Mother Love.

The afternoon sunlight fil ere through the trees and rested, with touch that was more a caress, on the bent head of a woman. She wa well past her prime, but her face, despite its wrinkles, bore traces of a girl ish beauty that age could not entirely efface. Her hair, simply draws back from her forehead, was thickly sprinkled with gray, her eyes were soft and dark, and a peaceful smile played about her lips. By her side on a wicker table lay an open letter, toward which she glanced, ever and She watched him as he went down cures catarrh—it soothes and strength-anon, though her fingers kept busily the road, care ree and confident, and up the whole system. at her task.

She was knitting a pair of socks for Kelvin, and the work could not bear of delay, for he was coming home tomorrow, this time for good. Hi visits before had been flying ones when he came for the Christmas or summer holidays, but now he had finished college, and there would be no more partings.

How light seemed the past years of toil, bow infinitestimally small her sacrifices, now that her aim was ac complished. He-would not be ashamed of the hard working mother nor of the homely farm on which he had

'Oh, Kelvin, my own,' she half whispered, what a foolish old mother I am.

Hastily she dashed away a tear drop, not of sorrow but of pure bliss, for 'tears are deeper joys than smiles,' and her cup of happiness was full to the brim

should be, tender, bright and affection ate, with perhaps just a touch of bravado over his triumphs, but not enough to mar the flual spirit of the whole.

Busily her needles clicked between her fingers, and busily her thoughts flew back, back, over the years that were gone. So absorbed was she, that it was with something of a start she heard the garden gate creak, and steps crunch on the gravel walk. She lifted her head' then with a little cry

sprang to her feet. 'Kelvin,' she cried, and ran unsteadily across the wide porch. At stretched arms, framed in the roses that ran rioutously over the wide pillars. The boy quickened his steps and a moment later the two were clasped in each other's arms.

'Kelvin, lad, you are a day earlier ulously, 'not but what I am glad, but The man forced himself to go on : how did it happen?

I left immediately after graduation, instead of staying an extra day, he replied. 'I was hungry for you mother, and he kissed her boyishly

His arm still about ber, be led the way indoors, where a cool breez the door of his room they halted, and any juror's verdict." Kelvin gave a surprised exclamation,

'If you were not expecting me until summer skies. to-morrow, he said, how is it everything is in readiness for me to-day?, she cries. 'He is not, he is not.'

She held him off at arms length. "Kelvin,' she said, 'your room has been ready for you for weeks. Ab, sively. A man thoroughly imbued you little know your mother, if you with the importance of his office. think she would wait until the last stalked up the path, and, without a minute to prepare for you.'

bless you, mother,' he said.

the room. A great bowl of roses he said. stood on the table, vases of sweet fern | She broke the seal with trembling and grasses adorned the mantle, and fingers, read it through quickly, then fresh towels hung by the man le wash stand. The lowing of the cows not been for Kelvin's friend With sounded familiarly in through the one arm about the frail form, he supopen window, and from across the ported her to a chair, and stood over field came the breath of new mown her, while he looked at the agent in a mixed feelings he stood eral inches.

there, his hat still in hand, Peaceful, simple, as it all was, he felt that to live here for long would mean a feet. gradual crushing out of his life's ambition. His years of study would be paper, she said quie ly, addressing unprofitable; fame called more loudly herself to the agent. The man nodthan sacrifice, yet it was with a pang ded. that he thought of his mother. She would be alone again But swift up- morigage at once?' she pleaded. on that thought came and her, and a selfish one: 'Her life is drawing to a close; yours is but beginning; she ness is business, ma'am, he said; his must not stand in the way of your manner was brutally cool, and his

The tea bell interrupted his medita- need of further parley,' be continued tion. He made a hasty toilet and a week from to-day you must get ou burried downstairs, where his mo ber of here, and he turged on his heel was waiting to serve him Her old abruptly. hands trembled a little as she poured As in a dream she heard the gate his tea, but ber fae- was radian'y slam shut behind bim,' she knew happy. 'And to think ha y a are Kelvin's friend helped her to he to be with me now for good,' she said room, drew the blinds down and urgas if thinking aloud. 'K lvin, I am ed her to lie down. She knew that almost afraid.

not going to leave me?" nervously, her mother heart aux s hideous nightmare than a stern real.

