

The Hero of San Juan.

(By E. Tatum)

'Now where shall I settle myself for the morning? There are several friends waiting for cozy confidential chats—mocking birds nesting in the orange tree, and the red birds over yonder in the apple trees. My inclination leads me to the red birds because from there I can overlook my new neighbor's garden. I'll have to own up to a larger share of curiosity than should rightfully belong to one small person.'

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is herofin— as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes buncbes 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.

'Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Wounds and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since.' J. W. McGinnis, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

'Guess! But seeing his look of disappointment, she added, 'I'll tell you tomorrow. Good-bye.'

Soon she saw him wheeling his father's chair into their shaded garden, followed by a negro man carrying a small table, whereon he later placed books and writing materials.

She watched the scene with sympathetic interest—the white-haired invalid doomed forever to inaction and the child tending him with loving care. But there was something in the man's broad shoulders and the noble carriage of his head that seemed to forbid her pity.

'He looks the soldier still,' she thought. The next morning she sat on the bench under the apple tree again, her book unopened on her lap. The red birds were too busy to talk, so she lost herself in dreams. To them broke Hubert's voice suddenly.

'I have guessed it,' he cried, throwing himself down on the grass at her feet. 'Guess what?' she asked, smiling at him in very friendly fashion. 'Your name—it is Rose?'

'No! Father says it is Violet. Wrong again—it is Marie. Marie. What a nice name! Then he looked at her thoughtfully.

'Father calls you the 'spirit' of the springtime.' He likes me to come to see you. 'Does he?'

'Yes, he hears you singing every morning, and to sing like that, he says one must be good. 'Have you a mother?'

'asked the child, breaking a long silence. 'No,' she blushed, 'I haven't had one since I was a tiny baby. Well, I have one, but I don't remember her.

The girl's curiosity was aroused, but she forbore to question him. 'She's gone on a long journey; but father says some day she's coming home and then I'm to love her. But I love her now—she's so beautiful. There is a picture of her in my room. Sometimes I want to see her so much that it hurts!' he added earnestly.

For more than a week the child came every morning. On day he was later than usual. She saw him wheel his father into the garden, and then over he ran, rosy and panting.

'Can't you come over with me, he cried eagerly, and talk to father? He wishes so much to see you. The girl hesitated, looking from the child's sweet face to the erect gray head in the other yard.

'Why, yes, I'll be glad to go, but I won't climb the wall, thank you; there's a gate further up. A little later they were crossing the shaded, flowering garden towards the helpless figure in the wheel chair.

'Father, here is Marie,' announced the child triumphantly. There was a strong brown hand held out to her and a deep pleasant voice said:

'So you escaped from Pandora's box after all. I am glad you did, for you have made the boy very happy. Seeing his face for the first time, the girl started back in confusion, a flood of color suffusing her fair face.

'But—! I thought you were an old man—a real old man! She stammered, for, in spite of his gray hair, Captain Strong looked very young and the laugh with which he greeted her exclamation was boyish in its ring.

'I'm sorry you are so fearfully Nature makes the cures after all. Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out. Things get started in the wrong direction. Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health. Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this. It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Send No. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Sarsaparilla Book and Child's Sarsaparilla Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny. SCOTT & BOWNE, 128 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

disappointed,' he said, looking at her quizzically with his bright dark eyes, 'but don't trouble about it, for it is something Time will soon remedy.'

Marie found the two more like comrades than father and son; and after she had recovered from her surprise and confusion she entered into conversation with her usual brightness and zest.

'Come again, come often, will you not? Captain Strong said, when she started home. You have done us both good and lightened our hearts.'

'He seems to ask no pity for himself,' she mused; 'to see him and to bear him one would never dream that he could not walk. I wonder what has become of his wife?'

In a short time Aunt Margaret returned from her visit, bringing with her a number of guests, and Marie was so occupied that for several days she had no opportunity to talk with her little friend. But one afternoon, growing weary of the gaiety and chatter, she picked up a book and stole to her favorite seat under the apple tree. Looking in the invalid's direction, she suddenly exclaimed:

'She's come! Sitting near Captain Strong was a woman with Auburn hair, clasping Hubert in her arms. They both looked radiant, but the Captain's face was hidden by his hand.

