

The Herald

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31 1917

SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 A YEAR. TO THE UNITED STATES, \$1.50 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 81 QUEEN STREET CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND. JAMES MCISAAC EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Splendid Conservative Victory

In the bye-election for the House of Commons held in Dorchester County, Quebec, on Saturday last, Hon. Albert Seigney, who had taken the portfolio of Inland Revenue, was returned with a majority of nearly 300 votes. Hon. Mr. Seigney's triumphant election means very much more than the mere success of a member of the Cabinet on assuming office. It is a vindication of the Borden Government's policy and administration of public affairs, in the face of the most strenuous, unscrupulous and disgraceful opposition, waged by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, his candidate in the election, the whole Liberal press, from the Toronto Globe down, and the Liberal forces of every description. It would have been a matter of reasonable courtesy, on the part of the Opposition, to allow Mr. Seigney to have his election by acclamation; but Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his associates decided otherwise, and now they have their answer.

The Liberal chosen to oppose Mr. Seigney was a Mr. Cannon, a member of the Quebec Legislature for this same County of Dorchester. Judging by the manner of campaign he waged, Mr. Cannon must have been selected in consequence of his capability to give utterance to the most unblushing, untruthful and disgraceful declarations, regarding the country and the flag to which he owes allegiance. The boldness and effrontery with which he unburdened himself, his seditious and disgusting utterances should confine him for all time to political oblivion. Mr. Cannon was not speaking for himself alone, but for Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party. He boldly proclaimed himself the candidate of the Chief of the Liberal party and had the best of authority for so doing, as the following letter proves:

385 Laurier Avenue East, Ottawa. "My Dear Lucien:— You have done a good act (tu fais un beau geste) in renouncing your provincial mandate to revindicate and affirm in Dorchester the rights of outraged conscience. I trust the electors will respond to your noble appeal. I wish you all success.

"Your Devoted Friend, "WILFRID LAURIER." Following are some samples from Mr. Cannon's "noble appeal," which were endorsed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, inasmuch as he did not repudiate them, when called upon to do so, in the House of Commons:

"Why are you obliged to put another stamp on your letters to pay when you buy medicines for your sick wife? It is because the government has thrown the money away and is obliged to get more. It will be Mr. Seigney who will collect these taxes, if elected, for he is Minister of Inland Revenue."

"Laurier disapproved of the National Service scheme by refusing the invitation to join it. The National Service stands mean either nothing or conscription. Look at what happened in England. As a Liberal candidate I am against all conscription, whether industrial or military."

"Are we to ruin our country from the point of view of men and wealth and everything else for England? I say 'No' without any hesitation."

"I protest in the name of my Chief, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, against

unjust taxes, and with him against the taxes on the letters and the railway taxes, and on medicine." "When Mr. Seigney was made minister of the Borden cabinet, I asked my friends to meet at St. Henedine in conversation, not as Mr. Seigney says, on my own initiative, but at the demand and following the desire of the venerable head of the Liberal party Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

"It was after he asked me to have the electors of my country meet that I sent notices of a convention in the county. It is democracy that reigns with us Liberals. When I went to St. Henedine I did not go to impose my views on the convention, but to get free expression of the views and sentiments of the people."

"When the Government wanted to deliver Canada tied hand and foot to England, you were as silent as a fish. Mr. Seigney, you did not keep your oath because you got a place, and now they want to close your mouth altogether with a portfolio."

"The Government bought horses in the English provinces, and on the authority of an official of the Militia Department. The reason they did not buy horses in Quebec was because the department said that horses in Quebec were raised in the French language."

To their honor the electors of Dorchester have given to this "noble appeal" an answer that should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and that vindicates them before the world from the foul slur which he and his dear friend "Lucien" attempted to saddle upon them. The following message to Mr. Seigney, from Sir Robert Borden, places the case in its true light before the public:

"I congratulate not only you but all the people of your province on the splendid vindication which you have received from the electorate of your county. Your victory is all the more notable because of the unworthy charges made against you. Indeed the whole of the country has just cause to congratulate itself upon the conspicuous failure of that campaign."

A Famous Document.

Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour British Foreign Secretary, recently addressed to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador at Washington, a note amplifying the Allies reply to President Wilson's peace note. Mr. Balfour's note is a state paper of extraordinary force and logic, and explains in detail why the Allies believe it impossible at present to attain peace which assure such guarantees as they deem essential. The Foreign Secretary amplifying and explaining his theme points out the conditions on which, and on which alone, lasting peace may be assured. Mr. Balfour's note deserves the most careful perusal. Following is its text:

"In sending you a translation of the Allied note I desire to make the following observations which you should bring to the notice of the United States government. "I gather from the general tenor of the President's note, that while he is animated by an intense desire that peace should come soon and that when it comes it should be lasting, he does not for the moment at least concern himself with the terms on which it should be arranged. His Majesty's Government entirely share the President's ideas; but they feel strongly that the durability of peace must largely depend on its character, and that no stable system of international relations can be built on foundations which are essentially and hopelessly defective.

"This becomes clearly apparent if we consider the main conditions which rendered possible the calamities from which the world is now suffering. These were the

existence of great powers cumulated with the lust of domination in the midst of a community of nations ill-prepared for defense, plentifully supplied with international laws, but with no machinery for enforcing them and weakened by the fact that neither the boundaries of the various states nor their international constitution harmonized with the aspirations of their constituent races or secured to them just and equal treatment.

That this last evil would be greatly mitigated if the Allied secured the changes in the map of Europe outlined in their joint note is manifest, and I need not labor the point.

"It has been argued indeed that the expulsion of the Turks from Europe forms no proper or logical part of this general scheme. The maintenance of the Turkish Empire was during many generations regarded by statesmen of world-wide authority as essential to the maintenance of European peace. Why, it is asked, should the cause of peace now be associated with a complete reversal of this traditional policy?"

The answer is that circumstances have completely changed. It is unnecessary to consider now whether the creation of a reformed Turkey mediating between hostile races in the Near East was a scheme, which, had the Sultan been sincere and the powers united, could ever have been realized. It certainly cannot be realized now.

"The Turkey of union and progress is at least as barbarous and is far more aggressive than the Turkey of Sultan Abdul Hamid. In the hands of Germany it has ceased even in appearance to be a bulwark of peace, and is openly used as an instrument of conquest. Under German officers, Turkish soldiers are now fighting in lands from which they had long been expelled, and a Turkish Government, controlled, subsidized and supported by Germany, has been guilty of massacres in Armenia and Syria more horrible than any recorded in the history even of those unhappy countries. Evidently the interests of peace and the claims of nationality alike require that Turkish rule over alien races shall, if possible, be brought to an end; and we may hope that the expulsion of Turkey from Europe will contribute as much to the cause of peace as the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, or Italia Irredenta to Italy, or any of the territorial changes indicated in the Allied note.

"Evidently, however, such territorial rearrangements, though they may diminish the occasions of war, provide no sufficient security against its recurrence. If Germany, or rather those in Germany who mould its opinion and control its destinies, again set out to dominate the world, they may find that by the new order things the adventure is made more difficult, but hardly that it is made impossible. They may still have ready to their hand a political system organized through and through on a military basis; they may still persist in their methods of attacks, so that their more pacific neighbors will be struck down before they can prepare themselves for defense.

If so, Europe, when the war is over will be far poorer in men, in money, and in mutual good will than it was when the war began, but it will not be safer; and the hopes for the future of the world entertained by the President will be as far as ever from fulfillment.

"There are those who think that for this disease international treaties and international laws may provide a sufficient cure. But such persons have ill-learned the lessons so clearly taught by recent history. While other nations, notably the United States of America and Britain, were striving by treaties of

arbitration to make sure that no chance quarrel should mar the peace they desired to make perpetual, Germany stood aloof. Her historians and philosophers preached the splendors of war; power was proclaimed as the true end of the state; and the general staff forged with untiring industry the weapons by which at the appointed moment power might be achieved.

"These facts proved clearly enough that treaty arrangements for maintaining peace were not likely to find much favor at Berlin; they did not prove that such treaties once made would be utterly ineffectual. This became evident only when war had broken out; though the sought demonstration when it came, was overwhelming.

"So long as Germany remains the Germany which without a shadow of justification overran and barbarously ill-treated a country it was pledged to defend, no State can regard its rights as secure if they have no better protection than a solemn treaty.

"The case is made worse by the reflection that these methods of calculated brutality were designed by the Central Powers not merely to crush to the dust those with whom they were at war, but to intimidate those with whom they were still at peace. Belgium was not only a victim; it was an example. Neutrals were intended to note the outrages which accompanied its conquest, the reign of terror which followed on its occupation; the deportation of a portion of its population; the cruel oppression of the remainder. And, lest the nations happily protected either by British fleets or by their own German armies should suppose themselves safe from German methods, the submarine has (within its limits) assiduously imitated the barbarous practices of the sister service.

