

FAREWELL TO JUNE.

BY CHARLOTTE GALLAHAN.

Farewell, sweet month, that joyful gave
Such homage to Christ's Sacred Heart.
From thine empowered loveliness
Devotion wore a rose-wreath fair,
To crown His Heart; but thence were
There,
That seemed its fibres soft to press
Mid pulses, swift with tenderness
And love. See how the red drops start,
And staining petals, thorns and all,
Down from the love-wounds roll and
fall.

Hot, free and fast His love's new wine
Flows from the throbbing veins divine,
With rapture sweet our souls to flood.
Farewell, sweet month, rose-laden June,
Thy rare fair days end all too soon;
We honor next his Precious Blood.

—S. H. Review.

You Can't Get Rested

Because that Tired Feeling is not the result of exertion. It is due to the unhealthy condition of your blood. This vital fluid should give nourishment to every organ, nerve and muscle. But it cannot do this unless it is rich and pure. That is what you want to cure that Tired Feeling—pure, rich blood. Hood's Serravallo will help you "get rested." It will give you pure, rich blood, give you vigor and vitality and brace you up so that you may feel well all through the coming summer. If you have never tried Hood's Serravallo do so now, and see how it energizes and vitalizes your whole system.

AN UNBOLD LEGACY.

ESTHER A. WAGGAMAN, in Sacred Heart Review.

(Continued.)

A knock upon the door of our laundress and the whole street is roused; peaked faces appear at doors and windows. Is it the tax collector? the insurance man? or the census taker? Only a gentleman calling for a shirt. Our demand is re-echoed by many voices; we feel that our cause is exposed at once, we are the heart of the crowd; our desire is of paramount importance; our wash-woman, who would have bullied us in our own rooms, hastens to oblige us; she shares in the distinction of her visitor. We leave that neighborhood reluctantly, with a feeling of self-satisfaction we have not experienced for years.

Prue was perfectly oblivious to the fact that she was the centre of interest, and Dick, who was still more or less afraid of her, hesitated about calling her attention to the many eyes that were fastened upon her. He knew nearly every one in town, and he spoke to each one, from the mayor to the fishmonger, with the same cordiality.

Under his benign influence Prue regained some of her natural light-heartedness. They spent the whole of the afternoon exploring the quaint seaport town; not that there was anything of particular interest in Stanhope. The streets were crooked, the finest houses big and square, while the huts of the fishermen were built after a primitive fashion, most of them picturesque but far from clean.

Prue was pleased with all that she saw, for ever in her ears sounded the deep voice of the sea; its salt breath was in her nostrils. I brought the color to her cheeks—the brightness to her eyes. It comforted her to feel that this great moving mass of waters was so near to her; it gave her a sense of companionship—this wild, changing power they called the sea. She had never been so near to it before; it fascinated her with its beauty; held her by its strength; she found herself wondering how men could live away from it, and then with an effort she turned her face homeward, surprised to find that the twilight had already fallen.

The Colonel was waiting dinner for them; he was plainly annoyed. "Where have you been?" he asked. "Where haven't we been?" said Dick, gayly. "I've been showing Miss Prue the town."

"And you have made up your mind to stay?" he said, not unkindly, addressing Prue.

"I have not made up my mind to anything," she returned, helplessly. And there the subject dropped, for Dick, thinking to prevent a scene, told all the funny stories he could remember, and even the Colonel smiled behind the simple folds of his napkin, more amused by Dick's obvious effort than by the jokes he related.

Another passed in the high, feathery four-poster, lulled to sleep by the constant music of the sea, another happy morning spent with Dick in town diverted by new sights and sounds. It was during this early morning ramble that they discovered an ivy-bung church, surrounded by a straggling graveyard. Prue entered the wicket gate and sat down to rest on one of the sunken headstones.

"I feel very wicked," she said, leaning her dimpled chin on her hands and gazing remorsefully at the church tower.

"Why?" asked Dick, who was lounging comfortably on a neighboring tombstone.

"The dead can't ask us to sit down." "I know; I ought not to have walked on that poor man's grave; but I can pray for him," and before Dick knew what she was about, she had fallen on her knees beside the stone and buried her face in her hands. Dick watched her in some consternation; he wondered what part he was expected to play; and he breathed a sigh of relief when she

Lost flesh lately?
Does your brain tire?
Losing control over your nerves?

