Summer in Ireland.

By Eugene Davis.

The gold of the summer sunshine is laid
on the circling sea
That kisses the shore as a bride groom
kisses the lips of his bride;
The sun on the hilltops gathers a blue
haze dreamily,
The children play on the shelving strand,
and the barques on the rolling tide;
All over her heathery mountains and down
in each verdant grove
The pine trees wave their branches, by
the sweetest of zephyrs fanned;
The emerald pastures bask them in light
from the skies above,
And the bowers are shedding their glory
on the breast of a beauteous land!

To-day are the fern leaves blooming on
the slopes of Slievenamon,
And the hawthorn hedges blossom from
the sward of the fertile lea,
And evening's rays are weaving a coronal
wreath upon
The pillared tower and the cross of
the purple-red Galtees;
Killarney greets with rapture the azure
that flecks the sky,
And each lake from its precious casket
on the proud arbutus smiles.
While the balm of an Araby stealeth, as
the breezes flutter by,
Where Curbery, robed in beauty, looks
up from its hundred isles.

The rivers rush with a joyous chant
through Wicklow's fields of green,
Too birdies pipe their anthems over rath
and haunted dell,
The towers of old grow young again in the
light of the summer sun,
And brighter crystals sparkle from the
depths of each holy well;
All over the land the air is rife with the
softest, tenderest trills,
And the fuchsias bush vestals in a halo
of pearls a grace.
As the silvery limpid torrents and the
gushing, rushing rills
Dash down the boulder'd gorges to the
ocean's glad embrace!

Oh, there in the hush of evening calm,
'neath the setting sunlight's glance,
While the piper plays, and the laughter
rings with a whole-souled gaiety,
Brave, stalwart youths and comely maids
through the merry maze dance,
Where the cross roads meet by the
lover's stile, in the shade of the
mulberry;
And there the old, old tale is told, while
eyes look into eyes
With all that tender witchery which
love can understand,
And the tall trees stoop to listen to the
murmur of balmy sighs,
When soul is blended with soul and the
heart goes with the hand.

And though there's a shadow upon the
land—a shadow of woe and pain—
The fratricidal heritage of the stormy
days of yore—
And though the curse of a pitiless fate
looms over the isle again,
And dims the face of its radiant skies
and darkens its verdant shore
We would rather spend the summer days
in that old land o'er the sea,
Where the hills would rise to greet us,
and the bones of our fathers rest,
Than bask in the loveliest Eden of the
valleys of Italy,
Or pass our lives, lapped in sweet
dreams, in the prairies of the West!

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss Seeffington ("Melusine.")

CHAPTER IX.

"I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the moon is shining bright;
I rise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!"
—*The Indian Serenade.*

Right glad was Moy when the summons came from her grandfather and she and Mrs. Fitzgerald set off for Dublin, leaving without regret the sands and the excursions, and the rows of bath chairs, with the men sitting in them half asleep, waiting for a fare, and looking just like a row of snails in their shells.

The only incident worth mentioning during the journey home occurred through Mrs. Fitzgerald getting into conversation with a pretty American lady; and her husband, seeing that Moy and Mrs. Fitzgerald were traveling alone, was most attentive to them, and it ended in all chatting together very pleasantly.

Moy was speaking of the want of capital in Ireland, and how she wished some of the millionaire Irish heard of in America would come to Ireland instead of spending all their money in Paris. The American gentleman looked so interested that Moy continued to speak with even more earnestness. 'These men,' she said, 'will be remembered in Paris by the waiters they fee so generously, but very soon forgotten by the world; whereas, if they came to Ireland and buy some of the estates so often in the market, they would found a family and never be forgotten.'

The gentleman turned round to his wife and said:

'My dear, do you hear that?'

'Yes,' she replied, tears rising to her eyes; 'you have often wished to settle in Ireland. I only am to blame that he has not,' she continued, turning to Moy. 'It is I who have taken him to Paris every year.'

