

The Priestly Robe.

Touch it lightly, or not at all, Let it not fall! Let not a fabric so august Trail not a dust! 'Tis a costly thing, Woven by love in suffering, 'Twas Jesus' parting gift to men, When the Lord rose to heaven again, His latest breath fall on it, And left a Sacred spell on it, A mystery hidden within its folds, Quickened by sacramental breath, it holds The power of life and death. Would you sully it? Would you rend it? Is there a Christian would not defend it— A robe so costly and so rare, So wonderfully rare? Woe to the hand profane, Woe to the heart ungracious, Woe to the tongue unheeding, Would dare to cast a stain On a vestment made so precious By such a costly bleeding! I know this robe and its history, And what strange virtue goeth forth From its hem to bless the earth; And I adore the mystery That gives it grace, In Jesus' name, to soothe and heal, With more than human tenderness I prize the priestly order; And, while with reverent knee, I kneel, I do not see beneath the border Frail feet of clay. But seek to find, if so I may, By feeling Some gracious thread which will convey To my sore spirit healing, Vicar of Christ, deem me not rude, If nearer than is wont I press me, But turn and bless me Amid the kneeling multitude. —Rev. Clarence Walworth.

A Guardian Angel of Three.

Two sisters of gentle blood were sailing the ocean blue. Till the equator was reached, the commercial magnate on board failed to win as much as a glance from them. When the line was crossed in a double sense, the warmth of southern skies thawed the ice-barrier of birth, and the younger maid acknowledged her Prince Charming. As soon as possible after landing they were wedded very quietly before the British Consul at Buenos Aires. It was a pretty romance a god send to the lucky journalist who effected the 'scop.' The conveniences of the match were obvious. Though heir to a large fortune Ronald Keith was of the people; though of well-nigh noble descent, Rose Chester was dowdier. He was twenty-five, of cultured appearance, fitted by nature and education to rise in the scale; she was twenty-two, of dazzling beauty, the woman to 'make' an ambitious husband's career. The world recked nought that this civil marriage meant a sacrifice of Catholic principles. It noted the utilities above mentioned, and bestowed its benediction accordingly. But, henceforward, Ronald Keith's worldly success was as ashes to him. His initial surrender led to another; Rose would not hear of a Catholic baptism for her child. He did not blame her for despising his weakness. Having forfeited his own respect, he did not look for hers. She wanted a house in the country, but sufficiently near to London to enjoy its gaities at will. He gladly purchased Hillcroft for her. It was far from the haunts of his boyhood, remote from all that could remind him of his betrayed faith. In his anxiety to escape from old associations he transferred the headquarters of his business from Liverpool to America. Rose was content; his increased prosperity explained his long absences to his friends. But conscience proved inexorable; the ghosts of the past track him down. He at last took to Hillcroft his mother's Confirmation-gift, a statue of our Lady of Victories. By that time Rose lay buried in the village church-yard, and her sister was in charge of her baby-girl. Winnie Glynn sweet, and twenty-three, stared round her room: The net-work of the win-

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night— That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't. The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear. I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since. Max E. E. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It cures the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

down-curtains, the tracery of the wall-paper, the pattern of the carpet, all pronounced her sight normal. Reassured by their verdict, she read her letter once more.

"Dear Miss Glynn," it ran. "I am in receipt of your application for the post of nursery-governess to my niece. If you satisfy me in a month's trial, I will engage you at a salary of £80 per annum. An early answer will oblige.

Yours truly, Alice Chester."

"I'll satisfy her," said the girl, determinedly. Then her countenance fell. "What about mother?" she gasped.

"She will listen to reason," she continued. "With eighty pounds a year more to spend, and one hungry girl less to keep, she will be able to save up for Philip's operation. She can have all I earn: I have clothes enough to last a lifetime."

On the mantelpiece stood a tiny image of the Madonna. She took it down and pressed it to her lips. "I asked help for mother and a useful life for myself," she whispered, gratefully. "You have obtained me both. Never shall you regret your kindness. I will be a mother to Mr. Keith's orphan child, teach her our holy faith, train her to value goodness above all else on earth."