The little mother stood still, her toil Donald, as she learned to call nim hardened hands loosely clasped, her came to see her every day and she head bent. The joy that had so grew to lean on him. Vaguely she transfigured her a moment before, wondered how the furniture would be disappeared, and in its place came packed; she knew she was unable to sorrow. Kelvin dared not look at do it berself, and, unkind as she dealt the blow, and he felt himself a

in the mother' heart. She crossed She mouned his absence, and droopthe room and laid both hands on her ed visibly as evening drew near

'Look at me: lad,' she said, tenderly, Raising his eyes he met hers rimming with a mother's sacrificing ve. His own revealed his purpose is cearly as words could have done: nd the mother needed no more .Go;

city; carrying with him the last of his nother's savings. It is only fair to say he was ignorant of the slimness of her resources; when he accepted the loan. It would be a help in starting in business, he had told her; later he would repay her over and over action. in heart following him, long after the bend hid him from ber sight.

Letters came at first opportunity ult of hope in his new venture. He would have a home for her soon, and wan little smile bovered about her lips as she read and re-read the preious sentences.

Then there came a lull in the cor respondence, months passed with no word from him, and vague, restless ears disturbed the mother heart. She was sitting alone one afternoon

n the same chair in which she had been on the day Kelvin came from college. She had grown very old in ne year that had elapsed since then, and her shoulders were bowed with care. No letter had come for six months-what could be the cause.

The garden gate clicked as of old, and steps sounded on the gravel wik. The old lady leaned forward eagerly; visitors were rare in these parts. Perhaps-but she was doomed to disappointment, it was not Kelvin, but a stranger. He lifted his hat courteously as he reached the s'eps, and something in his face made her cry out:

'Y u have news of my son, Kelvin Tell me what you know? He bowed. 'I wish that the news were good,' he began, when a flash in the mother's eyes arrested him. Good, of my son, Kelvin. If you

mean he has done anything wrong, I will not believe it,' she said proudly. The man besitated, and there was look of pain in his eyes as he an-

harder for me than you can realize. I am Kelvin's best friend, and he has sent me to you.'

The little mother remained immovable, and he was forced to continue: 'Sums of money had been missing from time to time, and on investigathan you expected,' she laughed trem tion the guilty one was discovered.

> 'Kelvin was arrested, tried, and sentenced to a year in prison. He paused, averting his face that he might not see her suffering. 'He said he was not guilty, but-

She interrupted him. Why you say but?' she demanded. 'Is swept through the hall from the not his word enough for you, as it is broad back door to the front The for me? Y u claim to be his best stairs, wide and easy, led up from the friend; why do you not believe in shaded living-room, and there was a bim? The court is not infallible. sense of rest and quiet over all At My son's word is more to me than

> She raised her white face to the Dear Goo, Kelvin is not guilty,

The gate clicked again, this time it seemed to those who heard it, aggres word of apology for his very evident The boy's eyes grew moist. G d interruption, passed an official docu-

ment to the little mother After she left him, he looked around You will please read it at once.

swayed, and would have fallen had i way that made that man retreat sev-

The old lady threw him a grateful glance, then with an effort rose to her

'You understand the import of this

'Can you give me a little time?' The agent shook his head 'Bu-ihard lips were smiling. 'There is no

he stayed with ber all day and tha his presence was a nelp to her, bu mother looked up quickly Y is are she telt strange and unreal, and the asked even's just passed seemed more

ity. How she lived during the week This time Kelvin could not answer that followed, she never knew. his own hand that had thought. Donald never mentioned it.

day before the eviction was to take But the battle was fought and won place, Donald did not come as usual Feedly she dragged herself from one

All Stuffed Up

Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat. No wonder catarrh causes nen; my son; and God bless you: she impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stom ach and affects the appetite.

