

The Optimist

There was once a man who smiled Because the day was bright, Because he slept at night, Because God gave him sight To gaze upon his child, Because his little one Could laugh and leap and run, Because the distant sun, Smiled on the earth, he smiled. He toiled and still was glad Because the air was free, Because he loved, and she, That claimed his love and he Shared all the joys they had! Because the grasses grew, Because the sweet winds blew Because that he could hear And hammer, he was glad. Because he lived he smiled, And did not look ahead With bitterness or dread, But nightly sought his bed As calmly as a child, And people called him "mad" For being always glad With such things as he had And 'shook their heads' and smiled. —S. E. Kiser.

Dorothea.

She stood under the flickering shadows of the vine-wreathed porch holding the letter in a frail little hand that trembled with excitement. Two, three times—she re-read the shaken lines, before she could quite compass their full meaning, then letting the crutch on which she had been leaning, slip from her arm, she sank down upon the bench behind her, breathless, bewildered—a light like that of a new day dawn, kindling her pale young face.

A thousand dollars! the check was in her grasp, a thousand dollars left to her by her old godmother to "go and be cured." For this eighteen year-old Dorothea had been a cripple from early childhood, hurt in a rough game with her sturdy young brother.

They had been the motherless children of a dreamy, studious father, who anxious to give his helpless little girl a woman's care had married again, a plain, practical wife—altogether different from the "first love" who had closed her sweet eyes, when Dorothea—the "Gift of God"—as with her dying breath she named her babe, was born. The second Mrs. Foster was kind and wise according to her lights, but other children had come claiming her mother's care, the family income was scarcely large enough for their growing needs. Harold, the older son, had gone forth unprepared to "make his own living. Dorothea was opening like a day lily into waxen bloom, amid shadows which she accepted unquestioning. Her father had done his best for her, with the limited means within his reach. There was hope for her, he had been told, but it would mean long months of treatment under the care of a distinguished surgeon in a distant city at a cost he had never been able to afford.

And now—now—"I would have sent it to you long ago," ran the old godmother's shaking lines, "but it would have put me in the poorhouse, child. Now—now little Dorothea, gift of God, take it, go and be cured."

"Go and be cured!"—a strange thrill went through the girl's slender frame. Be cured. It was something of which she had never hoped.

The pale young face, delicate in feature as that of her beautiful young mother had settled into a sweet patient peace, the violet eyes were deep and shadowy as unopened pools, the lips had pathos even in their smile. Life had stretched a dull, dim twilight way before Dorothea, and she was learning to tread it with gait uplifted to the stars, but now—oh, what would her father, mother, sisters—oh, above all, what would Harold nearest and dearest to her loving young heart—say to this?

The house was silent. All had gone off on a picnic to the hillside that Dorothea could not climb, but her best, wisest friend was not far. Dear old Father Fabian, how he would thank God. She must go tell Father Fabian at once.

MINARDS LINIMENT CURES BURNS, ETC.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning of an extremely hazardous to neglect, so important a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, because so weak I could scarcely get about. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles more I had taken. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS L. WEAVER, Wallingburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

She caught up the crutches on which she had learned to move swiftly, and lightly, and sped away down the shaded road to the little village church of which Father Fabian's small three-roomed rectory formed a wing. He was seated at his door, under the shade of a great oak that towered his little home, an old man, who after long years of toil in God's vineyard, had been set, to St. Ann's to rest.

"Ah, my little bird," he said looking up with a smile as Dorothea swung up his path. "You seem to fly faster every day. You will outreach us yet on your wings." But she flung them down with a sudden impatience and dropped on the bench at his side.

"Oh Father, no, no—I will be soon done with them forever. I have had such news, such wonderful news. My dear old godmother, Madame Meredith, has left the money, a thousand dollars, Father, to go and be cured—be cured." The words came breathlessly, Dorothea's pale cheeks were flushed, the violet eyes shining.

Father Fabian looked at his little bird in bewilderment. "To be cured, Dorothea, can you be cured, my child?"