'My dear young lady, it is a case of "Thou art the man!" You see before you an Irish-American millionaire. My wife and I are both Irish. Her father and mother and my father and mother went to America, fevered and famine stricken, only to die. It is a sad story. There were many like it. However, by God's blessing, here we are. I'm a rich man now, and I will promise you this, that if you will let me know when any nice property comes up for sale again I will buy it, if there is a clear title and all above board. Now, that's my determination.'

Moy blushed and smiled, and looked a little confused, and very much pleased. She took the gentleman's card and address, and they all parted as very good friends.

Moy rested that night in Dublin, and the next evening found her in the train, drawing near to Ballyvorna. At last she arrived. She saw Tim O'Leary first, 'Welcome' beaming from every feature of his handsome face. Then came Father Fitzgerald, kind and thoughtful as ever, very happy to have Moy home again; and, last of all, dear old Mr. O'Brien came hurrying forward, steadying himself on his gold-headed stick, a present from Lord Arthur.

'And there's great news, Moy,' said he, when they got into their snug little dining-room, where Kitty McClancy had tea all ready, and, with Tim O'Leary, was now hovering near the door, loth to loose sight of 'the young mistress' so soon again.

'And what is the news, grandpa?'

'Mr. Gilmartin arrived only the day before yesterday, quite unexpectedly. He said he did not deserve a welcome home, so he would not say he was coming.'

'Well,' cried Moy, 'I am glad. So he has come at last, and I like his feeling so—that he has been wrong to stay away all these years. It looks as if there some good in him.'

'Is he really engaged?' said Moy, so surprised at this piece of news that she hardly noticed what he said about Miss Syms being a great friend of hers.

'Yes, he really is engaged. You seem surprised. Is he false to some fair one in London?'

'Oh, no,' said Moy, laughing. 'At least, not that I can tell for certain. But this is the place.'

"Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene.
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been."

Mr. Gilmartin finished the quotation, and thought to himself that there was a good deal in that poem. 'A Gleam of Sunshine,' which would express his own feelings at this moment, as he walked with 'the gentlest of his friends.'

'May I call this afternoon?' he asked, still lingering. 'I am quite near you at the inn.'

'Indeed,' said Moy, much surprised.

'You know there are only ruins at Gilmartin—thanks to myself,' said he. 'Do you ever go there?'

'I used to go constantly,' said Moy; 'but——'

'But now I have come, I suppose you will not go near the place?'

'Indeed,' said Moy, a little hurt, 'I was not thinking of you when I made up my mind about it. I did not know if you were in existence. At least I mean I did not know what part of the wide world you were in when I said I must stop going so often to Gilmartin.'

'Then some one else made you come to that severe decision?' He spoke playfully, but he looked rather anxious.

'Yes, some one else,' said Moy. 'You must know I was always going there; but when I found that Mr Finch was to be your agent, I—well, I thought I must give up my favorite walk.'

'I see,' he said; nothing more. He understood now why she had laughed, and seemed so surprised to hear of the engagement. Mr. Finch had no doubt, been an ardent admirer of hers.

'And you are going to stay ever so long with these lucky people; and I, who would gladly change with your shadow, must go on alone!'

'Please don't begin to talk like Mr.——,' said Moy, blushing, and stopping short.

'I once begged you to say exactly what was in your mind,' said he, earnestly. 'Please finish that sentence.'

'I was only going to say Mr. Finch,' said Moy. 'But you could never be like him.'

'I must know your opinion of my agent before I can tell whether to be vexed or pleased at that speech,' said he; and with laughing eyes, meeting for a moment, they parted till the afternoon.

CHAPTER X.

"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill,
He treads once more our land;
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steele
—But the hand is an Irish hand."
—Aubrey de Vere.

