

The House of Reconciliation

The old Perkins house on the hill was rented at last. It was certainly a misnomer to call it by that name, for the original Perkins, dead more than forty years, had left no child to continue in unbroken succession, as the historical handbooks elegantly say, his wealthy but plebeian lineage. He was the last of his family, and a mighty poor family it was, of classed, tyrannical, ambitious, money-grabbers. The noble line of anti-epitaphs of the Perkins dynasty flourished, culminated and ended with the most typical Perkins of them all, Samuel Perkins, Esquire, whose demise, as having happily occurred some forty years ago, I have succinctly chronicled above. Where he got his money, how he got his money, and from whom he got his money it is not my business uncharitably to inform you. Any ancient settler of the town will tell with more due regard to present details than I could respectfully descend to. The one thing certain is that he had plenty of it, and held on to that same plenty. And for that very tenacity of purpose he lived unloved and died unmourned, and I can conceive of nothing more tragic than that in the life of any one man.

I dressey he had intended to love and to be married finally, but the slack in business was never long enough to allow that, and so when he died without having made a will it is safe to assert that he turned in his grave many times when all the carefully guarded Perkins genealogy slipped into the pockets of Samuel's scapogait cousin, presumed to be dead, but devotedly returning shortly after the obsequies to prove his claim, and then leaving for parts unknown to enjoy his dear cousin's generosity. He never slept a night in the Perkins house; evidently he feared the return of Samuel to register a protest. But as soon as the proprietress of fashionable mourning would allow her to hold the whole estate to one of his dead cousin's avowed enemies, I am not going to make this history the more registry of deeds, denoting the various transfers of the property. They were, like the proverbial wedding gifts, numerous and costly. Yet nobody prospered in the place, hence nobody liked it. Very versatile it had been, now as a family dwelling, now as a boarding house, now as a sanatorium for recovering inebriates, and finally, in the character it affected most, as a big ghost of an empty mansion that looked scornfully down from the hill upon the very prosaic three-decked flat-houses of a utilitarian present.

Now I fear that I said a bit too much about Samuel Perkins, more than the proper proportion of a short story will allow, but my reason for so saying, and I feel perfectly justified, is to show you the peculiar freak of fortune, or misfortune, in this that the latest occupant of the house was also known by the name of Perkins. Strange fate indeed, for that poor old house after the lapse of nearly half a century. But the new Perkins was not a Samuel Perkins. In fact, there was no man in the family, simply a Mrs. Perkins, her ten-year-old daughter Cecelia, and a middle-aged servant woman, whom I may fitly and finally describe as ever making a declaration of war that she would give in her notice if she were obliged to take care of that big barracks of a house nosided.

Why Mrs. Mary Perkins had come to the big house, and she a widow with only one child and one servant, was long the sole consideration of the feminine contingent of the town. All sorts of reasons were advanced, and it was commonly and conclusively agreed that in a very short time a freshly painted sign-board, advertising 'Board and Rooms,' would be swinging and creaking over the entrance to the Perkins mansion. But in reality there was little mystery in her coming to that particular house. When she had come from those parts which were unknown to her own neighbors she had remained a while in Boston, making investigations for a desirable house in the suburbs, and the real estate dealer, upon hearing her name, told her of the strange coincidence of having had the Perkins house put into his hands that very day. This aroused her womanly curiosity, and she expressed a wish to see the place, and, seeing it, she at once fell in love with it and leased it for a year, and moved into it as soon as the furnishes to whom she had given one's blouse had come up as expensively as it would permit. And so, although I said it was a misnomer to call it the Perkins house, it was solely because it retained that name through all the various assaults of strange occupants that it was lucky enough to fall again into the hands of another Perkins. Lucky, I say, because if it had been known by any other name it might not have been rented to Mrs. Mary Perkins, and then I would have no story to tell.

All this is a very simple explanation which would have satisfied the world, but somehow it did not satisfy the world's wife. During the days when the house was being fitted up for its new mistress there was never a human being so minutely dissected as this unknown newcomer.

But at last, one day in early Sep-

Pains in the Back

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

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

tember, Mrs. Perkins and hers arrived. Rather it was one night, late at night, and Saturday night at that, and in a taxicab which had groaned heavily in mounting the steep hill, as if barefacedly inviting the scornful neighbors to arise and peep from behind the shades and thereupon moralize upon the kind of woman any woman must be that makes her advent to a house among respectable neighbors at such an hour and in such a vehicle. At any rate, such a manner of arriving was a confirmation of the town's hopes, for surely the taxicab was a positive proof that Mrs. Perkins was blessed with a superabundance of wealth.

