller, and had walked in eived great benefit from the use its sleep twice around the Post of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I It felt so safe and comfortable. "Do you mind, Mr. - Post, if I liave_frequently proved it to be keep right on leaning ?" it asked very effective in eases of Inflamtimidly. It did seem much to natio

sk of a neighbor. "Not a bit, not a bit !" quickly W. A. HUTCHESON

nswered the Post. "Lean as ong, and as hard, as you like, Rhymer (with a sigh)-Yes:

and climb high f" ny poem has been returned by Oh, thank you !" said the Little Friend-Why don't you send it

So it leaned, and clung and to the Wayuppe Magazine ? They climbed, till one day it reached print some awfully poor stuff. was baptized before I came the top, and said "Good-morning"

away," he said, "I am coming to the Grapevine. MINARDS LINIMENT CURES "Good-morning, but who an DISTEMPER you," asked the old Grapevine

> SHARP PAINS "_I'm a Little New Plant, SHOT "But what is your particular ame ?" persisted the Grapevine THROUGH HEART. "I-"I don't know," murmured

ne Plant. Thousands of people go about their daily work on the verge of death and "Well, well, cheer up !" said th vet don't know it. Grapevine. "So long as you are Every once in a while a pain will shoot through the heart, but little at-tention is paid to it at the time, and it is only when a violent shock comes that the weakness of the heart is apparent. happy it doeen't matter who yo "Still, I would like to know," hought the Plant. There is only one cure for the weak heart and that is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, But about that time it came

to be interested in some little Mr. H. A. Young, 83 Hayter St., things that were growing out be-side its leaven that it formatter for a short through my heart,

Hazelbrook 1 (4 yrs. old mounting you may desire. Berk Pownal; Lot 49 1 (1 year old Ellis River 1 (3 yrs. old) Bridgetown, Shrop. lambs, 10 rams and 7 ewes Annandale 7 rams A.A.Farquharson, 259 Queen St., Ch'town, for Island Stock Breeding Company. Shrops-1 mature and 4 ram lambs Cheviots-1 mature and 2 ram lamb

1 (2 yrs. old

1 (5 mos. old)

1 (1 year old)

1 (2 year old)

Leicesters-1 ram lamb . DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

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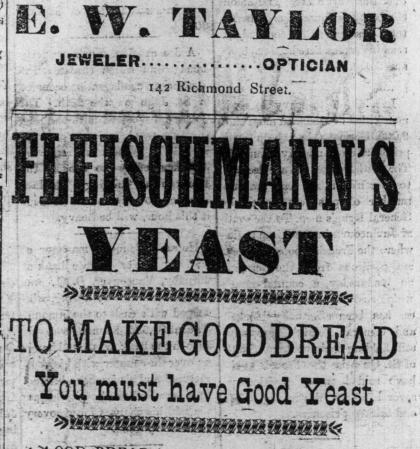
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