

TENDERNESS.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift of simple tenderness allowed. We meet With love in many fashions when we lift First to our lips life's waters, bitter-sweet. Love comes upon us with resistless power Of orbless passion and with headstrong will. It plays around like April's breeze and shows Or calmly flows a rapid stream, and still It comes with blessedness unto the heart That welcomes it aright, or—bitter fate— It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart That love, we cry, is crueler than hate. And then, ah, me! when love has on us set to bleed, Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness.

We long for tenderness like that which hangs About us lying on our mother's breast— A selfish feeling that no pen or tongue Can praise aright, since silence sings it best; A love at once removed from passions heat As from the chillness of dying fire; A love to lean on when the falling feet Begin to totter and the eyes to tire. In youth's bright heyday hottest love we seek, The reddest rose we grasp; but when it dies, God grant that later blossoms, violets meek, May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies; God grant some loving one be near to bless Our weary way with simple tenderness. —S. H. REEVES.

AN UNBORN LEGACY.

ESTHER A. WAGGAMAN, in Sacred Heart Review.

(Con. in ed.)

Hercules, thus relieved of his burden, trotted off to the stable while the Colonel carried Prue up the long flight of stairs to her own room. He laid her tenderly down upon the white counterpane bed, and then he sent Mrs. Clash to undress her while he descended to the kitchen to brew a hot drink with his own hands.

Mrs. Clash ministered to Prue with voluble sympathy, for the good woman was really alarmed to find her charge in such a state, and though she asked a thousand questions she did not wait for an answer, but bustled about, like a distracted mother hen, until her medical skill was exhausted. Then when Prue was tucked snugly into bed and the steaming drink had been administered, she left her alone for a moment to confer with the Colonel.

Prue cuddled under the warm blankets and buried her head in the pillows; a feeling of delightful rest stole over her; the feathery mattress held her close in its warm embrace; the carved griffin on the bedposts regarded her with kindly interest. For a time she was so grateful for this comfortable security that she could think of nothing else, and then she moved and she realized that she ached in every limb—she wanted to sleep, but the drink she had taken, instead of making her drowsy, had had a stimulating effect. She could hear the Colonel's gruff voice in the hall.

"Do not speak to her to-night," he was saying. "Do not worry her with questions; she must have rest, do you understand?"

And Mrs. Clash murmuring, "Yes, sir, yes, sir," came back into the room.

Satisfied that Prue was sleeping she sat down in a chair covered with chair in front of the fire and began to doze. Prue watched her grotesque shadow on the wall; when the shadow ceased to move and Mrs. Clash lay back snoring softly Prue ceased to be amused and she began to think of her wild ride through the dark and its probable consequences. Had she hurt Hercules? She was afraid the Colonel would never forgive her if she had killed his favorite horse. Why did he care so much for a creature insensible to his affection while she—she was so lonely, she felt that she could not stand his anger; she must go to him and tell him the whole story. Perhaps he would not blame her then.

Acting upon an irresistible impulse she crawled out of bed, and dressed herself in a trailing lavender wrapper she went slowly down the stairs to the library door. The Colonel was seated before his big desk; he was neither writing nor reading. Something dreadful must have happened. Perhaps Hercules was dead. She came forward timidly.

"Is—his Hercules all right?" she asked. The Colonel started at the sound of her voice, and, jumping up, he took both her hands and led her to the fire.

"Prue!" he said. "Why Prue! what are you doing here?"

"Is Hercules all right?" she said again. He looked at her doubtfully, dreading delirium. "Hercules?" he said. "Yes, I thought I might have fanned him or something. I rode so fast. I ought not to have taken him this afternoon, but I was in one of my old desperate moods. You had been away so long"—she sank

warily down in the Colonel's armchair. "And did you care, Prue? Did you care?" "Of course I was so lonely without you. It was too—peaceful,"—she smiled up at him,—and so I took Hercules out because he reminded me of you." "Why?" "Well," she hesitated, "because he's not as vicious as he looks."

**CONSUMPTION** never stops because the weather is warm. Then why stop taking **SCOTT'S EMULSION** simply because it's summer? Keep taking it. It will heal your lungs, and make them strong for another winter.

The Colonel's small blue eyes twinkled. "I am grateful for the implied compliment," he said, dryly. "Hercules is a handsome brute, but he's more dangerous than I am; he might have killed you." "I don't suppose that would have made much difference," she replied, with a pitiful little laugh. The Colonel shut his lips with a snap; the strain upon his heart-strings was very severe. He was an old—old—old man—he kept repeating the hateful word to himself. Dick loved her. Dick was an impudent young upstart to dream of marrying Prue. Why had he promised to plead Dick's cause? What should he say? The words stuck in his throat. He got up and began to pace up and down the room.

"You should not make such statements," he said at last. "You know it would make a difference to me and to Dick." "She watched him narrowly; he was not even looking at her. "We have to die sometime," she said, reflectively. "I'm not very happy, are you?"

"No," he answered, truthfully enough. "I believe I'm very miserable just now."

"It's Hercules—I have hurt Hercules. Why didn't you tell me before? It was an awful ride—so cold—so bitterly cold; I could not see my hand before my face, but I had to stop the train. You would have been killed; I could not bear to think of it. Poor Hercules, I would have been so helpless without him."

"Prue, child, what do you mean? what train are you talking about? Why did you ride so far?" "Oh I forgot that you did not know. Sit down and let me tell you. I went to the stables this afternoon and saddled Hercules myself, and I rode for miles and miles—I don't know how far—and I lost myself trying to get home, and then I heard Jake groan—"

"Who is Jake?" "Jake was a man I knew years ago; a stupid old miner who worked for father. He was always a good friend of mine; he was lying in a ditch; I got him loose, and he was so grateful he cried, and then he told me about the obstruction on the track. He said he and some other convicts had put it there on purpose to kill the engineer."

Her auditor was plainly bewildered. "Your friend was a convict?" "Yes, he had shot a man."

But he hadn't killed him. Poor Jake is a good-hearted man. He shot the man in self-defence, so that is the reason I let him go."

The Colonel, seeing Prue so safe in the circle of the firelight forgot the tragic side of the story for a moment, and throwing back his head he laughed. "The girl's calm disregard of the law appealed to his sense of the ridiculous."

"Did you know that it was a criminal offence to aid a prisoner to escape?" he said. "Perhaps," she answered thoughtfully, "but I don't suppose you will tell on me. Poor Jake had repented; he was going to walk to the station and give himself up, but I would not let him. I rode Hercules instead. I reached the station just in time. I had been so frightened, thinking that someone would stop me on the way, there were the other convicts, you know. I could scarcely speak when I saw the station-master. I never felt that way before. I could not get my breath. I was afraid I was dying. He did not understand at first. I screamed, but my voice sounded to me like a whisper, but he heard me, and then I turned to come home. It was a fearful ride—so cold; I shiver when I think of it."

The Colonel took out his handkerchief and blew his nose both long and loud. He was having a hard tussle with himself. "I am old—old old" he forced his mind to take up the sad refrain. "God bless you, Prue," he said, and in his effort to control his voice, it sounded gruffer than usual. "I'll try to make the rest of my life worth living. How proud your father would be of you, child. There isn't a man on earth good enough for you. Dick would always be kind," he added meditatively, "and he will have all that I have when I am gone. Life would be made easy for you."

"But I do not want him," she cried, with her old energy. "I do not want him. Why should I marry him?"

The Colonel breathed a sigh of relief, but he felt that his duty was not yet fully performed; he stood with his back to the open grate looking like a martyr on a blazing funeral pyre.

"Because he is young," he said despairingly. "Because—because he loves you, Prue."

Prue's ears were quickened; her heart was beating tumultuously beneath her frills of lace. She stood up and faced the Colonel bravely. "Do you want me to marry him?" she said.

The direct question took him off his guard. He was only conscious of his own helplessness before her. "Don't—don't ask me, Prue," he said, turning away from her. "I'm but a selfish brute at best."

"Then I won't," she said, but there was a new note of gladness in her tone. "It would not be right for me to marry Dick if—I were in love with someone else, you know."

"Someone else?" repeated the Colonel, hoarsely.

Prue perched one slippered foot on the fender and viewed it critically. "Yes," she said calmly. "I've been so unhappy since I've been away from him—that I don't believe I could live away from him forever; and the man—the man must be stupid, because he doesn't know it. That's the trouble, you know—he really might not want me."

There was a gray look of agony upon the Colonel's face. "No, Prue, no," he said.

"He has his books," she went on, and her eyes swept the tall bookcases, "and he has his papers—cartloads of papers."

"Prue," he cried joyfully, catching the true meaning of her words. "You can't mean that, Prue. Why should you care for me?"

She looked up; there was a roguish gleam in her eyes. "Please let me be unreasonable for once," she said.

They were married the next week by Pere Gargourax; the Colonel's happiness would admit of no longer delay.

"Prue, you have a little missionary work before you," said the old priest at parting. "To convert the heathen," and he shook the Colonel warmly by the hand.

The Colonel smiled. "I believe she has half done that already."

And then, before the gossip of Stashop could hear the wonderful news of the marriage, they were speeding away on their honeymoon as contented as this poor earth will allow.

A day or two later the Colonel, with one of his insatiable smiles, handed his little wife a marked newspaper to read. It was an account of the escape of three convicts—two had been captured—the third, Jake Williams, had been found in a hospital dying of blood poisoning. The column ended with this philosophic reflection: "Every one's a hero in someone's eyes, and Jake is not an exception to this rule for some fair one evidently aided him to escape by leading him her cloak which he clings to with lover-like persistency, but he refuses with praiseworthy gallantry, to utter her name even in his wildest moments of delirium." BND.

The Irish Bishops on the University Question.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Bishops of Ireland, assembled at Maynooth College, on June 21st.

"Resolved,—That we feel it our duty to protest once more, on our own part and on behalf of our flocks, against the continued refusal of the Government to do justice to the Catholics of Ireland in the matter of University education. The fairness and moderation of our claims have been admitted both within and without the House of Commons by the most eminent statesmen of all political parties, and we feel it our duty to recognize with gratitude that the ablest vindication of the justice of the Catholic claim, supported by unanswerable arguments, has been put forward by distinguished members of Her Majesty's Government, and prominent amongst them the present First Lord of Her Majesty's Treasury."

"Still it would seem that the cries of bigotry have once more been allowed to stifle the voice of justice, and that the Unionist party is prevented by the bigotry of a number of its own members from remedying this long-standing grievance of the Catholics of Ireland. It is in fact a virtual confession that, where religious prejudices intervene, Unionism has failed to do justice to the Catholics of Ireland, simply and solely because they are Catholics."

"But we cannot give up the struggle. We have had to fight for all our rights, civil and religious, in the past; and we mean to continue to fight for this. Turning to our own countrymen, we appeal to all well-minded Irishmen, of every creed and party, to aid us in compelling the predominant partner to remedy

the admitted grievance. If the Catholics of Ireland would hope to overcome the stolid prejudices of religious bigotry, whether English or Irish, they have to show that they are in earnest, and they should exclude from their gift every man who will not put this question of educational equality for Catholics in the forefront of his political programme, and labour honestly to secure it. No one will then venture to repeat the calumny that this is more of a clerical question than of a national grievance. It will convince the British Parliament that justice must be done.

"There are only two possible courses—to level up or to level down. Not a shred of ascendancy must be allowed to remain in Ireland. It is high time that the whole country should ask with one voice, by what moral right 100,000 acres of the soil of Ireland are reserved for the education of a small section of the community in Trinity College. Whichever it may be in theory, in its practical workings that establishment is anti-Catholic and anti-Irish. It is time that, if justice cannot otherwise be done, its ample revenue should be used for the good of the nation."

