

The Black-Robe.

BY JAMES NEIL.

There's a secret of the forest / That no tongue has ever spelled / There's a grave beside a river / That no white man has beheld / For the conquered tribes have vanished / And the forest knows alone / Where they hid the gentle Black-Robe / In the days that were their own / There he slumbers uncomplaining / In the woodland's humble trust / And the simple hearts that mourned him / Mingle meekly too in dust / Now the trails are all deserted / And the bison-hunt is o'er / Now the brown tepees are folded / And his children come no more / But the singers of the wildwood / Oft above him chant a prayer / And the sacred hush of twilight / Breathes a benediction there / And the voices of the forest / And the river's murmur / For a country have called him / But the Black-Robe wakes no more.

The Uses of Adversity.

(From the Messenger.)

"Umph! And do you think you would like yourself any better as a Christian?" "I don't know, Dad, I have not evolved the ideal Kitty yet; I have always been so happy—so unthinkingly happy; but—" "Then go on being happy, child," he said fiercely; "happiness is the only good thing we know, and life has no other end or aim: pagan or Christian, sinner or saint, they have no other goal but happiness; one feast, and the other feast, but all for the same end." "But a Christian expects his happiness in a life beyond this mortal span, and it seems to me, Daddy, that the day might come when life held no more possibilities of earthly happiness, and what does one do then?" "One can die; indeed, life is hardly possible without happiness in some form or other, and Nature is pretty resourceful, she can be trusted to find some spring of joy, some delusion to keep us in the desire of life; but if one refuses to be deluded then there is death, and in the vast heritage of life this is the only right a man can claim as truly and really his own; the right to die, and she cannot cheat him out of that." "Does she cheat, then?" asked Kitty, sadly. "Is all happiness here, and it may be hereafter, a mockery and a fraud?" "No, no, Kitty; but it is Nature's lure to keep us in the desire of life, otherwise it would be inopportune, and the race would suffer if men refused to live out their natural term of existence." "But Nature is not God, Daddy, and God would not cheat, oh, if there is a God at all, He must be good; one could not imagine a God less good or less lovable than his own creature. You never deceived me, and how is it I find you good and true, and may not seek goodness and truth in some source beyond this world? I wish I could believe in God. He would satisfy all my ideals, I know." "Then do believe in Him, child; if it would be any comfort to you read, inquire, think out the matter for yourself, or go to church, as you suggest, and hear what Mr. Morland has to say; he will be delighted to instruct you." "Mr. Morland? I should never dream of going to him; I should go to Father de Winton, of course." "And put your soul in bondage to Rome, eh? Would that spell happiness, do you think?" "He would have to convince me of a soul first of all," she answered slowly, "so it is a far cry to Rome and bondage. Anyway, it is to his church I am going this afternoon, for if it is possible for one to do anything to aid a soul's growth, that seems to me to be a favorable place for it." "Her father felt very angry, and full of resentment toward Father de Winton, who seemed fated to cross his will; but after all he reflected, he was a good man and worthy of all respect. Kitty might have a worse friend, so he checked the angry words rising to his lips, and drawing Kitty toward him he kissed her tenderly. "As I said before, Kitty, you can please yourself," he said gently. Kitty walked over to North Drayton after lunch, and reached the church in time for service. Father de Winton noted her presence amongst his little flock, and he felt surprised and pleased. After services he had a few minutes' conversation with her, at the gate; he was very anxious for news of her father; it did not surprise him to hear he had been laid up. "Tell him," he said to her as they said good-bye, "that I hope to see him to-morrow." To-morrow! The day began early for Father de Winton; a day he would never forget. An hour before daylight a man with a lantern in his hand knocked at the presbytery door and summoned him to a sick call some miles distant.

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. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear. "I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I consulted the best physicians and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Wain, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

He had been expecting this call for some time, and he was soon ready to accompany the messenger to a rather remote farm-house beyond Leacroft. On his return journey he passed through the village, as the hands of the church clock pointed to seven.

"The morning's at seven," he quoted to himself, as he looked round the quiet country, all gray and misty, and up to the tranquil sky, "God's in His Heaven; all's right in the world." He was passing the Manor house, and he looked toward it with a heavy sigh.

