

All's Well.

How fared the fight with thee today? Not well? Ah, nay, Thou hast not lost; thou canst not lose, However much thou tear and bruise The panting breast, the straining thews Which are thy spirit's citadel. If thou and Faith, upon the walls Are comrades still when darkness falls. Rest now! In sleep thy veins shall swell With Hope's new wine; and like a bell From valley's deep heard on the height, They leagured soul, throughout the night, Shall call to thee: "All's well. It is thyself alone that may Thyself betray. Arise again! Arise and fight! God's smile is in the morning light: Lift thou thy banner brave and bright Above thy spirit's citadel! What matter if its fall be sure? The pilgrim soul thy wall is immure, Clinging the wings of Azrael, In face of all the hords of hell, Shall take, full-armed, its homeward flight, And o'er thy ruins, from the height, Shall call to thee: "All's well!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

Sonnet.

(A Mother to Her Daughter on Her Entering Religion.)

Mine was the hand thy baby steps to guide, Mine was the arm to which thou first didst cling; Ann while thy careless childhood's days took wing Thy soul did ever in my soul's sight abide. Then, so it seemed, I missed thee from my side; And for a space I sought thee sorrowing, To find thee in the temple of the King, Upon the Bridegroom's business occupied. And there I left thee. On thy choice I stalled; For did not He to Nazareth return For eighteen subject years, that I might learn That she who stays behind, by Love beguiled, To traffic in the spirit's great concern, Shall none the less remain her mother's child? —END DINNIS.

Between The Sandhills And the Sea.

(ALICE DEASE, in "Down West.")

(Continued.) "That'll be six years come Hollantide, and 'twas only in the Big Wind a while back what he went. I don't deny but that he did ought to have roped the roof down safer, but Jim was a bad hand on the rope-walk, from him a gosscon, then again he couldn't well fix it himself—for he'd been complaining this long time backwards and forwards, of a heavy lightness in the head, had Jimmy. When the storm came in under the old thack, it went for to lift the roof of the cabin, and herself was actually mad when she seen it rise up, and it with no ropes but the old ones, where she'd bid Jimmy bind it. So out into the black night she sent him, an' upon the roof she bid him lie, to keep the straw from flying till over the storm was done. 'Twas perished he was, an' she lettin' him down, an' never a stir out of him till she had him fixed up in bed. There was an ornous draw on the chest of him; an' me goin' in the mornin'.

"You'd best be sendin' for the priest," says I, seein' how it was. "Go yourself," says she, "if you think that the way it is with him." "What'll I get him, Father dear?" says she, after the priest attendin' him. "His coffin," says Father Mullarkey, "for it's all he'll be needin'." "He'd got the new ammonia, ed Jim, an' got it double, Co

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.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system. help him. Well, with that, what does herself do, but get the cup of blessed water, an' puts it to his hand, an' away with her to fetch home a habit for him, out of M'Kooavin's in the town. There wasn't one with Jim only himself, an' she with the door-key in her pocket. Well, he was dead an' gone an' she comin' in, God rest him. They do be sayin' she has the habit put by in chance; she gets another man; still I doubt, but she did bury him in it after all.

He was so loath to blame her that it seemed, in spite of everything, as though the "comether" was still there!

There was another grave beyond the burying-place of the widow's husbands, with nothing to distinguish it from those around, but Peter told a real romance of the sea about it.

North of Tullaroan, between the gravelly shore of Killawurty and the sands of Dangonnel, a high mass of cliff stands boldly facing the Atlantic. Even at low tide the waters swirl and eddy round its feet, but when the waves come dashing in, breaking against the granite walls and thundering through the caves that pierce their rugged sides, they form a sight not easily forgotten.

There are great blocks, two detached from the cliffs themselves, cruel, jagged points, that in a storm are hidden by the angry waves.

Since we have known the cliffs of Tullaroan, a lighthouse has stood upon their heights, warning passing ships to keep away, Sailors travelling that coast know they cannot seek the shelter of the bay without a local pilot to guide them through the narrow channel, seemingly so fair and wide, yet holding death at every point but one, in the merciless rocks that lie beneath the water.