Moy had a good way to walk up to the house after she had passed through the gate Mr. Gilmartin opened, and shut for her. When she got near she heard a boy's sweet voice singing, but before she could distinguish any words the song ceased, for the people had seen her coming as soon as she had passed through some shrubs and trees that sheltered the house. All except the sick girl came over the doorstep to welcome Miss O'Brien. There was the mother, a handsome little woman, with a baby in her arms, the rest of her children were away in the fields at work, but a little boy (a sister's son) was beside her. He had to bring his cousin Mary some fruit and flowers grown by himself. Last of all, there was one of those cheerful little Irish dogs that one sees in every village in the land, ready to play with dog or man. He now stood wagging his tail from side to side with such regularity and such vehemence that one could hardly help wondering at his being able to keep his feet.

'Ah, miss, you're welcome back to old Ireland, it's we that have missed you,' she said depositing the baby in its rough wooden cradle; 'haven't we, Mary darling? Sit down, miss. See, I've dusted the best chair that that contrary beast (the dog) will sit in.'

'And who was singing so sweetly?' asked Moy, as she sat down in 'the contrary beast's' favorite seat, and took Mary's thin hand in hers.

'Oh, sure it's my little cousin, miss; he's just come over from Gilmartin; that's where his father lives, and he's been telling us the great news that the master has come home at last.'

'And was he singing it?' asked Moy, smiling

'Well, indeed, miss, it seems like it. It's a bit of song he picked up somewhere, and he says it just seems to suit.'

'Won't you sing it for me?' said Moy, looking round kindly to the boy, as he stood cap in hand. He came forward, brave and fearless looking. 'Maybe I can—it's only a bit,' said he, conquering his shyness by a strong effort, because he wished to please 'the young mistress.' After a moment's pause he sang in a sweet, clear voice:—

"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill,
He treads once our land;
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steele
—But the hand is an Irish hand.

Moy listened to the very last word with such a joyous expression of countenance that the girl said: 'Ah, miss, I see you like it right well; so do I, Barney.'

Barney, whose color had risen during the performance, looked thoroughly happy now.

'It is very sweet,' said Moy, and she thanked the boy heartily, and slipped a bit of silver in his hand to buy something on his way home. Then she asked Mary about herself, and if she had wanted for anything. 'Father Fitzgerald brought me the way, you know Mr. Finch?' he said, suddenly.

'Oh, yes. He often came to the windows. The very day before I left he told us of his appointment here. Is he here now?'

'Yes; and engaged to a lady who tells me he is a great friend of yours—Miss Syms.'

'Is he really engaged?' said Moy, so surprised at this piece of news that she hardly noticed what he said about Miss Syms being a great friend of hers.

'Yes, he really is engaged. You seem surprised. Is he false to some fair one in London?'

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'It is very sweet,' said Moy, and she thanked the boy heartily, and slipped a bit of silver in his hand to buy something on his way home. Then she asked Mary about herself, and if she had wanted for anything. 'Father Fitzgerald brought me some port wine from Mr. O'Brien, miss, but we only wanted you,' she said, softly, with happy tears in her eyes; 'and things have been going on well,' she added. Moy pressing the hand she still held. 'All about have been doing better, and the men keeping sober, I think they took on about your going, and they minded your last words.'

'And Mr. Hackney's been followed wherever he went by the Constabulary,' said the elder woman, as she rocked her baby in such a rough and noisy cradle that Moy wondered it had had the effect of soothing the child to sleep, for it was enough to keep two grown up people awake. 'And no one's wanting to harm it all, at all,' continued the mother. 'But they say he would have it. He got some word of Dan Riley, they said. She took her voice and looked round the room as if she half expected to see this mysterious being. 'Dan swore he'd have his life, and no one ever knew Dan Riley to break his word, bad as he is; but it's a long time now since he went over the seas and I believe he's killed himself with the drink.'

Moy had no crowd assembled to meet her outside, as had been the case when she last visited the little farm, for now the people were all busy in the fields; the harvest was unusually early, and they were taking advantage of the fine weather.

Mr. Hackney or Miss Syms were the only person she was at all likely to meet, Moy said to herself, for Father Fitzgerald had left Ballyvorna the very day after her return home and Maurice Davoren was in Dublin.

