WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1896 THE CHARLOTTETOW HERALD

4 **4 4 4 4**

FOR 1897.

day.

Just Arrived

VASES.

Fine Japanese Awata

These are the same vases

ou will see in the Fancy

marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New

York last March arranged

turer's agent for a direct ship

ment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived.

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 pat-terns of fine goods at less

than half usual prices.

conditions

conditions In some conditions the for the rown to a level to which he bas being ber down to a level to which he bas bell gave way, and she fell prostrate, gain from the use of Scott's himself failen. Having gambled and happily insensible. gain from the use of Scott's himself failen. Having gambled Emulsion of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 5oc. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. Having gambled wway his own fortune, and fraud-then by possessed himself of hers, I can no lorger know him. Do not imagine that friends and relatives have not made every possible effort to save him by advice and assist-ance. All has been useless, how-ever, though some have made groat Philomena settled her gently on

cough or cold or usefull as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions gain must be slow, sometimes almostimperceptible, health can't be built up in a day. For this Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourish-

ment, food rather than medicine, food prepared for ince it in come slight degree. I tired and weak digestions. do it in the name of the beloved soc. and \$1.00 dead; therefore you cannot refuse Scorr & Bowns Che o accept the enclosed draft."

THE MENDICANT.

I met Him to-day in the wintry stree ld age, the distracted air, his ne-The Christ on the Cross Who died, glect of his only child, . To what a state had the once proud man fallen ! With a heavy heart she sat holding All hungered and cold in the wind and the terrible letter. One word only And I blindly thrust Him aside. of its contents seemed fixed in le Had He only come with the crown Or the nail-prints ruby red, Had the palms that pleaded for but word Their wounds, I had not put by in scorn His piteous plea for bread. But idly now and all in vain I grieve for the grace gone by, And muse, "Might He only come again I'd pity His plea and ease His pain And hearken unto His cry." Nay, nay, for the blind distinguished

The king in his robe and crown; But only the humble eye of faith . Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw Him not in the mendicant And I heeded not His cry ; Now Christ in His infinite mercy gran That the prayer I say in my day want

Be not in scorn put by P. J. COLEMAN.

THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH BELL [Suggested while hearing the" Angelu

n the streets of a great city.]

Bow the head, the bell is sounding From the sacred tower; Hear it tell of grace abounding At this noon-tide hour. To the Cross in spirit turn, There from your Redeemer learn Lessons for eternity, While the busy world goes by.

Bend the knee, sweet tones are ringin

From God's temple near

ters of fire on her brain-"a gambler "-gambled away the fair estates; the money; the jewels; rich beirlooms of many generations gambled away name, fame, peace; all thiogs in this world, and alas, alas ! what of his poor soul ? A cry involuntarily escaped her; a sharp pain shot through her heart, and flinging herself on her knees she gave way to the pent-up sufferings of years. For the loss, the misfor-

herself. Still the Count urged that

he could not defer his departure

and that he would recommend

"Suffer me to remain with Made-

That same night, seated by the bed-

"Ought she to read it ? She knew that it concerned her

that it was the answer to one written

oiselle to the people of the

Mademo

usual.

sian friends.

tune, she had never wep', but shame and sin laid her low. * * * Entering the room some hours later, Philomena found her govermother ness lying prostrate, uncons the letter by her side on the floor "My cousin's letter!" exclaimed Philomens, picking it up and look-ing at the envelope, "I fear that it is the cause of this misfortune."

Putting it hastily into her pocke she did what she could to restor the poor lady to consciousness, bu her efforts were not wholly success-ful. A physician had to be called, and he declared it the beginning of a serious illness.

when Philomena made known to she was able and willing to take culty of utterance, made her look

that he would not disturb her at the the throne of the All-merciful.

* * *

St. Petersburg with its domes and

spires, its palaces and its granite quays,

bridge, every animated creature, and

and sparkle with radiant light. The bed of the beautiful river is solid sil-

ver, thick enough and strong enough

shining paths. The men and women,

the horses and the equipages that

traverse it are one and all touched by

the same magic wand, and move be

neath a covering of dainty lace like

every inanimate object, till they glisten

"You are not to be agitated anxious about anything. I shall no leave you until you are quite well

Then you will perhaps take me your Here then was the explanation self to St Petersburg, or anywhere of all: the frequent and prolonged you like," she added, trying to smile absences from home, the premature "And Madame de Kovski?"