The village stands sheltered by the headland, and when the fishing boats are out, it is only an abode of women and of children. Thus it was on the night that Owen Colohan lost his life. He happened, for some reason to be at home just then, but there was another seafaring man in the place, except Dan McGlinchy. Daniel, in his day, had been a first-rate seaman, but he was one of those who do not care for work, and when the others went away to fish, he preferred to remain behind, ostensibly to mind his lobster-pots, but incidentally to be within convenient reach of a public-house.

A storm had sprung up early in the afternoon, and when evening fell, it was raging so wildly that not a eye was closed in all the village; women and children had to keep awake to pray for those at sea.

Fierce as was the gale, there was always a hope that their own were away beyond it; but that someone was in danger became known in the village early in the night.

Sounds of distress came moaning through the darkness, and at intervals, the light of fireworks told those on shore that a ship had tried to run for the Bay of Dangonnel, but missing the channel, now lay close to the hidden reef, and God only knew how long they could keep from drifting on to it.

Still, a man, who knew the coast could even yet have saved the ship, and fragile as a curragh is, it has been known to live where other boats were useless. There were curraghs in plenty on the strand. The question was who would dare to risk his life on such a quest? A narrow question

was it? "Lower a rope!" The captain's order was obeyed almost before it had been spoken. The dot of light was close to now, tossing up and down in the black chasm of waters. Owen dared not go too close, and over again they flung the rope towards him, but never near enough for him to grasp it. When at last it hit the curragh the force of the blow made the frail craft shiver, but Owen had it safely held. Keeping only a single oar, he made the line fast about his body.

(Concluded next week)

All kinds of Job Printin' done at the Herald Office

embracing only two men, Owen Colohan, strong with a lad's strength, and Dan McGlinchy—than whom no one better knew the coast.

Which would it be? "Toss," said Dan, hoarsely: "heads!"

A coin was thrown, turned in the air, and fell. Someone struck a light, and the boy bent forward. The flick of the match lit up two anxious faces. Owen's young, keen, cleanly, little touched by the passing of eighteen blameless years. And the other—there was one black sheep in the parish, and his face it was that now showed grey and livid before the match died down. For an instant their eyes met above the coin that lay, with head-upturned, than young Owen's hand went lightly to it.

"Tails," he said quietly; "his me!"

Then in the dark they moved towards the curraghs, loosened one and carried her across the shingle. A lantern was set in her bows, and close beside it was the bottle of holy water, without which no man from thereabouts will ever put to sea.

Quick as the toss had been, some besides the two concerned had seen what happened. If the lad chose to go why should they prevent it? Dan had his wife and children, all still young, and Owen's mother was an ageing woman. God help her! Owen knew that she was amongst the crowd that was gathered round, and having tested both his oars, he turned to say one word to her. There was no fear in his face, for the call of the sea was upon him. She would have let him leave her with a whispered blessing from her strained, white lips, although she felt that death was almost certain. Then, with sudden instinct—or did some murmur warn her of what he had done? she seized his arm.

"Is it you to go?" she questioned, with sudden fierceness. "Clean and honest is it you?" "Let me go, mother." But he left her cry unanswered.

"Is it you?" she repeated, clenching her strong hands about his arms. "Don't dare to go before the throne of God with a lie upon your lips."

And all this while the precious moments were slipping by. "Let me go, mother again! he has his wife and the childer at home."

"And no good he is to them! Owen avick, come back out of that." She was pleading now, but yet she held him strongly. "I wouldn't say you nay had it been the will of God."

Then he bent his head and whispered in her ear, and even those about them could not hear the words he said. Afterwards the people learnt then, and Peter told us what they were. He was ready to go; less than a week before he had been to the priest, when the station was in Shane Devine's, but Dan—Dan wanted time. She loosened her hands and turned upon McGlinchy.

"Have you done your Easter? Are you ready to meet your God?" As far as animal courage went Dan was no greater coward than his neighbor, but now in the dim light, the Widow Colohan saw there was an awful terror in his eyes. Then she went again to Owen.

