

Give Every One A Chance!

If a man would only understand, And give to things their proper place. The left is not the messenger hand, In active power or active grace.

But man himself has made his limb, A laughing-stock through sheer neglect; Has made it left a synonym, For 'sinister' and 'indirect'.

Adroit! denotes the favored hand; And 'dexterous,' forbodes sneeze. The right is used to give command, The left is left in idleness.

Whereas the right is seldom wrong, The left is hardly ever right. The one is graceful, trained and strong,

The other lacks both skill and might. O ye who aid the wronged, and roam, Afar in quest of pure romance, Redress the wrongs you find at home, And give the other hand a chance.

O ye who crush the poor to earth! And yield them scarce a living wage, Then taunt them with their lowly birth, And rob them of their heritage!

You let them languish in the mould, And abide them with unkindness; You see them famish in the cold, And laugh at their extreme distress!

You use their million drafts of awat, Their million groans of toilsome care, To make your millions larger yet; For some unthankful spendthrift heir,

Perhaps your treasure lures a rake, To fare across the sea for gold, Whose sordid motives soon will make Your youthful heiress stale and old.

Ye men of means I repress your rage For wealth, and check extravagance; Gives every one a living wage, And every honest man a chance.

J. P. CORMICAN, S. J.

Giulio's Secret.

(By Edmondo De Amicis.—Adapted for the Ave Maria.)

Her Faith.

Concluded. His father gave a hasty glance and said: 'It is his bad conscience that produces his ill health. He was not thus when he was a studious scholar and a loving son.'

'But he is ill!' exclaimed the mother. 'I don't care about his any longer,' replied the father.

This remark was like a stab in the heart of the poor boy. An, he cared nothing any more for his father, who once trembled at the mere sound of a cough from him! He no longer loved him; there was no longer any doubt; he was dead in his father's heart.

'Ah! no, my father,' said the boy to himself, his eyes oppressed with anguish; 'now all is over indeed! I can not live without your affection. I must have it all back. I will tell you all; I will deceive you no longer.'

Nevertheless, he rose that night again, by force of habit, and when he was once up he wanted to go and see once more for the last time, in the quiet of the night, that little chamber where he toiled so much in secret with his heart full of satisfaction and tenderness. And when he beheld again that little table with the lamp lighted, and whose wrappings on which he was never more to write those names of towns and persons, which he had come to know by heart, he was seized with a great sadness, and with an impetuous movement he grasped the pen to recommence his accustomed toil. But in reaching out his hand he struck a book and it fell. The blood rushed to his heart. What if his father had asked! Certainly he would not have discovered him in the commission of a bad deed; he had himself decided to tell him all. And yet—

He bent his ear with suspended breath. He heard no sound. He laid his ear to the lock of the door behind him—heard nothing. The whole house was asleep. His father had not been disturbed. He recovered his composure, and set himself again to his writing, and wrapper was piled upon wrapper. He heard the regular tread of the policeman below in the deserted street; then the rumbling of a carriage, which gradually died away; then, after an interval, the rattle of a file of carts, which passed slowly by then a profound silence, broken from time to time by the barking of a dog. And he wrote on and on—and meanwhile his father was behind him. He had risen on hearing the fall of the book, and had remained waiting for a long time. The rattle of his footsteps and the creaking of his forefinger, and he was there, with his white head bent over Giulio's little black head, and he had seen the pen flying over the wrappings, and in an instant he had divined all, remembered all, understood all; and a despairing panting, but at the same time an immense tenderness, had taken possession of

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't get the most out of your food. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted, and finally...

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and ill-digestible belching. 'I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything out of it...

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

his mind and had held him nailed to the spot, suffocating behind his child. Suddenly Giulio uttered a piercing shriek; two arms had pressed his head convulsively.

'O papa, papa! Forgive me, forgive me!' he cried recognizing his parent by his weeping.

'Do you forgive me!' replied his father sobbing and covering his brow with kisses. 'I understand all, I know all. It is I—' 'I who ask your pardon, my blessed boy! Come, come with me!' And he carried him to the bedside of his mother. 'Ah, mother dear,' he said, 'our son has not slept for three months, but has been toiling for me. Whilst I scolded and complained, he was earning our bread!'

The mother pressed him to her breast and held him there, without the power to speak; at last she said: 'Go to sleep at last, my child; go to sleep and rest!'

The father took him from her arms, carried him to his room and laid him in his bed, arranging his pillows and covering him.

