

Your cough, like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention." Don't neglect your cough.

Your cough keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 10c and 50c sizes.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky.
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosty dew was white,
Like snowy clouds, the young sheep lay
That first blest Christmas night.
The shepherds slept, and glimmering faint,
With twist of thin blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flames
The tender silence broke.
Save when a young lamb raised his head,
Or when the night wind blew,
A nestling bird would softly stir,
Where dusky olives grew.
With finger on her solemn lip
Night hushed the shady earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth.
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the hazy sky,
The wondering shepherds woke and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes.
But all their gentle, sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless peace to men,
Nor even heard the gracious words
That dawned the ages ring.
"The Christ is born, the Lord has come,
Good will on earth to bring!"
Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-walled town
Where lay the baby boy.
And, oh, the gladness of the world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed-for Christ had smiled
In Mary's happy eyes!
Margaret Deland.

PHILOMENA, —OR— A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST, —BY— J. M. CAVE.

(First published in the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Published in the Herald with the permission of the author and the publishers of the "Messenger.")

As Philomena rose to leave the piano and join her friends, she happened to raise her eyes and glanced down the room, where her eyes fell upon a familiar face, one, right before her, and approaching her was her father's "best friend," the man who had been her intended husband, for a few hours or days. The surprise made her falter, and Mlle. de Joncourt, who had seen him from her retired corner, approached quickly, and drew the young girl's arm through her own. She had seen the suddenly bowed head, and the involuntary quiver of the beautiful lips.

M. de Katski advanced to Philomena, bowing profoundly over the small hand he had taken in his own. There was no time for words; many were crowding round, wishing to express their pleasure and offer their homage to Philomena. She returned the bow, and responded in her own incomparably graceful way, to the congratulations offered her, and passed on.

Why was she agitated? she asked herself. This gentleman was nothing to her. If she had dreamed for a moment that he could ever be anything to her, it was not admiration, nor even interest in her, but simply in obedience to her father's expressed wishes. Her heart had never throbbled one whit the faster for his presence or his absence.

But how was it that in his eyes she saw, or fancied she saw, a mocking light, and on his lips the shadow of a cynical smile? She shuddered, and felt a chill in her veins, as if a cold air had struck her.

Later in the evening M. de Katski again approached her. Philomena was too much admired and sought after at that time to allow her to withdraw early, as she would gladly have done on this particular evening.

"Will Mlle. de Palewski permit me to offer her my congratulations on the recent happy event?" he asked, with an unmistakably cynical smile playing about his handsome mouth, and an unmistakably evil light in the eyes that fixed themselves upon her.

Philomena did not know how to reply. "The happy event—what could he mean," she asked herself.

"Was M. de Katski still so great an admirer of Chopin," she asked, thinking he referred in some way to the music.

"Certainly, always," was the gallant reply; this time accompanied by a little laugh, a disagreeable prelude to the rest of his speech, when interrupted by her, but by the happy event he had referred to something quite different.

Philomena looked her ignorance of his meaning. He humbly begged pardon; he had taken too great a liberty, perhaps, but might not so old a friend of the Count and his bride be permitted to offer his congratulations to the Count's daughter?

If he had meant to wound that innocent child for doing her father's will he had fully succeeded.

She knew now the "joyful surprise" alluded to in her father's letter, and for which she had been waiting in such high hopes.

It was not the news of the home of her childhood restored to them; it was not to tell her that her mother's grave was free, and that her own again; or that her mother's ancestral roof was yet to shelter her from the dazzling glare of this bewildering world. It was—

"What was it?"

She placed her trembling fingers in the strong clasp of her true old friend, and bowing, turned away.

"Could we go home, maminka?" With the tact and grace of a true Parisienne, as she was, Mlle. de Joncourt excused her veil and herself, and begged permission to withdraw on the plea of fatigue.

Both the ambassador and his lady paid their sincere compliments to Philomena, and Madame even kissed the pale sweet face before she let her go.

"Pauvrete!" she said, "you have tired yourself too much; but you have made such a success that, for your own sake, I can only rejoice."

The splendid equipage of the Ambassador that had been sent to bring her there, took back not to bring her full of sweet hope, but the poor Philomena of other days.

