

A VILLAGE TRAGEDY.

(By Gerard A. Reynolds.)

(Concluded.)

One night, in some small town over there on the Loire, he came back late to the lines of his regiment, with some comrades who had spent the evening at a cafe, where the good citizens were foolishly hospitable. He had taken a little too much though he was not exactly drunk. The sergeant of the guard, an old veteran gave him a bit of his mind in rough soldier phrase, and Pierre answered him back. 'Arrest that scamp!' said the sergeant. 'Scamp yourself, don't dare to touch me!' was Pierre's retort. If the sergeant had been a wiser man, he would have let him pass and simply reported him but the old soldier sergeant thought the volunteers must be kept in their place. He strode toward Pierre to disarm and arrest him, in a moment he was lying on his back; for Pierre's clenched fist had caught him between the eyes, and he went down with blood on his face. He was up in a moment, and roared to his men to arrest Pierre; but the volunteer had put his back against a wall and drew his bayonet, and swore he would run through any man that came within his reach. But they were too many for him. While some came on with fixed bayonets and another slipped in at the side, shot his clubbed rifle and knocked Pierre down with the butt. At first they thought he was dead; but he had a hard head, and he soon came to. Then his case was hopeless. He was handed over to the military gendarmes, and told he would be tried next day.

There could be only one end to such a trial. Military law was sternly executed in the army of the Loire, and for his crime, armed resistance to arrest and violence to a superior officer—there was only one possible sentence. He was tried next morning. He faced the firing party as sunrise on the following day. His comrades formed in three sides of a hollow square, looked on. There were none from any where near here to tell of the tragedy. Only his lieutenant knew his story; and he brought a priest to him, and poor Pierre made a good end. Who knows but that it was a better death than he would have died if he had lived longer.

He wrote to his mother a letter full of regrets and protestations of affection; but he wrote in it that he was condemned to die. So the cure burned it, and only told her that he had sent her a message of devoted affection before he died. He could add truly that he died bravely; for Pierre faced the leveled rifles unflinchingly. And he could say, too, that he died for France; for the example of that military execution helped to rivet the bonds of discipline. If the poor woman had known all the truth, it would have broken her heart.

Monsieur le Baron gave her a pension. Our good villagers, naturally knowing nothing of the facts, worked up a legend. Pierre Gondal, they said had fallen bravely, fighting against a host of Prussians on the outpost line. They insisted on putting up the monument in the church. The Baron de Servigny modified the inscription they proposed, as to keep within the bounds of truth. Old Mere Gondal comes there day after day. She is past work now, and she dreams and prays beside the altar waiting till her day comes, and she will see her son again; for we may hope it is well with him.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear. I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I consulted it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days it began to clear up. I had better and I was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since. Mrs. E. W. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Barbara's Opportunity.

Barbara sighed as she set the crock of cream on the cellar shelf. 'No opportunities,' she whispered; 'no inspiration, no changes, just the same old things, day after day. I don't see why Providence sent me down on a Western ranch, so far from everybody, giving me no open door. Here I am, young strong fairly looking to a hundred things, and here—I must do nothing. I can't leave father, I wouldn't do that but, oh, how I long for a wider outlook. Instead I must live in a place miles away from any of them.'

She sighed again, then mounting the stairs, went up into the kitchen. It was such a pleasant kitchen, too. Most housewives would have rejoiced in it. The sun came in at the wide, clean windows, without anything to hinder it. Broad fields stretched to the south and east, and back of the house to the west circled the mountains.

Barbara was a tall girl of eighteen now, with abundant braids of brown hair and clear, youthful coloring. Such a capital girl as she was, too. She was all her father had, and, of course, she wouldn't leave him; but girl-like she wanted to do a hundred things afar off. She did not see the opportunities at her own door. And then as it was nearing dinner time, she forgot her longings in a round of very necessary, healthful work.

