

The Hour of Victory.

Excitement ran high at the Davis Academy, for the name of the pupil fortunate enough to be allowed to enter the contest for the Davis scholarship were to read today.

Only those having an average of eight per cent, for the four years' work in the academy were allowed to compete. Mr. Davis, the donor of the scholarship, had made that condition. The scholarship provided not only four years' tuition in any college or technical school of the winner's choosing but also for necessary living expenses.

"Of course, Coulson will get first place; he'll win sure," said John Hartley, president of the senior class. "I hope I get on the list, though. My folks will be pleased, and it means honorable mention."

The names were read beginning with the lowest allowed. John Hartley's name was called, and he could scarcely disguise his delight. He was on the list.

The last average was eighty-five per cent. Now there is a jump from eighty-five per cent, to ninety per cent, which is first place. All eyes turned to Coulson. "And for first place there are two contestants, George Coulson and Joseph Darcy."

A murmur of surprise went about the room. "Joe Darcy? As a possible candidate he might have a chance, but as for his winning first place no one had dreamed of such a thing."

Perhaps the least surprised was Joe himself. He knew his own standing, his abilities and his limitations very well, and day by day, year by year he had worked faithfully to obtain this reward.

His teacher had noted that Joseph Darcy never failed in any kind of review. But he was slow of thought and slow of speech, and his classmate, George Coulson, who was quick to grasp, often profited from Darcy's hours of patient labor by suddenly jumping at a conclusion and taking the honor which did not belong to him.

Again and again he had done this. Joe never could understand just how. In his heart he knew that Coulson was an adept at bluffing, but the bluff always succeeded. Now, for once, they stood equal.

The theme was assigned "Chivalry," and the pupils were allowed three weeks of preparation. Then they were to come into the class without notes and write the theme under supervision. Five hours was to be allowed for the actual writing, and news travels swiftly. As Joe Darcy entered his home his mother met him at the door, her eyes shining proudly.

"I'm very, very glad, Joe," Joe brightened with pleasure. He thanked her gently, then passed inside to receive the greetings of his brothers and sisters.

The news had also reached the great mills by the river, where his father worked. "Your boy is giving the Governor's grandson a run for this prize," said one of his fellow-workmen, and it went from man to man until he was overwhelmed with congratulations.

"Tell the lad to do his best; our good wishes are with him," all said. Feeling ran high in the academy. The "Hill Fellows," a coterie of boys who lived in the aristocratic Hill section rallied around George Coulson. Those whose homes were in less pretentious "Milltown" favored Joe Darcy. The wise counseled, "Let the best man win," and it was generally conceded that the best man was George Coulson.

The three weeks of fervent preparation were not long in passing. The evening before the Friday appointed for the writing of the theme Joseph Darcy wearily laid aside his books. "It's no use," he said despondently. "Unless a miracle happens, Coulson wins. It isn't in me to do anything brilliant enough to beat him."

"Cheer up, boy," said his father; the fight hasn't begun yet. Do your best and you'll win. Of course it's in you. He dared not say how much he wanted him to win.

His mother placed her hand affectionately on his arm. "Don't be discouraged, we are all praying for you. Do your best."

Joe sat for a moment with bowed head, then burst forth vehemently. "No one can understand how much I want to win! I've been pinched and grieved ever since I can remember, and if I get the opportunity for a technical training it will mean so much to you all I ought to get it. I've worked harder than Coulson ever dreamed of working, yet he will step in and take the prize. The contemptible snob! I'd just like the chance to get the better of him."

"Joe, Joe, don't talk like that," his mother said; "I'd, you're best him if you can do it honestly, like a man, but if you can't, win, take defeat bravely. It's the best test of courage. Don't lose your self-respect or self-control. They are better than any prize."

She trembled with excitement, Joe stood beside her before her.

"I am awfully sorry, I should not have said so much, but I'm a little defiantly—that's the way I often feel now."