"Oh, yes, yes, the doctor said so long ago it would cost so much, and we never, never had the money—never would have it, I knew. Now—now—oh Father, I can scarcely believe it. To think of being straight and well, of walking, riding, dancing, doing like other girls, or living Father Fabian—living my own life!"

"Living your own life," repeated the old priest softly.

"Oh, yes, yes—you know how it has been, Father, so weak and helpless—so—so shut in."

Dorothea drew a long breath as of one choking for air—"I do nothing for myself, nothing for anyone."

"How about the sewing—and the teaching and the singing in the church?" asked Father Fabian smiling. "How about helping mother with the little ones—and the altar linen, and the altar lace those busy little fingers fashion so deftly. How about your first Communion class, Dorothea?"

"Oh Father, you are so good to count little things like these—but I am weak, helpless, worthless, as you know—I would have been a burden all my life, a burden to father, mother, Harold, everyone. Now—now I will be free, free and strong to go where I please, to work for a place in life all my own. Poor crippled thing I am now—even the nuns wouldn't take me in the convent, as you know, Father."

"Perhaps not," said Father Fabian gently, "and yet—our Lord has His cloister for such little broken-winged birds, Dorothea. He teaches them to fly in a way all His own. And I have thought—" the old priest looked at the flushed, eager young face for a moment, and left his thought unspoken. "But since He has sent you this great blessing, dear child, we must accept it with grateful heart. Let us go into the church and make a thanksgiving." And, rising, Father Fabian led the way through the little sacristy into the church where they knelt together before the altar that had been this little broken-winged bird's sweetest care. With the younger sister's help she had kept the vases filled, the candles

trimmed, and the snowy linen spotted. Every morning had found her kneeling there with a radiance on the pale, pure face that was not of earth. But today—today it was a flushed eager, restless Dorothea that bent for a while in distracted prayer, and then rose, hurriedly to go. Ah! the gates of Life and Love were swung open for the child, thought Father Fabian with a little sigh for the past, but wise shepherd of souls that he was he gave no voice to his faint regret at the coming change. Dorothea had seemed to his dim old eyes so lifted from earth on those broken wings—so fitted for heavenly flight.

"But after all," he thought, sinking back in his armchair—"after all, the good God knows best."

Still flushed and eager and breathless, her young heart in a flutter such as its sweet peace had never known, Dorothea sped on her homeward way.

In her haste she took the short cut that led through a bit of pine woods in whose boggy depths purled the little stream that had been the scene of her accident more than a dozen years ago. Harold, five years her senior, had leaped it in his boyish strength and then called her to follow him. She had fallen—a piteous, broken little thing in the attempt. The brook was bridged safely now and she could cross over—broken winged. But it brought back low murmurs of that day when Harold had caught her up, hurt and helpless, in his strong young arms. "Oh, it was my fault, it was my fault," he had cried remorsefully—"but, oh, Dolly, don't tell—don't tell—"

And in all the years of pain that followed—she never did.

Dear Harold—despite that little strain that even loyal Dorothea knew was not altogether brave and fearless—there was no one like Harold in all the wide world. How glad he would be to hear of this wonderful good fortune. And now—now, perhaps in a little while she would be able to go with him into the wide, great world of which he told and wrote her, to share his pleasures, his joys, his struggles, perhaps—for the old nest was overcrowded with the new brood to make for him, and for herself a home all their own—a home where the cares would not be so dull, so constant, for it must be confessed, the second Mrs. Foster, good woman that she was, had under the pressure of the years grown hindrum and exacting.

But a home with Harold! handsome, joyous, loving Harold—the very thought made Dorothea's fluttering heart give a glad leap, quickened her homeward flight. She was crossing the bridge—lightly as the winged thing Father Fabian had called her—when she caught a sound in the pine thicket beside her—"Dorothea"—someone was calling her, calling in a strange whisper—"Dorothea, wait—wait—I must speak to you!"

"Harold!" she gasped—for it was her brother who stood there half hidden in the shadows—"Harold, oh dear, dear Harold!" she paused, suddenly in her glad greeting silenced by a strange affright. For this pale, wild-eyed, white-lipped man cowering in the shadows was not the Harold she had known. "Hush," he said hoarsely, flinging his arm about her and drawing her back from the road. "For God's sake, hush Dorothea. No one must see me—no one must know I am here."