The Hessian diet, according to an exchange, has passed a measure requiring bachelors to pay 25 per cent. more income tax than married men. It is also a plea for a tax of five marks per annum on bicycles unless they are used for business purposes. A proposal to doubly tax female bicyclists was defeated by a narrow majority.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.** Benevolent Lady—"Poor man! Candidly speaking you are the worst specimen of the tramp that my eyes ever rested upon." Tramp—"Yes, lady, I guess you are right. But 'twant ever thus. I remember der time when I didn't drink a drop; when a quid of 'baccer never crossed me lips; when I work hard from sun to sun; when— Benevolent Lady—"Good heavens! When was that?" Tramp—"When I was in Dorchester."

**HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL** cures sprains, bruises, sores, wounds, cuts, frost-bites, chilblains, stings of insects, burns, scalds, contusions, etc. Price 25c.

"Keep the head cool and the bowels open," is sensible advice to follow this warm weather. If the bowels do not move regularly then take Laxa Liver Pills. They are small in size, easy to take, and do not grip, weaken or sicken.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT** cures a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. R. F. HEWSON, Oxford, N.S.

I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. F. D. COLSON, Yarmouth, N.S. Y.A.A.C.

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One LAXA-LIVER PILL every night for thirty days makes a complete cure of biliousness and constipation. That is just 25c. to be cured.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.**

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**Bookkeeper**—Can't you let me off this afternoon, Mr. Sellon? My grandmother is dying. Employer—She will have to wait a day or two, Mr. Sellon. I am going to the ball game myself this afternoon.

**Hard-working Farmers.** Long hours of hard, never-ending work makes kidney trouble a common complaint on the farm. Painful, weak, aching lame backs and Urinary Disorders are too frequent.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** help a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor.

Mr. Isaiah Willmot, a retired farmer living at 138 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said:

"I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both cases I was unable to do any work. I was in my temples, and was subject to dizzy spells, and I was unable to get any sleep. Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no pain either in my back or head, and I have removed the neuralgia pain from my head, which I had for many years."

"I feel at least ten years younger and can do any kind of work I wish to do." Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

Having bought the entire stock of Frank Beales at LEPPAGES OLD STAND, we are now prepared to supply all kinds of Farming Implements. We are also agents for the celebrated McLaughlin Carriage Co., and the Deering Harvesting Co. We have always on hand a full line of ploughs, harrows, cultivators, etc. Repairs of all kinds. Washing machines, wringers, and wringer repairs.

All these goods are offered at the lowest prices. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

**W. Grant & Co.** Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 26, 1899.

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Mrs. James Constable, Seaforth, Ont., writes—"Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart that I was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going up-stairs I had to stop to rest and regain my breath. When my children made a noise while playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. My limbs were unaturally cold and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me. "I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep has returned to me. My heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensations has vanished. I can now go up-stairs without stopping and with the greatest ease, and no longer suffer from dizziness or headache. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good."

**LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND DYSPEPSIA.**

**MISCELLANEOUS.** Magistrate—"You are accused of striking a woman with a fatal blow with a hammer." Prisoner—"Oh, was I tryin' to save his life, y'r honor. Sure, didn't Ol schwin out to help him?" "But you took a hammer along and killed him with it." "Yes, sir. If ye don't kill 'em they'll rap ye every toime, y'r honor."

**Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.** DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP is a safe, sure and reliable worm expeller. Acts equally well on children or adults. Be sure you get Low's.

**PERMANENT CURES.** The great number of cures published lately showing how Burdock Blood Bitters cures permanently such serious diseases as Cancer, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Running Sores, etc., has abundantly proved that when B. B. B. cures, you're cured to stay cured.

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP** was the first and original "pine" preparation for coughs and colds. All others having the name "pine" are simply imitations, some of them worthless.

**VICTORIA HARBOR, ONT.** Mr. Joseph Currier, a respected citizen of this place, was so bad with Rheumatism that he could not attend to his work. Two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills have effected a complete cure.

"My poor man, take a little of this pie—my own make—I'm sure it will do it." "It might," lady, but if it's all the same to you, let me die—just here without it."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

**Save the Babies.** Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhoea of infants, and none has the endorsement of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore built confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warwick, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhoea very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

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