

Ode To The Morell.

(We publish with pleasure the following poem by Mr. Mooney. When he reads the verses aloud, they suggest the musical ripple of the Morell over the pebbles. In this river Mr. Mooney finds a beautiful theme for the exercise of his poetic gifts. You may wander over the face of the earth and find no lovelier scene than that which greets the eye, near Mr. Mooney's home, where the trees on either bank, respond with graceful obedience to the salutes of each passing breeze, and clap hands over the swift running waters. A trip down the Morell, sailing with the current, when the Island is decked in her midsummer verdure, is an experience, that memory loves to linger upon. The river abounds in miniature rapids, whose melodious murmurs charm the ear, as the wooded banks charm the eye. No wonder Mr. Mooney bursts forth into song.)

The Old Woman.

(Frank Hodgson Crawford, in Montreal Tribune.) The old woman toiled with puny effort at the crank of the well. The heat of the sun beating down upon her was withering in its intensity. Her arms bare to the elbow, were thin, and the fingers of her hands were twisted and the knuckles swollen. The toothed wheel of the well complained rustily, and the little buckets of the endless chain spurted their water out spasmodically through a wooden spout from which the water splashed down into a rust-eaten sprinkling can that leaked around its seams bottom. When the can was filled, the woman lifted it by the handle, using the fingers of the other hand to help hold it and to stop with her finger ends what leaks she could. Unlovely and stiff of limb, she moved slowly through the hot, sunlight. A ragged flower bed was on the unshaded side of the weather-beaten little farmhouse, where grew a patch of fragile-petaled, long-stemmed crimson poppies, a row of yellow marigolds and a tangle of nasturtiums, among whose waxy leaves glowed here and there a splash of vivid color. Close up around the house from every side had pushed a rank and unappreciated growth of flouzing weeds and unkempt seedling grasses, while beyond these were fields of wheat and corn, all kept and backward in their growth, above which hung a quivering film of heat. The little garden, with its flaming colors, was the one bit of loveliness amid this face of husbandry, and the old woman brought it through the sun the water from the well. With the gentleness of affection, she parted the leaves and let the water drip down to the thirsty roots. The green succumbed bed of poppy drooped heavily earthward. 'Tired, little one.' She gave of her water most freely there. The can was a small one and the water did not last for long. The woman rose ungracefully to her feet, and moved stiffly through the sun to the well, and back again with more water, after an interval of resting. She knelt on the earth beside the bed, because it hurt her back to bend so far, and breathed the fragrance of the hot, moist earth with pleasure. It was as though a young mother might be kneeling beside a cradle, with face close down toward a baby's cheek, catching the perfume of an infant's breath. But this woman was old, fragile, unlovely, and poorly garbed—no more than a withered or no. She parted the tangled waxen

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes on 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.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

leaves of the nasturtium vines with her fingers, turning the flowers faces up to her, taking delight in their unguessed beauty.

She even murmured little, half-inaudible phrases of caressing to them.

But this was not sentimentality, although it was true the blood no longer flushed her cheeks with color, that the tissue of her flesh had wasted away, leaving her features filled with many wrinkles, and her hair was sparse and gray, and that her hands were talonlike and her limbs enfeebled.

It was merely that these things gave a air of incongruity to that passionate love of color and beauty and grace which would have seemed quite natural in one of whom beauty and grace were themselves a part.

The woman did not pluck any of the flowers. To have done that would have been to end their lives. It was not that she might kill them that she had coaxed them into living.

Before she arose from among them she wiped her damp forehead with a corner of her brown apron, and pushed back a few straggling gray hairs beneath her brown sunbonnet. When she did get up from her stooping position, the sudden rush of blood made her giddy, and she stood a moment before attempting to walk away through the heat toward the house.

Two steps led up to a porch around the front door, and the porch was a small affair, and the sun beat down on it scorchingly. But within the house the heat was not less stifling, and there was no movement of air.

The old woman carefully pulled an ancient rocking-chair over into the single patch of shadow at one corner of the porch.

The chair was on the verge of falling apart, being held together with twisted strands of wire and bits of string whose loose ends dangled here and there like danger signals at the weaker joints.