Father was in a way, prosperous, and the ranchhouse had many almost luxuries. A telephone, some very pretty furniture, a fine piano, and a good many of the best books. There were fine pictures, too, for father was as good a hand to select a good engraving, or a water color, as he was to raise cattle.

Barbara too, had her horse to ride, a brood of fancy chickens, that were both a pleasure and a profit to her, and her particular hobby, beautifully upholstered, to drive about in. She ought to have been the happiest of girls and was, most of the time. But of late, she had gotten it into her head that she wanted to go to the city and do things. She wanted to be of service to some one and she imagined that on a ranch there was no opportunity.

At that moment, as she turned from the oven, into which she had just deposited an apple pie, she heard the sound of wheels, and looked up, Barbara caught a glimpse, through the window, of two people, young people they were, too, a young man and a young woman.

'I wonder what they want?' she thought, and then she went to the door. 'Could we come in and rest just a moment?' said the sweetest voice Barbara thought she had ever heard. Barbara gave a ready glad consent.

The young woman, she was scarcely more than a girl, slight of first, and Barbara noticed at once what a nice face she had, large brown eyes, a sweet mouth, and such lovely sorrowful smiles. And then Barbara saw that the young man with her looked very ill, indeed. He was thin to emaciation, and sagged as he tried to walk.

Barbara led them into her pleasant living room, and bade them rest, and then it was but a few minutes until the young wife, for Barbara found out that they were newly married, was telling her her story.

The young husband had left his hometown to come to the city with his young wife. 'He fell there were no opportunities there, she went on, and Barbara winced. 'Was not that just what she had been thinking in regard to herself?'

He found employment in one of the big department stores and, not being used to the confinement, bad air, and long hours, he fell sick. The little money they had been able to save soon went for doctor bills, and the nourishing things he must have, 'But,' added the young wife, sorrowfully, 'we couldn't get nourishing things—at least I could not. The milk was very poor, and we couldn't find any fresh eggs, and so, she concluded. 'I borrowed this horse and buggy from a man who has been so kind to us. What I want is to get Riger out on some-

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

ranch, and let him live out of doors. If he does this, I am sure he will get well. If he doesn't, the tears welled up in the lovely eyes, and she left the sentence unfinished. There was a pause, the young woman broke in, 'If I could just get into some nice family, where I could help with the work,' she added.

Barbara's heart bounded. 'Was not this one of the opportunities she had just been longing for? Both so young, too. Why, thought capable, practical Barbara, they're nothing but two babies in the woods. What is going to become of them?'

At that moment, father came in, and he heard the story too. To one of the intervals of dinner getting, Barbara contrived to get him to one side.

'Father,' she cried, 'can't we take them in?'

There is that little horse near the barn that is stored full of old harness and things we don't need. It has two good rooms. They could have that, and she could help me. Father I've been wanting all morning to do something for somebody else. Here is one opportunity. You'll help me, won't you?'

Father kissed her. 'I think it could be managed dear,' he said, 'if you really want to help them. He looks very ill, but good air and sunshine will do wonders. As for her, she is evidently a lady, every inch of her. I feel very sorry for them both. Ask them to dinner, Barbara, and we'll see about it.'

And they did see about it, and so quickly that the very next day Barbara had every thing taken out of the windows herself, and such a good time as she had doing it, too. No one could take a greater interest in that little horse than she did. What trips she made back and forth, singing in her fresh young voice: 'Let the Sunshine In,' and 'When Morning Gilds the Skies.'

She put up the white curtains herself at the shining windows, took a rug from one of the upstairs rooms in the house, robbed her own pretty nest of its easiest chair.

Father put up a couple of shelves in the room that was to be used as a kitchen, and Barbara covered them neatly with crotones. She brought cream from her own stores, butter, fresh eggs cooked a chicken, and made bread and put on them, finishing up with a neat little array of jellies and preserves. And when the wagon finally deposited the two young people at her door again, Barbara ran to meet them, a smile on her face. If she could only have known what that smile meant to the troubled young wife, I don't think Barbara would ever have complained of her lack of opportunity of helping anyone again. It seemed to lift a mountain from that young hardened heart, bidding her to get up.