Moy thought that her grandfather's house looked particularly bright on this lovely July morning, when she arrived without having met anyone to disturb the current of her happy meditations.

If Tim O'Leary had sometimes neglected the garden while Moy was away, he had made almost superhuman efforts to have it in a fitting state for her return. In two or three days he had done the work that ought to have been spread over twenty, and not a weed was to be seen, or an untidy flower, or the tiniest blade of grass in the gravel-walk that led to the front door, and round the garden to the gate at the side which opened close to Tim's cottage; while Kitty McClancy had really surpassed herself in cleaning up the windows, the hall door, and steps. Moy smiled as she came up to them. She had not seen anything brighter, cleaner, neater in England; and Kitty herself, in her dark cotton dress, her white apron and dainty cap, looked as if she had stepped out of a picture of the olden time. She was as good as she was pretty; rather apt, like her fair namesake in 'Rory O'More,' to have a reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye. Tim tried her patience sometimes, but she loved him dearly and would not let anyone say a word against him.

Inside Moy's home was equally cheerful and neat, though nearly every thing was old. There was carved furniture, black with age, and real old china bowls and plates that many a dealer in Wardour street would have come a long way for the chance of buying—bowls that no one knew how old they were, or where they came from in the far-distant past, their ancient beauties half-hidden with roses cut from Moy's favorite trees by Kitty's hands.

Spanish embroideries were everywhere over the sofas and chairs, and a wonderful bit of Spanish lace on the edge of the velvet chimney piece in the drawing-room. If Moy had been worldly-wise she would have taken it off and put it round one of her dresses when she left for London. Lady Ann would have stared a good deal at such a treasure as that, and found out every particular about Moy's grandfather bringing it home to his wife on one of his return voyages from Spain.

The drawing-room was a long, narrow room, with a window at each end on a level with the garden; but on the opposite side of the hall (on which hung the few old family portraits that the O'Briens had managed to save from the wreck of their fortunes) was the dining room, small and cosy, less used in summer than in winter; and at the back of this room, but opening off the hall, was the large, cheerful kitchen. Moy's storehouse, linen and china closets were all on this floor, and upstairs there were five bedrooms—that was the whole house; and it was quite large enough for Moy and her grandfather. They had always a spare room for a friend, and that was all they wanted.

Moy had a great deal to tell her grandfather when they met at luncheon, and found it difficult to make him realize that she had really met and talked to, in London, the Mr Gilmartin whose return the whole countryside were now rejoicing over.

They had left the table, and Moy had nearly finished her story, when Mr. Finch was announced.

He was perfectly delighted to see Moy again, and not in the least embarassed, as she had half expected he would be, at his own fickleness. He asked for news of the Windsors, but Moy had none to give him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BETTER THAN GOLD.—Gentlemen,—I have used Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaint and can say there is no remedy as good.
Mrs. James Dennison,
Lake Dore, Ont

WORSE AND WEAKER.—Gentlemen,—I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it.
Wm. T. Glynn,
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The belle girl at the telephone exchange has much to answer for.

All kinds of Job work executed with neatness and despatch, at the Herald Office.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." Rev. W. H. Haggarty, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90.

A Safe Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

A Small Quantity of Liebig Company's Extract of Beef Added to any Soup, Sauce or Gravy Gives Strength & Fine Flavor.
Invaluable in Improved and Economic cookery.
Makes cheapest, purest & best Beef Tea.

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ALL book Accounts, promissory notes, &c., due the subscriber, must be paid in full before the 15th November next. All bills remaining unpaid after that date will be handed to our attorney for prompt collection.

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Ch'town, Oct. 5—tl 15 nov

JAMES H. REDDIN
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Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

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CONSTIPATION HEADACHE
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HEART BURN SOUR STOMACH
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Freehold Farm For Sale.