"The war stunts of the Central Powers are well content to horrify the world, if at the same time they can terrorize it.

"If then, the Central Powers succeed, it will be to methods like these that they owe their success. How can any reform of international relations be based on a peace thus obtained? Such a peace would represent the triumph of all the forces which make war certain and make it brutal. It would eradicate the utility of all the methods on which civilization relies to eliminate the occasions of international dispute and to mitigate their ferocity.

"Germany and Austria made the present war inevitable by attacking the rights of one small state and they gained their initial triumphs by violating the treaty guarantees of the territories of another. Are small states going to find in them their protectors or in treaties made by them a bulwark against aggression.

"Terrorism by land and sea will have proved itself the instrument of victory. Are the victors likely to abandon it on the appeal of neutrals?"

"If existing treaties are no more than scraps of paper can fresh treaties help us? If the violation of the most fundamental cannons of international law be crowned with success, will it not be in vain that the assembled nations labor to improve their code? None will profit by their rules but powers who break them. It is those who keep them that will suffer.

"Though, therefore, the people of this country share to the full the desire of the President for peace they do not believe peace can be durable if it be not based on the success of the Allied cause. For a durable peace can hardly be expected unless three conditions are fulfilled. The first is that existing causes of international unrest should be as far as possible removed or weakened. The second

is that the aggressive aims and the unscrupulous methods of the Central Powers should fall into disrepute among their own peoples. The third is that behind international law and behind all treaty arrangements for preventing or limiting hostilities some form of international sanction should be devised which would give pause to the hardest aggressor.

"These conditions may be difficult of fulfillment. But we believe them to be in general harmony with the President's ideas, and we are confident that none of them can be satisfied even imperfectly, unless peace be secured on the general lines indicated (so far as Europe is concerned) in the joint note.

"Therefore, it is that this country has made, is making, and is preparing to make sacrifices of blood and treasure unparalleled in its history. It bears these heavy burdens not merely that it may thus fulfil its treaty obligations, nor yet that it may secure a barren triumph of one group of nations over another. It bears them because it firmly believes that on the success of the Allies depend the prospects of peaceful civilization and of those international reforms which the best thinkers of the new world, as of the old, dare to hope may follow on the cessation of our present calamities."

Dominion Parliament

It is expected that Parliament will be adjourned early in Feb. probably for two months or more. Sir Robert Borden has announced in the Commons his acceptance of the offer of the Opposition for an adjournment to allow the Premier to attend the Imperial Conference. The war credits and part of the necessary supply to be voted. Before this was done the Prime Minister attached two minor conditions to his acceptance, one of which was the introduction by the Minister of Finance of a borrowing bill along the lines of that of last year and the other the taking up again of the work of consolidating the Railway Act, which has been pressed on the Government. Both conditions were agreed to by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is understood that the Prime Minister has received a cablegram urgently requesting that he arrive in London at the earliest possible date to attend the Conference. As it is impossible for him to leave Ottawa until the war appropriation has been voted and arrangements made for the ordinary expenditure of the Government during his absence and these matters cannot be taken up until the debate on the address has been concluded, the continuance of the latter means so much time taken from the Premier's attendance at the proposed meeting. In announcing his decision lately, Sir Robert asked that supply be voted to June, or to the extent of twenty-five per cent. of the entire war credit; to be passed; that the Minister of Finance be allowed to introduce a non-contentious borrowing bill, and that there be no other legislation except the taking up once more of the consolidation of the Railway Act. The Premier said he had received a demand from all parts of the country for such action. He proposed to have it introduced, get a second reading and be sent once more to the joint committee of the Senate and Commons which had dealt with it some years ago, and which would work on it during the adjournment. Sir Robert informed the House that he had received a cablegram in which the urgency of early attendance at the Imperial Conference on the part of the overseas Premiers was pointed out. Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed his concurrence. The consolidation of the Railway Act, he said, might ordinarily open the door to many suggestions but in these war times he considered, it would be kept down to what it was, a consolidation and revision. As for voting supply until June 30th, that was more than usual, but as this was war time, he would consent. Sir Thomas White explained that his borrowing bill was similar to that introduced last session which covered \$75,000,000 and would deal with borrowing for the general purposes of the Dominion.



JUST WHAT YOU WANT In an Overcoat READY HERE

Think of what you want to see in your Fall or Winter Overcoats—think of the smart new style you want—the careful tailoring—the fit—the warmth—the durability.