The mute pleading of Philip's eyes won Winnie's battle with her mother. Their blindness was not from birth; it dated from his fall from a tree four years ago. And of late the local doctor had expressed confident hope of a cure.

So, with a quivering chin and an unnatural straight upper lip, Amabel Keith's new governess left home. For two days Mrs. Glynn looked double her age, seventeen-year-old Cissie was inconsolable, short-frooked Nora shed torrents of tears. Philip alone was dry-eyed, but his face was a white emblem of grief.

Then came Winnie's first letter. It chased away the showers and brought out the sun once more. "I can see Hillcroft," Philip began. But his mother checked him; it hurt her to hear him describe what he could see.

"It would not do for me to have a bedroom like Miss Chester's," exclaimed Cissie. "I should stay awake all night admiring it."

"Miss Amabel's clothes!" cried Nora. "Such laces, and silks, and furs! She must look like a fairy princess."

"How Winnie will love decking Mrs. Keith's oratory with flowers!" chimed in Philip. "It must be the Ronald Keith I knew at College," said Father O'Rourke. "He was a smart fellow, and as good as he was clever. I remember well his devotion to the Rosary. Winnie and he will get on famously."

"Well!" sighed Mrs. Glynn. "My sole wish is that the girl should be happy. She has written pages about the house, Miss Amabel's finery, and Mr. Keith's piety. But of Miss Chester, on whom her happiness chiefly depend, there is not a word."

"Darling, worrisome old mother!" laughed Cissie, hugging her parent playfully. "If she has no real trouble, she must needs imagine one. Winnie is as happy as a queen. Who could be unhappy in that lovely place?"

"Mr. Keith does not seem to be happy," remarked Philip. "Winnie says he looks careworn and sad."

"That is because he misses his wife," said Nora. "She died only two years ago."

Living Machines. A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was Scott's Emulsion in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists.

The priest deemed it time to change the subject. Mrs. Glynn's grief for her dead husband was only too easily recalled.

"Let us offer a Mystery of the Rosary for your sister," he suggested. "Which one shall it be?" "The one mother likes best," requested Philip. "The Second Joyful."

"I like it," the widow explained, "because it shows us so well our Lady's humility and loving helpfulness."

The room was like a tiny chapel, all white, pale blue, and gold. From amid a cluster of lilies our Lady of Victories smiled tenderly at the girl on the prie-dieu before her.

The girl was not praying. She had sunk there exhausted; her head bent low on her clasped hands; every line of her listless form expressed utter misery. She did not stir as the door opened.

Miss Chester entered. Her tall, stately figure was quivering, her statueque beautiful face was white with anger.

"You are here?" she gasped. "Do you know that Amabel has been crying for fully ten minutes?" "I tried to stop her crying," answered Winnie wearily, "till I could try no more."

"You should not have let her begin crying. I have warned you how bad it is for her nerves."

"She cried for a reason unknown to me. My asking what she wanted only hardened her stubbornness, and she gave way to one of her ungovernable rages."

"Stubbornness—ungovernable rages, Miss Glynn? Such injustice to that little angel is clear proof of your unfitness to have charge of her. Her father is returning shortly, and he already knows how bitterly you dislike her. You may leave us sooner than you had intended."

"Sooner than I had intended?" gasped the bewildered girl. "But Miss Chester had regained her marble calm. 'I will see to Amabel now,' she said. 'Please pack enough of her things and of your own for a fortnight at Wilmington-on-Sea. We leave by the first train tomorrow.'

The threat of dismissal—her month's trial had long ended—made Winnie feel faint. But Miss Chester's insinuations gripped her brain and forced her to think clearly.

How could Amabel's father imagine that she disliked her? She had shown her nothing but kindness. And the only opinion, she had ever expressed of her was in a letter to her mother. That letter had not been posted. Written at midnight, it had remained in her desk till dawn. Then she had repurposed it.

"I can do no good here," she had read. Though six years old Amabel could not know her prayers. Nor can I teach her them; her aunt will not have her do anything she does not like. Mr. Keith's neglect of his duty in this regard shocks me. Last Sunday I asked him to let me take her to Mass. He looked confused, and said she could not walk so far. I told him how far she walks every weekday, and he colored. I believe he is afraid of Miss Chester; but how weak, how cowardly, how wicked of him to stand by and let his child be ruined! He ought at least to see that she gets proper religious instruction. If I had full control of her I would teach her as you taught us. But as things are I can only wonder what will be the end of her."