"Go then, avick," she said. "God love you, now and forever." For a minute or more they watched the tiny light cresting the huge waves, then as it disappeared in the darkness, the agonizing "keen" of a heartbroken mother was taken up in the winds and carried sobbingly to Heaven.

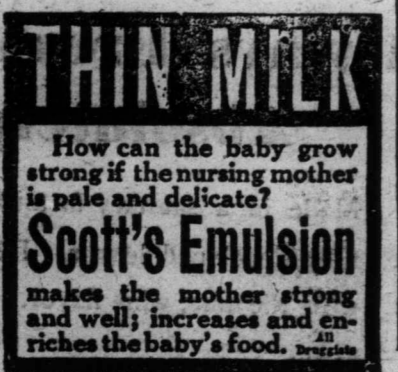
Meanwhile the ship was drifting nearer to destruction. Hope had almost died away, when Owen's light the merest speck gave it sudden life again. Twenty pairs of eyes were stained into the darkness, twenty pairs of ears sought for sound of human voices.

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(Concluded next week)

All kinds of Job Printin' done at the Herald Office

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.



BRONCHITIS WAS SO BAD

Coughed Every Few Minutes. DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HER.

Bronchitis starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with a rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest. At first the expectoration is a light color but as the trouble progresses the phlegm arising from the bronchial tubes becomes of a yellowish or greenish color, and is very often of a stringy nature.

Bronchitis should never be neglected. If it is some serious lung trouble will undoubtedly follow. Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This well-known remedy has been on the market for the past 25 years.

It cures where others fail. Mrs. Geo. Lottan, Uxbridge, Ont., writes: "I have had bronchitis so bad I could not lie down at night, and had to cough every few minutes to get my breath. I had a doctor out to see me, but his medicine seemed to do me no good. I turned to the drugstore for some good cough mixture, and got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle helped me wonderfully. I stopped coughing, and could lie down, and rest well at night. I cannot praise it too much."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by THE T. MULLARKEY CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

He (at 11.30 p.m.)—Well, misery loves company, you know. She (stiffing a yawn)—Not at this hour, I think.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Springhill, N.S.

W.M. DANIELS. I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Albert Co., N.B. GEO. TINGLEY.

Dentist—I think I'll remove the nerve. Patient—Don't do that, Doctor, I'm a book agent.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC. Hokus—Does your wife ever have any spasms of economy? Pokus—Well, she's always talking about how much car-fare we could save if we only had an automobile.

Mary Ovington, Jasper On 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."

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W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford 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 50c. a box."

Pension Agent (coidly)—I wish you would tell me, madam, what makes you think you are entitled to a pension. Madam—My husband and I fought all through the war.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF. "Here you! What do you mean by telling that bachelor friend of yours that marriage is all a lottery?" "I was just about to assure him my dear, that I had won a prize."

PALPITATION OF THE HEART SHORTNESS OF BREATH CURED BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. S. Walters, Matapedia, Que., writes: "I wish to let you know how much good I have received by taking your Heart and Nerve Pills. I was suffering from palpitation of the heart and shortness of breath. The trouble with my heart was caused by stomach trouble. I had tried all kinds of medicine, both patent and doctors', but I found none relieve me like Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I believe anyone suffering like I did should use them. I only used four boxes and I now feel like a different person."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years and have a most wonderful reputation as a remedy for all heart and nerve troubles. Price 50 cents, per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MULLARKEY CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

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FOR 1917 We have a nice assortment of the following lines Brooches in staple and new patterns, Bracelets in extension and clasp, Watch wristlets in gold and with leather strap, Cuff links in both plain and engraved Collar studs with short and long posts, Chains with and without Pendants and Locketts, Gents also fobs, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Clocks and Watches, Eyeglasses, Spectacles. In our work Dept we clean and repair Watches Clocks, Jewelry, Barometers Musical Boxes, Size and fit lenses, Stones to Rings, ect. etc E. W. TAYLOR, JEWELER.....OPTICIAN 142 Richmond Street. Advertise in The Herald

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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO MAKE GOOD BREAD You must have Good Yeast. GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worry which she necessarily suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast. This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast. If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Recipe Book. R. F. Maddigan & Co. Charlottetown Agents for P. E. Island.

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