When you have your idea in mind—drop in here and see if the very one you want is not ready for your call.

Really—it would be hard to find a man whose Overcoat needs we cannot supply. We have the Overcoats that are right in style—in cut—in tailoring—in fit and as to price—all we ask is have you compare.

And then you can see how your new coat will look BEFORE you buy it. And you do not have to take it unless you are delighted with it. It's a good way to buy an Overcoat.

- Men's dark fancy tweed Overcoats convertible collar, D. B. model, 50 ins. long, good heavy warm winter coats, with good quality Italian lining. All sizes.....\$12.00
Men's fancy brown and grey tweeds, Chinchillas and Nappes in plain blues in convertible and shawl collars, 46 and 50 inches long. At this price we can show you one of the best ranges of coats in the city. All well tailored garments, all full lined with best quality Italian lining. All sizes.....\$15.00
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Men's fine hand tailored Overcoats in fancy colored tweeds and Chinchillas in many different models. Three quarters and full length 20th Century make. All guaranteed and tailored, satin, shield and full lined. All sizes.....\$20.00
Young manish Overcoats that win approval at first sight. They come in full length, convertible collar, Ulsters, Chesterfields, in black and dark greys, etc. Shawl collars, all 20th Century garments, and fully guaranteed. A large range of cloths to choose from. All sizes.....\$25.00

MOORE & McLEOD LIMITED

119-121 Queen Street, Charlottetown Oct. 25th, 1916

Advertisement for Moore & McLeod Limited, listing services of W. J. P. McMillan, M. D., J. D. Stewart, and McLeod & Bentley, including medical, legal, and printing services.

A Wish.

'd like to be a boy again; a care-free prince of joy again, I'd like to tread the hills and dale the way I used to do; I'd like the tattered shirt again, the knickers thick with dirt again; The ugly dusty feet again that long ago I knew, 'd like to play first base again, and Silver's curves to face again; 'd like to climb the way I did, a friendly apple tree; For, knowing what I do today, could I but wonder back and play, I'd get full measure of the joy that boyhood gave to me. I'd like to be a lad again, a youngster, wild and glad again, I'd like to sleep and eat again the way I used to do; I'd like to race and run again, and drain from life its fun again. And start another round of joy, the moment one was through. But care and strife have come to me, and often days are glum to me, And sleep is not the thing it was and food is not the same. And I have sighed, and know that I must journey on again to sight, And I have stood at envy's point and heard the voice of shame, I've learned that joys are fleeting things, that parting pain each meeting brings; That gain and loss are partners here, and so are smiles and tears; That only boys from day to day can drain and fill the cup of play; That age must mourn for what is lost throughout the coming years. But boys can not appreciate their priceless joy until too late, And those who own the charm I had will soon be changed to men; And then, they too will sit, as I and backward turn to look and sigh, And share my longing, vain, to be a care-free boy again.

The Bachelor Girl's Boy.

(ALICE J. STEVENS, in The Tidings.)

The Bachelor Girl lived alone in a little green bungalow almost hidden by rose vines, on the edge of a big, bustling Western city. Every day she went down into this big, bustling, busy city, where the solitary policeman stood on the street-corner and directed the crowded traffic so that it was considered comparatively safe for pedestrians to cross the streets without hopelessly jeopardizing their lives, for she worked in a massive building near the top floor, where she was connected with a big publishing house, and where all day long she sat in an office before a desk strewn with papers and books and half-tone cuts and various other paraphernalia connected with the business, and often, when the days were warm and balmy, and that dreary feeling pervaded the atmosphere, she would look out over the roofs of tall buildings off into the distance where high mountains lifted their stately heads and proudly gazed on the mass of struggling humanity below, which, like so many ants, wound in and out through the marts of trade, each intent upon grasping the biggest load of worldly goods; and sometimes it seemed to the Bachelor Girl as if those eternal hills of God were to point the way to higher ideals than groveling humanity could reach unaided by the grace of God. But when evening came she would lock the office door, after the advertising staff and the business manager, the stenographer and all the others had gone, and then she would write the thoughts that buzzed like bees in her head all day. She would write until dinner time, for this Bachelor Girl got most of her dinners down town, because it was inconvenient to cook her evening meal at home when if she did have a gas range and all household conveniences. And then, going home in the dusk of the evening she would "luxuriate in loneliness," as she expressed it. Not that she ever felt lonesome, but she enjoyed being alone with her thoughts after the

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—so ugly as ever since time immemorial it causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Wood's Sarsaparilla

It rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

noise and confusion of the office all day. Perhaps that was why he was a Bachelor Girl, because he liked to be alone, and then, again, perhaps there was another reason.