Meanwhile, the society of the Hill waited impatiently and slept disturbedly. The morning, Sunday morning, would tell just what kind of woman this new neighbor was. If she were a good Christian she would go to church. And, much to the surprise of all, this woman who came late in a taxicab was a good Christian and did go to church. But, alas for society's hopes! It was to the Catholic church she went. That in itself was a certain confession of plebeianism, but the most alarming of all her unintelligible actions was the sending of the charming little Cecelia to the parish school.

I have always thought that there must have been a remarkable fascination about Mrs. Mary Perkins, for in spite of this double 'tax' paid to the small but select Unitarian neighborhood, a week had not passed before the said society had called upon her to a woman, and in subsequent secret gatherings had all voted her a most refined, educated, charming hostess and a valuable acquisition to their exclusive set.

Mrs. Perkins, however, did not display any undue enthusiasm over admittance into the inner circle of these lineal descendants of the Pilgrims and real daughters of the American Revolution.

'I do think she is charming and very handsome, and a most exquisite dresser,' said Mrs. White-Green, an authority on colonial families, to her bosom friend, Mrs. Sydney Hall, equally authoritative in the matter of colonial furniture. 'But somehow she does not seem to affect to disregard blue blood. It is always an affection of the 'non-vaux riches.' Now, I chanced to mention, very casually, that our family had come from England in the Mayflower, and she naively asked if the Mayflower did not win the cup last year! Fancy!

'Do you know,' said Mrs. Hall, 'I sometimes think she is laughing at us, and yet she has the manners of a princess. Fancy her declining an invitation to the tea given by the Daughters of the Revolution, because, she said, she did not approve of revolutions! You would think we were a petty South American Republic.'

Nevertheless, Mrs. Perkins returned the calls of her neighbors, and was affability itself, even while she let it be known gently, but firmly and positively, that she had no desire to be an active member of society. All her life seemed to be devoted to little Cecelia, and she never let her out of her sight save during the hours in which she was at the parish school under the eyes of the Sisters.

HEADACHES

Were Caused By A Sour Disordered Stomach

Mr. James McLaughlin, Bracebridge, Ont., writes:—'In order to let you know what Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have done for me, I am writing you. About a year ago I was troubled a great deal with a very sour disordered stomach and had terrible headaches, that were so bad I could scarcely do my work. One day in talking a friend who had used your pills before how I felt, she told me to try them, which I did and to my great surprise after using one vial I was greatly relieved, and when the second one was finished I was totally cured, and have not been troubled since with either my stomach or the headaches, and I feel greatly indebted, first to the friend and secondly to Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for the great relief I derived from their use.'

Price 25c. per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

'To those who have faith,' she said, 'to whom religion is everything, nothing is wild that tends to preserve it.' 'And you have not considered his heart?' asked the doctor; 'his roaming the world to find you and his daughter. Dear Lady Graham, don't think me heartless at this moment, but should the die and he not see her yet she is his child as well as yours.' 'But she will not die. You say the operation was successful.'

'Yes, but no one knows. I was pained for both of you when he told me.' 'He told you?' she said. 'You have seen him?' 'I have. He dined with me tonight. He is in Boston. He has been quietly seeking you all these months. You said it was God that sent me tonight, and now I believe it.' (Concluded next week.)

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00. MOISE DEROSCE, Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

'I suppose the office furnishes the typewriter's supplies?' 'Everything but chewing gum,' explained the cashier.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria. 'I believe in giving the devil his due.' 'Yes, but you generally overdo it.'

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'That girl may be a popular favorite, but she is entirely too prominent, not to say spectacular.' 'That's all right. Isn't it right and proper for a belle to have a striking record?' Mr. 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.'

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H. McMILLAN

Impurities of the Blood. Anyone whose Blood is impure should read this Testimonial.

Mr. Chas. Martin, Box No. 367, Kenora, Ont., writes:—'Three years ago, while working in Hamilton, Ont., I was taken sick and no one knew what ailed me. Every bit of food I ate I vomited up and consequently I became very weak. My landlord told me that after that he thought at one time I was booked for the cemetery. Walking down street one day I happened to see Burdock Blood Bitters in a drugist's window so I went in and got a bottle. Before I had taken half of it I broke out, all round my face in sores. I showed it to my landlord and he told me what he thought of it. He told me it looked as if I had a heavy attack of chicken pox. Both he and his wife tried all they knew how to persuade me to stop taking the B.B.B., but I would not stop. I had gotten so bad I thought it did not matter much whether I went under or not, so I got a second bottle and judge to my surprise to see the sores begin to disappear, and by the time I had taken three bottles I did not care for the best man in Hamilton. I am 61 years of age and am able to do a day's work with the next man, thanks to B.B.B. Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.'

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