It is little display of passion strengthened in his mother a vague uneasiness which had been on her mind—that Joe was growing away

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys, liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, back aching, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better, that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. Thomas L. W., Wallingford, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

from her. When the young people had gone to bed she sat brooding over her sewing. She recalled Joe's face with the flashing eyes the firm mouth, and the mother heart prophesied:

"There will be no half way with Joe! Then as a sudden, sinking fear took possession of her, she whispered: 'God grant it may be the right way.'"

"Unless a miracle happens George Coulson will win!" Joe Darcy echoed this remark again the next day as he laboriously strove to express his thoughts on paper, and glancing up for a moment he saw George Coulson writing with that free, graceful sweep of his pen.

When the bell rang Coulson was the first to rise from his place, his theme done. They still had fifteen minutes for finishing touches, but the discipline had relaxed and conversation was general.

"Who—, but it's hot!" George Coulson exclaimed. He raised the window and stood enjoying the stiff breeze which blew in upon him. Joe, busily fastening his papers, caught this remark:

"Yes, I had half mind not to enter at first, but the folks at home want me to have the honor. I don't care much either way, I can pay my way through."

There was a significant pause, and Joe bit his lip and bent more closely over his work as Coulson's sneering voice continued:

"I suppose if I had dropped out it would have made a big difference to some people—not mentioning any names."

Joe's face burned with an angry flush, but he said nothing. Some of his friends turned from the speaker in disgust. Suddenly George gave a hasty exclamation. He had been so interested in making his classmate uncomfortable that he had carelessly left his manuscript on the window ledge, and a particularly stiff breeze had caught the papers and whirled them away.

George dashed down the two flights of stairs after it. Several of his friends followed him, but a diligent search failed to locate the missing manuscript, and the warning bell sounding over the campus sent them scurrying back to their classrooms to pass their papers.

George Coulson made his report to the principal, saying that the manuscript was missing and telling the circumstances.

"I'm sorry, George," said Mr. Wilson, as he made a neat pile of the accumulated manuscript. "I hope you can find it. If it is handed in by Monday at 9 a. m. it will be accepted. Good afternoon." He bowed to the pupils as he passed out.

Joe walked home like one in a dream. "Supposing Coulson did not find the papers? The miracle had happened."

"That evening as he joined the crowd at the post office waiting for the evening mail a notice was pointed out to him. It read:

\$25 REWARD.
A reward of \$25 is herewith offered to the person or persons finding and returning the manuscript written by George Coulson in the contest for the Davis scholarship. He wants it pretty bad, doesn't he? One of the boys remarked.

"I don't blame him," said another. "If my ounces were as good as his I'd offer it."

Thus they discussed their classmate's loss, while Joe reflected that it was now Friday evening, that the manuscript had not been found and that every minute narrowed down Coulson's chance.

On Saturday searching parties, stimulated by the offer of the reward, explored every inch of the school grounds and the adjacent places, but the search was fruitless. Younger brothers of the household brought the news home to Joe, and he could hardly sleep that night. He, with the others, had conceded the prize of victory to George Coulson, but he knew well enough that he came second, and if the papers were still missing he was the prize winner without a doubt.

He arose Sunday morning very happy. It was a perfect June day as he walked to church trying not to be

too jubilant, but profoundly grateful to the young people who smiled and wished him well; and to the older people, too, who looked after "Jim Darcy's boy" with a fervent "I hope the lad wins." Milltown was very proud of its representative.

Inside the cool church he was vividly conscious of the beauty of the altar, gleaming with candles and fragrant with flowers in honor of the feast of the Sacred Heart. It was all so in keeping with his mood. Afterward as Father Cotter preached an earnest sermon on the love of the Sacred Heart, his words came home to Joe with a new, deep meaning. He thought of the theme, "Chivalry," and the ballad of Sir Galahad, which had entered into his composition:

O just and faithful knight of God, Ride on the pinnacled tower. 'Son give me thy heart.' Father Cotter's earnest voice repeated the divine words of entreaty. Joe felt the blood stirring within him, life stretched before him so happily. With trained mind and skilful hand life would open with still fuller, fairer beauty. It was all his to take in a short time. He felt as one of the knights of old as he knelt and vowed it all—he would do in the wonderful future stretching before him, "all for Thee, O Lord."