'Now—now they will be quite happy without me, and she walked slowly and sadly back to the house. 'This is the first day of June,' she said to herself next morning. 'Hubert's birthday. He has been telling me of it so long; I am sure he will be disappointed if he does not see me today.'

So, before the household was astir, she slipped down stairs and over into the other garden, with gifts for the child. Save for the chirping and twittering of the birds in the foliage, the place—no sound of flying footsteps nor silvery childish laughter greeted her, and she wondered at the strangeness of it. She found the Captain sitting alone on the vine-covered veranda.

'Good morning, Captain Strong,' she said brightly; 'I have something for Hubert—where is he? Not receiving any answer, she turned her grey eyes full upon him and was shocked to see the tragedy of his face.

'Oh, what is it?' she cried anxiously as she tremblingly laid down her gifts. 'Don't you know?' he answered slowly, controlling his voice with difficulty. 'His mother has taken him away.'

In that simple sentence there thrilled a deep and patient suffering that touched the girl's heart with an answering pain, and her eyes filled with tears.

'Oh, I am sorry!' she exclaimed sympathetically. 'I had hoped, so hoped she had come home to stay! 'Come to stay!' he repeated in bewilderment.

'Yes, your wife, I—' 'My wife? He interrupted. 'Did you think that? But after all, why not? I was only natural that you should. What a fool I was not to have thought of that possibility!'

Then, seeing her wondering look, he went on more quietly: 'Hubert was the son of my best friend. His parents were never happy together, and separated when he was a baby. Some afterwards the Spanish American war sent our regiment into active service and Hubert's father was mortally wounded. Just before he died he gave the baby to me—neither of us dreaming that his mother would ever want him. She was a gay, careless young thing, averse by nature to care or responsibility of any kind, and never loved the little fellow, and rather resented his existence.'

'Perhaps I did wrong to allow him to call me father, but he was so dear to me as my own son; and it pretended unnecessary talk and gossip to call him by my own name—but his mother has taken him away and I am to be alone the rest of my life.'

The tears gathered in the young woman's eyes, and she dared not trust herself to speak. 'But I am selfish to lay my grief on you; be contented, to me your happiness. I'll get along some way, for I have my books you know.'

With a cry she flung herself on her knees by his chair and hid her face against his arm, sobbing bitterly. He lifted her gently and begged her not to grieve for little Hubert and him.

'You must go,' he said, and his voice was very grave, 'and only remember that you have cast a ray of light into a darkened life. I shall be better and stronger for having known you, and I never thought of me or my delusion dim your future. Go, and God bless you!'

The moon rose fair and gloriou in a clear sky of soft dim blue, and touched a bowed and silvered head with its shimmering light. A milk-white bird sang drowsily to his lings high in the branches of a stately peap, and uprising mysteriously in the evening air, was the fragrance of crushed and dew-damp roses.

The Reveries was broken by footsteps and from the deepening twilight shadows came the glistening joy of Marie Campbell.

'Why did you come?' he demanded

od sternly. 'You should not have come, Marie.'

She dropped on her knees by his side, clasping the arm of his chair nervously.

'I refused to marry Robert Reid. I told him all—and he understood. I have loved you since—oh, ages ago, when I first learned to know you; but I did not then guess that you cared for me—that you loved me! But I gave you no encouragement. I stultified the love of my heart and refused your hand. But I have come back to return your love and to care for you even until death.'

Canada Looming Large

Quite recently a great deal of interest in Canada seems to be awakening in the United States. It is probably partly due to the large number of American immigrants who are coming over here, and partly to the fact that Canada is commencing to loom large throughout the world as the premier Dominion of the British Empire. On the principle that nothing succeeds like success, the increasing prosperity of this country is causing it to receive a great deal more attention from other nations than in previous years, when we sadly needed such exploitation. Not long ago the press of the United States mentioned Canada in an ostentatiously vague manner, as befitted a country that nobody was supposed to know much about. Now, within a few months, two of the largest papers in the United States have established news bureaus over here, and many other papers are giving increased attention to our affairs.

