

Glory and Grace

And cling to us through dim, dis-
heartened days.
To spill their sweetness at His
holy shrine
The tapers consecrate to Love
Divine
Flash out their fiery praise. Hymns
evermore
Proclaim Thee Lord, whom seraph-
im adore.
"For I am come where Love's
celestial wine
And bread of sweetness which
is truly Thine
Spring into Glory, past all known
before!"

And the dear spirit of this glory
blaze
Is Grace, profoundest marvel
of it all
The Lord forsakes His fair, en-
throned height
To visit us, poor children of
the night—
Yes, linger still, in grace im-
perial.
And cling to us through dim, dis-
heartened days.

Caroline D. Swan.

The Parish School

Two little nuns are teaching school
Nearby, on Cozy street;
I pass each morning as a rule,
And now and then we meet.

The humble home is small and low;
Its walks are rude and bare,
And yet I loiter by, for, oh!
It seems so peaceful there!

I never liked to go to school,
I'd always rather play;
I hated any kind of rule,
And sometimes, ran away.

But when I pass that little door
And breathe that holy air,
I want to be a boy once more
And learn my lessons there.
Oh, little nuns with wholesome white
And hearts of purest gold,
My soul is troubled sore tonight,
My heart is growing cold.

Oh, little nuns of sable dress,
And souls of drifting snow,
Teach me the way of righteousness
And I can learn, I know.

—Albert Bigelow Pain.

The Fly on the Wheel

By Mary Synon,
in Extension Magazine

McGrath read the Bantam's
letter incredulously. Even after
twelve years of newspaper re-
porting, years through which he
had watched the incredible happen
and had grown hardened to the
recurrence of the sensational
events of the human drama, he
was ready to doubt the evidence
of his eyes as he scanned the little
slip of paper that he had taken
from the bulky package in the
envelope. "For the Bantam had
written:

"Dear Mister McGrath,—I am
going to die. Father Lacey says
so. Father Lacey is one white
man. He's been good to me and
I promised him to see that Kenly's
papers are returned. Another
man and me took them out of
Kenly's little office on La Salle
street, not the big one on Wash-
ington street. Father Lacey says
I must get them back to Kenly.
So will you please take them to
him, Mister McGrath. I know I
can trust you. Goodby, Mister
McGrath."

"Yours truly,
"The Bantam—Joe Hollins."

McGrath put the letter in his
vest pocket before he drew from
the envelope the bundle of papers
that the Bantam had enclosed.
He spread them open on the table
with quick and furtive caution,
shielding their contents from the
curious eyes of the three other
reporters who waited for Belden's
assignments for the day. Curran,
who had gone to school with him
at the old Jesuit College on the
West Side, laughed at the
gesture, familiar to him from the
days when Frank McGrath had
hidden "Deadwood Dick" behind
massive geographies. McGrath,
poring over the sheets of figures,
tried to keep his face from be-
traying the amazement and draw-
ing excitement that were stirring
his brain. For the Bantam's trust
to him held the proof of Corne-
lius Kenly's dishonesty that he,
Frank McGrath, had been seeking
for twelve years!

Belden, searching the room for
some loitering reporter, sighted
McGrath's intent consideration of
the bundle of papers. He called
to him from the city desk. Mc-
Grath, rising, folded the sheets of

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 a
weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism;
not have been completely cured by flood
sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply gra-
tful." Miss Frances Barr, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me
great and helpless and suffering from rheu-
matism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla
and this medicine has entirely cured
me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved
my life." M. J. McMoran, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Removes the cause of rheumatism—no
outward application can. Take it.

The Kenly documents, put the
bundle in his pocket and sauntered
across the room. Belden scowled
at him. Prawl, the managing
editor, liking McGrath none the
less for the latter's swaggering
dislike of Belden, smiled. "There's
a clothesline row in Hegewisch,"
the city editor began, as McGrath
came alongside the city desk.
Prawl, seeing McGrath's face
darken under Belden's sneer, lifted
his voice till it struck that staccato
to sharpness, that makes its note
a command. "Mr. Belden," he
called, "I want McGrath to under-
take a mission for me."

McGrath, trying to hide his
pleasure in Belden's discomfiture,
went across to Prawl's desk with
a manner that sought to "express
trepidation. Every man on the
staff liked Prawl well enough to
humor his idea that he inspired
terror into their hearts when he
summoned them to conference.
McGrath strove to gaze at him
solemnly as the little man jerked
out his sentences. "Mr. McGrath,"
he was saying, "I want you to
undertake an important mission
for us, yes, a very important mis-
sion."

McGrath nodded. Prawl's "mis-
sions" were always important to
the little managing editor, even
though they might appear errands
for any humanly intelligent copy
boy. "I'm giving this to you,"
he went on earnestly, "because I
have reason to believe that you'll
take a certain personal satisfaction
in its fulfillment. "Mr. McGrath,"
he lowered his voice in the depths
of confidential conversation, "we
have decided to go after Cornelius
Kenly. Mr. Curran tells me that
you have some personal grievance
against him. Ours is not a per-
sonal grievance. We believe,
however, that he is a menace to
our local government. Cornelius
Kenly is a grafter, Mr. McGrath.

