

Father John's Gift

(Concluded)

Having a copy of his very own was a wonder and a joy to Jackie. As soon as it came and he had looked at all the pictures, he would run across and compare his "Angels' Book" with Father John's. It never ceased to amaze him that they were always just the same, that the very same pictures and all the big letters were on the very same pages in each.

He completed his task of comparison one lovely June day and went home to lunch, leaving Father John in his garden smiling at the recollection. The kindly rays of the sun and the gentle rains had wrought anew the miracle of beauty in Father John's garden. The roses that Jackie had just caressed so gently in farewell were delicately pink and very fragrant. The peonies that the little boy called "the bright soldiers" glowed in luxurious beauty in their great beds. Every shrub and bush and tree was so disposed and tended as to lend its quota of beauty to that peaceful lovely spot.

Father John cast a loving glance around and was about to resume the reading of his office when his attention was attracted by the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps on the walk leading from the street. He saw that it was Jane Hempstead, one of the office force at the Co-operative Mill. He went to meet her, for he knew she had little time to spare.

"Well, Jennie," he said, "I'm glad to see you looking so well this lovely June day. Did you ever see a fairer?" And then he added anxiously, "There is nothing wrong at home, I hope?"

But he knew by her shining eyes and smiling face, even before she reassured him, that there was not. She was oddly constrained in manner, and hesitated, with a diffidence new to her, in stating her errand.

"I can see that it's good news you've come to tell me," he urged gently. "What is it child, another raise in salary?"

"No, Father," with a radiant smile, "something better than that—if it—if it—if it really comes true." A hint of a shadow gathered in her steady young eyes.

Father John looked puzzled. "If it really comes true? It's only prospective news this?"

"Yes, Father, it's this; we, seven of us over at the Mill," she hesitated again looking at him appealingly.

"Yes, Jennie," he encouraged. "We want to go to Kingsford, Father, all of us—to stay," she finished with a rush.

Father John was more puzzled than ever. "Kingsford, Jennie? What do you, seven of you, want to go to Kingsford for?"

"To stay, to live there, to be nuns, Father. It's where—our Lady's Message comes from, and we love it and want to go there—to stay."

Father John was too amazed to speak. There had been a very few vocations to the religious life in the town, and now here all at once were seven, it seemed. It was marvellous, and our Lady's Message—

"Will you write to the Superior for us, Father?" Jennie was saying. "The girls wanted me to ask you. We don't know what to say."

There was a garden bench behind Father John, and rather suddenly he sat down upon it, motioning Jennie to another close by. He did not look at her, because there was a mist in his eyes and he could not have seen her very clearly any way.

"Seven of you," he murmured, "seven of my girls, my good little girls."

But when he looked up at Jane there was consternation on his face.

"What will Mr. Carslake say to us, Jennie?" Jennie laughed.

"I don't know, Father," she said, but evidently she was not much afraid of the proprietor of the mill.

"Even though he slay me, Jennie, I will write to the Mother Superior and tell her about my brave, good little girls who want to join her little band. Do not be anxious, my child. Trust in the good God, and if it is for the best you will be accepted."

And he blessed her and sent her away radiantly happy. During the next few days Father John had a talk with the

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't want to eat your food weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are: uneasiness after eating, flatulence, headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but it never got anything but a temporary relief. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has done me. I always take it in the morning and feel well and strong."

W. A. Housar, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

and other girls, and then the momentous letter was written and sent on its way. It told the proud pastor's simple story of the seven young girls of his flock who had become enamoured of poverty, chastity and obedience for the Master's sake. All their short, humble lives he had known them, he wrote, and known naught but good. It was not the habit that allured them, he assured the Reverend Mother, nor yet the hope of escaping hard work. They were prepared to labor, and to labor arduously in the vineyard, whatever its duties might be. He asked her acceptance of them if, after due trial, they were found fitted for the holy life. He praised in glowing terms our Lady's Message, which had been the instrument in the hands of God in this good work.

A cordial, motherly letter came back in reply. The Mother Superior expressed a holy joy that her little band of workers was to be thus augmented. She invited the girls, through Father John, to come to her as soon as they could, writing individual letters to each also, letters full of encouragement and helpful advice.

It was Nora Carslake, Father John's niece, who broke to her husband the news of the seven girls leaving the office. They had been fearful somehow of his reception of it. He was a convert, and they thought he might not understand or sympathize with their choice. To Nora's surprise, Paul was delighted. She told Father John afterwards that he seemed relieved and pleased when he found that it was for a convent life they were to leave him. He seemed to consider it a foreshadowing of blessings. He was much touched when the girls went to tell him good-bye, and to thank him for his kindness and consideration towards them while in his employ.

Father John and Nora Carslake went down with them to Kingsford, and their entrance to the novitiate was arranged most happily.

When Father John returned he found Jackie waiting for him in the garden. There was no doubt of the little fellow's welcome. The priest sat down on the bench beneath their favorite tree and took the two little hands in his own.

"Jackie," he said solemnly, "you are a little missionary. You brought me the thought to do something that has been productive of great good, that has affected many lives. I believe that when you grow up you are going to be a good, great man."

Jackie gloved with satisfaction. He leaned against Father John's knee and slid an inquisitive fore-finger up and down the many tiny, fascinating buttons of the equally fascinating cassock.

"When I get big," he declared, "when I get to be a great, big man, I'm going to be, Father, like you, and I'm going to send the 'Angels' Book' to everybody—everybody—all over the world." Anna Cecilia Doyle.