would repay her over and over again Hood's Sarsaparilla

room to the another, touching the shabby old furniture with fingers that trembled sadly. 'Good by,' she whispered, 'good

by, I give you up for Kelvin's sake, to give him money I risked you all. now-bat Kelvin is innocent, I know he is innocent, my poor little

She went out on the veranda. All afterglow of a dying sunset. Toward the west, the clouds were a mess of tender color, although fading visibly to twilight gray. The scent of her roses hung heavily on the air, but their fragrance gave her no pleasure now. She sank wearily into her rocker, for the last

Her back was turned to the little gate, and she did not hear it click. or the light footsteps that made their way softly up the gravel walk. Two men came, but only one made himself visible to the little mother. She held out her hand eagerly. 'Donald, I have been looking for

time perhaps,' she half whispered.

you; ber voice broke a little. 'Itit is the last day, you know.' He smiled at ber, 'Be brave, little mother,' he said. He sat

down beside her, and took her wrinkled hand in his. 'Little mother,' he repeated, 'if you could have

Would that someone besides my- oried tremulously, 'and to have all limiting the age when children can self could bring you the news. It is the world know as I know, that he be on the streets after 9 clock a

> stirred, but a look from his friend obildren from 12 to 14 years of age your home, he questioned, than all years who roam about the streets as

looked at him reproact fully.

There was a sudden movement, two strong arms were clasped around her neck, and a voice hourse with

emotion cried out 'mother.' An instant of tremulous uncertainjoy of the moment asked not why

Later it was explained to her, bit by bit. It had been a case of circum. stantial evidence. Kelvin was not guilty, although the case had been strong against him. The r al thief repenting after the court's decision. had confessed his crime, and Kelvin

morning when Donald triumphantly two remaining daughters, possess showed her a paper, signed with the considerable fortune, but the pleasbail fi's signature, renouncing his ures of the world which they were claim on the farm. 'It is yours, all able to give their children had no yours now, lit le mother, he said attractions for them.

lines. She looked at him, her eyes brimming with gratitude, and more than gratitude. 'And yours Donald. too, she said; 'you have saved it for me for us now you must share it with us, and I shall have two sons instead of one,' She drew them both toward

'God bless you both,' she said tenderly -Mary Adelaide Garnet, in The Sacred Heart Review.

Charity Begins at Home. "Charity begins at home,"

runs the old saying, and the usual answer is: "Yes, but it shouldn'

Scott's Emulsion

is the original-has been the standard for thirty-five

There are thousands of so-called "just as good" Emulsions, but they are not-they are simply imitations which are never as good as the original. They are like thin milk-SCOTT'S is thick like a heavy cream.

If you want it thin, do it vourself-with water-The week drew to a close. The but dont buy it thin.

> FOR SALE ST ALL DRUGGISTS SCOTT & BOWNE

end there." I say most emphatical. ly that charity of a large percentage people does not begin at home, wherever it may end, True charity or love means so much, that n matter what the cost we will de our

part to make the home the happy Stimulate the Sluggish Liver, lace it ought to be; but there, no matter bow we behave outside, we hall try to be loving and kind, the when things jar and go wrong at bey are bound some imes to do, w Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sous Stomach, Water Brash, and all troubles arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. shall find excuses for the offender netead of condemning them.

Dies your home charity include Ithis? If not, it isn't the true and engine article, the charity tha overs a multitude of sins.

And that is the kind of charity hat is needed in the world more than the charity that induces one go out visiting for charity, joining Il kinds of societies, teaching, or anything of that nature.

All these things are good an right, and should be encouraged i hey are kept in there proper places but if you are great on parish and ther charitable works and cross and enappy with the home peoplthe earth was bathed in the soft rosy you may be sure there is some bing wrong, and the sooner you mend your ways the better.