The woman had learned by long experience just how to adjust her weight to this support so as not to break it apart.

She seated herself in it, and sat in the patch of shadow, fanning herself with an old newspaper.

To the left, she could see the flame and glow of her flowers. Before her, a rocky lane led down to the distant yellow ribbon of dust that was the lonely, seldom traversed road.

Suddenly the woman's chair creaked alarmingly, and she sat erect, forgetting to fan herself with the newspaper, while she peered far up the road.

A cloud of yellow dust had risen there, and it floated heavily over across the fields.

Some one was coming down the little used road.

This was an affair of much interest to the lonely old woman. It was most unusual for any one to come down that road on a hot Sunday afternoon. She continued to peer excitedly.

As the dust disturbance came nearer, she could see in front of it here a glint of sun-touched brass and there the sheen of dark-blue enamel.

An automobile! This was, indeed, an event.

With an eagerness of wondering speculation not unmixed with regret that it would soon be gone, she observed its progress along the level stretch of road beyond the farm.

To her the car was a sign of wealth and power—a token of the ease and comfort and convenience that wealth alone could bestow; a symbol of the gentleness and courtesy that must be attributes of such as were not made harsh and heedless by the constant grind of poverty.

She indulged in a hundred imaginings about this car and those who might be in it. Where was it from, and where was it going? Who was in it, and where did they live, and what did they do, those people who did not need to work?

This woman whose only happiness was in her few simple flowers, tried to realize what limitless possibilities for the enjoyment of happiness must be within the power of those others.

Suddenly she was seized by a panic of astonishment.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is taken by people in tropical countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as winter.

The car had stopped at the entrance of the lane! A man and a girl were getting out of it. The girl she did not know, but the tall form of the man she had once seen before. He was the owner of this farm for which her son paid rent. They were walking up the lane toward the house!

In a tremble of nervous excitement, the woman rose from her rickety chair, and hurried inside the house, untying the strings of her brown sunbonnet and apron as she went.

She laid these across the foot of her wooden bed, and, unbottling her gray wrapper, stepped out of it as it slipped to the floor. She stood a moment in her short, striped flannel petticoats of faded blue, listening for the possible sound of footsteps outside, and then hastily took from a nail in the closet her best blue calico wrapper and a clean blue-checked gingham sunbonnet, which she put on and fastened with a trembling eagerness of haste.

As she came out on the sunny porch again, the man and the girl had reached the step.

'How do you do? How do you do?' she welcomed them. 'Won't you come up and sit down? Oh I must get you chairs! Don't try that one, mine; no one can sit in that without it breaking but me, I'll get chairs, I have a good one.'

'Oh, don't trouble yourself. I can sit here on the step quite nicely, thank you.'

'Oh, no! I have another one—a good one.'

Presently the old woman came dragging a chair out through the doorway.

'And now one for you, sir, I think I have another one, I think I'll—go look.'

She went again within the house, and was gone several moments. At last she reappeared, backing slowly across the sill with a low wooden chair.

'I—I couldn't find another one, sir—a good one. I—'

The man was not there.

'Mr. Grenville didn't wait,' explained the girl. 'He has gone down to look at the barn. The roof was leaky—or something.'

'Oh, yes—oh, yes! Whenever the rain comes the roof is so old, you see, it has been patched. But it is so old.'

There was a pause.

The old woman took quick note of the girl's appearance—her perfectly tailored tan suit, the collar and cuffs edged with pink and black silk embroidery; her thin, white, low-necked waist, with a little gold pin at the throat, from underneath which showed the faint flush of a pink silk bow across her bosom; her black hat and black embroidered lace veil, and the other well over the hat that fell in a filmy cascade of delicate pink about the girl's shoulders.

'You're not just pretty, dearie, she volunteered, with the bluntness of old age, 'but you are more than that. How straight you set in that little chair! And how firm your shoulders! And then the way you hold your head, and the look of those brown eyes of yours? Are you going to marry—him?'

'What a question! Mr. Grenville was kind enough to ask me to come down with him to see his lower farm. How warm it has been. Do you live here all alone?'

'Oh my son he's away to-day. And his wife. A good for nothing, that I told him I told him what she was. But no—he would marry her. And her with a boy of her own going on seven years?'