Are your muscles becoming exhausted?
You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion. The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

See and Buy at all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

After a moment of silent prayer, and said, "Come on, I'm ready now," and they trudged along together, down the dusty street.

After luncheon Prue disappeared. Mrs. Clab said she had gone to her room, so Dick, striving to solace himself for her absence, marched to the stable to talk to the groom. The Colonel remained shut up in his library all day, writing. At five o'clock he started out to take his usual solitary walk on the beach.

The sun was sinking in a flood of yellow fire; the sea was full of changing color; the blue waves crashed against the rocks and then retreated, gray from the struggle. But the Colonel passed on, heedless of the beauties around him; his head was bent and his brow was wrinkled in deep frowns of thought. He had been hard at work all day endeavoring to find a clue to some deep, scientific problems; his brain felt tight and strained; he tried to lessen the tension by thinking of other things; he half wished that Prue and Dick would come down the beach to meet him; he had to confess to himself that he believed that their presence rested him after weary hours of research. He was on the point of retracing his steps when he saw two figures coming rapidly toward him; one of them he recognized at once as Prue, the other looked like a man, but wore a long black gown.

"You need not go any farther with me now," he heard Prue say. "I know you perfectly. I wish you would come and dine with us some evening. There is Colonel Stanhope now. I will introduce you. Colonel Stanhope, this is my friend, Pere Gargaronx."

The priest took off his broad-brimmed hat and held out his hand with gracious frankness. "I am glad to meet you," murmured the Colonel, with stiff politeness; he had a puritanical aversion for priests, but there was something about the soldierly bearing of this old man that attracted him.

"I am more than charmed to meet one of my dear Philip's friends," Pere Gargaronx said. "I will come to see you all some day, but now I must hurry home. I was afraid that Prue would lose her way, but now I can leave her in safe hands. She is a good child; she can be taught."

Prue laughed softly. "I've been a very bad child, the Colonel thinks."

"No, no; he does not think that. It was not right to run away from school. If Prue had stopped to think she would not have been so wayward. We must follow the good God, Colonel, and judge more by the spirit than by the act. Good night. Take care of the little one. Good night," and then he turned and seemed to fade away into the mist.

Prue walked along by the Colonel's side in silence. When she spoke at last it was with a fearful effort.

"I have made up my mind to stay," she said.

The Colonel was surprised by her submissive tone. "I'm glad of that, but there was really nothing else for you to do under the circumstances."

"The world is big," she said, and her eyes looked dreamily out to sea. "I might have gone away, but I want to confession this afternoon."

"Confession?" he repeated. "Ah! I see your father was a Catholic. You went to confess; what for?"

"Because I thought I ought to go. Dick and I found the church this morning, but I did not know that Pere Gargaronx was stationed here. I was so happy when I saw him I almost forgot my sins." The Colonel regarded the small sinner by his side with amused interest.

"Pere Gargaronx is an old friend?" he asked.

"Oh yes. I can not remember a time when I did not know Pere Gargaronx; everyone loves him, he is so good—so wise—so brilliant. He visited us once at the range and again at the mine. He had worn himself out giving missions all over the United States. He has been

sent here to rest. He told me I ought to stay here with you."

"And do you always do what you are told?"

"I have said to you what Pere Gargaronx told me to say; that was hard enough."

"Then you require your commanding officer to be good, wise, brilliant? Rather a rare combination. I am afraid you would never make a soldier. Did you tell Pere Gargaronx that I was an untamable bear?"

"I told him what I thought of you," she admitted reluctantly.

"Why?"

"Because I had to in confession."

"Why?" he said again.

"Because, well, because I hated you. It's a sin to hate people."

The Colonel's eyes twinkled beneath his shaggy brows. There was something amazing in the girl's perfect candor.

"Have you recovered?" he asked.

"Recovered?"

"From hating me, I mean. Do you confess, as you call it, and then continue in the same state of mind? I thought there had to be a resolution of amendment or something of the kind."

"One promises to try and do better."

"Then you will try not to hate me?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," he said, gravely, and Prue left him at the door and went up stairs to dress for dinner, feeling that his politeness was more discomfiting than his anger.