Ralph and the Bees

(E. L. Stocking, in the Child Apostle.)

Ralph Harris was lying on his back under the apple tree in the yard.

"I wish I didn't have to do the same things over and over every day," he mused. "I wish mother didn't make me study and work. She's always getting me to run errands and do things. I wish I

could be somebody else once in a while. Some days I'd like to be Harold Travis, an' ride in an automobile, an' maybe once in a while I'd like to be a girl. Everybody's good to girls. I'd even like to be animals. Why, I'd like to be a bee, as one of these little creatures flew past him. "They don't have to study an' work, and they must have good times eating honey out of the flowers."

"Buzz, buzz," said the Bee, and then, to Ralph's surprise: "Come with me and be a bee."

Ralph jumped up and found that he really had wings and could fly. He had grown very tiny, too—just the size of a bee. He watched the Bee get nectar from one of the apple-blossoms. Then he tried it, too. My, how good it tasted! And how fine it was to be able to fly!

After a while, the Bee said to him: "You must have gathered enough honey by now, so that we can go back to the hive."

"Why, I haven't saved any," responded Ralph, "I've been eating it."

"You lazy thing," exclaimed the Bee. "How could I save the honey?" asked Ralph, "I haven't even any pockets."

"Don't you possess an extra stomach on purpose for carrying honey, stupid?" returned the Bee. "You might get a little pollen in your pollen baskets, too, while you're about it."

Ralph watched the other Bee, and soon learned how to gather the nectar and store it away, and also to fill the little baskets on his hind legs with yellow pollen from the flowers' hearts.

"Come on, hurry!" said the other Bee. "We've been slow enough."

They flew over some fields and houses to old Mr. Temple's garden, where a row of bee-hives stood. Ralph followed the Bee into one of these. The Bee went straight to a clean, empty wax cell, and dumped her store of honey into it.

"Put yours in there!" she directed Ralph to the next cell.

Then she went to a cell some little distance away and kicked off the pollen from her legs into that. As soon as the pollen was emptied, another bee came along and packed it neatly into the cell with her head.

Ralph looked about him, and thought he had never been in such a wonderful place. There were thousands and thousands of bees, and they were all busy—busy. Some were building honeycombs. Others were working about cells, which the Bee told Ralph contained the baby bees.

"Those are our nurses," explained the Bee.

Some of the bee workers were looking after the honey, and others were seeing to the pollen. "That's our bread," the Bee told Ralph.

"O no," said the Bee, "they're making wax. If you look closely, you will see the wax coming from their bodies."

Ralph was going to ask some more questions, but suddenly the Bee cried: "The Queen, the Queen!"

Ralph saw a beautiful, long, slender bee, followed by a procession of other bees. Each one seemed anxious to get near enough to touch or caress her.

"She is our queen—our mother," cried the Bee. "We feed her on royal jelly; we love to work for her. We would give up our lives for her. Without her, there would be no wax, no honey, no home. 'We would all die.'"

"But come," said the Bee as the Queen passed out of sight, "we must go back to the flowers and get to work."

"I'd like to stay in the hive and learn more about the Queen and find out how to make wax," said Ralph.

"Making wax is not our work," objected the Bee.

"Does each bee have its own work, and do the same thing over and over?" asked Ralph.

"Of course," replied the Bee, "How on earth would we learn to do our work well in any other way?"

"If that's so, I might just as well be a boy," explained Ralph. "Ralph! Ralph!"

Ralph opened his eyes. His mother stood in the doorway calling him.

"I believe you've had a nap, son," she said. "Would you mind helping mother a little now?"

Ralph frowned, and was just going to complain of being tired

Nearly Lost Little Girl from DYSENTERY

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Dysentery manifests itself with varying degrees of intensity, but in well marked cases the attack is commonly preceded by loss of appetite, and some amount of diarrhoea, which gradually increases in severity, and is accompanied with gripping pains in the abdomen. The discharges from the bowels succeed each other with great frequency, and the matter passed from the bowels, which at first resembles those of ordinary diarrhoea, soon change their character, becoming scanty, mucous or slimy, and subsequently mixed with, or consisting wholly of, blood.

Never neglect what at first appears to be a slight attack of diarrhoea or dysentery may set in. Cure the first symptoms by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. John Peterson, Radville, Sask., writes: "I cannot speak too highly for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I nearly lost my little girl, aged three years. I took her to the doctor, but he told me her temperature was 104, and forbade me taking her out to our home, but the fever did not go any lower, and we thought we would lose her sure, as she was so bad with dysentery she even passed blood. A neighbor came in and brought Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and told me to give her a few doses. This we did, and the next day she took a change for the better, but it was quite a time before she was on her feet again. I do believe if it had not been for Dr. Fowler's, my little one would have died."

The genuine "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured only by the T. M. Miller & Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 35 cents.

when he remembered what the Bee said:

"She is our queen, our mother. We love to work for her. Without her, there would be no home. We would give up our lives for her."

"Sure, mother, I'd be glad to do it," he answered smiling.

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited. Gentlemen—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every-day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal. I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

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Proprietor—Yes; what would you like?

Traveler—What have you got? Proprietor—Oh, we've got everything.

Traveler—All right. I'll have a bit of everything.

Proprietor (shouting into kitchen)—"One stoo."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

"Are you the exchange editor?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I have three cut glass dishes I won as card prizes that I'd like to exchange for something."

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Wilmont Valley, Summerside and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR, Post Office Inspector, Charlottetown, July, 28th 1916. August 2nd, 1916—31.

W. J. P. McMillan, M.D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

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