

The Poet and his Song.

(BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, the Negro Poet.)

A song is but a little thing, And yet what joy it is to sing! In hours of toil it gives me zest, And when at eve I long for rest: When cows come home along the bars, And in the fold I heard the bell, As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars, I sing my song, and all is well. There are no ears to hear my lays, No lips to lift a word of praise; But still, with faith unflinching, I live and laugh and love and sing. What matters you unheeding through? They cannot feel my spirit's spell, Since life is sweet and love is long, I sing my song, and all is well. My days are never days of ease; I till my ground and prune my trees. When ripened gold is all the plain, I put my sickle to the grain. I labor hard, and toil and sweat, While others dream within the dell; But even while my brow is wet, I sing my song, and all is well. Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot, My garden makes a desert spot; Sometimes a blight upon the tree Takes all my fruit away from me; And then with throes of bitter pain! Rebellious passions rise and swell, But life is more than fruit or grain, And so I sing, and all is well.

Child's Goodnight Prayer

Good night, dear Jesus, ere in sleep I sink to rest, My thoughts turn once again to You, O Friend, the best. I know the lamp still burns, Close to Your door, The home where near us You will dwell, Yes, evermore. You come from Heaven, dearest Lord, For you you died, But greatest love of all is this,— You here abide. Where we may steal at any hour, Right to Your feet, And whisper all we have to say, Our love repeat. Now while I sleep I want my heart To talk to You, And tell my love in every beat, The whole night through. Forgive me if I've sinned in thought Or deed or word; I want to be your faithful child, Goodnight, dear Lord.

Extinguished Stars.

"The steamer began to glide away from the pier, clipping the smooth water like a scissors snipping a sheet of violet silk. "She stood on deck, waving handkerchief farewells to him. There was a moist wistfulness in her eyes; his face was white with despair. "And so she passed out of his life into the golden sunset." Henrietta Coleman sat back in her chair, sniffling with disgust, let the magazine slip from her fingers to the floor of the train, and patted her yawning mouth. What jokes were editors trying to play on the easy-going public anyhow! How dare they charge fifteen cents a copy for the attempt. The heroines of these short-stories—hump—they seemed as guileless of brains as a pea. This particular lassie, in the romance Henrietta had just finished, had fairly flung herself at the head of the hero, a sleek-haired youth in white flannels, who loved her much but stubbornly thought his chances hopeless. After being indelicate to the point of almost proposing to him, Miss Heroine was silly enough not to be a little more indelicate and settle the matter by proposing. Alas! she elected to sell away at the close of her summer vacation, leaving him in ignorance of her proposals for him—saddened that his native stupidity would not let him learn

Pains in the Back

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

Food's Sarsaparilla

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

what she had tried so hard to teach him. And thus the mutual want of a pinch of common sense wrecked two lives! Henrietta sniffed again and selected a pink-tinted bon-bon from the box of Huyler's, a Dutch treat, in her lap. Foods! "Well, authors must live," she conceded largely. "And if they could sell only their sensible material, they would have to accomplish that necessity on air." Charity, however, promptly flew away before another flare of resentment, which brought a new viewpoint. "And if they could sell only their sensible stories, they wouldn't be eating friticassos and owning Fords, at a martyred reader's expense!" From which it appeared that Henrietta had her own ideas on life in general and love in particular, and that they did not tally with those of story-writers. She knew that, if she were "fond" of somebody, and had reason to believe that somebody was fond of her, she would speak plainly and honestly if somebody didn't. Why should silence be allowed to lose happiness when a word could find it?

But there seemed to be little prospect of her ever having opportunity to put her conviction to the test. She was twenty-seven and plain. A nurse by profession, she had fallen into the habit of affecting simplicity and composure in attire, depriving herself of all the vague and modish little feminine touches which could have made a much plainer woman more attractive. Having supported herself for at least eight years, she had unconsciously taken on a stiffness and independence of bearing which seemed to bid the other sex begone. Yet she possessed fine blue eyes that could be soft as evening stars (though she generally kept them as hard as steel), and a heart which sometimes wanted to be a sponge (but which generally managed to stay a stone). Her work had brought her into contact with all specimens of the "male of the species" and of this she was proudly certain—not one of them exactly suited her. Also, she was humbly aware that those that suited her were not at all impressed with her. She sometimes suspected that she looked too forbidding and commonplace. The older she got, however, the less she cared. So she told herself.