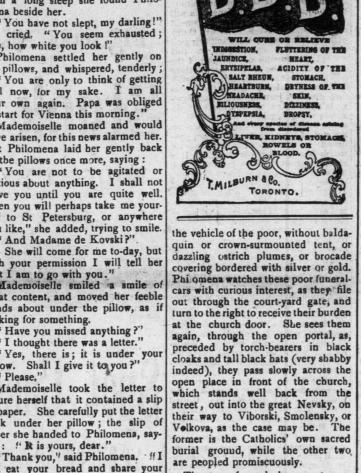
> ith your permission I will tell that I am to go with you." Mademoiselle smiled a smile great content, and moved her feeble hands about under the pillow, as if seeking for something. "Have you missed anything ?" " I thought there was a letter." "Yes, there is; it is under you illow. Shall I give it to you?" " Please."

Mademoiselle took the letter assure herself that it contained a slip of paper. She carefully put the letter back under her pillow; the slip of paper she handed to Philomena, say ing : " It is yours, dear." "Thank you," said Philomena. "

will eat your bread and share your purse till I have one of my own. Sleep now, maminka; sleep, littl

The tender name of "maminka ounded sweet on those fair young lips, but the tones of the gentle voice were sweeter still. The sick lady drew down the young head to her breast and with a murmured blessing, oft invoked upon the child who had been ty. the light and the love of her life,' she resigned herself to slumber. But the shock had not left Philothey mena unscathed. Alas, it had struck

to the root of her life, and never more could she be the same as before. The Count was not at all please The first intimation of the truth came him the illness of Mile. de Joncourt, to Mile. de Joncourt as she lay one He would have sent her at once to day, listening to Philomena reading a hospital on the plea that she would be better cared for, and that he could not defer his departure for Vicence to the second s Vienna; but Philomena ventured thing in the tones of the voice to remonstrate, and declared that an occasional hesitation as of diffi



During the coming year the HERALD will contain religious selections from the Goods stores of New York highest authorities and the most approved sources; bril- with a Japanese manufac-The poor funerals have a strange liant and interesting stories fascination for Philomena, and a from the best living authors; They came via C. P. R. strange charm. Unlike the funerals of the Russian poor, they are not lonely. The poorest beggar's corpse is respectfully followed by a pious accounts of the proceedings in

throng, who recite prayers by the way. It was even a cheerful sight, she thought, to see the old women, the Dominion Parliament and so poorly and thinly clad, their knotfingers blue with cold, clasped the Provincial Legislature; around their rosary beads, as, hugging their rags closely around them stumbled over the slippery or the news of the world, conslushy road, with such recollected

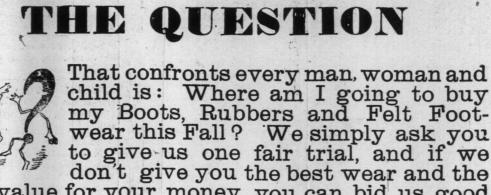
and reverent mien. densed for busy people; a It was a deep joy to her to see the intimacy of the poor with heaven, in this great bewildering city; and she mentally resolved to have their pray-

ers for her father. In the days when Mile. de Joncourt had been convalescing, little or



Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES, Obstinate coughs which

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KING BRUCE

OF SCOTLAND

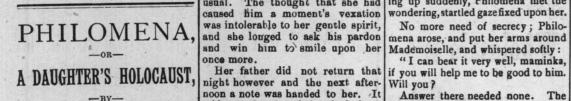
Flung himself down in a lonely mood to think. Had he lived in this day he would not have found it necessary to think long in order to tell the best place to get his suits and overcoats made, for he would go at once to D. A. Bruce's, high class goods, high class work manship, and the best fitting garments to be had on P. E. I. at away down prices. New hats now opening.



NEW SERIES. Calendar for Dec., MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon, 4th day, 1h. 38 First Quarter, 11th day, 8h. 16 Full Moon, 19th day, 11h. 52. Last Quarter, 27th day, 7h. 56. D Bay of Sun Sun THE MOON M Week. rises Sets Rises mhm morn aft'n 294103442 1 Tues 2 Wed 3 Thur 4 Fri 5 Sat 6 Sun 7 Mon 8 Tues 9 Wed 10 Thui 11 Fri 12 Sat 42 8 43 9 44 9 45 10 46 10 47 11 47 12 48 13 48 13 48 13 15 Tues 16 Wed 17 Thui 18 Fri 19 Sat 20 Sun 21 Mon 22 Taes 23 Wed 24 Thu 25 Fri 26 Sat 27 Sun 28 Mon 29 Tues 30 Wed 31 Thur 48 48 *48 49 Epps's Coc ENGLISH BREAKFAST CO possesses the following Distin DELICACY OF FLAVOR, SUPERIORITY IN QU GRATEFUL and COMFORTIN NERVOUS or DYSPEPTI Nutritive qualities unrivalled. ter-pound Tins and Packets Prepared by JAMES EPPS & C Homeopathic Chemists, Lor England.

