THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1897.

Orangeman, and had taught his You may get over that young brood an Orangeman's hate of he repeated wearily, as after forcing slight cold all right, but it priestly robins slight cold all right, but it has left its mark on the mem-branes lining your throat. You are liable to take another will and the second one will cold and the second one will ban's store as bookkeeper and bar- Rune, and looked at the desolate hang on longer than the first. keeper combined. "And I rather landscape that stretched in untamed Scott's Emulsion is not an kalkilate he means business. Mike, wintry strength above, below, around Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary cough specific, but old chap, your game's up. He i on to you. You'll be down on your "He shall send out his word and it is "the ounce of preven- marrow bones confessing before the shall melt them; His wind shall tion." It builds up the week is out. Give you my note for blow and the waters shall run."

system, checks inflammation five thousand for the biz as it stands. Upborne by the rich young voices and heals inflamed mem- You'd best take it and skip before of his old student Sodality, the words branes. "Slight" colds never you're put in purgatory for your of our Lady's Office seemed to echo bring serious results when it "And I'd not take it, if I was to soul. "Ab, who knows," he said, is promptly taken. be put in hell, was McGarrahan's bravely striving against the discourag-

Book on the subject free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

THE BOYLESS TOWN. BY ROBERT CLARKSON TONGUE.

A cross old woman of long ago, Declared that she hated noise "The town would be so pleasant. know,

If only there were no boys. She scolded and fretted about it, till Her eyes grew heavy as lead ; Then of a sudden the town stood still, For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty of the peaks, which jutted in all di-There wasn't a boy in view;

The baseball lot where they used

Was a sight to make one blue. The grass was growing on every bas And the paths that the runners made; For there wasn't a soul in all the place Who knew how the game was played. sures of coal and ore.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day, Why should they bark or leap?

There wasn't a whistle or call to play, And so they could only sleep. The pony neighed from his lonely stal And longed for saddle and rein; And even the birds on the garden wall Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste-There was no one to climb the trees ; And nobody had a single taste, Save only the birds and bees. There wasn't a messenger boy-not To speed as such messengers can. If people wanted their errands done, They sent for a messenger man.

bevant."

ed them many a day last summe

were at Morven Manor."

half the day."

written there.'

with some old college friends who

There was little, I ween, of frolic an noise; There was less of cheer and mirth.

The sad old town since it lacked its boys Was the dreariest place on earth. The poor cld woman began to weep, Then woke with a sudden scream "Dear me," she cried, "I've been asleep And oh, what a horrid dream !! -St. Nichola

rejoinder. "Mind yer tongue, ye fool; I'm in no mood for yer prate." And Mr. Seth Jones, with a sup-Bear Cap looks fiercely defiant, but pressed "whew," wisely betook him the geology that makes poor Tim self in silence to his account books. tremble for his little place, should Thus through ever darkening teach me an equal lesson of cheer. clouds of fear and hate and distrust, God's ways are not our ways. If one Father Paul sped forward on his drop of water has trickled into the errand of mercy to that little cabin strong depths, one little seed found on the heights where a trembling lodgment, I have not worked in vain." young soul was calling for the aid And with this noble thought kind and strength he could give. ling his heart the priest kept on his The road that left the Notch ran along a ridge, that formed the base of the peake which intted in all di

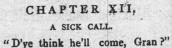
towards the little cabin, whose faint rections from this loftly table-land spiral of smoke he could see floating peaks rugged, steep and inaccessible shadow-like against the wintry sky. whose lawless strength had always While behind him - unseen, unbeen a barrier and a menace to the heard-crept another shadow, a shaenterprise that had forced its way dow that seemed born of the sin and sorrow that ruled these rugged heights nor honest Tim's teachings, could into these fastnesses of nature, to wrest from the mountain its treawhere the law of love and light had