Who was she, this new bride? Never had Philomena felt so truly desolate. Her mother's place, that she had deemed sacred forever, who had usurped it?

There was no means for her of ascertaining; and did it make so very much difference who it was, since the hard truth remained that her father no longer belonged wholly to her?

How could she go on with her lessons? How keep up before the world that was thrusting itself into her life?

"O, mother! mother!" she moaned, "take me home! Take me home! He does not need me more!"

Weeks passed before Philomena received letters from her father, and in the meantime, the busy world of which she was a part, was talking freely of the marriage of the divorced wife of a Russian official. Mlle. de Joncourt learned the whole shameful story; a gambling party, a winner and a loser, a game in which the winner was the loser, said they, "for to lose such a wife was incalculable gain."

"He loses nothing," was their reply, "because he had already lost all he had to lose."

"And what about the winner who has lost, according to your theory?" questioned another.

"Who was she?"

"Daughter of an absconding Jew."

"Rich, of course?"

"Not a penny, save her nightly gain at cards."

"And he?"

"Ruined long since."

"Did he know the prize he was playing so desperately for?"

"No; he was purposely deceived by one said to have been a rejected suitor of his daughter's hand."

The lady was described to him as a married woman, ill-treated by a brutal husband, from whom she easily obtained a divorce; and vastly rich in her own right.

"Does she care for him? Will she stick to him?"

"Yes, till she gets a richer catch."

These and like comments told Mlle. de Joncourt the terrible truth, but she kept it from Philomena as long as she could.

By-and-by a letter came to her. It was with a request for money. "He had been duped, deceived; but, wronged as he was, he would not repudiate the woman he could never ask her to meet."

He humbled himself to ask his daughter's pardon, to implore her pity. "He would not trouble her long, his life was worthless henceforth."

No doubt he felt keenly, this ruined gambler, the disgrace he had brought upon his grand old name. But for his only child his selfish heart had no mercy even then.

The savings went to him, not to Father Stanislas, and Philomena, though drooping, had to work harder than ever. The old uncertainty and trembling became more marked, and with each additional appeal for money, each heart-breaking letter from her father, the sweet lips trembled more, and the skillful hands became less steady and less strong.

"I think Mlle. de Palewski must be in love," said a lady to Mlle. de Joncourt. Who was that very handsome gentleman who paid her such marked attention at the Ambassador's soiree?

Alas, the "attention" had consisted in conveying to the poor girl the fatal news of her father's marriage.

"She was not in love, but she was overworked," was the reply of Mlle. de Joncourt.

Before long it became evident to Philomena that she would be obliged to relinquish outdoor lessons and confine herself to one family.

This meant giving up her freedom, her tiny room looking into the courtyard of the dear old church, the daily Mass, the sound of the Angelus morning, noon and evening.

But there was no other resource; her health would no longer bear the strain of so much exertion. The hope that had sustained her was broken.

One family, in particular, had often urged Philomena to accept a permanent situation with them. They had offered her a high salary, every comfort, and declared that she should be as one of their own family.

Mlle. de Joncourt did not feel assured that this was for the best; but at least "her" would be safe; guarded from the criticism of the world, which was loud enough now to reach her own ears.

"Mlle. de Palewski," said the critics, "had played too much." They were sorry for one so young and beautiful, to be arrested in what promised to be a long and successful career; but thought her beauty quite "capital" enough for one person, and forgot her for the most part.

She was sorely straitened now, poor Philomena, to meet the demands upon her purse; and there were times when she had to refuse herself even necessities. She tried to hide this from all, even from "maminka," and succeeded for a time.

A great pleasure fell to the lot of Mlle. de Joncourt about this time. One day a card was handed to her bearing the name of "Edouard Jon-

court de Longueville, and she was told that the bearer was waiting to see her."

Her surprise and pleasure were equally great, when she found, in the handsome young military attaché of the French Embassy, the son of the cousin she had believed dead. Her letter, written with the view of convincing Philomena that she was quite alone in the world, had brought her relations; not very near or close, it is true, but still such as she might well be proud to acknowledge.

The young gentleman assured Mademoiselle that his father had long believed her to be dead, having written so many letters, without receiving any answer.