Oct. 7, 1896.

Messages of mercy bringing-O that we may hear ! As the shades of evening fall Let us listen to their call; Lord of tender love and might, In our darkness give us light ! Hark ! again the bell is pealing, Sunbeams deck the skies; On their wings are joy and healing Come, to worship rise! God be with us thro' the day, Keep all sinful thoughts away Guide and comfort, teach and bless, Jesus, "Son of Righteousness. REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WHITE



J. M. CAVE.

(First published in the American Mes-senger of the Sacred Heart. Published in the HERALD with the permission of the suthor and the publishers of the "Mes-senger.") about the journey to St. Petersburg hearts.

in the course of the day ; it broke Ab, how hard it was to part from his heart to leave her, but he was Mile. de Joncourt! She who had the victim of cruel fate." been a second mother to the lonely "Dear father ! dear father !" moan

been a second mother to the total, if the cannot bear inter i moan-girl. "Need we part?" urged Philo-mena with tears. "Since there is no other resource but to take a situ-ation, could it not be where we ation, could it not be where we

never to name them with reproach. "Alas, how selfish I am grow-ing!" cried the desolate child. "You Never has he even once referred to ing!" cried the desolate child. "You have sacrificed your whole life for us, and are now left without home or resources in your old age; oh, forgive me, forgive me. Would that I could work for both you and him; would that any effort of mine could atone to you for your wasted those who have agined our country could atone to you for your wasted years;" she sobbed, folding the

weeping lady in her arms and cling-ing to her as she might have done to her own mother.

"Weep not, my darling," said the kind lady. "Weep not, all is not hopeless. There is yet one person, a relative of your mother's, who will surely befriend you, and per-haps even take you to herself as solely on her behalf, and that Mile de Joncourt intended to show it to her. her own child."

Solely on her behauf, and that Mile de Joncourt intended to show it to her. She had spoken freely of it; therefore she had a right to read it; indeed an answer might be, even then, necessary, and it would be weeks, perhaps, before Mademoiselle could write or even " Of whom do you speak, dear friend ?"

"Of the Marquise de Velincourt "How is it I never heard of her?" Mademoiselle could write, or even give advice. "Yes," she said to her thee, King Frost ! Russia's best

asked Philomena. "She was your mother's favorite cousin. They graw up together as sisters. She was poor, and owed everything to your mother's family. Some years sgo she made a brilliant marrisge and is now very wealthy. I took the liberty to write to her some time aro. Say nothing to

some time ago. Say nothing to think of its effect upon the innocent, the Count until her answer reaches loving heart of Philomena, of ice, but what king shall conjure the others? She had sufficient self-control to Mlle. de Joncourt and Philomen "Why did you never tell me of withdraw from the bed-side; to find are in a tiny room, in the heart of the er?" her way stumblingly to the door, to frost-beund city. They are happy the "After your mother's death all call the maid to take her place beside have found a shelter there in the fifth her ?'

"But while we were the sufferer and to pass into her own story of a home called "Maison de correspondence ceased."
"But while we were in Paris, could I not have made myself known to my mother's cousin and dear friend?"
"It was your father's wish, nay, command, that no communication be held with any one outside the school."
A day or two later the answer came. It was kind and even generome. It was kind and even generome. It was kind and even generom to with the to while. de to put it away, but it remained in ber without any respect for the progenty.

A day or two later the answer came. It was kind and even gener-ous; but it betrayed to Mile. de Joncourt the fatel cause of the ruin of the family. "If" said Madame de Velincourt, "the daughter of my well-beloved cousin will come to me, she shall find in me a true friend, and if she resembles her sainted mother in character and disposition, I promise to do my very best to replace, as far as possible, that best of mothers. But there is one condition that is

every care of her beloved friend up. Philomena was absorbed in to the fatal letter. For Philomena herself, Still the Count presed that the book for its own sake, and there could be no question as to choice, and there had been none Medemoiselle had time to study raised. Her father first and always; her face. Alas and alas! What beggary with him in preference to the change she had found there. Pale, hotel, who would do sll that was drawn, dark circles under the eyes gilded saloons of Madame la Marnecessary in the case, while she and as Mademoiselle watched, she herself could go at once to his Rus- saw from time to time, a nervous quise de V. she said to herself; and by force of mutual love and tenderest sympathy, each had divined the othtrembling of the fair young head, which would suddenly bend, as if in er's thought, Mille. de Joncourt could not but submission to some invisible force, a "Oh 1 by sll means," answered submission to some invisible force, a more marked trembling of the slender, reverence in her devoted pupil the ber father coldly, and hurried away beautiful hands, which tried to steady strength of character, the powers of