"No one must know you are here?" she repeated in bewilderment.

"I am in trouble," he went on in a shaking voice, "desperate trouble, Dorothea. Tomorrow—tomorrow it will be all known. I must escape somewhere to-night."

"Escape, Harold!" she was looking at him in terror now, surely he was fevered—crazed. "Oh, you are ill, dear, you don't know what you are saying—come home and let me take care of you."

"My God, no—Dorothea, no—you don't understand. The police will be on my track in twenty-four hours."

"The police! Harold!"—she found voice to echo.

"Yes, yes—I have been reckless, mad enough, to borrow, to use, to spend money not—not my own. I lost my heart, my head"

MINARDS LINIMENT CURES BURNS, ETC.

CONSUMPTION In the cure of consumption, concentrated, easily digested nourishment is necessary. For 35 years Scott's Emulsion has been the standard, world-wide treatment for consumption. All Druggists

WAS WEAK ALL RUN DOWN FROM HEART AND NERVES.

Mrs. Percy G. McLaughlin, Lawrence Street, N.E., writes: "I am writing to tell you that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and find since I commenced to use them that I feel altogether a different woman. I was weak and run down from my heart and nerves, and was recommended to try your pills by Mr. James H. Scott who has taken them, and says if it were not for them he could not live. When I finish the box I am now taking I will be completely cured. I wish to thank you for putting up such a wonderful medicine, and I will gladly recommend it to one and all."

To all those who suffer in any way from the heart or nerves, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will come as a great boon. They strengthen and stimulate the weak heart to pump pure, rich, red blood to all parts of the body, strengthen the shattered nerves, and bring a feeling of contentment over the whole body.

Price 50c, a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

to a girl, the sweetest, loveliest girl in all the world. I had to keep up with others around her, men with money to spare, spend. Flowers, carriages, operas—all that sort of thing. Oh, you cannot understand, Dorothea—in your poor, little, narrow life you cannot understand!"

"Tell me, Harold," she clung to him, her soft eyes widening with growing horrors—"tell me all, dear—tell me all."

"It's the old, old story—love, madness, ruin, Dorothea," he went on bitterly. "Little by little—oh, it seemed too little to count at first. I took the money thinking to put it back the next day—the next week—the next month—until the sun grew and grew."

"To be Continued"

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

AMOS T. SMITH, Port Hood Island.

The landlady bustled up to her new lodger as he came down to breakfast the first morning.

"Good morning, sir," she wheezed.

"Good morning," said the lodger.

"I hope you've had a good night's rest," said the landlady.

"No," said the mild-mannered little man. "Your cat kept me awake."

"Oh said the landlady, tossing her head, "I suppose you're going to ask me to have the poor thing killed."

"No, not exactly," said the gentle lodger. "But would you vary much mind having it cured?"

W. H. O. Wilkinson Streetford says: "It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pill Price 25c. a box."

Medical Degrees—Positive—ill, comparative—pill, superative—bill.

A SENSIBLE MERCHANT Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and have no bad after effects what ever. Be sure you get Milburn's Price 25 cents a box.

WIFE'S COLD Husband's Bronchitis CURED BY DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Mrs. James Mack, Trenton, Ont., writes: "I suffered for several months with a bad cold. Some friends told me about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and of this benefit it was to them. Before I had used two bottles I could get some rest, which I could not do before. I had tried everything, but "Dr. Wood's" was the only thing that gave me any relief."

My husband suffered terribly from bronchitis, and did not know whether he was going to recover or not. At my druggist's, Mr. J. H. Dickey, I was advised to try your syrup, which I did, and am so thankful that I cannot recommend it highly enough."

Many people on the first sign of the slight cold or cough neglect it, thinking, perhaps, it will disappear in a day or two, but the longer it is let run the worse it gets until it settles on the lungs and serious results ensue.