In the same way, the American periodicals, when they had articles on Canada, confined them to descriptions of hunting trips in the most backwoods portions of picture-book Quebec, or to stories of being lost in blizzards, or being chased by wolves. Now they are commencing to recognize that Canada must be treated seriously, as a rich and growing country that in not many years will be a serious competitor in agriculture and industrial products. The former position has been abandoned, and the magazine articles now appearing deal earnestly and even admiringly, with the development of this country, the splendid work that has been achieved by Canada as a young nation, and its brilliant prospects for the future. Such an article appears in the current issue of McClure's magazine, dealing with Canada's work for her farmers and containing a handsomely illustrated account of our experimental farm with the record of what they have accomplished in the past thirty years in increasing and improving our agricultural productiveness. Incidentally, it quotes Dr. Saunders of Ottawa as estimating that, if one quarter of our wheat growing but still unoccupied lands were under cultivation, Canada would produce over \$50,000,000 bushels annually, and would be the largest wheat producing country in the world. To prove that this is not an exaggerated estimate it is pointed out that ten years ago Saskatchewan produced less than 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, and that during the past year the wheat crop is estimated at 84,000,000 bushels, as showing that this great prophecy is already on the way to fulfillment. Those are the sort of magazine articles that Canadians will appreciate.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Centre.

In view of the misunderstanding arising out of the recent march talked of "ph." in the great G man Centre party, a joint committee representing both elements to the controversy has issued the following:

'The United committees of the two divisions of the Centre—the Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag, as well as the standing committee of the party, are agreed that in view of the long representation which has been given to the character of the Centre it is sufficient to refer to the programme of 1871, which has never been modified, and to the terms of the Centre during the last forty years. They specially declare that the following is a true explanation of the situation:

'The Centre is a purely political and non-professional party; it stands on the constitution of the German Empire which asks its deputies to regard themselves as the representatives of the whole German people. The Centre has never made membership in the Catholic Church, and the Reichstag it has always counted, as it does today men who do not belong to the Catholic faith, and who take part in all its affairs, in the most private. From this it is clear that in questions which trench on the religious ground, the deputy acts according to the principles of his own creed.'

According to the foregoing a man may be a member of the German Centre Party and not be a Catholic, which will be news to a great many people in this country who had other impressions.

The founders of the Centre Party aimed to make it exclusively a Catholic party, but from the foregoing it has apparently ceased to be such. It is seen at a glance, that the Centre will do as good work for the cause of Christianity in the future as in the past.

Was I Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Herman Dickenson, Benton, N.B., writes: 'I suffered from Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took three bottles and became cured and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach troubles.'

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The other evening Miss Y., a maid en lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau down stairs, called Martha, and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

'Oh, no, ma'am!' cried the quick-witted Martha, 'It was only me singing a psalm.'

'Very good,' returned Miss Y. significantly. 'You may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hymns.'

The Nona Society 'Lumber King' says: 'I consider M. NARD'S LINIMENT the BEST liniment in use. I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it with M. NARD'S LINIMENT and it was as well as ever next day.'

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Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc.

'Are you related to Barney O'Brien?' Thomas O'Brien was once asked. 'Very distantly,' replied Thomas. 'I was my mother's first child—Barney was the seventeenth.'

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Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says: 'It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Millburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box six.'

Miss Gay—'I had an awful scare the other day while out for a walk with Will.' Miss Chic—'How?' Miss Gay—'Why, we met the minister, and Will asked him to join us.'

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Mrs. Fred. Laine, St. George, Ont., writes: 'My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly.'

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'On the contrary he pursued very heroic methods. He bravely seized his pistol, raised the street window, and discharged the weapon, then locked his bedroom door and waited for the police.'

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Don't let worms grow at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

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Whenever there are sickly people with weak hearts, Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effective medicine. Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Angus, Ont., writes: 'I suffered from heart trouble, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctor's medicines but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills which I did and four days great relief. I highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from heart trouble.'

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