

The Hour Of Victory.

(Concluded.) He would not be leaving any one for George Coulson could easily pay his way through any college. He himself deserved the prize. In all fairness it belonged to him; he had earned it. Fate had thrown the manuscript at his feet; he would be a fool not to take advantage of it. Thus he resumed as the moment passed. He knew that this reasoning was false; that only one way lay straight and true before him, but he could not bear to look that way. Then he thought of the morning at Mass, the soft radiance of the candles the fragrance of the flowers, and the words of entreaty, 'Son give Me thy heart.' He rose to his feet and began to pace the room. Before his mind swept the thought of what it would mean to give up the paper. There in the valley lay the mills. If he did not win the scholarship next month he would be there to work, to commence what to him would be a life of slavery. And for what? That George Coulson the indolent snob, who had more than once sneered at him, who had mocked him and sneered at him should have yet one more honor. 'I cannot do it,' he declared passionately. 'I cannot give it up. I will throw it back where I found it in the rain. Let someone else find it in the morning.' He put on his raincoat, concealed the manuscript beneath and went down the stairs. His mother was going to bed, and she looked at him in surprise. 'Is there anything I can do for you Joe?' 'No mother; the walk will do me good.' He felt miserably guilty as he walked on. He knew that his mother would wait up for him and he tried to hurry, but a thought which presently tried to be paramount in his mind, caused his footsteps to slacken. It was the words of little Ted's exclamation: 'What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?' Over and over again the words repeated themselves. On one side bright dreams of the future, on the other the slavery of the mills. And now the succeeding thought: 'What doth it profit a man?' 'There will be no halfway with Joe; he will be very good or very bad,' his mother had prophesied that night over her sewing, and now as she stood by the window she thought of it again, and unconscious as she was of the struggle going on, she whispered a prayer: 'God grant it may be the right way?' She waited anxiously as the moment passed. 'What can be keeping him?' she wondered. At last he heard his welcome footsteps on the stairs, and he stood before her, calm and pale as one who had passed through a terrible struggle. 'Is your head better, Joe?' she asked. 'Yes thank you,' he replied wearily. The next morning Davis Academy was alive with excitement. George Coulson's manuscript had been found in the letter box outside the door of his house when the morning mail was taken in. Of how it came there, there was not the slightest clue. All sorts of stories spread about, but it gradually subsided into one of the unsolved mysteries. Perhaps Mrs. Darcy had a slight suspicion of the truth, but she kept her own counsel. And there was no half way with Joseph Darcy. He had made his silent renunciation, had he wasted no time to file regrets. In the two weeks which intervened before graduation a new manhood grew up within him, which rose superior to George Coulson's sneers. He put aside that wonderful dream, and with a steady purpose faced the future, dull and dreary as it seemed. Graduation day came and never before had the hall been so crowded. When the diplomas had been given out Mr. Wilson spoke of the Davis scholarship. He said: 'Graduates and friends, it gives me great pleasure to announce that the themes in the contest for the Davis scholarship were all of excellent merit; but the prize goes by unanimous consent to Joseph Darcy. One moment of overwhelming surprise, and then the senior class took possession of the hall. 'Darcy! Darcy! Darcy!' echoed on every side. Over after closing out, the class president leading the wild tumult. Mr. and Mrs. Darcy stood unmoved of the tears of joy in their eyes as Joe was carried by on the shoulders of his classmates, their delighted cheers attesting to the popular choice. 'Our Joe's hour of victory,' said Mr. Darcy proudly, but Joe, carried as a hero through the throng, flushed with triumph, knew in his heart that this was not his hour of victory. That had come on that Sunday evening in the drizzling rain, when he had fought perhaps the greatest temptation of his life—and won—Margaret E. Donnell, the Magnificent.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula— as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the energies, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

Giulio's Secret.

(By Edmondo De Amicis.—Adapted for the Ave Maria.)