It was so easy to promise with the gleaming tapers, the fragrant flowers before him, the earnest words of the priest in his ears, so easy to kneel and adore.

LITTLE BOY WAS SUDDENLY TAKEN WITH DIARRHŒA and VOMITING

If you are suddenly taken with Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, or Pains in the Stomach, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, or any Looseness of the Bowels, do not waste any time, but immediately procure a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and it will cure you in no time. Mrs. E. L. Steadman, Pleasant River, N.S., writes:

"A year ago this fall, my little boy was suddenly taken ill with diarrhea and vomiting, and as our doctor is ten miles distant, it seemed as if I could not get help soon enough, but on going to the country store I purchased a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after the first dose could notice an improvement, and the next day the child was better and regained health. Since that time I always keep it on hand."

Instant relief given "Dr. Fowler's" when you ask for it. Price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A lumber dealer contracted to supply a lot of lumber to a stranger. On looking it over he found it full of knots and told his customer about it frankly.

"You may not want this lumber," he said.

"Why not?"

"I'll have to be honest with you. It is full of knots."

The stranger only laughed.

"I'll take it," he declared. "The lumber is to go around some baseball grounds. Knots won't hurt matters any. I was a kid myself once."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Limited. Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON. Belleville Station, King's Co., N. B., September 17, 1904.

George (handing his friend's revolver gingerly)—I suppose now that if this should go off while I am holding it like this it would blow my brains out?

His friend—No, it wouldn't do that; but it would bore a hole clean through your head.

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

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. "He'll make a good husband for somebody," said the young woman gravely.

"My dear girl," said the grass widow, "I'd have you understand that good husbands are made, not born."

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 Millburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

Artist—I'd like to do your portrait for a charitable purpose. Ostrich—Why not give it to an institution for the blind?

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

"Can I get a steak here and catch the one o'clock train?" "It depends on your teeth, sir."

GAVE UP ALL HOPES OF EVER GETTING WELL. Mr. Jacob E. Herr, 111 Grange St., Stratford, Ont., writes:—"Ten years ago I suffered with a very peculiar disease. I would go to bed feeling as well as could be, and after sleeping five hours I would wake with a severe pain in my back, then moving into my side and breast. The pain was so terrible I could not lie in my bed, and usually had to sit up with a pillow propped up behind my back. A friend persuaded me to try Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I bought four boxes, and after using the first one I felt a change for the better, and after using three boxes I could sleep all night. The pains were gone, and I was completely cured."

Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

He was not responsible. It was not his duty to look after the papers if he did not wish.

(Concluded in our next.)

Prince Edward Island Railway

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

Table with columns: Read Down, Read Up, Stations, and times for various routes including Charlottetown, St. John's, and other locations.

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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 28 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.

MORSON & DUFFY Barristers & Attorneys. Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

MONEY TO LOAN. Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada. W. J. P. McMILLAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 148 PRINCE STREET CHARLOTTETOWN. June 15, 1910—12. Montague Dental Parlors. We guarantee all our plate to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

Teeth pulled and extracted absolutely painless. A. J. FRASER, D. D. Aug. 15 1906—3m. JOB WORK! Executed with neatness and despatch at the HERALD Office. Charlottetown P. E. Island. Tickets Dodgers Posters Check Books Note Books of Hand Receipt Books Letter Heads Note Heads

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.

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

C. Lyons & Co. May 29, 1912.

Fraser & McQuaid, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc., Souris, P. E. Island.

D. C. McLeod, K. C. | W. R. BENTLEY

McLEOD & BENTLEY Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors. MONEY TO LOAN Offices—Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers.