

Stella Niagara.

[Stella Niagara is a Novitiate and Boarding School conducted by the Franciscan Sisters, and situated on the eastern bank of the Niagara River, some three leagues below the great cataract. It is a veritable paradise, and has been consecrated by the footprints of our early Franciscan and Jesuit Missionaries. Its beauties are worthy of its saintly memories. There flowers of fairy forms grow in abundance; there fountains leap in the sunshine, and rain-bows grow in the garden.]

After the rush of the rapids above, After the plunge of the waters below, After the fury and roar of the flood, The river is calm in its flow. After the boiling, the surge and the foam, After the wandering mists and the spray, After the eddies and treacherous rocks, The water is clear as the day. Thus it returns to the lake or the sea, Which was the place of its vaporous birth; Thence will it rise as a cloud to the skies, To scatter its blessings on earth.

After the bustle and feverish haste, After the turmoil and turbulent strife, After the fury and fret of the world, The novice is calm in her life. After the babel of garrulous tongues, After confusion confounding her way, The sister is free from the mists of dispute, Her pathway is clear as the day. Wisely she bartered the false for the true, Gladly she quitted the place of her birth, Daily her incense ascendeth on high, Returning in blessings to earth.

After the labor still cometh the rest, After the tempest returneth the calm, And the sorrow still hastens the joy, And after the wound is the balm.

After the noise and the din of the world, After the surge and the foam of its wave, After the rush and the fever of life, Will follow the hush of the grave. Short is the labor, the recompense long, Strong is the hope of an endless reward; Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear ever heard, The germond prepared by the Lord. REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S. J.

The Espousals.

"I am espoused to Him, Whom the angels serve, and at whose beauty the sun and moon stand in wonder." Mercy Ceremonial, "Tis morning at Mount Mercy, The birds send forth their song, And soon into the chapel, A hundred footsteps throng. Upon the altar now are set, Carnation sweet, and mignonette, All shed their fragrance there. For on this morn, unto the court Of the King of Kings, will come Each virgin spouse to pay her vows, Behold them one by one. In silken robes they enter, And bride veils so fair, The orange blossoms on their brows, Hide not their beautiful hair. The Holy prelate's voice is heard "My child what wish have you? The Blessed Habit I would wear. The Master's will to do. "Ever to serve the poor and sick, And from the paths of sin, The tender lambs of Christ to lead,

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and the condition is commonly worse in weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Barr, Prescott, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

The hundredfold to win, Once more unto the chapel door, The long possession winds, The maidens fair discard the hair, Now naught to earth them binds.

Behold, the followers of the Lamb, For now they may be seen, In sadder robes and snowy veils, And meek and lowly mein.

The glad "Quem Vidi" sounds once more, List to the silvery chimes, "Whom I have seen, whom I have loved Towards whom my heart inclines."

And prostrate now before the King, Each soul to Him will speak, "My heart, my love, my life, I give, And Thee alone I seek."

Ah, happy brides of Heavenly Spouse! What joy today for you! This silver ring is from the King To him be ever true.

SISTER MARY CHRISTINA.

A Tale of St. Ann of Beaufre.

(By Clio Mamer.)

Tuesday next, my mother, is the fets day of the good St. Anne. Wilt thou not take me to the High Mass in the marvellous church at Beaufre? During four long years, ever since Jean Baptiste was cured of his lameness, how I longed to the veneration of the holy relic. Thou wilt take me this year, surely mother. Yes?"

"No, no, my child, 'tis not possible. The journey is too much for thee, crippled as thou art, and thy father's purse is far too thin and flat to pay thy fare even to Tadousac."

"Yes, my mother, I am crippled. It is for that that I would visit the shrine of the blessed saint. She will help me. Last night when I slept, I dreamed that I was in the great church. I could see the crutches piled high within. And oh, my mother, I saw hanging between the crutches on the rack nearest the church door my heavy ugly cast. Then when I looked at my leg where had always been the big white thing, it was gone. My leg was like the leg of little Susette, who hops and skips outside our door all day long, and I stood up and ran through the crowds, around the church and the thin, tall cure looked at me and cried. Then they fell to their knees and prayed God and His Saints that they had made me well!"

"But, my child, it cannot be! Thou must wear always the cast. So says the good doctor. It was only a foolish dream."

"No, no, my mother, it was not a foolish dream. I saw it all, and afterwards I went outside the church, and on my knees I went up the Scala Santa. All these things and more I saw, my mother. Surely, thou wilt not refuse to take me to Beaufre."

"But it is impossible—impossible, my child."

"Then thou wilt not take me, my mother? Thou wilt not permit it that the mother of the Holy Virgin make me hop and skip about like the little Susette. And the child burst into sobs so loud and so prolonged that they penetrated the walls of the fisherman's cottage and reached

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THIN MILK How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother is pale and delicate? Scott's Emulsion makes the mother strong and well; increases and enriches the baby's food.

the ears of the man outside. A look of pain and alarm showed on his seamed and wind-charted face. He dropped the net which he had been untangling and spreading out to catch the last straggling rays of the dying sun and hurried into the house. The child threw herself into her father's arms in a passion of grief.

"No, no, weep not, my little one," and the awkward habitant brushed back the damp, black curls, and lifted the unnaturally white face to his with all the gentleness of a woman. "Look! father has brought thee a snow-white loon breast from thy old friend Jean Baptiste. He is just returned from his hunting trip up the Saguenay, and he has brought thee this gift all the way from the wilderness beyond the lake whence comes our loved river!"

Jean Baptiste, who was cured of his lameness by the good St. Anne? Oh, oh, my father takes me to Beaufre."

A smile of hope lighted up the copper face of the fisherman. "God and His saints are good. Maybe it would help thee, little one. We shall see it is time thou wert in bed."

"Wilt take me, father?" "We shall see! We shall see! Have patience my child!"

And so it was that Marie was put to bed with the faith of her simple, God-loving forefathers shining out in her pain-wearied little eyes.

Marcel sat and smoked, while his quick, nervous little wife in the chair opposite him busied herself with her knitting. She had begun already to make another white stocking to match the one she had finished the day before, Marie would need two now—maybe—yes, surely. A wild joy throbbed through the mother. She knew Marcel. He would take 'La Petite' to Beaufre, and then—well—maybe—yes, surely! A tear fell on the quickly shaped toe of the stocking. St. Anne would not refuse them. The child would walk again.

It was a great thing to ask the saint to do—to cure Marie—Marie, who for all but two short summers of the twelve years which had passed since her birth had dragged about with her immense plaster cast which had encased her left leg from the tips of her toes way up to her hip, but Madame Sinaud's trust and faith in God and His saints had been tried in the fire of wounded motherhood, and they had stood the test.

Far into the night the mother and father sat talking over the coming trip. "It is easy," said Marcel. "We shall go in the fishing boat. It will take one day—maybe one night—to get to Beaufre. Voilà, we need no money for a ticket. Louis Dupont shall go with us. He can do no work till the marble comes from the States."

"It is well," answered the wife. "You must leave Sunday after the High Mass." And so it was settled that Marcel and little Marie, together with the humble sculptor Dupont, should join the yearly throng of pilgrims who beseech the good St. Anne to plead their case before the Master's throne.

Sunday morning came. After the High Mass the Cure, followed by his parishioners, marched down to the water's edge where lay the fishing smack, her sails trimmed, ready for the voyage. Marcel carried Marie aloft on his shoulders and pretended to toss her carelessly into the boat, very much to his wife's anxiety. Just at the last moment he seemed to think better of it, and laid the child down gently upon the warm furs which his wife had spread out as a bed for her. Then when all was ready the Cure made the sign of the Cross over the boat and its occupants. The villagers removed their caps and cleared their throats, and to the strains of the "Ave Maria Stella," Marie, her father, Louis Dupont and Jean Baptiste, who had jumped aboard as he shoved off the boat, sailed free with the wind down the "River of Death" into the briny waters of the St. Lawrence.

(Concluded next week.)

Our store has gained the reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1913 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan.

The Summer Complaint of Infants

IS CHOLERA INFANTUM Many Children Die from this Trouble When They Could be Cured by the Use of DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

A remedy which will quickly offset the vomiting, purging, and the profuse diarrhoea, accompanying a case of this nature.

Mrs. George Henley, Roxbury, Ont., writes:—"I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Cholera Infantum. My little girl was so sick I did not think she could live, as we could not lift her up, for when we moved her, her bowels would move. I gave her 'Dr. Fowler's' and the first dose helped her, and one bottle cured her. I recommended it to my sister whose child was sick, and it cured her also. Then again I have told other friends about it, and they have found that it is a grand medicine to have in the house all the time."

There are many preparations on the market to-day, claiming to make the same cures as "Dr. Fowler's" but these are name, no-reputation, so called strawberry compounds are nothing more or less than rank imitations, and are liable to be a detriment to your health.

When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure you get it. Do not accept any other as these substitutes may be dangerous. See that our name is on the wrapper. Price, 35 cents. The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Father (having just accepted cigar from son)—And what do you pay for those? Son—Two for a quarter. Father—What? And I content myself with two for a dime. Son—Well, you know, dad, our cases are different. If I had as large a family as you to support, I shouldn't smoke at all.

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 Inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

In Europe there is no such thing as the innocent bystander.—Nashville Banner.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

If you are not master of yourself you are not yet free.

Minard's Liniment Cures Neuralgia.

The French and German waiters returning as reservists should charge well.—Columbia States.

Mary Ovington, 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."

The deaf and dumb man, in a fit of absent-mindedness, thanked a man who gave him a quarter, and who got a month in jail as a fraud, declared that never again will he be polite.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, St. rford says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Millburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

"Invalid."—"Do you know that it takes only one-third of what the average man eats to make him live. It takes the remaining two thirds to allow his doctor to live.

Scolding women are less ridiculous than swearing men.

SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS From Heart Trouble and Nervous Prostration

Mrs. John Hewson, Caledonia, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit your Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. I suffered for four years with heart trouble and nervous prostration. I was so bad that I could not go upstairs without sitting down at the top before I could go to my room. I couldn't sleep nor lie on my left side, for it would seem as though my heart would stop. I thought through my heart would stop. I thought my time had come. I was doctoring with the doctor, but didn't get any benefit. I was advised to take Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I got two boxes, and after I had taken one box I began to feel better, and after I had taken two I could go up and down stairs without resting, so I took eight boxes, and I am enjoying good health again. I consider it a Godsend to have your pills in the house."

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

AUGUST Stock Reduction Sale

Cotton 20 Pieces unbleached Cotton, marked 6c. now 4 1-2 cents.

12 Pieces fine long cloth 13c. for 10 1-2 cents.

Men's Tweed Pants 100 Pairs men's Pants in nice patterns, offering at 20 p. c. below regular prices.

Ladies' Rubber Coats A lot of ladies' all rubber coats to clear at a price \$4.00 for \$2.49.

Print Cottons 15 Pieces Canadian Print 9c. for 7 1-2 cents.

Ladies Dresses & Waists A lot of ladies' summer dresses, also a lot of white waists at Half price.

L. J. REDDIN

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE Live Stock Breeder's Association

The following Stock are offered for Sale: 1 Pure-Bred Clydesdale Stallion, Pure-Bred Ayrshire Heffers, 1 Holstein Bull Calf, 4 Shorthorn Bulls, 2 Bull Calves, 6 Leicester Rams, Hampshire, Shropshire and 1 S. u. Sheep, 8 Pure Bred Ram Lambs, 2 Yearling Lamb, 1 Oxford Ram, 3 Berkshire S. ws, 2 Yorkshire Boar Pigs,

WANTED TO PURCHASE. 1 Ayrshire Bull, 2 Leicester Rams.

For further information apply to the Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sept. 9th, 1914.

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

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