to finish his own preparations. Poor paps, I fear I have hurt him by insisting, thought Philo-mens, and she awaited his return the volume, and a twitching of the sweet young lips. What could it mean? The sight of these startling symptoms so overcame the poor inaffection, the utter abnegation of self, so suddenly called forth by almost the volume, and a twitching of the unparalled misfortune. It came up-on her like a revelation; she could mens, and she awaited his return symptoms so overcame the poor in-that night, more impatiently than valid that a cry escaped her, and looknever have believed that one so deli The thought that she had ing up suddenly, Philomena met the him a moment's vexation wondering, startled gaze fixed upon her. cately reared, so exclusively guarded from the slightest contact with the world, so petted aud carressed by the few who had access to her society, so loved and admired by the teachers and pupils of her Parisian school, all "I can bear it very well, maminka Her father did not return that if you will help me to be good to him. of them high-born and rich, as she was herself supposed to be, could

noon a note was handed to her. It Answer there needed none. The told her that ber father had been tears shed by both in that hour were have made such a choice : and she could not but feel that her beloved child was the object of special pro detained the previous evening and carried up by their guardian angels to "Her mother's spirit tection. watching over her," she said to her

> When Mademoiselle had installed Philomena in that safe home, she be gan to seek a situation for herself. hoping by her own efforts to realize sufficient for them. But Philomena

would not suffer that. Though sh shrank, as was but natural, meeting strangers, she was determined to make an effort to suppor herself, and more than that, to belo her unhappy father; all too plainly foreseeing that he would not stop in

his wretched career till every avail able means failed him; and that hour would find him, she feared homeless and friendless, save for herself.

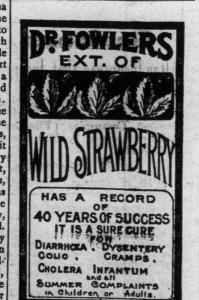
It was not easy at this time for a to bear the multitude that traverse its Pole to find occupation in St. Peters-burg, or, indeed, anywhere in the Czar's dominions, unless such as openly disavowed their country, There was much bitter feeling on poth sides, much suspicion; the oppressed and the oppressor could. no fraternize, and when they did, it was

side of Mile. de Jonçourt, who was sleeping heavily, she drew the French letter from her pocket. ering, he it hearskin or sheepskin, are enclosed in the same white armor. with the consciousness of insincerity or hypocrisy on one side or on The splendid horses flying down the Nevsky Prospect or along the quays, But Philomena had the powerfu protection of the family under whose under their blue or green netting

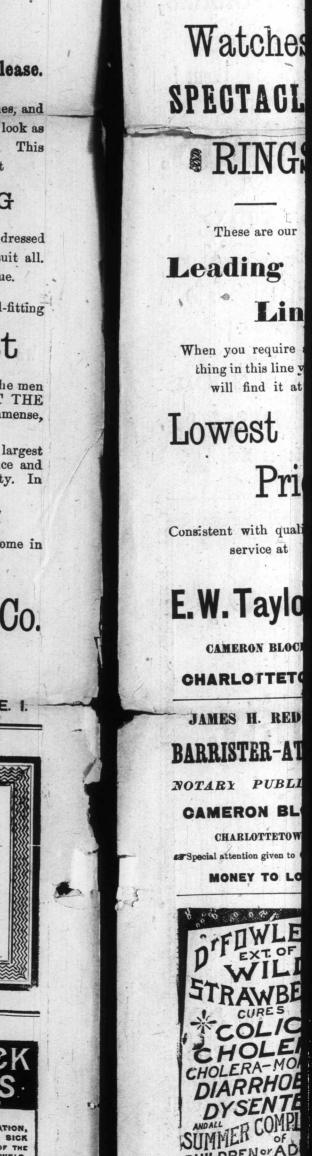
atronage her father had placed her. She had been urged to take up her abode with them, but neither she herself, nor her faithful ("maminka," thought it prudent to accept the offer Though she did not know it, thou sands of roubles had been lost at the gaming table by her father to this same General, and yet the unhapp man had not hesitated to place hi

only child under such protection. Perhaps he had no other resource at that hour.

(To be continued.)



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