90 Acres of good land near Harmony Station, Lot 45, on west side of Souris Line Road. About 50 acres cleared, lately occupied by Lauchlan McDonald. Will sell cheap. Apply to

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD,
Barrister, &c

Ch'town, aug 24—tf.

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A FEW boarders can be accommodated at the CONNOLLY HOUSE, Dundas Esplanade. This is the beautiful residence donated by Mrs. Owen Connolly to the Grey nuns. The location cannot be excelled; the rooms are large, beautifully furnished, and fitted up with all modern improvements. To those in search of home comforts, no more desirable place could be recommended. For particulars apply at the house

CONNOLLY HOUSE,
Dundas Esplanade.

aug 24—tf

DR. HANDRAHAN,
Physician and Surgeon,
Graduate N. Y. University.
Office at home, Rochford Square.
Office hours, 11 a. m. to 1 p. m., 3 to 5 p. m.; 8 to 10 p. m.
RESIDENCE—Rochford Square
june8—3mos.

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LIME JUICE is, without doubt, the most healthy and refreshing Summer Beverage you can take.

BEER & GOFF always carry a large stock of it, and this year they are selling it for

15 cents per Pint or 25 cents per Bottle.

They also keep good heavy syrups of the following flavors: Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Cherry, Vanilla, Orange, Lime Fruit, Lemon Gingerette and Raspberry Vinegar.

RASPBERRY and LEMON SYRUPS for sale by the gallon, suitable for Retailing or for Tea Parties.

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YARDS OF CLOTH bought at a great Bargain and will be sold 20 per cent less than regular price. If you want a Suit we can save you from five to six dollars on a suit. We have a large stock of our own make of Readymade Clothing at astonishingly low prices. You can save from 10 to 20 per cent at

D. A. BRUCE'S,
Merchant Tailor.

Norton & Fennell
Dissolved Partnership on June 14th.

R. B. NORTON & CO.
Continue the Business at the Old Stand, Brennan's Corner,
City Hardware Store,
and requests a continuance of trade from all old customers.

HARDWARE CHEAP.

We will continue the Discount Sale. Large discounts for Cash to reduce the present large stock. Call or write for prices and you are sure to buy.

R. B. NORTON & CO.
Ch'town, June 22, 1892. QUEEN STREET.

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Farmers J. X. L. Feed Mills

For grinding Oats, Barley, Wheat and Flax Seed. Capacity, 20 bushels per hour with an ordinary 2 horse tread mill.

One carload of these consigned to us to be sold by auction without reserve on Exhibition grounds on Wednesday, 28th September.

Terms, six months on approved notes.

E. H. Norton & Co.,
AUCTIONEERS.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,
KENSINGTON,
Are receiving New Goods daily, in all Departments.

Boots & Shoes—one of the largest stocks on the Island. Factory Tweeds, Imported Tweeds, Worsteds. Overcoating in Beaver, Naps, Melton's, &c. Men's Knitted Shirts, Top Shirts, &c.

The Largest Display of Dress Goods and Mantle cloths we have ever shown. Trimmings to match.

MILLINERY.—The newest and most stylish Hats, Shapes, Feathers Ribbons, &c. Trimming done after the latest New York Fashions, which are received as soon as issued

The Hardware, Grocery & Crockery Departments are kept full of the choicest goods. Fine Teas a specialty.

The highest market price paid for all kinds of produce.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,
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Fine Teas a Specialty.

P. CALLAGHAN,
—DEALER IN—
Choice Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Choice Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, &c
Corner of Queen and Dorchester Streets,
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North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
Emerald,	Summerside,	Souris,	Vernon River Bridge,
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A—1y ROB ANGUS, Manager.

NEW HATS!
WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
WE
Have now opened one of the Largest and most complete assortments of English, American and Canadian Hard & Soft Felt Hats ever brought to P. E. Island, and every person knows we keep the largest best and cheapest Stock of Men's, Boys' & Childrens Ready made Clothing in the Provinces.
PROWSE BROS.,
THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN,

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