'Then she was married before?'

'Her? Oh, no! Not her! I told him what she was! But would he listen?'

'I see,' replied the girl evenly, 'How dry the summer has been.'

She looked with critical disapproval over the fields of backward corn.

'A little more rain—'

'Bain! Oh, yes, the rain! Don't I know? If he had a woman like you'll make some man, would things look like that? The sun! The rain! Don't I know?'

'Have you lived here long?'

'Long? Oh, well this chair here with the string to hold it now, we got that the year we came here, my man and me, and that was the year before the first boy was born; and if he'd lived he'd been thirty-seven now. That makes it thirty-eight past, doesn't it?'

'Thirty-eight years. We had good things then, my man and me. This was a good chair. I kept it. Oh well we're poor.'

'That woman!'

'But I have my chair and my flowers. I never pick them. I catch the seeds and plant them over. She laughs! It is a craziness to love anything clean and pretty? I talk to those flowers sometimes. Well, I do think they bear me? But they are clean, and so pure! Like nothing so much as a little smooth-shaven baby—your first one. Well, yes, that first one. You don't forget?'

'You will know. Oh, yes—these proud brown eyes of yours! But you will know.'

'Are you going to marry—him?'

At this moment the girl's companion appeared at the corner of the porch. He was older than she, and his hair, brushed pompadour, was beginning to show gray about his temples. But he was tall though a

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This grand remedy has been on the market for sixty-five years, and is, without a doubt, the best medicine known for the cure of

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If an unscrupulous druggist tries to talk you into taking any other preparation when you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" refuse to take it, and insist on getting what you ask for. Price 35 cents per bottle. See that the name, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, is on the wrapper, as we are the manufacturers and sole proprietors.

tride stooped, and his cheeks were ruddy. The lines of his face from jaw to cheek bones were firm to hardness and his cold blue eyes held no deep lights, just surface shimmering. (Concluded in our next.)

Eleanor, aged six, had been going to school only a few weeks. She had learned to raise her hand if she wanted anything. One day she put this into effect when she was sent to the chicken house to get the eggs. Just as she reached the chicken house door her mother heard her say, 'All you chickens that have laid an egg raise your hands.'

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal. I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle. CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN. Sobra, Storke, St. Andre, Kamouraska.

'This isn't the first time you have come into contact with the police,' said the lawyer, sternly, to the witness.

'No, sir,' was the reply.

'What, may I ask, was the result of your former encounter?'

'I awoke him. He had gone asleep on his seat.'

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

Mary Gvington, 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.'

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'When a man loves a girl he would like to promise her the stars from heaven.'

'Yes; it comes cheaper, too.'

W. 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 Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.'

'Say, do you know how to make a triangle?'

'Sure; pull one side out of a square and glue the loose ends.'

HE WAS TROUBLED WITH HIS HEART

HAD TO GIVE UP WORK

Mr. Alfred Male, Florida, Ont., writes: 'I was troubled with my heart for two or three years. I thought sometimes that I would die. I went to the doctor, and he said he could not do anything for me. I had to give up work. My wife persuaded me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. The first box relieved me, so I kept on until I had taken seven boxes, and they cured me. I would not be without them on any account, as they are worth their weight in gold. I advise my friends and neighbors who are troubled with heart or nerve trouble to try them.'

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Price 50 cents per box, or 5 boxes for \$1.25. If your dealer does not have them in stock, send direct to The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing on June 3rd, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Day, Read Down, Read Up, Stations, and times for various routes including Charlottetown, Hunter River, and Summerside.

Table with columns: A.M., P.M., and times for routes between Charlottetown, St. Peter's, and Souris.

Table with columns: Dly, Sat, Sun, and times for routes between Charlottetown, Vernon River, and Murray Harbor.

H. McEWEN, Supt. P. E. I. Railway.

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Spring and Summer weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing. We beg to remind our numerous patrons that we have REMOVED from 23 Prince Street to our new stand 122 DORCHESTER STREET, Next door to Dr. Conroy's Office, where we shall be pleased to see all our friends. All Orders Receive Strict Attention. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers. H. McMILLAN

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