Dick returned to the University the next day. If it had not been for the mid-year examinations he would have lingered on indefinitely. He parted from Prue with deep regret, promising to return as soon as possible. Prue stood upon the steps of the station and bravely waved her handkerchief until the train rounded a curve in the road, and then, dismissing the brougham, she walked sadly home through the gray mist of the evening.

At dinner, that night, the Colonel asked a few practical questions, but most of the meal was eaten in silence. He treated her as he would have treated a sensible child; he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to realize that she was longing for some companionship. It did not occur to him that it was his duty to supply anything but her material wants. He asked her if her room was comfortable; if she preferred open fires to stove heat; he told her that he had given the servants orders to obey her wishes in every particular, and then added, as an afterthought, that she would find some improving and entertaining books in the library if she cared to read.

(To be continued.)

The steamer Galia, which had been grounded on a mud bank in the St. Lawrence river, near Sorel since May 14 was successfully floated on Saturday last. She did not sustain much damage.

In this issue will be found the train arrangements and fares for the Explorer. The party to be held at St. Theresa's on Saturday, July 8th. They are such as should induce all reasonable persons to attend.

ROBERTS.—From the East we have received intelligence that the parishioners of St. Columba's, intend having the most successful Tea of the season on July 12th, prox. Note the date and reserve all other engagements. Adv. later.

THE other day while boring a hole in the main pipe leading from the Gas Works along Sydney street in order that a smaller pipe might be attached, M. John O'Regan, one of the Gas Company's employees was rendered insensible by an explosion of gas. Drs. Jenkins and Shaw were summoned and he quickly recovered.

WHEN the American liner St. Paul reached New York Monday, the Customs officers seized the baggage of Mrs. Elyse E. Dodge, a saloon passenger, on a charge that it contained smuggled jewelry and wearing apparel. The jewelry seized is valued at \$40,000 and wearing apparel at \$10,000. Mrs. Dodge came from Paris accompanied by her maid.

AN Indian living at Lac Seul, north-east of Rat Portage in the district of Keewatin was shot by a number of his tribe a few days ago, because he manifested signs of insanity. His name was the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba who has jurisdiction over the district of Keewatin, was notified of the murder and has put the necessary machinery into operation for an investigation.

RECENT letters from the New England States reveal a deplorable condition of crops there, resulting from drought. There has been no rain for weeks and the fields of grain and grass are withered and brown, looking as if they had been heavily salted. The grass is almost a total failure and pasture is so bare that milk dealers have raised the summer price of the lactical fluid a cent a quart instead of making the usual reduction.

ANNE, the four-year old daughter of Frank Hoesling, narrowly escaped drowning in the Blue Grass Sunday. She was returning from church with two other girls when she slipped off the narrow improvised foot bridge over the dam and slid down the chute into the deep eddy below. Little Joe Allen, a lad eight years of age, who was nearby, jumped in and pulled her out after she had gone below the surface the first time.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

The political friends and admirers of Sir Wilfrid Laurier have determined to present him with one hundred thousand dollars. The movement is in the active charge of Mr. L. O. David, of Montreal. Lord Strathcona has sent his check for ten thousand dollars offering to double the amount if necessary. It has been decided to present the Premier with \$25,000 as once and invest the balance in good securities so that it may bring him a steady income.

ANYONE possessing a copy of THE HERALD of January 6th, 1888, will confer a great favor by sending it to this office. It will be returned if required.

THE steamer Aberdeen, belonging to the Dominion Government, reached here on Friday last, on her way to the Straits of Belle Isle, where a light-house is to be built on what is known as Flower Ledge. The lumber and other supplies for the building were furnished by firms in this city, and M. Kimball Coffin, of this place, is to have charge of the work. The steamer sailed for her destination early yesterday morning taking with her the lumber and other supplies, also M. Coffin and a number of other men.

IT is stated that a party of two Boston capitalists, a week or two ago, paid \$110,000 to secure a block of spruce timber land in Somerset county, Maine, which was purchased in 1896 for \$40,000. This is a good illustration of the manner in which such properties are increasing in value in this State.