'Thanks, papa!' the child kept repeating, 'thanks! But go to bed yourself now; I am content. Go to bed, papa!'

But his father wanted to see him fall asleep; so he sat down beside the bed, took his hand, and said to him: 'Sleep, sleep, my little son! And Giulio, being weak, fell into a slumber and woke to find the white head of his father, fast asleep, bowed over him, with his brow against his son's head.'

Amongst the others with whom she had been thrown, and who belonged to the same cult as she, was Bruce Barnard, a man perhaps five years her senior, in some respects a Bohemian, but called by his friends Galahad—the title serving to show that, though he was in the world, he was not of it. As his tastes and ideas were similar to those of Theodora, a comfortable and steady friendship had sprung into being between them, grown and matured devoid of sentimentality, for she had known from the beginning that he was a married man. The tragedy of his life had curiously been told her before she met the man himself—his marriage when scarcely of age, after only a few weeks acquaintance with the girl, or woman, older than he, and his swift disillusionment when acquaintance became knowledge; then the bitter years, stoically borne, of living with a nature utterly foreign to beauty in any line, most of all character, during which time he met with constant remorse from his friends because he did not put an end to the relationship. His yielding to such a course had come only when his wife, after leaving him, refused to return to the shelter of his good name—return which he had not only made possible but had urged.

Three years had passed since the divorce had been declared, and only a few days since, Theodora had realized that the line of friendship had been crossed and not only she held Bruce passing dear, but that his flaming love surrounded her and would not, or could not, be extinguished; nor that its cessation would be her desire, but she belonged heart and soul to that Faith that refused recognition of absolute separation.

Bruce had come to her, pleaded with her, and made demands of her; and then, having failed, had left her in a weak state that seemed to him the needless sacrifice of the happiness of both for a mere religious whim, a vagary of a sect. She did not know the real meaning of love if he could accept such a dictum, that would keep apart two people as moral as they. Surely no praver love than theirs could exist, and by yielding to so arbitrary a rule she cast aspersions on herself. To all of which and more she had listened, almost suffocated by the longing to be able to believe, as he believed, that their marriage could be accorded to conscience, but never quite losing the sustaining breath drawn from a lifelong belief: until finally when all her soul was going out to the man in his anguish at his bitterness for good-bye. She paced up and down the platform at the station in another world than that in which the people about her waited. Her mind seemed capable of only one line of thought, 'Bruce or the Church?' which grew more and more insistent.

As the rumble of the coming express was heard, she yielded to the greater love within her. Then a woman brushed against her, recalling her to her surroundings; and for the first time she noticed, not far from her feet, a child's hat which the woman was pursuing. And then as she turned in her restless pining, she suddenly saw a hatless child, perhaps a little over three, fall off the platform onto the track. The bystanders, including the woman who had picked up the hat, saw, too, and were as petrified. Theodora alone rushed to the edge of the platform, jumped down, raised the child, set her as fast back as she could reach, and stepped across the third rail to the space between the tracks—all in

Cholera Infantum

THE SUMMER COMPLAINT OF INFANTS. Cholera infantum begins with a profuse diarrhoea, the stomach becomes irritable, and in many cases vomiting and purging set in. The child rapidly loses flesh, and is soon reduced to great languor and prostration.

Cholera infantum can be quickly cured by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Mrs. David A. Cleveland, Apple River, N.S., writes:—'Last September my little boy, four years old, and little girl, two years old, were taken one afternoon with vomiting spells, and in a few hours they had cholera infantum. I had Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house, and commenced using it. The cholera got so bad the next day, they passed nothing but blood. I kept on using the medicine, and in a few days they were cured. I always keep a bottle in the house, as I don't think there is anything better for summer complaint than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.'

Some dealers may try to sell you something else, but for the good of your child's health, insist on having "Dr. Fowler's." It has been on the market for over sixty-five years, so you are not using a new and untried remedy. Price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

a second, the express thumped by. A white faced official rushed to her and helped her back to the platform, where she became the unwilling center of an excited group, she alone unmoved and undisturbed. (Concluded in our next.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Limited. GENTS.—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly, VILANDIE FRERES.

He (after popping the question)—'Why do you cry, my angel? Did I offend you by my proposal?'

She (sobbing)—'Oh, no, dear, it is not that. I am crying for joy. Mother has always told me that I was such an idiot that I would not get even a donkey for a sweetheart, and now I've got one after all!'

