The Nickel's Story. (Katherine L. Daniher in Sacred

Heart Review.) I'm only a worn, old nickel l'm not worth much, they say, Bat deep in a rich man's pocket

went to church one day. A crisp, new bill beside me see to rustle in its pride So down in the farthest corner I crep

away to hide. I heard the preacher pleading, eve the plate was passed around, For the orphan, cold and hungry, that everywhere abound.

As he told the throng before with many an earnest word. Whatsoever they gave to the orphan they gave unto the Lord.

Then how the crisp bill rustled, for surely its time bad come. Surely our wealthy owner would give a goodly sum;

But he thrust his hand in his pocke as calmly as could be And on the plate as it passed bir he dropped poor little me!

'Mid coins of gold and silver, Oh, dear, I felt so small !

be found at all; So I hid beneath a quarter that a humble widow gave

Whose life is one long struggle-sh toils like a weary slave. The rich man rode in his carriage t a sumptuous feast that day, Where the crisp new bill did duty as

the price he had to pay. And he "tipped" the waiter amply for a mean man he abborred, But I, the poor old nickel, was his only gift to the Lord !

English Classics.

(Oscasional Correspondent in True Witness.)

Some time since we met with the following questions: "What are English classics? Are not all the classics Greek or Latin? The ques tion was asked of a professor in one of our leading universities. He answered the second question in thenegative, but he did not make any reply to the first one. And yet it seems to us that the first one is the most important of the two. During this hot vacation weather we cannot be expected to go deeply into readers, during their holidays, were we to drop them a few bints regarding English classics. They have now ample time to read them, and lots of leisure to ponder over them.

In the general acceptation of the term, a classical course means eight, nine or ten years of mental drilling in Latin, Greek, Belles-Letters, Rhe toric, Philosophy and the accom panying sciences that go to make up what is known as "arts." There is nothing to surpass the beautiful system that obtains in our Canadian Colleges, and as an evidence of its excellence we have our institutions filled, not only with Canadians, but with pupils from all parts of the United States.

The language of the people is the seal of their nationality. Knowing this, and feeling it, we cannot help being pained to meet graduates, or at all events ex-students, who ask us the same question: "What are the English classics?" There is many a one to-day who has spent months and years in plodding through a classical course, and who never learned, or if he did has forgotten all about the literary grandeur of his groan escaped his lips. native language. We meet with students who translate Homer's Odessy and who could not analyze the first passage in the "Paradise Lost;" who know Virgil by heart, and yet who never read, or digested a drama of Shakespeare; who can talk of Demosthenes and Cicero and cite their phrases, yet who never read Burke or Chatham, who know the threshold he collapsed. His nothing of Grattan, Sheridan or vestments were hurriedly removed Canning, who know the Odes of to give him air. Horace, and yet never beard of Junius; we can tell of Josephus, of Xenophon, or of Tacitus, yet who never read Addison, Swift, Steele, or

essayists a myth. How many of these students are able to speak critically of Dickens. Scott, Laver, Thackeray or Bulwer? How few of these young men, learn ed in the verse of the Latin poets could quote intelligently from "Childe Harold," or "The Prisoner of Chillon?" They have reed Lactantius and the Fathers; but Newman, Faber, Bernard O'Reilly and Manning are only names for them; they have striven to untangle the woven mathematics of La Place, yet Newton is outside their sphere; they read the "O.lando Furioso" and they never studied the "Deserted Village."

Would it not be well if our English classics went hand in hand with the dead languages i And the same applies to French classics. Conic sections and geometry applied to Astronomy, Ganot, Atkinson and Leitnitz should not crush out Lindlay Murray and Thompson's elements of arithmetic.

There are beauties in English and French literatures far more useful and not an atom less attractive or less | erfect than the choicest models in the languages of Rome and

Itching Skin Distress by day and night-

are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum-and outward applications do not cure.

The source of the trouble is in the blood-make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will

Hood's Sarsaparilla rids the blood of all impurities and

Athens. We deem no classical course perfect wherein the rich and rare grandcurs of the living mother tongue are made subservient to and almost effaced in the presence of the phantoms of buried ages and languages that are dead. While we disinter the precious columns from beneath the lavas of Pompeii, or the gorgeous mosaics in the debris of Herculaneum, we must not neglect the living splenders that surround and adore Reseina and Naples, nor I tried to roll off somewhere and not dare we forget the Vesuvius that flames overhead and rumbles its warnings, telling us that some day our modern structures may share the fate of the buried cities. Time,

ever moveable and irresistible, rolls on; while we are seeking for the hidden beauties that the lava of centuries has buried, with all the pomp of Rome and the splendors of Athens, we must not neglect the living, moving, acting powers, that some day, in the dim future, may be to other generations what the works of Greece and Rome are to the men of this

Died At The Altar.

"Be ever ready to give an account of your stewardship, not knowing at what hour you will be called to

the eternal judgment seat." With that solemn admonition, the Very Rev. Stephen Kealy, Provincial of the Passionists' Order in the United States, concluded his sermon Sunday morning 17th of July in the West Hoboken Passionists' Monastery Church. Fifteen minates later he lay cold in death.

Stricken at the altar with heart while the priests, brothers and prayers for the dying, the beloved priest, who was the executive head of his order in America, passed away.

As life fl d, Father Barry, another member of the order, who had taken the stricken priest's place at the altar, continued the celebration of the Mass, while the congregation wondered at the substitution of the celebrant, ignorant of the tragedy that had befallen the church.

Father Kealey seemed in the best of health when he entered the sanctuary to colebrate the 6 o'clock Mass. Through the early portions of the Mass his voice rang sweetly solemn through the church, and when he mounted the pulpit there was paricular elequence and force in his sermon, which was preached on the parable of the unjust steward in the Gospel read for the day.

The discourse was brief and ended with the strangely significant warning which a few minutes later was to have so dramatic an illustration. As he walked to the altar the priest's step suddenly faltered and a

He whispered faintly to an altar boy, who hurriedly summoned Father Bertrand Barry.

"I am ill," whispered the dying priest on the arrival of Father Barry. 'Do you administer communion?" Father Barry assumed the office. and dragging his feet heavily Father Kealey went to the sacristy. Oa

"Take me away," he mumrured, "I am dying,"

The priest was burriedly carried to his cell, but an examination Ben Johnson; men to whom Mac- showed that he was past all aid. Then the solemn procession of aulay is unknown and the British priests and students filed into the parrow cell and began the chant for the dying. Father Kealey, having received the last Sacraments of the church, passed quietly away.

When the death of Father Kealey was made known to the congregation at the later Masses the deepest grief was manifested by all the members of his flock. Practically all of his priesthood had been spent in the community in which he died.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday, in the monastery, with bishop O'Connor, of Newark, presiding. At 930 a. m. the solemn office for the dead was chanted, and at 10 o'clock Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated.

mp back straight, neither will it make hort leg long, but it feeds soft bone d heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery rickets and hone consumption. Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemista

under the main altar of the church, and immediately beneath the spot

Kesley had filled every office of from every throat: nonor in the Passionist Order in America. He had been the executive head of the order for five years.

It is a striking coincidence that Thomas Kealey, a cousin of Father Kealey, died of heart disease in April, 1903, at the monastery. He vas not an ordained priest, but had for years been attached to the monstery in a lay capacity.

Faces of the Aged.

to to say that life for the former has been harsh, full of care and sorrow. or this is the common lot of all and are hauled on land again. requently the latter have known nore sorrow and disappointment. We must look a little deeper and then we will relize that the mental attidude each takes towards life writes tself on the countenance. A wo nan passes us on the street and the ner face tells the story of her lifeshe was lacking in philosophy or reli gion and the troubles she encountered killed the sweet flowers of hopefulness, courage and affection in her heart, and sowed the seeds of bitter- Thousands of lives had been saved ness and regining. We think that we should not care to have to spend our lives under the roof that shelters her, for there is no worse foe to domestic felicity than a cynical person. We meet another woman and we feel ourselves insensibly drawn towards her. Her face, notwithstanding her 60 years, has a fresh look, and the sweet smile is never far away from her lips. Yet, if you knew that womans history, likely you would marvel

that she has been able to endure it at Rev. Geo. Carson St. George failure, Father Kealy barely sur- all. What was her strength under all such a subject. Ail the same, we vived until he had been carried to ills? Question her and she will either feel that it might benefit some of our his cell in the monastery. There, say that. "We can not help the trou bles that come to us, and worrying Fabric of N. D. de la Garde. students knelt and chanted the over them only makes matters worse for us and all concerned," or that old expression of trust in the ruling of Di vine Providence. "God wills it!" Many of my readers are young now, time is but beginning to write their annals on their faces. Do you want to wear, when you are old, the tranquil brow, the tender smile hopeful eyes? Then make your claim for hem to-day by refusing to indulge in crimonious words, the bitter thoughts the cynical smiles by resolving to bear the cares that rest upon you with a brave trustful heart, and by resolutely turning to the bright aspect of every situation. Every cloud has a bright side, though sometimes we do not see even the edge of its shining, yet it is there. So with the clouds that obscure our happiness, and we should

> coming, but it always comes. "Then gaze until thou canst see The glimmer of the star." -Ruth Rollins in the "Boys Friend."

wait in confidence until the appoint-

ed time, when we shall see the pur-

pose of the sorrow that all but crush-

ed us. That time is often long in

A Hero of Duty.

If Catholic men, and Catholic of the following story to their own Beauport Asylum, and cousin of lives, how many troublous moments Admiral Douglas. might be averted. It is as follows: not protected from the sea by a na-

Part of the north of Holland is tural barrier. Some two bundred years ago the Dutch undertook the big task of building enormous walls or dykes of granite blocks and clay ever had. It means more to Canada Milburn's Sterling Headache Powto keep out the sea. Behind this this year than ever before. The availshelter numerous villages arose, able wheat land in the United States which flourish to the present day, Alkmohd, in particular, which is kept in constant repair by two

ection of an engineer. long while ago, a furious wind was the frontier in bygone years from the hlowing from the nothwest increase.

Mississippi westward,—industrious selfblowing from the nothwest increasing every moment. The engineer exploited the new lands for generations, in charge was a young man engag- selling their farms to the newcomers ed to be married, whose friends and from the east and moving on to secure family lived in Amsterdam. He and improve new and cheaper lands. was to go to Amsterdam that very evening to join a great festival long looked for; preparations were all made, and he was in high sp'rits, western plains to the south of it. sound of rising wind struck upon against the misrepresentation of Amerihis ear; and he remembered with a can immigration agents and land compang of anxiety that it was the time libel our Northwest by alleging that the of the high tides. He thought of climate was too coid and uncertain for his dyke and all that depended upon raising wheat. While they could not

pleasure and duty. rising. But at seven he must set these misrepresentations. Instead of being a precarious crop, the actual reont for Amsterdam. Shell he go? sults show that the more the country is His heart says Yes; duty says No. opened to settlement, the greater the Again he looks at the rising see, facilities for pultivating the land and

Interment was made in the vault watches the rising storm, and decides to remain at his post.

He then runs to the dyke. It is where Father Kesley was stricken. a scene of the utmost confusion. Father Kealey was born in Ireland His two hundred men are bewildred. in 1849. He came to America Tae storm has become a burricane. white a child, and in 1870 entered The supply of tow and mortar is the Passionist Monastery at Pitts | exhausted | They are at their with burg. In 1877 he was ordained a ends to know how to repair the a priest by the late Archbishop Cor. breaks-how to defend the rigan, then Bishop of Newark, the place against the terrible eremy ordination services being conducted which is every minute gaining upon in the monastery at West Hoboken them. But as soon as the young where he died. Since then Father engineer appears a joyous cry bu-sts Cholera Infantum, Seasickness,

> "Here is the master! God be praised! Now all will be we'l!" The master places each workman at his post, and a desperate battle begins between man and the enraged ocean. About half past eleven there is a cry from the

"Help! Help!"

"What is the matter?" "Four stones carried away at

The master does not lose a moment. He fastens a rope around his Have you ever noticed, as you jour- body, four workmen do the same; ney through life, the different aspects and forty arms seize the ropes of the faces of the aged? Some are while the five brave fellows throw hardened and dissatisfied; others, themselves into the waves to repair erene and happy. What is the the damage. The mad waves cause of the difference? It will not struggle with the men, wash them about, blind them. No matter: they have done their work and toey

But the cry "Help! help!" soon arises from all parts.

"Stones," cried one. " There are no more. " Mortar!

"There is no more. "Take off your clothes!" crie ines of discontent and bitterness on the master, tearing off his own. "Stop the holes with them !" Meanwhile the people of Alkmond

ate and danced, little thinking that there was but a few inches of mason work between them and death. because one man had done his duty.

Laval Monument.

MIRTH LIST.

abric of the Basilica, Que-

Mr. James Douglas New York (1)..... Fabric of l'Ange Gardien 100 00 Rev. Lionel St. Geo. Lindsay 25.00

Fabric of St. Paul de Sisters of Providence, St.

Casimer..... Rev. Jean Gosselin. St. Eugene. Rev. Narcisse Gosselin, Ash

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Rev. G. W. Dufresne, Windsor Mills..... Rev. J. A. Dufresne Windsor Mills..... Sisters of Charity, St. Joseph

Baeuce Rev. E. Walker, Souris P. E. Rev. O. Cormier, Iberville... School Ohildren of the Pro-

vince of Quebec 1051 \$1.024.5 Amount of preceding lists... 6 603 76

Total. ..\$7,628.27

Quebec, July 24th, 1904. MGR. H. TETU, CYRILLE F. DELAGE M. P. P.

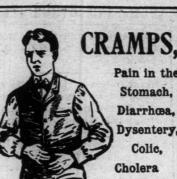
Treasurers (1) Mr. James Douglas is the son women, too, woold apply the moral of the late Dr. Douglas proprietor of

The Northwest Crops.

It is particularly satisfactory to learn

that the crop in the Northwest this year will be one of the best the country has has practically all been taken up and for the past three years the stream of settlershas commenced to turn northward hundred workmen under the diing chiefly native-born Americans of One afternoon in November, a the class that has formed the fringe on eady to set out. Suddenly the In the past Canada has had to fight

it. It would be a dreadful disappointment not to gr. But the dyke! His friends would all be expecting him, watching for him, what would they think? But the for Canadian land has seized upon the dyke! There was a conflict between American western farmers, we have had an unbroken succession of splendid It is six o'clock. The sea is harvests which completely disprove



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It has been used by thousands for nearly sixty years-and we have yet to hear a complaint about its action. A few doses have often cured when action is Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable your pick. and Effectual. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild

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barvesting the grain, the better the re-

sults. A member of the Experimental farm staff, who has just returned from the Northwest, says :-As to the coming harvest, I had a talk with Mr. S. A. Bedford, Superintendent

of the Experimental Farm at Brandon and he told me the yield wolud be the largest Manitoba ever had. The straw might not be as heavy as in other years, but the grain was heading out well. Mr. Angus McKay, Superintendent of the Exparimental Farm at Indian Head, said that while the crops throughout the Northwest would be somewhat patchy, they would be above the average. The need of rain was felt in some districts, but notwithstanding a big narvest is expected.

Indian Head is in Assinaboia, and, as an indication of the increased production of the district, it is stated that there are now thirteen grain elevators at that point as compared with six in 1902. With settlers pouring in and wheat production increasing at the present rate, the advance in wealth and prosperity of this country during even the next decade, will in all probability be more phenomenal than that of the United States, because Canada has already the transportation facilities for distributing immigrants and marketing the products of their farms immediately available. and settlers will secure immediate re sults. We have dwelt so long on the "great future" of this country that it is difficult to realize that at last its realization is in immediate prospect.-Oitawa

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> An Achtison husband hovered at death's door so long his whife remark. ed that she supposed he was having his usual trouble finding the keyhole.

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M.s. John Lowe, New Germany, N. S., writes: "I have given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my children with excellent result, They are fond of taking it and it acts perfectly, f Legal business promptly attended to requiring no cathartic afterwards."

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him: whosese'er it be, we know 'Tis woman fair that breaks him.

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" Poor Giblets !" "What now?"

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"]," said the orator, "come of a into our Northwest. These settlers from good old stock, rooted deep in the

> "The only stock I ever heard of that rooted deep in the soil, interject. ed a farmer in the audience, "was



They cure those feel-ings of smothering and sinking that come on at times, make the heart beat strong and regular, give sweet, refresh-ing sleep and banish headvousness. They infuse new life and energy into dispirited, health-shattered women

who have come to think there is no cure for then Nervous Prostration, Brain Fag, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Listlessness, After Effects of La Grippe and Fever, Anæmia, General Debility and all troubles arising

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