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Rare Works of Art.

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HASZARD & MOORE
SUNNYSIDE.

Tenders for Church

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, until February 8th, 1900, for the construction of a new Roman Catholic Church, at Souris, P. E. Island, designed by Mr. W. C. Harris, Architect, to be built of stone or brick, about one hundred and eighty feet over all in length, and to seat about nine hundred and fifty people. The plans and specifications can be seen at Souris, from January 8th, to the 15th, 1900, and can be seen at the Bishop's Palace, in Charlotte town, from the 15th January to the 8th of February, 1900. Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque for \$100.00, which will be returned if tender is not accepted, and which will be forfeit if tenderer fails to undertake the contract after his tender has been accepted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be sent to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Souris Church."
D. F. MACDONALD, P. P.,
Jan. 4, 1900. Souris, P. E. I.

Something New

—FOR—
1900

One case Oak Mounted Goods consisting in part of

- Salt Cellars,
- Pepper Boxes,
- Mustard Pots,
- Butter Dishes,
- Breakfast Cruets,
- Muffinners.

The above are very pretty and durable.

E. W. TAYLOR,
CAMERON BLOCK,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

WORDS.

I cannot tell what I would tell thee,
What I would say, what thou shouldst hear;
Words of the soul that should compel thee,
Words of the heart to draw thee near.

For when thou smilest, thou, who fillest
My life with joy, and I would speak,
'Tis then my lips and tongue are stillest,
Knowing all language is too weak.

Look in my eyes, read there confession;
The truest love has least of art;
Nor needs it words for its expression
When soul speaks soul and heart speaks heart.
—Madison Cawein in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THE BUSINESS VENTURE OF CISSY JAYNE.

BY W. R. ROSE.

Cissy Was a Child, but She Had a Remarkable Aptitude For Trade.

The tall young man at the desk by the big window looked up with a start. There was something strangely familiar about the little figure in the doorway. He arose hurriedly from his chair.

"Why, it's Cissy!" he cried and stepped forward. The child's figure swayed toward him, and he caught it in his arms.

"George Henderson," a tired little voice panted, "why don't you live up to heaven and be done with it?"

"What is it, Cissy?" cried the young man as he placed the child in the great padded chair in the corner and unfastened her big hat and anxiously looked her over.

"It's these eight flights of stairs, George," the faint voice panted. "But I'm all right. Just gimme time to get my breath."

"Gracious, Cissy, did you walk up?" The tired head weakly nodded.

She was a slender girl of perhaps a dozen years. Her features were prominent, her eyes keen, her chin aggressive. Her light hair was brushed tightly back from her face, and this emphasized the sharpness of her features and her look. She was very neatly dressed and, under one arm, carried two handsomely bound books.

"Why in the world didn't you take the elevator, Cissy?"

Her breath was coming back now, and she smiled up at the young man and lifted one eyebrow in a whimsical way.

"I'll tell you, George," she answered. "I went into the vestibool, way down by the sidewalk, you know, and I was just going to step into the elevator when the fresh kid in brass buttons that runs it pointed to a sign on the wall. While I was reading it he runned the elevator up. You know the sign. It's the one that says, 'No book agents, peddlers or dogs allowed in this building.' I read it and walked up."

"But I don't see"—began the puzzled young man.

"George Henderson," cried the girl, "don't you look at me as if you thought I took myself for a dog! I'm a book agent."

"A book agent, Cissy Jayne?"

"Yes, a book agent, George Henderson. Is there anything the matter with my being a book agent?"

"Certainly not," laughed the young man. "It's an ancient and honorable profession, even if a rude and unappreciative janitor does classify it with



Behind every great man you will find a great mother. Behind every great man you will find a healthy mother. A child's physical and mental welfare depend to a tremendous degree upon the mother's condition during the period of gestation. If, during these critical months, the mother suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity, the chances are that her child will be weak, puny and sickly, with the seeds of serious disease already implanted in its little body at birth. If the mother, during the interesting period, suffers from the abnormal mental states which recur periodically with women who are weak in a womanly way, these conditions will impress themselves upon the mind of the child.