"On the rocks and to the winds,'

his way through an ice-sheathed

not yet dawned. It was at a point where old Bea Skulking behind the rocks, creep-Cap, as the highest peak was called ing through the pine thickets, stealing went over his brief inatructions the oped in a succession of rude pineclad terraces to meet the ridge, that bigh heaped snowdrifts, with his huge, responses showed he was already fam-Tim drew up his pony. "Here are bear-like form half clad, his grizzled the Runes, yer riverince, the Giant's bair and beard unkempt, his eyes wild spoke, Stairs, we'd call thim in the ould and bloodshot, gleaming fiercely uncounthry. I'm sorry I can take ye derneath his bushy overhanging brows, no further, but there's nothin' but

there followed in Father Paul's footfeet and legs that can folly the path steps a creature-was it brute or, God "So I see, said Father Paul. "I pity our fallen nature, man? know the Runes well, Tim, I explor-



asked Andy, again and again, as he "I mind it," said Tim with a nod, watched the flicker of the sunbeams Kathie and me used to be wondherin' whether it was gold or silver on the damp wall that was his only ye and the gintlemen were afther time-piece. "The shadow is creeping whin ye wint chipping at the rocks upon my corner. It must be after the noon, D'ye think the priest will "Neither gold nor silver, Tim; come?"

"I can't tell, lad. It's little of we were reading the wonderful story priest or parson I've known these fifty written on the rocks is years,





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am indade, sur.

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GEO. E. HUGHES



BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

CHAPTER XI-(Continued.) The little pony had been trotting briskly on while Tim talked. Past the collier's and miner's cabin, where gaunt, weary-faced women were toiling hopelessly over the woman's work that is never done ; stern enduring women, who even when furnace and forge and loom are dull and silent must kindle the ashen embers strain which man-fierce, passionate, rebellious, brutal-either in his

greed or sloth has shirked. Wap, withered looking little chilbegrimed windows; older ones soufcheer that often pervades the tenements of the very poor.

The hush of a sudden despair seemed to rest on these ways." homes, the life that should have stream had been choked into a silent the mountain. "But I hope the vapors, the noxious miasmas that blight and blind and madden.

Here and there a brawny, blackbrowed man leaned against a cabin door, smoking or whittling moodily. and more than one fierce wrathful look was flashed after the little sleigh in his time.

as it swept along over the white, frozen road

tered Alf Goupin, in his hoarse, height that seemed typical of the more. Don't cry, my poor woman, Welsh Gutturals-" I.'s bad luck charge he had undertaken. "The this is only a fainting spell. See, he even to cast an eye on him, I've Bishop was wise in his recall. There is coming to, now. I am something heard said-shut the deor." "In with ye all," called Bryan strength of those noble laborers, who One more drop, my boy."-

Bray to the three boys wrestling by can go forth and make one. God And struggling out of the darkness his broken gate-"do ye's want the knows, I have given myself to the that encompassed him, Andy saw a black eye put on ye's ? Him that's work with all my will, with earnest grave, kind pitying face bending over prayer, with faithful effort, but I his pillow. going by can do it."

And the boys bustled into their have only scattered the good seed on Father Paul had come. For two wretched cabin, for Bray was an the rocks and to the winds."

it, yer riverince ?" repeated Tim in shout him, me darlint, what more mazement. "I'll wager the Hush- good can he do ye than yer own poor ers had a hand in it thin. An' it Gran? Let me put the warm male to boded ye no good, sur, I'm sore yer breast to aise the pain." "No, no," gasped Andy, "you afraid to lave ye in such a place,

after hearing the loikes of this. I can't ease me, Gran. It's no pain I have now, only a tremble like. It minds me of the bird I caught in the "You need not be, Tim; the story speak of was not written by any old rat trap, and how it beat its wings. numan hand. We were only read- If I was to get well," Gran, I'd never

while there was green places in the

hollows where she could feed her fill.

ing God's wise and wonderful work ; trap birds any more." "Shure it's little harrm ye iver did how He raised the mountains and levelled the plains, and hollowed the to bird or baste, ye poor craythur," valleys, how He can make even of a sobbed Gran. brokenly. "If I was to get well," continued wild, barren wilderness like this, in

His own good time, a fertile smiling Andy, his eyes already bright with the last gleam of life's fitful fever, "I'd ome for man."

bring you fine bundles of fagots for "And who will He do it for ( your fire, Gran. I wouldn't run off asked Tim as the two sat in the ittle sleigh, looking up at the bleak, with Eric and leave you cold, as I did

rugged height towering above them afore, and I'd never keep poor Nan "He niver turns the mountain on the rocks to munch coal lumps; into the meadow, shurely, "Not in our brief span of life per

haps, but in His creative might He I'll be a better boy if I get well." "Whisht, whisht, avourneen, ve've has and He does. The Runes tell me that little by little even old Bear allus been good enough; too good, for, this black hearted wurrld," said Cap here is crumbling away."

