

Gemma to Dante.

BY HELEN GRACE SMITH.
Thou' hast been long in coming through the wide And distant plain. What vision has thou seen. Where the late iris stretched thro' green Long lines of gold, and where the silent tide Creeps thro' the dim salt marsh here at my side The deepening shadows lengthened; I have been Weary with watching for long hours between The day and darkness while my task I plied. What met my gaze? I hear the people say Thou art possessed of evil; they have turned To mock and scorn; again I hear them cry, "He hath gone down to hell this very day, And on his countenance the things he learned Are stamped forever and eternally."

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and 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. LINDSAY, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

stable. What's the matter, asked Polly, in dismay, as her companion suddenly drew away her arm and dropped despondingly on a flat rock beside the road.

"Don't mind me," said Marjorie, huskily. "I—I don't want Miss Martha to see me crying, Polly; and I—I can't help it. She is down there, putting the flowers from the altar on the graves under the cedars. Her mother is there, and her father, and her little girl sister, and her brother that was killed in the war, and every body that died. Oh, and Asa Greene will take them too!" cried Marjorie, bursting into tears.

"Don't now—don't cry so, please!" said Polly. "I didn't know that you would care so much. It's not your house or your people, you know."

"Oh, yes, it is—yes, it is!" sobbed Marjorie. "Miss Susan picked me out of all the other girls at St. Vincent's, though I wasn't half as nice as the rest, and Sister Angela told her I wouldn't suit. And she and Miss Martha have been so good to me! They didn't scold when I tumbled into the water, or broke the flowered pitcher, or scolded the pillowcases, or anything. I'm just like their own little girl."

"Maybe they will keep you just the same," said Polly; "only my mother says it will kill Miss Martha if she has to leave Manor Hill."

"Oh, it will, it will, I know!" sobbed Marjorie. "She has lived here all her life, and her mother and her grandmother, and everybody. And they planted the roses and the apple-trees and the currants. And General Wollaston used to sit under the hollow oak on the lawn and talk to her great-grandfather. Miss Martha has told me beautiful stories about everything—the Talbot cross and the obelisk, and the lamp that used to burn long ago in a chapel where the priest had to hide when he came to say Mass."

In vain Polly tried to console her. Marjorie at last understood the sore need of prayers and novenas. The sorrow that had been only a vague, undefined shadow rose in all its black despair before her lively fancy. Manor Hill to be sold! The old, old home that seemed to have opened its arms and taken the homeless little orphan to its warm, sheltering breast—Manor Hill to be sold and pulled down!

The dreadful thought of the coming misfortune haunted Marjorie that night, and many nights, as she lay awake in her little nest under the eaves, watching the shadows of the budding boughs dance on her white ceiling, and listening to the sleepy twitter of the brown birds that had started housekeeping beneath her dormer window.

And, sad thoughts and wakeful nights being strange to Marjorie, she grew nervous and awkward. The dishpan turned over at her touch; cups and saucers slipped from her fingers; finally, Miss Martha's favorite bowl, on which a blue Japanese lady walked among ducks and swans, fell with a crash at the little maid's feet.

Marjorie, Marjorie! I can't think what has come over you, child!" said Miss Martha. "This is the third piece of china you have broken this week."

And for answer Marjorie dropped on her knees, and, burying her face in the good lady's housekeeping apron, burst into a wild passion of tears.

"There, there, child! Never mind! It isn't a thing to cry over like that. But you're nervous and upset, after all the company and excitement we've had here. Mrs. Lacy left her prayer-book and spectacles here, and misses them sadly, I know. Suppose you put on your coat and hat and take them to her? A little run in the sunshine will do you good."

And Miss Martha was right. There was a life and gladness in the sunshine of this beautiful day that would have cheered older and heavier hearts than Marjorie's. Winter was still dozing on the heights, like an old man in his big armchair; but, though he roused himself now and then, to grumble and growl, Spring was taking her own sweet way over valley and hill, awaking the grass

and trees and flowers. Her whisper seemed to steal into Marjorie's ear as the warm breeze fanned her cheek, and the sadness and the fear lifted from her heart for the moment, she forgot Asa Greene and the dark cloud of trouble that hung over Manor Hill, and went skipping gleefully down the road that led to the farm-gate, where a bent, withered old woman with a basket on her arm was entering.

"Goodness!" said Marjorie, "here you are again! Miss Susan won't buy any of your stuff—she said so—so there's no use in going up to worry her."

"Nice herbs, nice roots; good for pains, for aches, for drinks—for all things," said the old woman, who wore a ragged red cloak with a hood drawn around an old face, brown and wrinkled as a dried apple, but whose black eyes still shone, in their deep sockets, bright and watchful as a bird's.

"We don't want any," answered Marjorie, positively. "Miss Susan dries all she needs."

"Not these," said the old crones, shaking her head. "Only the gypsies dry these, little lady; only the gypsies know where to find them under the moonlight and the dew. Old Selma has roots that give life to the skin, that make the old young again. But the little lady wants none of these, I know," continued the old woman showing her toothless gums in a wheedling smile. "She is strong and young and beautiful; but I can tell her things she will be glad to hear."