The trouble is that with too m of us home, instead of being the firplace, is apt to be the last place in which we exercise our charity. U lovely moods, unkind speeches, un. baritable t oughts, are all allowed o run riot there that we would never ream of showing to the ou side

If your actions and life are a bey should be "at home" you can est assured you won't go very far wrong "outside," Home is the testing ground, and it we fail there othing we can do on the outside will ever make up for it,-Tablet,

Curfew for Sandusky.

The women of Sandusky, Ohio, anything you desired, what would have started a project to get the city council to pass a curfew ordinance. Something in his voice startled In giving his sanction to the plan Rev. E. P. Graham, pastor of Holv "To see Kelvin, my son,' she Angels' Church, said that instead of The man behind the rose vines 14 years, it be made to apply

to 16 years. "It is not the children under 14 this that you love so dearly?' and he night," said Father G ham. "As swept the farm with a gesture. She a rule children over 14 are the ones who should be regulated. After 'Douald,' she said, to see my son, child reaches the age of 14 he or she I would give up all this world holds is more likely to fall into temptation, and you will find that it is these children who are out in the streets

in Sandusky." " Parents are largely to blame." said Father Grabam, "in not train. ing their children, and allowing ty, then, 'Kelvin, my son,' she sohb them to grow up without proper reed brokenly. It was enough for straint being placed on their actions. her to know that he was there, to They become disobedient when they feel his arm about her, and in the are 13 or 14 years of age and they will listen to no advice from the tather or mother."

Six daughters, members of the Order of the Sisters of St Francis of Dabague, is the unique distinction of the family of Mr. and M . John G. Godken, among he pioneer resident dents of Petersburg, Ia. The aged But the crowning touch came next parents, who recently gave up their

> The Bishops of Quimper and Bordeaux recen ly is-ued circular letters on the du ies of the clergy in the present political situation. A the two prelates give practically the same advice, it will be sufficient to quote the former, who says: "Ou right to enlighten the consciences of fathers and mothers is now being contested, and our schools will perhaps soon be closed. Let us have confidence all the same, and while making use of the means with which the law provides us, let us offer no truce in the battle which we are fighting in defence of the O menan faith f French children. The most urgent duty of the presen hour is union with this object i view. The year 1910 is the year of he general elections to the Chamber of Deputies. The role of the priest is not to take part directly in the struggle, but to advise the fairbful, and to remind them that they are called upon to come to an understanding with other Catholics and to vote as Catholics; that over and above parties there is in the Church, whose essential rights must be safeguarded, and Christian teaching for which complete liberty should be claimed. All the faithful withou distinction should offer up prayer in order that the electors may under stand and do their duty. Let us pray for France and pray for the

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Mrs. J. C. Westberg.
Swan River, Man., writes:

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tell, from liver trouble.
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medicine but could set medicine, but could get no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver

Pills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me." Price 25 cents a vial, or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"I'il bet there is an eloping couple in the rear car," said the conductor "Why do you think so ?" queried the auburn complexioned brakeman "Because," explained the ticke puncher, "they baven't got that bunted look as if a mob armed with rice

and old shoes was chasing them .

Fairville, Sept 30, 1902

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> Yours truly, OHAS. F. TILTON

"My dear,"

bottle, I mean it.

"What is it hubby ?" "I wish you would drop around a the market today and inspect a steak that I hold an option on. Then, it you like it, call at my office and we'll transfer papers."

Minard's Liniment Cures

The dealer was busy filling bottlefrom a hogshead of wine. "Wha kind of wine is tha ?" queried an innocent bystander. Don't know," an swered the dealer. "I haven't labell ed it yet."

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr H. Wilkinson, Strattord, Ont says:-It affords me much pleasur to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

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A Sensible Merchant.

Mrs. Fred. Laine, St. George, On writes :- " My 1 ttle girl would cough so at night that neither she por I could get any rest. I gave her Dr Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

"Why do you stop here?" "I know an arrist on the fif h floor of these apartments. If we walk up we can get a drink." "On, whistle up for him to pour

down the tube."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia. She-"Don't you think woman's

suffrage would be a fine thing?" He-"I know I could always persuade my wife to vote as I wan ed by telling her I intended voting the oth er way,"

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