"Would to God all were right there." With a prayer for its sleeping occupants he hurried on; presently, at Holy Mass, they would have more than a prayer; every morning he had stormed Heaven for the man who walked in darkness and the shadow of death—for whose soul he trembled. It was a calm, fair morning, and he came toward the stile, where the path to the Moor touched the road, he looked over with appreciative glance at the nearly mist lying like gossamer on the brown heather. All was so still and peaceful, he could not associate the scene with the recollection of his horror, his passionate grief that night so lately past. His eyes swept the margin of the heath, where fields of mangel and turnips of different shades of green made stripes down to the road, intermixed with the withering yellow of unploughed stubble. As he looked, a hare shot out from among the bracken, and came racing down the furrow of a turnip field, and in a moment a big dog leaped out of the mist on the Moor, and bounded down the field after it. It was Faust, Mr. Rylands' great dane, "doing a little poisoning on his own account," thought Father de Winton; "he would be getting his master into trouble." Then a sudden thought leaped into his mind, and made his heart stand still. Was the dog's master on the Moor, and if so, what had taken him abroad so early? Before any answer to his thought had shaped itself in his mind, he had leaped the stile, and was running up the path to the Moor. He rushed along in a kind of panic, thinking that never before had the way seemed so long, or the incline so steep; and when he gained the Moor he stopped, for it flashed through his mind that he was probably exerting himself and wasting his time for nothing. Most likely the dog had been taking a night out, as every dog will do sometimes, and Mr. Rylands was warm asleep in his bed at home; but there was the thought of where he might be, instead, and the fear of what might have taken him there gripped the priest's heart, and he hurried on again; better a hundred fruitless journeys than miss a chance of preventing a great evil. At last, after what seemed to him a very long time, the white crest of the orag over the tarn came into view, and a sigh of relief escaped him as he saw it was here. Now, to assure himself that nothing he dreaded lay below, then a race home in time for Mass. He was still a few yards from the edge when the figure of a man appeared at the top of the path from the tarn side, and ran up to the point of the orag, keeping close to the crumbling edge.

Father de Winton's heart gave such a bound it almost suffocated him. "My God," he cried, and with two springs he had covered the space which separated him from that will-beam standing on the brink, and had gripped him close. "In God's name come away," he cried; "back man, back, for the love of Heaven."

The man, it was Mr. Rylands, writhed in his arms, and turned round. "You!" he hissed; his white face close to the other's, his eyes flaming with evil passion; "you again? Curse you for an interfering bound! Let go, if you value your life; let go, I say, and he shook one arm free and gripped the priest by the throat. Father de Winton's answer was to lock him in a tighter embrace and drag him away from the edge with all his might. "You shall not

do this thing," the words came thickly through his clenched teeth, and the strong, white fingers at his throat tightened their grip. He wrenched away the hand at last, but the effort was a costly one, for, with a great jolt, he was dragged back again to the crumbling edge. He was a strong man, in fair health and good training, but for a few awful moments it seemed to him that he was no match for the other, as they wrestled and strained in a deadly grip; a perfect frenzy of madness possessed the desperate man, and to his great weight was added the agility of a wild cat.

"Yes," he muttered, between choking breaths, "I shall do this thing; and I shall take you with me—you blundering fool!" But no words came from the priest; his lips were set in stern resolve; he would not relax his hold whatever befall; for, even in the water, with its strange, unnamable current, the powerful swimmer as he was, might save him yet. Suddenly he became aware that the other's strength was giving out; it had been the strength of madness and it had no staying power; in another few minutes he would be exhausted, and the danger would be over. Already there was a good space between their awaying bodies and the edge, and presently he would be giving thanks to God for victory. He felt the other's grip relax, when, without warning, a great booming roar sounded in his ears and a big body sprang upon him and bore both men to the ground. It was the big dog, and a smothered cry broke from the priest, as he felt its great teeth fasten on his shoulder; but he gripped Mr. Rylands tighter and they rolled over on the turf.

"Down, you brute," shrieked Mr. Rylands, but Faust only growled savagely, as he ripped the priest's coat to ribbons and tore and pawed him with his great feet. "Down, Faust, down, I say," he screamed. "Let go, Father; let go, for God's sake—he will kill you." "Not till you promise."

"Yes, yes, I promise; let go." "For always—on your honor?" He hesitated; something warm splashed over his face; it was blood from the dog's dripping muzzle. He hesitated no longer. "Yes, always, on my honor," he cried.