He was a graceful Florentine lad of twelve with black hair and a white face,—the eldest son of a railroad employe, who, having a large family and but small pay, lived in straitened circumstances. His father loved him and was tolerably kind and indulgent to him,—indulgent in everything except in that which referred to school. On this point he required a great deal, and showed himself severe, because he desired his son to attain such a grade as would enable him soon to obtain a place and help his family; and in order to accomplish anything quickly, it was necessary that he should work a great deal in a very short time. And although the lad studied hard, his father was always exhorting him to study more.

His father was advanced in years, and too much toil had aged him before the time. Nevertheless in order to provide for the necessities of his family in addition to the toil which his occupation imposed upon him, he obtained special work here and there as a copyist, and passed a good part of the night at his writing-table. Lately he had undertaken, in behalf of a house which published journals and books in parts, to write upon the parcels the names and addresses of their subscribers; and he earned three lire (sixty-cents) for every five hundred of these wrappers, written in large and regular character. But this work wearied him, and he often complained of it to his family at dinner.

'My eyes are giving out,' he remarked; 'this night work is killing me! One day his son said to him: 'Let me work instead of you, papa. You know that I can write like you, and fairly well.' 'No, my son; you must study. Your school is a much more important thing than my wrappers. Do not mention it to me again.'

The son knew that it was useless to insist on such a matter with his father, and he did not persist; but this is what he did. He knew that exactly at midnight his father stopped writing, and quitted his work-room to go to bed. One night he waited until the latter was asleep, then dressed himself quietly, and stole to the workroom. He relighted the Petroleum lamp, seated himself at a writing table where lay a pile of white wrappers and the list of addresses, and began to write, imitating exactly his father's handwriting. And he wrote with a will, gladly, a little in fear, and the wrappers piled up; and from time to time he dropped the pen to rub his hands, and began again with increasing alacrity, listening and smiling. He wrote a hundred and sixty-one lire! Then he stopped, placed the pen where he found it extinguished the light and went back to bed on tiptoe.

At noon that day his father came home to dinner in better spirits than usual. He had perceived nothing. He did his copying mechanically, measuring it by the hour, and thinking of something else, and only on the following day counted the wrappers he had written. He seated himself at the table in fine humor, and slipping his son on the shoulder, said to him: 'Eh, Giulio! You father is even a better workman than you thought. In two hours I did a good third more work than usual last night. My hand is still nimble, and my eyes still do their duty.' And Giulio was silent but content.

Encouraged by these good results, when night came and twelve o'clock struck, the boy rose once more and set to work. And this he did for several nights. Meantime his father noticed nothing; only once at supper he uttered this exclamation: 'It is strange how much oil has been used in this house lately!' This was a shock to Giulio; but the conversation ceased there, and the nocturnal labor proceeded.

Now, by reason of breaking his sleep every night, Giulio did not get sufficient rest; and he rose in the morning fatigued, and when he was doing his school work in the evening he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open one evening, for the first time in his life, he fell asleep over his copybook.

'Wake up my boy!' cried his father, clapping his hands. To work! He shook himself and set to work again. But the next evening and on the days following the same thing occurred, and worse. He dozed over his books, he rose later than usual, he studied his lessons in a languid way, he seemed disgusted with study. His father began to observe it, then to reflect seriously, and at last to reprove him.

'Giulio,' he said to him one morning, 'what on earth has come over you? You are no longer as you used to be. It is a grief and a disappointment to me.' But at dinner, on the evening of that very same day, his father said, with much cheerfulness: 'Do you know that this month I have earned thirty-two lire more than last month? And so saying he drew from under the table a package of sweets, which he had bought that he might celebrate with his children this extraordinary profit; and all bailed it with clapping of hands. Then Giulio, who had half decided to tell his father all, said: 'No! I will make greater efforts to work during the day, but I shall continue to work at night for father and the rest.' And his father added: 'Thirty-two lire more! I am satisfied. But that boy there—pointing to Giulio—is not much comfort to me.' And the little fellow received the reprimand in silence, forcing back two tears which tried to flow; but at the same time he felt a great pleasure in his heart.