"Her fits of temper—she is dreadfully spoiled—are wearing me out. I have often to cross her to carry out her aunt's instructions. This places me between two fires. If I give away to her crying, I am scolded for disobeying orders; if I insist, I am blamed for her tears. I get no rest night or day, for more than a week I have not heard one kind word. You could never guess how much I long for a kiss and a hug from all of you."

"I know I shall not be able to stand it. Poor Philip's blind eyes seem to be imploring me to make a braver effort for his sake, but to wait till I was quite broken down would make things worse for all of us. I tell you this that you may be prepared. But don't worry, mother darling. Our Lady will find us the money for Philip's operation."

Winnie felt more than thankful that she had read her letter again. "What exaggeration was her morning judgment on it. 'And, even if it were all the truth,' she said to herself, 'I have no right to expose peoples failings. Poor

DON'T GIVE CONSUMPTION A CHANCE

To Get a Foothold on Your System. Check the First Sign of a Cold By Using DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A cold, if neglected, will sooner or later develop into some sort of lung trouble, so we would advise you that on the first sign of a cold or cough you get rid of it immediately. For this purpose we know of nothing better than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This preparation has been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and those who have used it have nothing but words of praise for its efficacy.

Mrs. H. N. Gill, Truro, N.S., writes: "Last January, 1913, I developed a severe cold, and it being on me for so long I was afraid it would turn into consumption. I would go to bed nights, and could not get any sleep at all for the choking feeling in my throat and lungs, and sometimes I would cough till I would turn black in the face. A friend came to see me, and told me of your remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle and after taking it a few days I could see a great change for the better, so I got another, and when I had taken the two bottles my cough was all gone, and I have never had an attack of it since, and that is now a year ago."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper, three nine trees the trade mark; and price, 25c and 50c. It is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

father would have called this most dishonorable. And how unhappy it would have made mother!"

She was sure no eyes but hers had seen that letter; her own hands had laid it on the kitchen fire. She had not felt one of the sheets slip from her grasp as she sped down the stairs. That sheet contained all the paragraph quoted above.

(To be continued.)

Marion Bridge, C.B., May, 30, '02 I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unquestionably the best seller of all the different kinds of Liniment I handle.

NEIL FERGUSON.

Indignant Young Lady—That gawky freak! Why, you told me he was a nobby young fellow! Treacherous Friend—Yes, but I spelled it with a k.—Chicago Post.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

When is it dangerous to visit the country? Ans.—When the hedges are shooting and the bull-rushes out.

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."

Brown (on fishing trip)—Boys, the boat is sinking! Is there anyone here who knows how to pray? Jones (eagerly)—I do. Brown—All right. You pray, and the rest of us will put on life belts. They're on shy.

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

I saw Harry Thaw when I was East, remarked the Fat Man. How is he getting along? asked the Thin Man. Oh, all right, replied the Fat Man. But he found it hard to sleep in a hotel room until he had bars painted on the window panes and made his valet wear a jaler's uniform.

NERVES WERE BAD

Hands Would Tremble So She Could Not Hold Paper to Read.

When the nerves become shaky the whole system seems to become unstrung and a general feeling of collapse occurs, as the heart works in sympathy with the nerves.

Mrs. Wm. Weaver, Shallow Lake, Ont., writes: "I doctored for a year, for my heart and nerves, with three different doctors, but they did not seem to know what was the matter with me. My nerves got so bad at last that I could not hold a paper in my hands to read, the way they trembled. I gave up doctoring thinking I could not get better. A lady living a few doors from me advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so to please her I did, and I am thankful to-day for doing so, for I am strong, and doing my own work without help."

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

Men's Suits and Overcoats AT A BARGAIN

A recent purchase of a lot of Men's Suits and Overcoats as part of a Bankrupt Stock has enabled me to put these Goods on the market away below regular retail prices.