"No, I won't answer Marjorie stoutly. "I don't want any of your fortune-telling. It's a sin. And you don't tell true, either. You told Aunt Nancy's Sophie she had three husbands in her head, and she died before she got even one of them."

"It was a black hand and did not read true," said the old woman. "But the little lady's eyes are bright, her cheeks are fair. She should be rich and grand, and wear beautiful dresses and golden rings."

"Pooh!" said Marjorie. "I don't care for beautiful dresses; they tare too easy. And I wouldn't wear a ring if I could. But" (with a sudden remembrance of Asa Greene) "I'd like to be rich. I'd like to have piles and piles of money. Oh, I wish I could find a big iron pot full of gold!"

The old gypsy's keen eyes blinked under their grizzled brows. "You can, little lady," she answered, nodding. "Old Selma can tell you when and where!"

X—OLD SELMA'S STORY. "Oh, can you?" asked Marjorie, forgetful for the moment of all things but the one need of a "pot of gold" at Manor Hill.

Once more the crafty eyes read the innocent young face, and the old gypsy went on: "What will the little lady give me to tell her?"

"I haven't anything," said Marjorie, and her bright wit flashed up again. "If you want gold, why don't you get the pot yourself?"

"I dare not, little lady,"—the old crones shook her head. "Selma is old and weak, and her children and her children's children have gone from her."

"Who told you about it?" asked Marjorie, doubtfully. "Listen, little lady, and I will tell you the story," said the old woman; and Marjorie slackened her own springing step that her companion might hobble on at her side. "My mother's mother was the gypsy queen; all the camps and the tribes obeyed her. She ruled from the mountains to the sea, from the land of snows to the land of flowers."

"And did—did she live in a camp, too?" asked Marjorie, who found it difficult to picture a royal lady holding court in the smoky old tents in the hollow.

"Oh, yes!" answered her companion. "But when she came among her people, it was like the moon shining among the stars, so great was she and so rich, with the long train of her wagons stretching far down the road-side, and her horses jingling silver bells, and her tents white as snow. And her gown was of red silk flowered with blue and silver, and she wore six diamond stars for a crown."

The old woman smacked her lips and rolled her eyes, as she recounted these past glories, to which Marjorie listened with a breathless interest.

"And wherever she went," continued the narrator, feeling she could safely enlarge her wonderful story—"wherever she went, the 'queen's kettle' swung beside her tent curtain, and every gypsy that passed had to throw into it a piece of gold."

The woman who buys Dress Goods now-a-days; has yet to buy right, but buying right does not mean a matter of "How Cheap." A-ho cheap dress that is old fashioned and that will not stand the wear and tear is not the one wide awake people buy. They want a dress right up-to-date in every particular. Quality, style, we have, and good wear resisting qualities. This is the kind we sell. Send for samples.—Stanley Bros.



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Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength.

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Young girls budding into womanhood, who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose faces are pale and the blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills help them greatly during this period.

Women at the change of life, who are nervous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins and needles, palpitation of the heart, etc., are aided over the trying time of their life by the use of this wonderful remedy.

It has a wonderful effect on a woman's system, makes pains and aches vanish, brings color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye.

They build up the system, renew lost vitality, improve the appetite, make rich, red blood and dispel that weak, tired, listless, non-ambition feeling.

See per box, or a box \$1.25 ALL DEALERS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Edith: "I don't care what sort of a husband I get." Mama: "You don't care? Why, Edith! How can you say such a thing?" Edith: "No, I just don't care, so long as he's rich and handsome and kind to me—so there!"

Rossway, Jan. 28, 1901. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT warmed on flannels and applied on my breast cured me completely.

C. H. COSSEBOOM. Rossway, Digby Co. N. S.

Mrs. Startupper,—Agh, professor, and how is my daughter getting on with her music? Do you think she will ever become a great singer? Professor,—Madam, it is very hard to say.

Mrs. Startupper.—But surely she possesses some of the qualifications? Professor.—Yah, madam; she has a mouth.

Sprained Arm. Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., 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 25c."

Minard's Liniment Cures everything. A writer, discussing the lost art of early rising, says, "The proper time to rise is when sleep ends." That's a good thing to learn. Do you know, if we hadn't seen that in a paper, we should have gone on believing that the proper time to rise was when you were right in the midst of your soundest sleep. What a blessed thing it is for this blind old world that there are some men in it who know nearly everything!

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

The main difference between the automobile and an elephant seems to be that while neither can climb a tree, the automobile tries to.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds etc.

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A sure sign of Kidney Trouble. Don't neglect it. Stop it in time. If you don't, serious Kidney Troubles are sure to follow.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure Backache, Lame Back, Diabasis, Dropsy and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Price 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CO. Toronto, Ont.

GRAND Jubilee Celebration

St. Dunstan's College

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of St. Dunstan's College will be celebrated at the College on TUESDAY, JULY 26th, 1905.

The Celebration will begin with a Pontifical High Mass in the open air at 10.30 a. m. A sermon appropriate to the occasion will be preached by a distinguished divine, an alumnus of the College. After the religious celebration a Picnic will be held on the College Grounds, where Dinner and Refreshments will be served. Popular amusements will be provided for the entertainment of those present.