"The troubled state of Poland would easily account for that," Mademoiselle replied.

"And now," said Edouard, "my father, mother and sisters insist upon my carrying you back to France with me in the spring."

Mademoiselle shook her head and said something about "needing to work."

"We are rich even among the rich," insisted the young man; "my father has been greatly blessed in all his enterprises, and he charges me to say that he has not forgotten whose hand and purse helped him in his college career."

The gentle lady smiled, and again shook her head saying, "I was always too poor to be of much use to any one."

"Not too poor to pay for his tuition for many years," warmly urged the listener. "My father loved to tell us of the cousin who gave up her share of our grandfather's fortune, and went to Poland as governess, that he might go to college and make a career for himself."

"You are very like what he was at your age," said Mlle. de Joncourt, to change the conversation.

Edouard continued, "I'm charged to bring you to them, by force if necessary; and now it only remains to decide when we shall start."

"I have duties here, sadly answered his cousin, and ties that bind me. I am not alone."

"May I know the nature of these obstacles?" urged the ardent young man. "Surely they can be arranged, or disarranged, to set you free. Indeed, I dare not hint at returning without 'our cousin Felicie'."

"My ties here are sacred," she replied; and as briefly as possible she told him as much as was necessary of her beloved Philomena.

"What!" cried the cousin, "can it be possible that that beautiful creature is unhappy? I remember seeing her, and being greatly pleased and attracted by her. Indeed," he added naively, "I cannot forget the impression she made upon me; and have served and saved persons how I could obtain an introduction to her."

"I made it a point to be at every soiree at which she played."

"She receives no one, and makes few acquaintances," said Mlle. de Joncourt, sadly. "Her life has been strangely lonely for one so beautiful and gifted, and yet she seemed happy before this last terrible blow fell upon her—till her father's marriage, and the subsequent news of his unappetizingness."

"Could you not persuade her to accompany you to France. Cousin Felicie?"

"She is determined to devote herself to her father, henceforth, as in the past. She lives only for him, and denies herself everything to send him all she can earn."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the sympathizing listener.

"You would indeed think so, had you seen the home of her childhood, her noble, beautiful mother, or the once equally noble father. How is it possible that for so poor a pleasure, as a game of cards, any man can sacrifice himself and his family?"

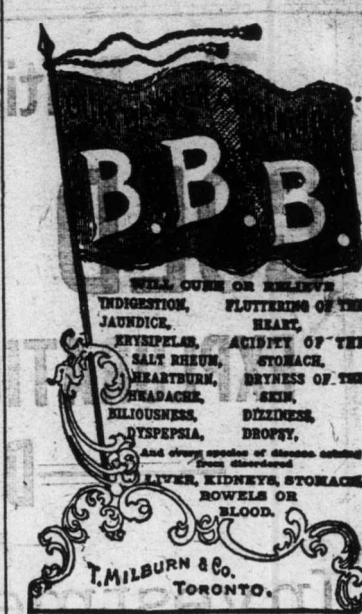
"It is a madness; a disease that is daily driving to suicide one of the noblest hearts that ever breathed," said Edouard warmly. "I see it often in the great world. Young men, otherwise sane enough, with the best and noblest characters, and richly stored minds, sacrifice all for the gaming table. And not only men, but women, the very cream of the aristocracy, some married, some single, who are inveterate gamblers and card-players; not only do they give up the midnight hours to that enticing and ruinous occupation, but in many a noble house the players often sit the whole day; even young girls, fresh from their boarding schools, indulge freely in it."

"Yes," said his cousin "I have seen something of it. Without religious education, there is nothing to prevent the evil; and that is not to be hoped for in this land." She sighed deeply; it was a painful subject.

"What shall I write to my father," pleaded the young man, as he arose to take his leave.

"I will write to him myself," said Mlle. de Joncourt. "In the meantime come and see me often, that through you, at least, I may become acquainted with all my dear cousins."

It was agreed that they should meet on the following Sunday at church.



child thus lightly clad on so severe a day.

Philomena flushed and then became very pale. A look of embarrassment passed over her face, for there, close beside her, was the dark-eyed stranger, whose earnest gaze she had seen fixed upon her in the chapel.