You know that. I know that.
Everybody knows that. But no
one has ever set out to secure
actual proof of his grafting. Now,
that's what we want you to do.
We'll give you free rein for a
month on this one assignment.
You are to go on Cornelius Kenly's
trail. You are to stay there until
you secure evidence that will jus-
tify us in bringing action against
him. Spare no expense. Only
remember, it must be evidence!"

McGrath's hand went almost
involuntarily to the pocket of his
coat where the Bantam's letter
reposed. For an instant he held
the thought of flashing upon little
Prawl the evidence of Kenly's
guilt in one of the most flagrantly
vicious political scandals of the
many with which the politician's
name had been associated. Then
the realization that he might win
greater credit by seeming to have
sought the material halted him.
"All right, sir," he told Prawl.

The managing editor looked
over the back of Belden's head.
"I'm not given to promising re-
wards," he said, "but if Mr. Belden
should decide that he might not
want to stay with us much longer
the city desk will go to the man
who does us the greatest service.
And the man who does us the
greatest service is the man who
will give us the facts that will
send Cornelius Kenly to Joliet!"

McGrath's eyes, aflame with
the thrill of imminent success,
shouted their own message to
Curran as the reporter went back
to the table. "What do you draw?"
the other inquired. "Kenly," said
McGrath. Curran whistled. "Into
the hands of his enemies," he
quoted. "If I were Cornelius
Kenly, I'd begin to lie awake
nights. I wonder if he knows

that fate's put a bloodhound on
his trail." "He probably never
heard of me," said McGrath.
"Then he's the only man in town
who doesn't know that you've
sworn a vendetta against him.
Seems to me," Curran laughed,
"that you've been nursing that
idea ever since I've known you."
It brought me here," McGrath
ended the discussion.

As he went out from the news-
paper office he kept his hand upon
the bulky package in his pocket,
thrilling to the power that its
possession gave him. Just as his
hand closed upon the envelope
that the Bantam had sent him, so
did the hand of his "power close
upon Cornelius Kenly. Curran
had been right. Through all the
years of his youth he had held to
the idea of revenging himself
upon the man whose influence
had been so great that no lesser
man had been able to even prick
him. No one of the newspaper
men with whom McGrath asso-
ciated knew the reason for the
passion of hatred against the po-
litician. Curran guessed that it
went back before McGrath's news-
paper days, but beyond that he
had no knowledge of why Frank
McGrath had spent hours of his
leisure in the pursuit of anything
that might register dishonor upon
Kenly. Through devious ways
the reporter had gone in search
of his goal. And now the goal
lay at his feet. Without effort
of his own, and because of an old
kindness done for Joe Hollins be-
fore he went to the penitentiary,
Frank McGrath had been given
the opportunity he had craved.

He turned into Madison street
with a certain sense of elation
that fell a little as he went down
the thoroughfare. The city had
come to oppress Frank McGrath.
His deep knowledge of the darker
side of life had a way of clouding
even the brightness of Christmas
week. To others Chicago might
be a city of power, of promise,
of great opportunities. To him it
had become a city of gloom, of
grey buildings, of grey weather,
of grey lives. The melancholy of
his Celtic temperament responded
too readily to the atmosphere
through which he went. To him
the sidewalk procession typified
the way of life, a long, rather
dreary pavement, with here and
there a brighter touch. Even the
hint of Christmastide on the pave-
ments did not elate him. Even
the satisfaction of knowledge of
the hour that would be his when
he faced Cornelius Kenly darkened
under the spell of the mood
that was always his in his contact
with the flotsam of the city's tide.
Even the hope of winning Belden's
position, a hope that would have
elated him at another time, both
for its honor and for the advan-
tage of proving his superiority
over the arrogant city editor,
failed to arouse him from his
gloomy meditations.

Christmas was a day of homes,
he reflected, as he passed a toy-
seller who thrust a jumping frog
at him with jovial intent.
Christmas was a time of memories
bearable if you were happy. Un-
bearable if you were not. Having
neither home nor happiness, Mc-
Grath drifted out on a sea of
gloom through which he sailed
past a shore of mirth. Half an-
grily he recapitulated his miseries,
piling them together in his score
against Kenly. But, against his
will, as he went through the
crowds the spirit of the time
caught him. He was smiling at
the corner salesman of his paper
before he realized how he had
steered out of the fog of introspec-
tion.

As he entered Kenly's office,
not "the little office on La Salle
street" that the Bantam had de-
signed as the scene of the theft,
but the big one on Washington
street, McGrath pulled himself to-
gether sharply. The big man at
the desk in the outer office chal-
lenged his entrance. "You tell
Kenly," the reporter told him,
"that Frank McGrath of the Ban-
ner wants to see him."

"He won't see anybody today,"
the messenger growled.
"You tell him," said McGrath
incisively, "that if he doesn't see
me within five minutes there will
be twenty of my tribe on his
doorstep when the afternoon papers
come out."