Her life was spent in either-breathing hospitals, where physicians forgot to notice that she was perhaps something more than a marble woman or a feminine machine; in boarding-houses where pert and picturesque blonde stenographers imperiously demanded and lavishly received the masculine attentions; and in trains where gentlemen had the knack of imprisoning their eyes and noses in the columns of newspapers. One could be sure that when Nurse Coleman was on duty there would be no flirtatious nonsense with dapper young doctors; her value in wards and operating-rooms was undisputed. Little did the apostles of healing think that she was daily fighting down a sickness in her bosom, and ruthlessly cutting soft tendrils of sentiment away from her heart. Little did they know that she was an accomplished nurse eminently because she was constantly practicing her art on herself. For Henrietta, though secretly, was a lover of romance. She had indeed cured herself to the extent of believing that she wanted it in fiction rather than in real life. But women never know what they

SCOTT'S EMULSION is taken by people in tropical countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as winter. ALL DRUGGISTS

want so definitely as they want what they know.

To think of the flower of romance ever being crushed always made her angry. She would like to scalp any author who dare write unhappy endings. She could not conceive of a hero or a heroine being brainless enough to let the sweet and precious blossom die. If it should ever, by some miracle, sprout in her arid life, with that care and solicitude she would cultivate and guard it! This was a thought, however, which she permitted herself only when she couldn't prevent it; that is, on heavenly nights, when the moon a huge pearl in a bed of white velvet, dropped its lustre through the blue night into her chamber-window, and, with its extravagance of beauty, made her forget life's lack of it.

Henrietta was languidly placing the sweetmeat between her two rows of shining sound teeth when her roving eyes, sensitized by her long, dark lashes, rested for the first time on the map sitting at the window opposite.

He instantly appealed to her, because—well, he certainly looked as though he needed a nurse. Those dark hollows under his eyes, the cream-color of his thin cheeks, and the moist lock of coal-black hair that hung limp down his forehead, told a tale. She merely glanced at his rather shabby tweed suit, fedora hat, and well-worn russet shoes; then refixed her interest on his refined face and blue-veined, almost imperceptibly trembling hand. He looked weak enough to fade away at any moment. Her nimble mind theorized that he was some patient ejected too soon from some too busy hospital. She frowningly recalled the brisk motto of the last place she worked in: "What walks is well, and hence must 'exit.'" But then there were always more sick people than cots to receive them in charity departments. So she must not think too harshly of hospitals that have failed to finish their work. They did their best; necessity should be blamed if the best was had. But this poor fellow.

Her capable hands itched to perform a few professional deeds for his comfort. Her lips rebelled at their inability to speak some words of helpful advice. If he were only in the hospital she was going to, instead of on a train! But that strip of brown matting which ran from one door of the coach to the other was a thick line of conviction which must not be crossed. Furthermore, she must stop looking at him.

This was easier to appreciate than to do. It must be admitted that more than her profession and his illness made him interesting to her. She liked exceedingly his honest, almost boyish features; his seeming forthrightness stubbornly evoked all the tenderness which she earnestly tried to repress. She was startled to find herself coughing, though her larynx was in perfect condition. She was beginning to feel positively uncomfortable. It was ironical and disconcerting that the man should be just weak enough to be let alone. She coughed again. Her heart was perilously nearing the sponge-stage.

At this juncture a portly gentleman, whose good-humored smile and Roman collar proclaimed him a priest, proceeded to pass down the aisle. His beaming eye was in every direction. He recognized Henrietta—naturally, for he was pastor of her home-town church. But perceiving her rapt aspect and looking where her glance led, he significantly nodded his head, quietly chuckled and as quietly passed on.

For her part, Henrietta had not noticed the priest at all, except as a momentary big black blur on her vision. She now dragged her gaze away from the man opposite and tried to devote it to the afternoon landscape through which the train was tearing. A few rusty houses in a frost-bitten field, a hill-bored hideously eloquent of the merits of pork and beans, and a few gnarled, leafless trees that stuck up out of the ground like magnified hands of a witch—these whittling by, alone rewarded her endeavor. What a world! How much brighter things would be for her, if—

Ah well, this was not one of those star-strewn nights with the maiden moon laughing in at the window. So she promptly closed the gate to that avenue of thought. Then something happened. There was a tremendous explosion up forward. The coach

GOT DIARRHOEA FROM DRINKING BAD WATER.

People moving from one place to another are very subject to diarrhoea on account of the change of water, change of climate, change of diet, etc., and what first appears to be but a slight looseness of the bowels should never be neglected or some serious bowel complaint will be sure to follow.

The safest and quickest cure for diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cholera, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, pains in the stomach and all looseness of the bowels is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mr. Ernest Jeffrey, Moose Jaw, Sask., writes: "A few years ago, when I first came out to Canada, I went to the harvest field to work. Somehow or other the water did not agree with me. I had the diarrhoea so bad that blood was coming from me. I thought my last days had come. One of the harvest hands advised me to take Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and before I had used the bottle I was able to go to work again. My advice to all is always keep a bottle of this wonderful diarrhoea cure on hand."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for the past seventy years, and has been used in thousands of Canadian homes during that time, and we have yet to hear of a case of bowel complaint where it has not given perfect satisfaction.