FARES AND TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS.

Table with 3 columns: Station, Train Dpts., Fares. Lists stations like Tignish, St. Louis, Alberton, etc., with corresponding train departure times and fares.

A Special Train will leave Souris at 7.30 a. m., arriving at Charlottetown 10.35 a. m., and returning at 4.30 p. m. Passengers from Georgetown and intermediate stations to Mount Stewart will come to Charlottetown by Regular Train, and will return from Mount Stewart by Special Train, leaving there on arrival of Special from Charlottetown.

In addition to the above rates, tickets at 25c may first class fare will be issued from all stations on July 24th and 25th, good to return on July 26th, 1905.

Charlottetown Train for West will leave Charlottetown at 6 o'clock p. m., and for the East at 6.30 p. m.

This will certainly be the largest gathering of the kind ever held. All are cordially invited to participate.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE. June 28, 1905-41

Wool Wanted

Bring your Wool to us. We are paying highest market prices, either in Cash or in exchange for Dry Goods, Millinery or Ready-made Clothing.

M. TRAINOR & CO. Perfection Clothiers.

GRAND Tea Party!

St. Alexis, Rollo Bay. Tuesday, 11th July.

The Tea Grounds, near the Church, command a fine view of the Bay, and also one of the prettiest landscapes in the Lower Provinces.

The Committee in charge are sparing of no efforts to make this the Tea of the season.

All the usual amusements will be provided, with the addition of others new and original.

Should the day prove unfavorable the Tea will be held the first fine day following.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE. June 21, 1905-31

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JOHN MACEACHERN, AGENT. Mar. 22nd, 1905.

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Line at the greatest saving price to yourself, try A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

Mortgage Sale.

To be sold by public Auction, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, on Thursday, the thirteenth day of July, A. D. 1905, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-fifth day of January, A. D. 1895, made between John Daniel McDonald, of Fox River, Lot Forty-two, in King's County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, and Flora Jane McDonald, his wife, of the one part, and Edward Boydell, of Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Island, Barrister, Trustee of Mrs. Hobkirk, of the other part, and which said Mortgage is now vested in the undersigned as Assignee thereof, default having been made in the principal and interest due thereunder.

All that tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot Forty-two, in King's County, in the said Island, bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing at the northeast angle of land in possession of Angus McDonald, on the bank or shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; thence according to the magnetic north of the year 1763 south two degrees fifteen minutes east one hundred and one chains; thence north seventy-seven degrees west six chains and thirteen links; thence north two degrees fifteen minutes west to the sea shore; thence along the shore to the place of commencement, containing (20) sixty acres of land, a little more or less, as described in a deed of conveyance from the Commissioner of Public Lands to John McDonald, dated the twenty-sixth day of July, A. D. 1859.

For further particulars apply at bar-office of Mathieson & McDonald, in C the lot above.

Dated this 8th day of June, A. D. 1905. ENEAS A. McDONALD, Trustee of Mrs. Hobkirk.

June 14, 1906-41

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An extensive line of the famous REGINA PRECISION WATCHES—among the best Watches for general service to be found in the market—covered by the broadest guarantee given with any make of Watch. Many styles and sizes at prices ranging from \$8.00 to \$51.00 each.

A very choice line of Lockets, Charms and Brooches, of many novel and pleasing styles of design, at a wide range of prices.

A magnificent showing of Table Silver. Knives, Forks, Spoons, Fancy Pieces, such as Cake Baskets, Bon Bon Dishes, Baking Dishes, Card Trays, Candlesticks.

A splendid assortment of Clocks, in many very desirable shapes and designs, all of sterling workmanship.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, Charlottetown.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN. (From the Ave Maria.) (Continued.)

IX.—GATHERING CLOUDS. "My mother has been crying," confided Polly Tibbs to Marjorie, as, with interlocked arms, they walked back from the gate whither all the young folks had flocked to see Father James off and get his parting blessing.

"I haven't seen her cry before since little Mattie died, and I am sure she feels dreadful. She is fond of Miss Talbot; and everybody is talking of there not being Mass here any more, because some man is going to buy the place and pull down the house."

"Pull down the house!" interrupted Marjorie, sghast. "Pull down this house! What for?"

"To turn the place into a dairy farm," continued Miss Polly, who had not passed her twelve years of life at a road-house without learning business methods.

"Oh, but—Miss Susan and Miss Martha would never let them!" answered Marjorie, indignantly.

"They can't help it," said Polly, shrilly. "I heard Miss Betty Crofton telling mother all about it; how old Judge Talbot had borrowed the money long ago, and Miss Susan and Miss Martha couldn't pay it, and they would have to give up the place to Asa Greene, who meant to pull down the old house."

"Oh, don't, don't say that!" cried Marjorie, to whom, despite all the whispers and rumors that had reached her from the grown up folks, this plain talk from Polly came as a revelation. "Nobody would be so mean, so horrid as to do that."

"Oh, yes, they would!" replied Polly, sagely. "Asa Greene would. He said the place was an old Pietist rat-trap, and he was going to pull it down for the bricks, and build cow-

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