THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD, WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1889.

REGRETS By ALICE ESH I wish the swallows never cam 'Mid summers roses flitting Red roses with their hearts aff s that have never for Their fragrant swee leave me when the Sur y leave me when the Summer's deal, 'hen all things fair are dying: y glance and sing, light wings wide spread, -breasted, happy shooting high o'en

From me, from Winter flying.

rn,' sadly replied Corona-

-day they muster to depart : Where will they sing to morrow? To-night when cold, wan moonh

The rose will weep, the lily break her hea For swallows gone, for sorrow.

I think upon that sweet Spring day I heard the first lamb bleating :

think when swallows come in May I weep for all the music passed away; For happiness too fleeting.

Sweet summer days will come once Dark swallows will be singing,

Red roses blossom as before, White lillies dream beside the open do · Upward their fragrance flinging.

These golden days are keeping : My birds lie drowned in the wild sea, My flower and root lie perished in the lea

The lambs will soon forget and rest,

Could I forget and sleep, sleep sound-

"After Long Grief and Pain."

BY ALICE HORLOR.

CHAPTER V [CONTINUED]. 'I am afraid this will be a terrible men are out of work, and the poor wives and children must suffer. Poor things, how I pity them, often without fire or food in this biting weather?

have many hardships to endure; but, Miss Delmar, think what it is for one to has never been inured to povertya lady, young, delicate and well-bred, want of the commonest neces to be in sities of life.'

eyes upon my face. 'You know of such a case,' she said, "Tell me who it is that needs quickly.

elp, and I promise to give it.' your aid.'

Then in a few earnest words I told her the history of the woman I loved, not hiding the deep affection which for many years I had cherished. The re trembling on her eyelashes

as I en

and said, in a low tone : 'You understand that I know ab-

with her past.'

not, she is frie

beart?

'Yes, you told me so; that does not

matter in the least. What is her God's sake !"

and there Corona broke down into bitter weeping. The pitying woman by my side had upon ma, I still remember that dance difference in my love? Because a base and there Corons broke down into bitter weeping. The pitying woman by my side had her arms round my love's wasted figure, and raised her head on her bosom. 'You are weak, low, low-spirited, and greatly in need of all affectionate to rec can do for you. Come with me, ty my dear girl, at once—the cab is wait-ing at the door.' history of your life can make any sorrow, all the shame he has brought history of your life can make any thistory of your life can make any history of your life history history of your life life hist

ing at the door." how young I was, how guileless, and "Bat there is something you must learn, sadly replied Corona." how young I was, how guileless, and lieve that you are legally a wife!" A cry of joy burst from her lips. "Yes, I continued, 'if a clergyma learn,' sadly replied Corona. 'Then let me learn it when, yon re-turn to health. My dear,' pressing a kies upon her brow. 'I know all that is necessary about you. Trust your-self to me now as though to a sister.' With a weary sigh as though too weak to oppose our will, Corona yield-cd; and that night I had the astisfac-tion of Inowing abe arowed a passionate attachment for which I could but confers was the single of the maniference of the single tion of knowing she was safely shelter ed beneath Miss Delmar's roof. For many days her life hung by a nothing of his family or antecedents, some time myself, and I know that idea pass to the unknown land; but Love whole heart. My aunt was furious the marriage null is a popular error.

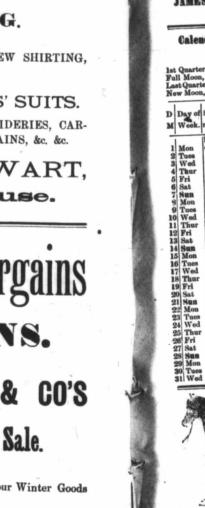
tood in the path of death, and fought when she heard the state of affairs be- She covered her face with her hands

above all others, we used it with mar-velous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned." -J.J. Armstrong. Weimar, Texas.

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