Men's Suits

Style single breasted Sague—in assorted Tweeds—Medium Brown—Dark Brown and Grey—sizes 34, 36, 38, 39, 40, 42 44 Sold regularly at 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00 and \$10.50.

Men's Overcoats

In Brown and Grey Tweeds—sizes 37, 38, 39, 40, Regular 15 and 16 dollar—our price \$10.00.

Also

Men's Blk Beaver Coats with Persian Lamb Collars, \$15. for \$12.—and a lot of boys' and youths' overcoats and suits at reduced prices.

Men's Underwear

10 dozen Suits Men's all wool Underwear double back and front and unshrinkable, worth \$2.50 per suit. Price now \$1.79.

Men's Waterproof Coats

The good kind that will keep you dry in a regular downpour—Regular price \$9.95 and \$10.50, but selling now at \$7.00 and \$7.50.

Men's Duck Coats

Sheep lined and cloth lined at special prices.

Men's Oilskin Coats

Some good ones just received from England—double to the waist and 1 button reinforced with leather, \$3.50.

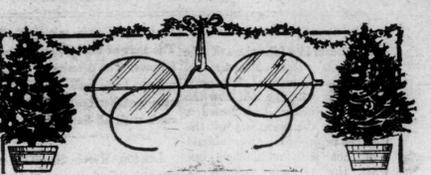
Sweaters

We are well stocked in Men's and Ladies' Sweaters. You will save money by buying from "MY STORE."

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117 Queen Street.

VOL-PEEK. MENDS HOLES IN POTS, PANS, IN TWO MINUTES WITHOUT TOOLS. MENDS - Graniteware, Tin - Copper - Brass, Aluminium Enamelledware, Cost 1/4 Per Mend. PRICE 15c PER PACKAGE. "VOL-PEEK" mends holes in all kinds of Pots, Pans, Boilers and all other kitchen utensils, in two minutes, at a cost of less than 1/4c per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron Tinwares, Copper, Brass, Aluminum, etc. Easy to use, requires no tools and mends quickly. Every housewife knows what it is to discover a hole in a pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article. Few things are more provoking and cause more inconvenience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will often spoil a whole morning's work. The housewife has, for many years been wanting something with which she could herself, in her own home, mend such leaks quickly, easily and permanently, and she has never found it. What has been needed is a mender like "VOL-PEEK," that will repair the article neatly and quickly and at the same time be always at hand, easily applied and inexpensive. A package of "VOL-PEEK" will mend from 30 to 50 air sized holes. "VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a still putty, simply cut off a small piece enough to fill the hole, then Burn the mend over the flame of a lamp, candle or open fire for two minutes, then the article will be ready for use. Sent Post Paid to any address on receipt of 15 cents in Silver or Stamps. R. F. Maddigan & Co. Charlottetown Agents for P. E. Island.



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Offers Another Opportunity

A pair of modern Spectacles or Eyeglasses will make the "Old Folks" happy—enable them to read and swim comfortably, make them "see young" again.

What more useful or acceptable gift could you select for mother or father?

We are making a specialty of Spectacles for this Xmas and have a scheme whereby they can be suitably presented as a gift.

Make it Glasses for the Old Folks.

You're Welcome

To any article in our store by paying the very reasonable amount asked for it.

Among the new things are sets of brushes and combs, nail files, etc., in case. These come in large and small sizes and are sterling or quadruple plate. New designs in Mesh Bags, Lockets, Pendants, Bracelets, Necklets, Cuff Links, Wrist Watches, Gents' Chains in different styles, Handsome Soenir Brooches in tinted gold set with pearls.

Fobs in Gold Filled and Ribben, High Grade Watches, Boys' Watches, \$1.00 up, White Metal Chains, 25c up, Silver Thimbles, Back Combs, Barettes, Nice Reading Glasses, Telescopes, from \$3.00 up to \$20.00, Rimless Eyeglasses.

E. W. TAYLOR

The Old Stand, 142 Richmond St. Charlottetown.

LET US MAKE Your New Suit. When it comes to the question of buying clothes, there are several things to be considered. 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 quality 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. MacLellan Bros. TAILORS AND FURNISHERS 153 Queen Street.