"Hush, dear maminka, I will tell you another time," she whispered.

Mlle. de Joncourt groaned audibly, then, recovering herself with an effort, turned to her cousin, and presented him to Philomena.

"He has eyes like yours, maminka, and he is very handsome, and I think he must be very good," she said, when they were alone together.

Edouard de Longueville had admired Philomena at a distance and in the gay throng, how much more so now when permitted to converse with her, to hear the tones of her sweetly-moderated voice, and to watch the ever-varying expression of that speaking countenance.

"Never," he declared to his cousin, "had he met a being so sympathetic, so captivating, without a tinge of coquetry, so perfectly harmonious in looks, voice and manner; so innocently enchanting."

The poor fellow was deeply in love before he knew it. Indeed, he assured his cousin, that he had fallen in love with Philomena at first sight, and that her image had haunted him from that hour.

As to Philomena, she never dreamed of this handsome young officer, thought of her at all, and if she did, she felt no doubt that it was as a poor governess, a dependent, almost on his cousin's bounty. Her manner, therefore, was simple, gentle, unreserved and, as their acquaintanceship ripened, she began to look upon him as a sort of cousin, or brother, especially as "maminka" was in the habit of addressing them both as "her children."

The young man wrote ardent letters to his cousin on the subject of his love. He poured out his whole heart to her, and besought her to advise him, and, if possible, help him in his suit. Long before Philomena suspected his deep attachment, he had obtained the consent of his parents to make her his wife, if he could win her.

When the time came that he could no longer hide his feelings from her, Philomena was not surprised, for her humility had never thought it possible that one so highly favored by fortune in every way could care for her. Had her mind been free from its all-absorbing care for her father, she would of no doubt have covered the state of affairs for herself. As it was, she was wholly taken by surprise.

But the passionate pleading of a pure, loyal young heart, and especially a heart stirred by love for the first time, possessed an eloquence that was not easily resisted.

In vain Philomena pleaded. Her father, her duty to him, his need of her. All her objections were met with the fullest and noblest assurances that her lover possessed enough, and more than enough, for all, and that her father should be always their first care.

"If she could only love him," that was his prayer. She pleaded for time. "When I hear from papa again," she said, "I will know better what I ought to do—in justice to you," she added, after a pause.

Though her lover pleaded hard for a more satisfactory answer, Philomena would make no further promise; would not admit that his affection was, or could ever be, returned. He was fain to wait.

The weeks of waiting were long. Letters tarried just when they were most wanted, and Philomena began to be very anxious and that made her look pale and ill. The fur cloak had been replaced by Mlle. de Joncourt, such against her will, she decided that she had sacrificed the rich sable cloak that had belonged to her mother, Mlle. de Joncourt was well persuaded; but she forbore to reproach her for the unselfish act. She had been weeks without it before its loss was discovered; and Mademoiselle feared that she had already taken heart from the want of it before it was replaced.

Philomena declared that she felt well, and would not admit that anything ailed her.

(To be continued.)

Philomena was looking very pale that Sunday morning, as she knelt before the altar; her heart was heavy indeed, and not even the joy of kneeling there, in that loved chapel of our Blessed Lady, could bring back the color to her face.

A pair of dark eyes were fixed intently upon her, in deepest sympathy, and a look, almost as sad as her own, overspread the handsome face of Edouard de Longueville, as he watched her.

She was clad simply in black; very unpretentiously, indeed, but no simplicity, however severe could make her appear anything but refined and distinguished looking. As she happened to look up, the young girl became conscious of his fixed look, wondered for an instant why a stranger, evidently a gentleman, should look at her so earnestly; then forgot it in her prayers.

As she was about to leave the church, Mlle. de Joncourt joined her. They had been separated by the crowd till then.

"Philomena, why have you not your fur coat?" she exclaimed, excited. "It is bitter cold, nearly twenty degrees of frost!"