Beware Of Worms. Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

Amongst the numbers of a working gang of a certain railroad was an Irishman who claimed to be very good at figures. The boss, thinking that he would get ahead of Pat, said: 'Say, Pat, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?'

'That depends,' answered Pat, 'on whose yard you get into.'

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

'Why are Irishmen always laying bare the wrongs of their country?' asked some one in the house of commons.

'Because they want them redressed,' thundered a well known Nationalist member.

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—'It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.'

Arthur—'The very first thing I sent to a magazine was accepted.'

Young Friend was it poetry or prose?'

Author.—'Prose. It was a cheque for a year's subscription.'

Mary Ovington, Jasper, One writes:—'My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Haggard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents.'

'You say you spent your vacation canoeing with friends?' 'Well, my friends when the expedition started.'

Thought She Would Surely Die

HAD PAINS AROUND THE HEART AND SMOTHERING FEELINGS. Mrs. Wm. Lee, Uxbridge, Ont., writes:—'I have taken three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am now well. I had such pains around my heart and such smothering feelings that I thought I would surely die. My head used to be troubled with these heart or nerve feelings, and are recommended by us with the greatest confidence that they will do all we claim for them.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all run-down men and women, whether troubled with their heart or nerves, and are recommended by us with the greatest confidence that they will do all we claim for them.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct for \$1.25, at The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing on June 3rd, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Read Down (Dly, Sun, Sat), Read Up (Dly, Sun, Sat), Stations (Charlottetown, Hapier River, Emerald, Kensington, Summerside, Port Hill, O'Leary, Tignish), and times.

Table with columns: Dly, Sat, Sun, P.M., A.M., Stations (Charlottetown, Vernon River, Murray Harbor, St. Peters, Montague, Georgetown), and times.

H. McEWEEN, Supt. P. E. I. Railway.

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices. WHOLESALE and RETAIL. Fennel and Chandler.

Hammock Sale!

BIG DISCOUNTS TO CLEAR. We should have many weeks of Hammock Weather yet, and to clear out the balance of our splendid stock of HAMMOCKS

We will give a discount of 25 p.c. off our already low prices. It will pay you to buy a Hammock now and put it away for next year. Only 36 left and prices range from \$1 to \$6.50 each; all new stock. Hammocks will be higher next year, but we are not going to carry any over.

CARTER & CO., Ltd.

Spring & Summer Weather

Spring and Summer weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing. We beg to remind our numerous patrons that we have REMOVED from 23 Prince Street to our new stand

122 DORCHESTER STREET,

Next door to Dr. Conroy's Office, where we shall be pleased to see all our friends.

All Orders Receive Strict Attention. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN

FIRE INSURANCE.

Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, G. B. Sun Fire offices of London. Fidelity Phenix Fire Insurance Co. of New York.

Combined Assets \$100,000,000. Lowest rates and prompt settlement of Losses.

JOHN MACBACHERN AGENT. Telephone No. 362. Mar. 22nd, 1906

JAMES H. REDDIN Barrister, etc.

Has Removed his Office from the City Hotel Building, Great George Street, to rooms over Grant's Implement Warehouse, Corner of Queen and Sydney Streets.

Collections attended to. Money to loan. Ch'town, Feb. 22, 1911—6m

KING EDWARD HOTEL Mrs. Larter, Proprietress

Will now be conducted on KENTSTREET Near Corner of Queen.

Look out for the old sign, King Edward Hotel, known everywhere for first class accommodation at reasonable prices.

June 12, 1907.

LIME!

We can supply from this date Fresh Burned Lime

in large and small quantities suitable for farming and building purposes.

Orders left at Kilns on St. Peter's Road, or at our office, will receive prompt attention.

C. LYONS & CO. May 29, 1912.

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MONEY TO LOAN Offices—Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers.

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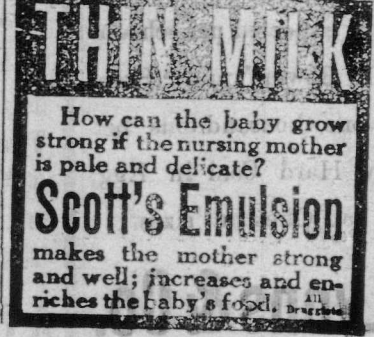
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We guarantee all our plates to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

Teeth pulled and extracted absolutely painless.

A. J. FRASER, D. D. Aug. 15, 1906—3m



How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother is pale and delicate? Scott's Emulsion makes the mother strong and well; increases and enriches the baby's food.