One cold, stormy night she concluded she would get her dinner at home, for a change, so she bought a nice, juicy steak and what she called "a few accessories before the fact," and leaving the office earlier than usual she dined alone. She built a fire in the grate in her small dining-room, and set the table for one, under the electric reading-lamp that hung, green-shaded, just above the easy Morris chair in which she loved to lounge in dressing gown and slippers of an evening. Outside, the rain beat a tattoo on the window pane, to the accompaniment of the moaning of the wind and the ceaseless swishing of a rose vine against the assement. Inside the fire crackled and snapped and warmed the cozy room where the Bachelor Girl dined alone.

No long table was set for a family dinner, with its pleasing array of cut glass and dainty china with delicate tracery of blue and gold—no flowers waiting their subtle perfume through the warm room, only a soft, subdued light from the green-shaded reading-lamp blending with the glow of blazing logs in the open fireplace. No high chairs were drawn before the table—no bits by loving hands tucked under dimpled chins, with childish prattle recounting the day's events—only the Bachelor Girl sitting there alone and looking across the table at a row of vacant chairs that filled the spaces of her dreams, and she could see and realize the utter futility of trying to weave a home circle without children around which to fasten the threads of the warp and woof of the pattern.

"Some day when I am a little better off in this world's goods and can stay at home and take care of them, when I don't have to work like a slave and unfit myself for polite society, I'll adopt some children," mused the Bachelor Girl. "I'll take a boy and a girl—children, of course, that I know all about and can be sure that I'm not getting anyone with inherited tendencies to evil or disease."

The Bachelor Girl sat late before the fire that night, and perhaps the dishes were washed before she went to bed and perhaps they were not. Anyway, she didn't feel much like cooking her own breakfast next morning, so she slipped out early and went down to a little restaurant where they served excellent coffee and old-fashioned "riz" buckwheat cakes with maple syrup that was "good enough for a dog to eat," as one of her Bohemian friends used to say. A morning paper lay in the table beside her plate and, while waiting for her order she picked it up, glancing carelessly through its columns of horrors, until her eye lit upon the picture of a boy, and under the picture was the query: "Who will give this boy a home?" Then followed an account of how this little boy, only ten years of age, because he was homeless and friendless, had been taken by the probation officer to the Detention Home where incorrigibles were kept until the Juvenile Court disposed of their cases. Not that he was a bad boy, but a chain of calamities had left him friendless and homeless. "A little Mexican boy whose mother had been a charwoman." "Not very encouraging

as to ancestry," thought the Bachelor Girl. Then her breakfast was brought to her and she laid aside the paper. But somehow the boy wouldn't be put aside so easily. He kept knocking at the door of that vacant home on the Heights on the edge of the great bustling city. "How foolish," she said; "I have no one to leave him with during the day, and who knows what vicious tendencies he may inherit?" And so she thought she had settled the question satisfactorily as she paid the bill and went down to the office. But when she unlocked the office door she found the Boy was there, too! He came between her and the sages of her work. At last she said down her pen, and looking off across the tops of the tall buildings to where the eternal hills pointed to higher ideals, she said, "Well it seems to be my call, and I think I'd better answer it if I'm taking up the phone she called the Probation Officer, who was a friend of hers, and without really intending to commit herself, she offered a home, "temporarily at least," to the Boy, "providing, of course, that there was nothing objectionable about him," and all the while she was making excuses to herself for not taking him, the Boy was silently denouncing admittances to her heart and home. The Probation Officer, being a man of affairs and family, with a fatherly heart for all these prodigals of the Detention Home, as well as a man of quick action, set no time in following this him of a home for one of his boys.

"You are just the one to take him," said the officer. Here's your chance to do something for one of God's little ones, and you can't afford to throw away the opportunity?" was his blunt way of putting the case squarely before her.

"I'll talk it over with Father John," finally stipulated the Bachelor Girl, "and whatever he advises I'll do," she said as she hung up the phone.

Father John was her invariable court of last appeal. He was her pastor, her spiritual director, to whom she always turned when the skins of life were too tangled for her fingers to unravel. Calling up the priest over the phone, she briefly stated the case to him and asked his advice.