Poor Mademoiselle was frightened out of her usual calm to see her

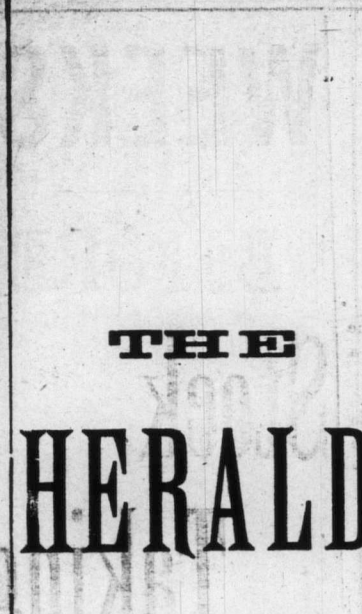
friend thus lightly clad on so severe a day.

Philomena flushed and then became very pale. A look of embarrassment passed over her face, for there, close beside her, was the dark-eyed stranger, whose earnest gaze she had seen fixed upon her in the chapel.

"Hush, dear maminka, I will tell you another time," she whispered.

Mlle. de Joncourt groaned audibly, then, recovering herself with an effort, turned to her cousin, and presented him to Philomena.

"He has eyes like yours, maminka, and he is very handsome, and I think he must be very good," she said, when they were alone together.



During the coming year the HERALD will contain religious selections from the highest authorities and the most approved sources; brilliant and interesting stories from the best living authors; accounts of the proceedings in the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislature; the news of the world, condensed for busy people; accounts of all local happenings of importance. It will also discuss in clear and terse language, the different living issues as they present themselves.

Now is the time to subscribe. Price, \$1.00 a Year in Advance.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK

Performed at short notice at The HERALD Office.

Tickets

Posters

Dodgers

Note Heads

Letter Heads

Check Books

Receipt Books

Note of Hand Books

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Send in your orders at once. Address all communications to the HERALD.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CHOLERA, INFANTUM, SUMMER COMPLAINTS, in Children & Adults

PRICE 50c

Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the long-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, AND ALL THROAT, BRONCHIAL AND LUNG DISEASES. Coughs and colds which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant syrup.

PRICE 25c AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.

THE SHOE-MAN, Queen Street

JOHN NEWSON June 12, 1895—6m

REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE

when you want a pair of Shoes. Our Prices are the lowest in town.

A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE-MAN, Queen Street

Send in your orders at once. Address all communications to the HERALD.



A great hit has been our popular sale of boys' and girls' home-made strong walking and skating boots. The ordinary rubbers knocked out by the celebrated Granby Rubbers, footwear of iron wear fame, prices low and less profit to us.

GOFF BROTHERS.

Just Arrived

Fine Japanese Awata VASES.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods.

Samples in our south window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

If You Can Read And Write

Then write us at once for quotations on all kinds of

Furniture

We can furnish you from garret to cellar for Less Money than any other firm in the trade on P. E. Island.

JOHN NEWSON June 12, 1895—6m

REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE

when you want a pair of Shoes. Our Prices are the lowest in town.

A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE-MAN, Queen Street

Send in your orders at once. Address all communications to the HERALD.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the long-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, AND ALL THROAT, BRONCHIAL AND LUNG DISEASES. Coughs and colds which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant syrup.

PRICE 25c AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.

THE SHOE-MAN, Queen Street

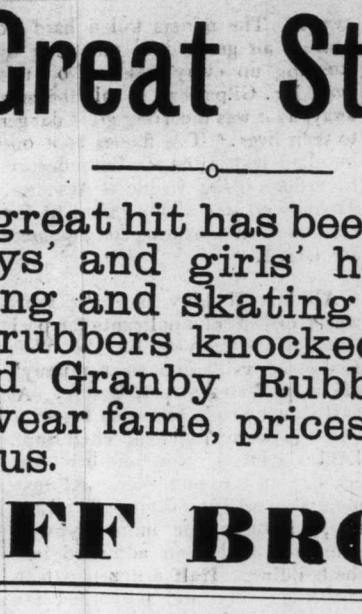
JOHN NEWSON June 12, 1895—6m

REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE

when you want a pair of Shoes. Our Prices are the lowest in town.

A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE-MAN, Queen Street

Send in your orders at once. Address all communications to the HERALD.



Flung himself down in a lonely mood to think. Had he lived in this day he would not have found it necessary to think long in order to tell the best place to get his suits and overco