Every woman wants children who are both physically and mentally healthy. Every woman may have that kind of children if she will take proper care of herself in a womanly way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It banishes the usual discomforts of the critical period, and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the little new comer's health and a bountiful supply of nourishment.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. For paper-covered copy send at once stamps to cover customs and mailing only. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Good Common Sense

Common sense teaches that a debilitated system cannot be built up by continued purging, which reduces the strength of a body already weakened by disease. Most so-called blood builders are purgatives.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

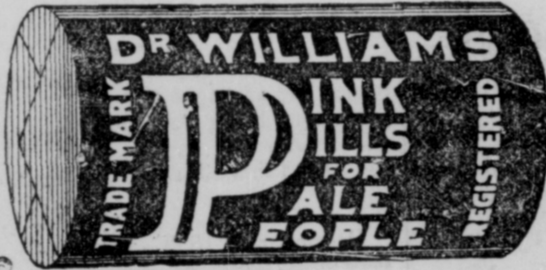
do NOT act upon the bowels. They renew and enrich the blood and make weak, tired nerves strong. They strengthen and only strengthen from the first dose to the last.

Most people find benefit from a tonic at this season, and thousands of authenticated cases prove Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the best tonic medicine known. That is why these pills have a larger sale than any other medicine in the world.

HEALTH BROKEN DOWN.

Mr. John Barley, Lachute Mills, Que., says:—"Up to about seven years ago I had always been a healthy man. At that time my health began to give way, and at last I was left almost a physical wreck and for the last five years have not been able to do steady work the best part of the time, and as the many medicines I tried failed to help me, I had begun to look upon my case as hopeless. Finally a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now after the use of only five boxes I am feeling well and strong. It is simply marvellous what they have done for me, and I shall always recommend them to my friends."

The same good sense that leads you to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial will prompt you to refuse any substitute an unscrupulous dealer offers. A druggist who says he has "something just as good," or "just the same except in name," is trying to mislead you for the sake of the extra profit the substitute gives him. The genuine packages bear the appearance of the engraving on the left, and may be had of all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.



peddlers and dogs. But how did you happen to adopt it?"

The girl scowled at him.

"See here, George Porgie," she snapped, "don't you give me any of your Harvard talk. Kindergarten words is good enough for me. I'm a book agent 'cause dad put it in my head. At the table yesterday he got mad at me and said I had brass enough for a book agent. 'Do you think I'd make a good book agent, dad?' says I. 'It's just what you're fitted for,' he growled. And so this noon I picked two books of mine from the big bookcase and started out."

"See here, Cissy Jayne," cried the young man, "you don't mean to say that you came all the way down town alone? How did you do it?"

"With a nickel and a transfer," giggled the child.

"And your father, and—and Miss Ethel don't know where you are?"

"No, they don't."

"I'll telephone to them at once," said the young man, as he turned toward the phone.

"Don't do it," cried the child. "Papa Jayne is down town at his office and of course hasn't missed me, and Sister Ethel is out to luncheon with Mama Oliver and she won't miss me until she comes back. And now let me ask your 'tention to these nice books. They are very choice. One is 'Little Women,' by the author of 'Little Men,' and the other is 'Little Men,' by the same author. They are nice, moral books. There are pitchforks in them. Lemme put down your name for both."

"Good," cried George Henderson; "very good. Your father was quite right. You have found your profession and you are sure to rise in it."

"Haven't I already come up eight stories?" laughed the child. Then she quickly added, "Do you take the books?"

"I have so many books now?" laughed the young man.

"You'd better take them," said the child. "I've got something to say to you about Sister Ethel."

The young man started.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Cissy," he said. "I'll take them on approval."

"What's that?"

"It means that I'll take them and look them over," replied the young man, "and if I like them I'll keep them and pay you for them. If I don't like

them, I'll return them to you."

"Is that straight, George?"

"Certainly. Besides, Cissy, you know the elevator boy can't keep you out if you haven't the books with you."

"All right, George. I'll trust you."

"And now, Cissy, what have you to say to me about Ethel?"

But the child had perched herself on the broad window sill, looking down on the Public square, and was softly humming, "Hello, My Baby." She paid no attention to George's inquiry. George looked at her curiously.

"Cissy," he said, "how would you like a heaping plate of ice cream?"

The child nodded, but did not cease her tune. George smiled and glanced at his watch.

"Cissy," he said, "what do you say to getting the heaping plate of ice cream and then going over to the matinee of Jack and the Beanstalk?"

Cissy looked around quickly.

"Honest?" she cried. George nodded. She sprang from the window sill.

"You're a darling," she murmured, and snatched up her hat.

"Plenty of time," said George. "You were going to tell me something, you know."

"Yes," assented Cissy, "I know. It's about Ethel."

"It's about Ethel," softly repeated George.

"Well," said Cissy, "she ain't been happy a minute since you quarreled with her."

"I didn't quarrel with her," protested George.

"Well, I heard some of it," said Cissy, "and even if Ethel is my sister I don't think you ought to put all the blame on her. She felt awful bad about it. I slept with her that night, 'cause Aunt Laura came to see us, and I heard her crying. And yesterday—well, you know there's a basket of photographs on the piano, and ma expects me to keep the piano dusted, and sometimes I forget it, and I sneaked in the parlor, and there was Ethel looking at your photograph, and when she

saw me she shoved it in the pile and walked away, and I looked on the top of the piano and there was four big teardrops in the dust. Say, what was it you quarreled about—Annie Pleasant?"

"I believe her name was mentioned," said George.

"Somebody told Ethel that they saw you and Annie riding together in the park, didn't they?"

"I believe so," admitted George.

"Yes," said Cissy calmly. "That was me."

"You told her that?" cried George.

"Yes," said Cissy sweetly, "I told her. She wouldn't let me wear her second best hat."

George looked black for a moment, then his face cleared. He turned abruptly and stepped to the phone.

"E. 7,301 L," he called.

"Knows it by heart," murmured Cissy.

"Is Miss Ethel there?" inquired George. "Yes, I wish to speak to her."

"George," cried Cissy, "don't you forget that the girl at the exchange is listening to every word you say."

"Is that you, Ethel?" inquired George at the phone. "Yes, it's George. I wanted to tell you that Cissy is here with me. Yes, she's all right, and I hope you didn't worry much. Yes. She came on business. She had a little confession to make."

"George Henderson!" cried Cissy.

"I will explain it all to you when I come up. Yes, I'm coming to dinner if you will let me. Cissy is going with me to a matinee and then we'll come up together. What's that? Cissy isn't dressed to go anywhere? Why, I fancy she's got on her best clothes."

"Much you know about it," snorted Cissy.

"Anyway, she is looking charming." "Ring off!" cried Cissy.

Homes That Are Museums.

What are half the handsomest homes in our cities? Museums! And without orderly museum arrangement! What becomes of the comfort in rooms where even the cautious must pick their way and the careless may come to grief? Woman is infinitely selfish in expressing her whims in her home surroundings. Men hate rooms that are over-run, and children are hampered and oppressed by what to them is a meaningless aggregation of things that must be avoided, not handled. This does not imply that children should be allowed to handle all things in the home—far from it—but things not to be handled should not preponderate in rooms where the family life is lived.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

"Send in your items of news when they are fresh," says the Salisbury (Mo.) Press. "We don't like to publish a birth after the child is weaned, a marriage after the honeymoon is over, a death after the widow is married again nor the notice of an entertainment after the job work is done elsewhere and the editor is charged for admission."

Likes It Fresh.

"All ready?" queried the smiling George as he took up his hat.

"All ready," said Cissy with great alacrity. "And my stock—the books, you know?"

"I'll take care of them," said George.

"Two more excuses for coming up," giggled Cissy.

"Come along," cried George.

LANGUID

children are sick children. Their inactivity and sober faces are not in keeping with robust childhood. They lack vitality and resistive power, and are very susceptible to colds and contagious diseases.

Scott's Emulsion

brings new life to such children. It enriches the blood, it restores health and activity; it gives vigor and vitality to mind and body.

See and get all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.