"Take him by all means," was his quick response. "But, Father, she protested "what will I do with him while I'm at the office?" "Send him to the parochial school, and I'll look after him during the day, and trust in God to help you out the rest of the time, for He surely is pointing the way!"

And so it was settled that the Bachelor Girl should take the Boy, and when she went home, day or two later, she carried in one hand an extra large bundle of newly-purchased clothes for a small boy whom she led with the other hand out to the rose embowered bungalow. She made up a bed for him in the spare bedroom and then she heated up the water and gave him a bath. Those friends who had been privileged to occupy this spare room often said that she never let anyone sleep there without first "running them through the bath-tub," and the Boy met the common fate of all her friends: The little fellow's hands were sore with the sores that small boys acquire. There were other raw places about his lean, skinny body that needed motherly attention, and if there was one thing more than another that made the Bachelor Girl sick at her stomach it was handling sores of any kind: "How can I clean those hands and heal them?" she asked herself, as a feeling of revulsion came over her at the sight of them. Lifting her eyes to the crucifix on the little altar in her bed-room, she saw the wounded hands of her Saviour, and like a voice from Him came the words, "As ye have done it unto the least of these, My little ones, ye have done unto Me." And the hands of the Christ-child seemed held out to her, a few moments later, when she took them into her own and carefully washed away all the dirt and grime, and then tenderly rubbed into the sore places a healing ointment, and all revulsion of feeling had left her! From that event he became to her the "Christ-Child," and whatever was done for him was done in that spirit of love for Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Had Severe Cold ON HER LUNGS.

RAISED PHLEGM AND BLOOD.

Never neglect what at first seems to be but a slight cold. You think perhaps you are strong enough to fight it off, but colds are not so easily fought off in this northern climate, and if they are not attended to at once will sooner or later develop into some serious lung trouble such as bronchitis, pneumonia, and perhaps that dreadful disease, consumption.

Miss Kaye McDonald, Sydney Mines, N.S., writes: "Last winter I contracted a severe cold, and it settled on my lungs. I would cough and raise phlegm and blood. I had the cough for a month, and had medicine from the doctor, but it did not seem to do me any good. I really thought I had consumption."

My friends advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I did, and it gave me great relief. I am very glad I used "Dr. Wood's," and would recommend it to every one."

You can procure Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from any druggist or dealer, but be sure and get "Dr. Wood's," when you ask for it as there are a number of imitations on the market, which some dealers may try to palm off on you as the genuine.

See that it is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees is the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.

Manufactured only by THE T. MINNISON CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

Every failure teaches a man something if he will learn.—Charles Dickens.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited

Sirs—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for the past 25 years and whilst I have occasionally used other liniments I can safely say that I have never used any equal to yours.

If rubbed between the hands an inhaled frequently, it will never fail to cure cold in the head in 24 hours. It is also the Best for bruises, sprains, etc.

Yours truly, J. G. LESLIE, Dartmouth.

"Are you going to make any good resolutions this new year."

"One."

"What is that?"

"Not to make any."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

"Man wakens from his sleep within the womb,"

Cries, laughs and yawns—then sleeps within the tomb,

If this were all his life were he so than vain

And never to be born the richest gain:

From out the depths therefore the soul doth cry

To God, to save it lest it wholly die."

—Archbishop Spalding.

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 50c. a box."

Mrs. New-wed—How do you like my cake, dear! It is called marble cake."

New-wed (trying to break a piece)—An excellent name for it, certainly.

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes:—"My mother had a badly pruned arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Jaggard's Yellow Oil and it cured another's arm in a few days Price 15 cents."

"Don't argue with your wife," says somebody, who should mind his own business. He doesn't know how to make a woman happy."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYPHTHERIA.

How narrow-minded most people are who argue with us!

Had Weak and Dizzy Spells. WAS CURED BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. J. S. Nicholson, Listowel, Ont., writes: "I was weak and dizzy, my heart would palpitate, and I would feel much stronger, and my heart was ever so much better in a short time. I cannot praise your medicine too highly for it has done me a world of good. My husband has also been bothered with heart trouble ever since childhood, and finds quick relief by using your valuable pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and are universally known as the very best remedy for all troubles arising from the heart or nerves. As Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Minnison Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD You must have Good Yeast

GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worry which she so often suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast.

If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Recipe Book.

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Every bill, poster and newspaper advertisement advertising a stallion must show his enrollment number and state whether he is a pure bred, a grade or a cross bred.

For further particulars apply to the DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

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