On the first sign of a cough or cold, get rid of it before it gets settled. Take a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and see how quickly it will disappear.

This sterling remedy has been on the market for the past 30 years, and stands head and shoulders over all other cough remedies.

Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured and sold by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MINARDS LINIMENT CURES BURNS, ETC.

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Carter & Co., Ltd Seed Warehouse, Queen Street HERRING, HERRING We have some good Herring in stock, by Pail, Dozen and Half Barrel. If you desire a Half Barrel mail us \$6.25 and add Fifty Cents extra for freight if you do not receive your freight at a Booking Station. If Herring are not satisfactory return at once and your money will be refunded. Address R. F. MADDIGAN CHARLOTTETOWN

Live Stock Breeders List of Pure Bred Live Stock for Sale. NAME ADDRESS BREED AGE Geo. Annear Montague Ayshire bull calves (3 yrs, 8 mos) Wm. Aitken Lower Montague Ayshire Bulls (3 yrs, 6 mos) M. McManus New Haven Shorthorn Bull (5 years) W. F. Weeks Fredericton Yorkshire Hog (2 years) David Reid Victoria Cross " " (2 years) Ramsay Auld Eldon " call Frank Halliday 6 Yorkshire Pigs (5 weeks) Ramsay Auld West Covehead Yorkshire Hog (2 years) J.A.E. McDonald Little Pond Duroc Jersey Boar (2 years)

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE Queen Street Charlottetown, P. E. I. March 19, 1919

Your Soldier Boy Wants HICKEY'S TWIST No matter where he is, or what other tobacco he can get, the Island soldier who chews tobacco is never satisfied with anything but HICKEY'S TWIST. In hundreds of letters from the boys in Flanders, France, England and the training camps, they ask for HICKEY'S TWIST—and the 10th took along 20,000 figs with them. end your soldier boy a pound of HICKEY'S with the next parcel. Hickey & Nicholson, Ltd CHARLOTTETOWN

Canadian National Railways OPERATING ONE HOUR EARLIER Important Daylight Saving Change of Time at 2 a.m. Sunday, March 30, 1919. Allclocks and watches used in operation of Canadian National Railway will at 2 a.m. Sunday, March 30th, be advanced one hour. To prevent serious confusion and inconvenience to the public the attention of all concerned is directed to the following conditions resulting from the important change of time:

Furs, Furs, Furs —SHIP TO US DIRECT— THE TOP MARKET PRICE PAID AND EQUITABLE GRADING MADE —NO DELAYS AT ANY POINT— We are registered with and recognized by the United States War Trade Board and all of the Collectors for Customs under licence P. B. F. 30, and you can send your furs to us direct by our tag or any tag, changed to suit, if marked "Furs of Canadian Origin," and your furs will come right through. Where municipal time is changed to correspond with the new Railway time, passengers will not experience difficulty growing out of the change. April 2, 1919

St. Louis Fur Exchange 7th & Chestnut, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. March 12, 1919-31

Announcement For the information of our many patrons, in both town and country, we deem it necessary to announce that the Coal Business, successfully carried on in the past by the late Mr. Charles Lyons, will be continued by the Estate, under the old firm name of C. Lyons & Co. By maintaining a high standard of service and by courteous and honest treatment of the public, this firm has, for a period of more than a quarter of a century, enjoyed a large and ever-increasing patronage; and in announcing our intention of "earrying on," we desire, most earnestly, to give expression to our appreciation thereof. We are deeply grateful to the firm's many patrons for their constant manifestation of confidence in it in the past, and we assure them that if they favor us with a similar evidence of their good-will in future there shall be no economy of effort on our part to make our intercourse both pleasant and profitable to them. As we possess almost unlimited facilities for supplying the coal trade, and as we are desirous of extending our already large business, we respectfully fully invite the patronage of new customers; and if we succeed in thus increasing our present connection, we guarantee that we shall be indefatigable in our endeavor to justify the confidence of our new friends. We again thank our patrons for their past generous patronage, and respectfully solicit a renewal of their esteemed custom.

C. LYONS & CO Queen Street Charlottetown, P. E. I. March 19, 1919