"He says you're to go in," was
the order that carried McGrath
past the threshold.
Kenly was at a big table in the
middle of the room. He looked
at McGrath from under furtive
brows. A big man whose alert-
ness almost concealed his coar-
seness, he loomed above the flat top
of the table with massive solidity

"Sudden fright or emotion may cause a
transitory arrest of the heart's action,
or some excitement or apprehension may
set up a rapid action of the heart thereby
causing palpitation.
The only way to regulate this serious
heart trouble is to use Milburn's Heart
and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. J. S. Nicholls, Liverpool, Ont.,
writes: "I was weak and run down, my
heart would palpitate and I would take
weak and dizzy spells. A friend ad-
vised me to try Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills, so I started at once to use
them, and found that I felt much
stronger. I cannot praise my medicine
too highly, for it has done me a world of
good."

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

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is now a summer as well
as a winter remedy. It
has the same invigorating
and strength-producing ef-
fect in summer as in win-
ter. Try it in a little cold milk or
water.
ALL DRUGGISTS

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 im-
mediate 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. M.
Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

His keen eyes stared boldly at
the intruder. "Well?" he asked.

McGrath took off his shabby
overcoat, flinging it over the back
of one of the mahogany chairs.
Kenly's glance, following the
other man's movements, expressed
antagonism rather than surprise.
"Going to stay awhile?" he asked.
His voice, not as big as one might
expect from a man of his size,
held a curious unpleasant intona-
tion. "Quite a while," said Mc-
Grath, evenly. "Help yourself,"
said Kenly.

(To be continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
COLDS, ETC.

Monsieur—
For 15 days in the month of
January I was suffering with pain
of rheumatism in the foot. I
tried all kinds of remedies but
nothing did me any good. One
person told me about MINARD'S
LINIMENT, as soon as I tried it
the Saturday night, the next
morning I was feeling very good;
I tell you this remedy is very
good; I could give you a good
certificate any time that you
would like to have one. If any
time I come to hear about any
person sick of rheumatism, I
could tell them about this remedy.

Yours truly,
ERNEST LEVEILLE,
216 Rue Ontario East, Montreal
Feb. 14, 1908.

Hostess—Will you have some
bread and butter, darling?
Small boy—Bread and butter?
I thought this was a party!

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Strat-
ford says:—"It affords me much
pleasure to say that I experienced
great relief from Muscular Rheu-
matism by using two boxes of
Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price
50c a box."

Teacher—"What lesson do we
learn from the attack on the Dar-
danells?"
Prize Scholar—"That a strait
beats three kings, dad says."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
DIPHTHERIA.

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."

**PALPITATION
OF THE
HEART.**

Sudden fright or emotion may cause a
transitory arrest of the heart's action,
or some excitement or apprehension may
set up a rapid action of the heart thereby
causing palpitation.
The only way to regulate this serious
heart trouble is to use Milburn's Heart
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FOR WINTER!

Our Stock of Winter Foot Wear
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you require to keep you dry and
comfortable.



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BUY ANY KIND!

Missed our train;
Had to stay over night;
Watch was slow.

Get a Regina Watch

You can depend on it for timekeeping.

Out late last night;
Overslept this morning;
Didn't hear the alarm.

Get one of our Alarm
Clocks

They are reliable.

Suit ruined, leaky fountain pen;
Never was any good;
Scratched and did not feed.

Get an Imperial Self-
filling Pen.

Ashamed of our table tools
When particular company comes

Get Our Standard makes
of Silverware.

Could not read the news last night,
These cheap glasses hurt my eyes.

Get your eyes tested by us

And have a pair of our fine eyeglasses fitted.

Watch nearly always
Slow, fast or stopping,

Get it Repaired and timed
by us.

Wish I'd known it was going to be wet,
Might have saved a soaking, and also the hay.

Get one of our Reliable
Barometers.

E. W. TAYLOR

Watchmaker . . . Optician

The Old Stand, 142 Richmond St
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LET US MAKE
Your New Suit

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clothes, there are several things to be con-
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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 qual-
ity 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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153 Queen Street.

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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, Op-
posum, 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 sell-
ing at cut rates.

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117 Queen Street.

The Store that always has Snaps to offer.

NEW SERIES

Synopsis of Canadian No-
West Land Regulations

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

Section—One-quarter, half-section,
and one-half section, of the 160, 320 or
three years. A homesteader must
within nine miles of his homestead
a farm of at least 80 acres actually
and occupied by him or by his
mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader
good standing may pre-empt a quar-
ter section alongside his homestead.
\$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside upon the
land or pre-emption six months
each of six years from date of
issued entry (including the time re-
quired to obtain a homestead patent) and cultivate
the section.

A homesteader who has ex-
hausted his homestead right and cannot
a pre-emption may enter for a pre-
empted homestead in certain districts.
\$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must re-
side upon the land or pre-emption six
months in each of three years and
cultivate fifty acres and erect a
worth \$300.00.

Depository Mini or other land

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