And he continued to work by his father's side, but fatigue added to fatigue rendered it ever more difficult for him to keep up. Thus things went on for two months. The father continued to reproach his son, and to gaze at him with eyes that grew ever steadily more wrathful. One day he went to make inquiries of the teacher and the latter observed: 'He gets on because he is intelligent; but he no longer has the good will which he had at first. He is drowsy, he yawns, his mind is distracted. He writes short compositions, scribbled down in all haste, in bad orthography. Oh, he could do a great deal better if he wanted to!'

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BECAME SO WEAK FROM DIARRHŒA Had To Quit Work

Diarrhœa, especially if left to run any length of time, causes great weakness, so the only thing to prevent this is to check it on its first appearance. You will find that a few doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will do this quickly and effectively. Mr. Jno. R. Childerhouse, Orillia, Ont., writes:— "When in Port William, last summer, I was taken sick with diarrhœa, and became so weak and suffered such great pain, I had to quit work. Our manager advised me to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so on my way home I bought a bottle, and after taking four doses I was cured. We always keep a bottle in the house. We have also used it for our children, and find it an excellent remedy for summer complaints."

Price 35 cents. When you go to get a bottle of "Dr. Fowler's," insist on being given what you ask for, as we know of many cases where unscrupulous dealers have handed out some other preparation. The genuine is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A colored man was brought before a police judge, charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of their owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

His wouldn't be of no use, judge, said the culprit, 'to try to explain dis thing to you, 'at all. If you was to try it, like as not you would get your hide full o' shot, an' git no chickens, neither. Ef you want to engage in any race, judge, yo' bettah stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar.

St. Joseph, Lewis, July 14, 1913. MINARD'S LINIMENT Co., Limited. GENTLEMEN,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet, I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES. Commercial Traveller.

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

Mrs. Oaterson.—My husband is so busy I've come in to buy a tire for our car. Why are you in town? Mrs. Naybor.—Oh, I've come in to buy attire for myself.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

I know he's a darling, but I'm afraid it's no use. My husband doesn't like dogs. You say 'im lydy. You can get another husband, but you won't get another dog like him!

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 Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.'

Little Joe—Mamma, I was awful afraid when you shut me in the dark closet. Mamma—Why Joe, what were you afraid of? Little Joe—I was afraid I couldn't find the cake.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, One 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 25 cents.'

He—I must apologize for not turning up at your party last night. She—Oh, weren't you there?

Suffered With Nerve Trouble FOR TWO YEARS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO SLEEP

Mr. Chas. W. Wood, 34 Terrace St., Montreal, Que., writes:—'For two years I had suffered with nerve trouble, and it was impossible for me to sleep. It did not matter what time I went to bed, in the morning I was even worse than the night before. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a tonic to take a half hour before going to bed. It was all right for a time, but the old trouble returned with greater force than before. One of the boys who works with me, gave me half a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took them, and I got such satisfaction that I got another box, and before I finished it I could enjoy sleep from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m., and now feel good.'

Milburn'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. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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. Includes routes like Charlottetown to St. John's and St. John's to Charlottetown.

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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 23 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.

Collections attended to. Money to loan. Ch'town, Feb. 22, 1911—6m

KING EDWARD HOTEL Mrs. Larter, Proprietress

Will now be conducted on KENT STREET Near Corner of Queen.

Look out for the old sign, King Edward Hotel, known everywhere for first class accommodation at reasonable prices.

June 12 1907.

LIME! We can supply from this date Fresh Burned Lime

in large and small quantities suitable for farming and building purposes.

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. B. BENTLEY Barrister, Attorney and Solicitor.

McLEOD & BENTLEY Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors.

MONEY TO LOAN Offices—Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers.

Montague Dental Parlors We guarantee all our plate to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Teeth pulled and extracted absolutely painless. A. J. FRASER, J.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

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