ADVISED from St. John's Nfld. state that the gravity of the situation arising out of the French question of territorial rights on the treaty coast is increasing steadily. Commodore Geo. A. Gifford, commanding the British squadron in Newfoundland waters during the fishing season, conferred recently on the subject with the Governor, Sir Hugh McCallum and the colonial cabinet. As a result of the conference strong representations were wired to the imperial government urging vigorous action to maintain the rights of the colony. The British armed sloop Buzzard and the special service vessel Columbine have left St. John's for Bay of Islands, to inquire into the alleged misconduct of French war vessels on the treaty coast. A colonial magistrate reports that the French commodore sent a boat of armed men to remove the fishing nets of the settlers, against which the colonial government will protest as an assumption of territorial rights by the French. Colonial agitation on the matter is very keen.

Men's and boys' Clothing.—Tisn't ordinary values that we wish you to call and see when we ask you to look at our clothing. Ordinary values you can get anywhere, but a saving of at least 35 per cent. on your purchase. You ask how can we do this? because we bought the goods at much lower than ordinary prices at the great retiring sale of Doul & Gibson, and we give our customers the benefit. We always make it a rule when we buy at a bargain, we sell at a bargain. J.B. McDonald & Co. Leaders in low prices. June 14—41

EMPLOYMENT REGISTRY. All persons wanting employment and employers of labor in want of assistance will obtain help and situations by applying to MISS SNEIGHBOVE, Kent Street.

Queen Street Emporium. W. Grant & Co., Importers and dealers, keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of the best groceries which they sell at lowest prices.

Flour, Tea, Coffee. Kerosene Oil, Fish, etc., etc. SEED! SEEDS! SEEDS!

A splendid selection of all kinds of clovers, timothy, peas, vetches, imported seed wheat, garden seeds, wholesale and retail.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS! Having bought the entire stock of Frank Beales at LePAGES OLD STAND, we are now prepared to supply all kinds of Farming Implements. We are also agents for the celebrated McLaughlin Carriage Co., and the Deering Harvesting Co. We have always on hand a full line of ploughs, harrows, cultivators, etc. Repairs of all kinds. Washing machines, wringers, and wringer repairs. All these goods are offered at the lowest prices. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

W. Grant & Co. Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 26, 1899.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE. Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B. (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been

reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and experienced physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

MISCELLANEOUS. If you want to be healthy during the warm weather see that your bowels move regularly every day. If they don't, take Laxa-Liver Pills, the natural laxative that never gripes, purges or sickens.

Sprains, strains, contracted cords or painful swellings are always promptly relieved by Hagar's Yellow Oil. It is clean to use. Price 25c.

Laxa-Liver Pills have become the ladies' favorite cathartic. They act without any griping, purging or sickening, and if persisted in for a time cure habitual Constipation.

Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup is the safest and most efficacious remedy for children for worms of all kinds. No need of Ointment Oil afterwards as it contains its own Cathartic.

PASSED 15 WORMS. "I purchased a bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup for my little girl 2½ years old and gave her the medicine as directed, the result was she passed fifteen round worms in five days."

Mrs. B. Roy, K. Imanagh, Ont.

Often people catch a worse cold in the summer than in the winter. Don't neglect it. Check it at once by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the best remedy for all kinds of lung and throat affections.

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of Dr. Fowler's EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

From Maker To Wearer

No Profits Paid To Manufacturers, Every Dollar Paid for Labor Given to Our Own Citizens.

Ready-to-wear Clothing

Sold by us is manufactured by skilled hands on the premises, in Morris Block. We pay no profits to clothing manufacturers, but sell direct from maker to wearer. We are therefore in a position to give you up-to-date clothing made from this season's materials at lower prices than you can get elsewhere.

Don't allow anyone to persuade you that you must send your money out of this Province to get the best value. You can do better by getting the home-made.

All-Wool Tyke Pattern Serge Suits \$9.25
All-Wool Oxford Tweed Suits 9.50
All-Wool Twilled Worsted Suits 9.50
Trousers made from Oxford Tweed 1.75

D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block, Victoria Row.

Kalsomine, Alabastine, Petrol, Magnite, And all other requisites for housecleaning.

Fennell & Chandler.

A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer.

Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is sold to effect a sale and make something out of you.

We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

Cairns & McFadyen. June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

EPSS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPSS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPSS'S COCOA

Oct. 5, 1898—301

A. A. McLEAN, LL.B., Q.C. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY

ASSETS - - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world.

This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses.

P. E. I. Agency, Charlottetown.

F. W. HYNDMAN, Agent.

Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.