" Is it the mountain? The Lord the old woman hoarsely. be merciful to us thin." said Tim in "And mebbe, Gran," said Andy, alarm, gazing up as if he expected struggling for freer speech, "mebbe father will get out and come back and an immediate avalanche "Amen," answered Father Paul, work for us again. Then what elesoftly. "For you and I and every gant times we'll have with a hot dish creature that lives now will then be of potatoes every day for dinner, and in His merciful hands, Tim. Hun- the buttermilk and a pot of tea on the dreds and hundreds of years may stove, and you with a warm red shawl ragged garments, cook the scant and pass and the mountain be a moun- about your shoulders, and a ribbon on tain still. But God's work goes on your cap, fine as Mrs. Aptomas her-sless meal, bear all the stress and slowly, steadily; the melting snows self." And the boy's glassy eye grew trickle into tiny currents, swell into brighter and he strove to lift himself

little streams, burst into mountain on his wretched pillow while his tremtorrents, that cleave the rocks and bling fingers picked at the bed clothes. bear them away; the silent fingers Ah, poor Gran knew what it all meant, dren peered through the smoky, dust of the frost break and grind the stony this strange uprising of hope when the earth, the storm sweeps it down to darkness is gathering, this glad poise fled and fought amid heaps of dirt the valley; wind and rains fret and of the caged spirit ere it bursts its

and rubbish that befouled the pure, wintry air, but there was no gay banter, shrill-toned gossip, loud strength is yielding. Some far dis- have father back," continued Andy. laughter, nothing of that vulgar tant day these heights may be smil- "He was always good to us, wasn't ing meadows ripe with grain. Ah! he, Gran? I mind when I was a bit the Runes are a promise and hope, of a sickly thing and afraid in the Tim. God's ways are not our dark, how he'd take me in his arms at

night, and let me sleep with my head "Thrue for ye, sur," apswered on his breast. Sometimes when I gushed on in an active brawling Tim with another doubtful look a wake now I seem to feel his strong heart-beats like I used to feel them stagnation, from which rose deadly wurrk won't begin in my time. It then. If he was only back, Gran, if would ruin me bit of a place in the I only--had-my-father-" Andy's Notch intirely." words were choked by a coughing spell

And Father Paul laughed, as he that racked and shook the poor little sprang from the sleigh, and told him wasted frame until gasping, smotherhe need not fear, Bear Oap would ing, fainting life seemed to go out in a never topple over into a harvest field strange blank through which he was conscious of a strong arm supporting

him, a kind voice speaking in his ear. "Nor mine either," thought the priest, feeling the sad significance of "Another drop of the medicine, try "It's the priest, curse him," mut the words, ss he toiled up the rugged to swallow, my boy, good-once

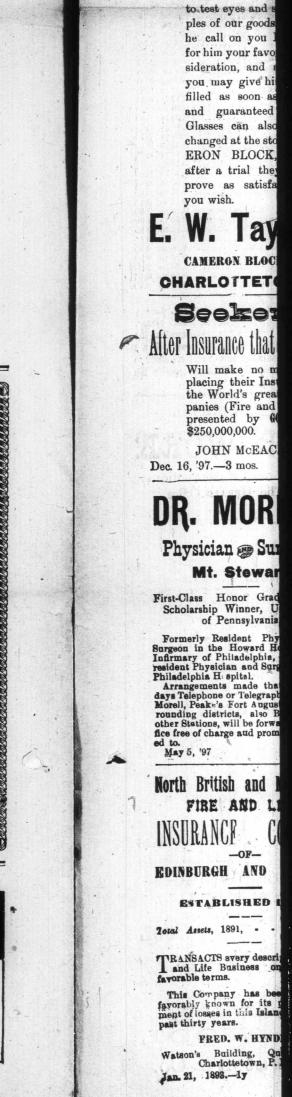
is no field here, and I lack the sturdy of a doctor as well as a priest

NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPL

This pincw. The Father Paul had come. For two hours the priest kept his place at the price. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.

I know."

you."



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Calendar for

New Moon, 1st day, 4h. 3

First Quarter, 9th day, 5h

Full Moon, 16th day, 9h.

Last Quarter, 23rd day, 5

New Moon, 31st, 8h. 13.1t

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