The priest opened his arms, and Mr. Rylands sprang to his feet and seized the dog by the collar, and tried to drag him away. But the animal's blood was up; he shook him off and began tearing the coat again, close by Father de Winton's throat, growling and snarling like a wild beast. Then Mr. Rylands remembered his stick, it was lying near by; he seized it, and with all his remaining strength he showered great blows on the dog's head and back, till at last he drove him from the prostrate body to sink, cowed and ashamed, into the fuzg. Father de Winton lay still for a few minutes, then he staggered to his feet; the blood was pouring down his white face from a great scratch on his forehead; his coat was hanging in tatters about him, and one arm, in a blood-stained sleeve, hung limp and useless by his side. Nevertheless he had a smile on his lips, and his eyes were shining with a happy light.

"Merciful God!" cried Rylands. "I thought you were killed, Father de Winton; what infernal fiend sent you here this day?" "No fiend; God sent me here to prevent a terrible crime."

"It might have cost you your life." "I was prepared to pay the price," he said; "it was a hard fight, . . . but I have won!" Both men were breathless and trembling, their words came gasping from their white lips.

"But look at yourself!" cried Mr. Rylands; "just look!" and with a wild cry of anguish he flung himself down and hid his face in his hands. The priest stood still watching him for a moment; he knew he was in the throes of a mental agony and he would fain have left him alone, but that could not be. He stopped and touched his shoulder. "We must not stay here, Mr. Rylands," he said gently; "we must get home somehow."

The other groaned. "Help me down to the water, my friend; come."

Mr. Rylands rose at once, there was a look of shame and misery on his face; he could not meet the priest's eye, but he took his arm, and helped him carefully down the steep path. "You are fainting," he said. "I want a drink," said the priest, putting his hand in the water; "and a wash," he added grimly, "then I shall be all right."

"Oh, why did you do it?" groaned Mr. Rylands, as he regarded the priest's sorry plight. "Why did you drive the dog off?" he asked. "A moment before you meant to kill me yourself."

MISCELLANEOUS.

An entertainer and humorist one afternoon recently had just made his bow and was about to begin when a cat walked in and sat down on the stage. With quick wit he said, severely. "You get out; this is a monologue, not a catalogue," which was unanimously voted the best bit of his entertainment.

Hoarseness.

Helen Decker, Jordan Ferry, N. S., writes: A few months ago I had a severe cold in my throat and chest and became quite hoarse. A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup soon relieved the Hoarseness and cured the cold.

Give me some familiar proverb about birds," said the teacher. Tommy Tucker raised his hand. "The early bird"—he paused a moment, and tried again. "The early bird"— "Yes," said the teacher, encouragingly. "That's right."

Grippe Headache.

Mrs. C. Appleton, Whitehead, N. W. T., writes: "Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders have given me great relief from the terrible pains of La Grippe in my head and through my back." Price 10c. and 25c. all dealers.

An economical Irishman once went into a hardware-store to buy a stove. The clerk showed him some, but the Irishman was not satisfied with any of them. Then, coming to a high-priced stove, the clerk said, "Now, sir, there is a stove that will save one-half of your coal." The Irishman promptly said, "I'll take two."

Castor Oil or other Cathartic is not needed after giving Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This remedy contains its own purgative and not only destroys but carries off the worms. Price 25c.

A man in Chicago, says a writer in Judge, found himself in the chair of a strange barber, to whom his features, although unfamiliar, seemed to carry some reminiscent suggestion. "Have you been here before?" asked the hair-cutter. "Once," said the man. "Strange I do not recognize your face."

"Not at all," said the man. "It changed a good deal as it healed."

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00. MOISE DEROSH, Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

"John," she said, softly, "have you been saying anything about me to mother lately?" "No," replied John. "Why do you ask?"

"Because she said this morning that she believed you were on the eve of proposing to me. Now I do not wish you to speak to mother when you have anything of that kind to say. Speak to me, and I'll manage the business with mother!" And John said he would.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper. Wealthy Stranger.—Yes; and I made my money, every farthing of it, by my pen. Admirable Youth.—Ah! a novelist or a dramatist, maybe? Wealthy Stranger.—Not me. I used to keep a sheep-farm in New Zealand.

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