The genuine "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured only by the T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 35 cents.

plunged ahead with a crash and awfully rebounded with a grind. Henrietta was thrown from her chair to the floor. Quiet resigned. (To be continued.)

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment \$54.00. MOISE DEROSQUE, Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

Visitor—I just looked in to cheer you up a bit, and I'm very glad I did, for I met the doctor going out, and he says you're worse than you think and unless you keep up your spirits you can't recover.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," some poet says. "That's right! At any rate it's easier to admire a girl when she's well off."

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.

"Well, Peleg, how do you find the encyclopedia the fellow left on approval?" "Seems to be all right. Ain't no errors in it so far as I kin see."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC. Said the teacher to the little Hebrew boy: "Ikey, is the world flat or round?" "It ain't needer vun, teacher," said Ikey. "But what is it, Ikey," asked the teacher in surprise, "if it is neither round or flat?" "Vell," said Ikey, with conviction, "mine fadder he says it was crooked."

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont 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."

"What is 'poetry of motion'?" "The kind that is always going from one end to the other."

Unable To Sleep Or Do Any Work. SUFFERED FROM HER NERVES. Mrs. Thomas Harris, 8 Corrigan St., Kingston, Ont., writes: "I had been a constant sufferer, for many years, with my nerves, and was unable to sleep at night, or do any work through the day. I at last decided to consult a doctor and find out what was really the trouble. The first one told me I would have to go under an operation before I would be well, but I would not consent to this. One day I took a fit of crying, and it seemed that if anyone spoke to me I would have to order them out of the house. I must have been crying two hours when my insurance agent came in. He advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I at once sent to the drug store and got two boxes, and before I had them taken I felt like a different person. I have told others about them, and they have told me they would not be without them. I am very thankful I started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. 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. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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If you have had trouble getting clothes to suit you, give us a trial. We will please you.

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153 Queen Street.

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 25th August, 1916, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week.

Over Rural Mail Route No. 2 from Hunter's River P. E. Island from the Postmaster General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of New Glasgow, Hunter's River, Rennieville, North Rustico, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHAR, Post Office Inspector. Ch'town, July 12th 1916. July 19th 1916-31. W. J. P. McMILLAN, M.D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON OFFICE AND RESIDENCE 205 KENT STREET CHARLOTTETOWN. Get your Printing done at the Herald Office

Be Careful

OF YOUR EYES. Don't let them become strained or overtaxed when the use of glasses will obviate any weakness or difficulty of vision. If you need spectacles the sooner you will get them the greater service they will render you. If you will let us examine your sight, we can determine the question of what you need, and supply the proper glasses.

By procuring from us you save the exorbitant charges too often made by agents and avoid the possibility of getting a wrong glass with no chance of changing.

If not convenient to come in, and you send us some particulars of your requirements we could mail a pair of eyeglasses or spectacles out for you to try, but a visit to us would be more satisfactory.

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VOL-PEEK MENDS HOLES IN POTS & PANS IN TWO MINUTES WITHOUT TOOLS. MENDS - Graniteware Tin - Copper - Brass Aluminum Enamelware - Cost 1/2¢ Per Mend. PRICE 15¢ PER PACKAGE

VOL-PEEK mends holes in all kinds of Pots, Pans, Boilers and all other kitchen utensils, in two minutes, at a cost of less than 1¢ per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron, Tinwares, Copper, Brass, Aluminum, etc.

Easy to use, requires no tools and mends quickly. Every housewife knows what it is to discover a hole in a pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article. Few things are more provoking and cause more inconvenience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will often spoil a whole morning's work.

The housewife has, for many years been wanting something with which she could herself, in her own home, mend such leaks quickly, easily and permanently, and she has never found it. What has been needed is a mender like "VOL-PEEK" that will repair the article neatly and quickly and at the same time be always at hand, easily applied and inexpensive.

A package of "VOL-PEEK" will mend from 30 to 50 air-dried holes. "VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a still putty, simply cut off a small piece enough to fill the hole, then burn the mend over the flame of a lamp, candle or open fire for two minutes, then the article will be ready for use. Sent Post Paid to any address on receipt of 15 cents in Silver or Stamps. R. F. Maddigan & Co. Charlottetown. Agents for P. E. Island.

NEW SERIES Mail Contract SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, September, 1916, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six weeks. Over Rural Mail route No. 2 from Hunter's River P. E. Island from the Postmaster General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Office of Postmaster General and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector.

Synopsis of Canadian West Land Regulations Any person who is the sole tenant, or any male over 18 years of age, may homestead a quarter available Dominion land in Saskatchewan or Alberta. A claim must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on conditions by father, mother, daughter, brother or sister of homesteader. Duplicates—Six months' residence and cultivation of the land for three years. A homesteader within nine miles of his homestead a farm of at least 80 acres and occupied by him or by his mother, son, daughter, brother.

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