

The Nickel's Story.

(Katherine L. Dunbar in Sacred Heart Review.)

I'm only a worn, old nickel, I'm not worth much, they say.

I heard the preacher pleading, of the plate was passed around,

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

English Classics.

(Occasional Correspondent in True Witness.)

Some time since we met with the following question: "What are English Classics?"

The language of the people is the seal of their nationality.

How many of these students are able to speak critically of Dickens, Scott, Lear, The Koran or Balm?

Would it not be well if our English classics went hand in hand with the dead languages?

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

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Athens. We deem no classical course perfect wherein the rich and rare grandeur 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 splendors that surround and adore Ercinea and Naples, nor 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, morning, setting 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 day.

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.

Stricken at the altar with heart failure, Father Kealy barely survived until he had been carried to his cell in the monastery. There, while the priests, brothers and students knelt and chanted the prayers for the dying, the beloved priest, who was the executive head of his order in America, passed away.

As life faded, 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 Kealy seemed in the best of health when he entered the sanctuary to celebrate 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 particular eloquence 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 groan escaped his lips.

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 Kealy went to the sacristy. On the threshold he collapsed. His vestments were hurriedly removed to give him air.

"Take me away," he murmured, "I am dying."

The priest was hurriedly carried to his cell, but an examination showed that he was past all aid.

Then the solemn procession of priests and students filed into the narrow cell and began to chant for the dying. Father Kealy, having received the last Sacraments of the church, passed quietly away.

When the death of Father Kealy 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 in Wednesday, in the monastery, with bishop O'Connor, of Newark, presiding.

At 9:30 a. m. the solemn office for the dead was chanted, and at 10 o'clock Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated.

Faces of the Aged.

Have you ever noticed, as you journey through life, the different aspects of the faces of the aged?

Some are hardened and dissatisfied; others, serene and happy. What is the cause of the difference? It will not do to say that life for the former has been harsh, full of care and sorrow, for this is the common lot of all and frequently the latter have known more sorrow and disappointment.

We must look a little deeper and then we will realize that the mental attitude each takes towards life writes itself on the countenance. A man passes us on the street and the lines of discontent and bitterness on her face tells the story of her life—she was lacking in philosophy or religion and the troubles she encountered killed the sweet flowers of hopefulness, courage and affection in her heart, and sowed the seeds of bitterness and repining. 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 woman's history, likely you would marvel that she has been able to endure it all.

What was her strength under all this? Question her and she will either say that "We can not help the troubles that come to us, and worrying over them only makes matters worse for us and all concerned," or that old expression of trust in the ruling of Divine Providence: "God wills it!"

Many of our 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 them today by refusing to indulge in acrimonious 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 wait in confidence until the appointed time, when we shall see the purpose of the sorrow that all but crushed us. That time is often long in coming, but it always comes.

"Then gaze until thou canst see The glimmer of the star."

—Ruth Rollins in the "Boys Friend."

A Hero of Duty.

If Catholic men, and Catholic women, too, would apply the moral of the following story to their own lives, how many troublous moments might be averted. It is as follows:

Part of the north of Holland is not protected from the sea by a natural barrier. Some two hundred years ago the Dutch undertook the big task of building enormous walls or dykes of granite blocks and clay to keep out the sea.

Behind this shelter numerous villages arose, which flourished to the present day. Alkmond, in particular, which is kept in constant repair by two hundred workmen under the direction of an engineer.

One afternoon in November, a long white fog, a furious wind was blowing from the north west increasing every moment. The engineer in charge was a young man engaged to be married, whose friends and family lived in Amsterdam. He 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 spirits, ready to set out. Suddenly the sound of rising wind struck upon his ear; and he remembered with a pang of anxiety that it was the time of the high tides. He thought of his dyke and all that depended upon it. It would be a dreadful disappointment to go to the festival and be disappointed. But the dyke! His friends would all be expecting him, watching for him. What would they think? But the dyke! There was a conflict between pleasure and duty.

It is six o'clock. The sea is rising. But at seven he must set out for Amsterdam. Shall he go? His heart says Yes; duty says No.

Cramps.

CRAMPS, Pain in the Stomach, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, and all kinds of Summer Complaint are quickly cured by taking

Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Extract

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 all other remedies have failed.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the original Bowel Complaint Cure.

Refuse Substitutes. They're Dangerous.

harvesting the grain, the better the results. 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 would 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 Experimental 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 harvest is expected.

Indian Head is in Assiniboia, 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 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.

We can handle any rush of immigration and settlers will secure immediate results. 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.—Ottawa Citizen.

Pain in the chest and wheezing are promptly and completely cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It's the best cough remedy in the world. Easy to take. Price 25c.

An Achition husband hovered at death's door so long his wife remarked that she supposed he was having his usual trouble finding the keyhole.

Destroys Worms.

Mrs. 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, requiring no cathartic afterwards."

Nor clothes nor riches makes the man; 'Tis more than this that makes him; But whoso'er it be, we know 'Tis woman fair that breaks him.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

"Poor Giblets!" "What now?" "He has been off on a vacation for a month, and the doctor ordered him to go back to work for his health."

Raging Headaches, that nothing else will cure, are quickly quieted by Milburn's Suffering Headache Powders. Price 10c. and 25c. at all dealers. Refuse substitutes.

"I," said the orator, "come of a good old stock, rooted deep in the soil."

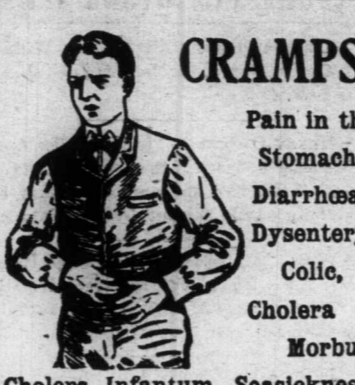
"The only stock I ever heard of that rooted deep in the soil, interjected a farmer in the audience, "was hog."

Are just what every weak, nervous, run-down woman needs to make her strong and well.

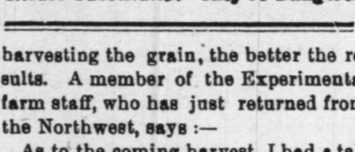
They cure those feelings of smothering and sinking that come on at times, make the heart beat strong and regular, give sweet, refreshing sleep and banish headaches and nervousness. They infuse new life and energy into dispirited, health-shattered women who have come to think there is no cure for them.

They cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Brain Fag, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Liveliness, After Effects of La Grippe and Fever, Anemia, General Debility and all troubles arising from a run-down system.

Price 50c. per box or 5 for \$1.25 all druggists or mailed by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.



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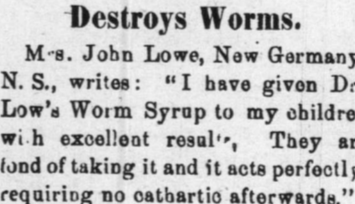


- List of donors for the Laval Monument, including names like Mr. James Douglas, Rev. Lionel St. Geo. Lindsay, etc.

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 ever had.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. "Poor Giblets!" "What now?"

Are just what every weak, nervous, run-down woman needs to make her strong and well.



SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

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



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