Barbara led them straight to the little house she had made ready for them. When the young wife saw the white curtains and the soft rug, and the easy chair, and the room beyond, all ready to go to housekeeping, she could scarcely keep back the tears.

'It's just beautiful,' was all she could say, and Barbara never received any thanks she liked so well.

The young husband was so weary, and when he was quietly resting, the young wife went into the house where Barbara was waiting for her. 'She was but a girl, herself, and the only thing she could do was to pat her arms about Barbara and cry. Barbara patted her on the shoulder. 'You do think Edgar will get well, don't you?' she said brokenly at last.

'Yes,' Barbara's voice was infinitely comforting. 'I think he will, and you are not to worry about things. We intend to look after you.'

The young wife looked at her through shining tears. 'You're the sweetest girl I ever met,' she said, 'and the most fortunate.'

Barbara looked at her rather queerly. 'Do you know it is only a short time since I was lamenting the fact that I had no opportunities here—of doing good I mean.'

'The young woman's eyes widened. 'But you don't think so, now, she answered, 'after what you have done for us.'

Barbara smiled again. 'No. I don't think so any more,' she answered, almost solemnly.

HOLD ON. Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act. Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly. Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks. Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity. Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you.

IMPORTANT WARNING!

THE ONLY GENUINE AND ORIGINAL EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY IS

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This grand remedy has been on the market for sixty-five years, and is, without a doubt, the best medicine known for the cure of

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If an unscrupulous druggist tries to talk you into taking any other preparation when you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" refuse to take it, and insist on getting what you ask for. Price 35 cents per bottle. See that the name, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, is on the wrapper, as we are the manufacturers and sole proprietors.

'My boy doesn't seem to have got along here very well,' said the office boy's father. 'Well, to be perfectly frank with you,' replied the employer, 'I must say he does not.'

'Ah, what's the trouble?' 'He hasn't any trouble; it's the rest of us who have had that.'

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale. All the people use it. HARLIN TUPLIN, Pleasant Bay, C. B.

'You forgot something,' called his wife from the window. He came back. 'What did I forget?' 'You forgot to slam the door.'

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

The street piano was out on our way the other night and our next door neighbor didn't like it. 'Here's a nickel,' he shouted to the grinder, 'if you will go away at once.'

'Ees der somebods wat ees asket?' asked the grinder. 'Not yet,' answered our neighbor. Hurry!

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia. A Sensible Merchant. Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

If I didn't have such a large family I could save a little money. Don't be sure of it if you didn't have a large family you might have an auto.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia. Joke-Seller.—Did you receive my letter and that batch of jokes? Editor—I received the letter, but I didn't see the jokes.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Augustus—I'm not fond of the stage, Violet, but I bear your father on the stairs, and I think I had better go before the foot lights.

WAS TROUBLED WITH HIS HEART HAD TO GIVE UP WORK

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To any of those suffering from heart or nerve trouble we can recommend our Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with taken seven boxes, and they cured me. Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. If your dealer does not have them in stock, send direct to 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, A.M., P.M.

Table with columns: A.M., P.M., Stations, A.M., P.M.

Table with columns: Dly, Sat, Sun, P.M., Stations, A.M., P.M.

H. McEWEN Supt. P. E. I. Railway.

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American Banner (Island)

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Clean, true to name, heavy, grown from Registered Seed. Every Farmer should get a bag or two for new seed (3 bushels in bag.) Write for samples and prices. CARTER & CO., Ltd. SEEDSMEN - CHARLOTTETOWN

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All Orders Receive Strict Attention. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers. H. McMILLAN

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C. Lyons & Co. July 26, 1911-tf

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W. S. STEWART, K. C. | H. A. CAMPBELL July 8, 1911-ly.

W. J. P. McMILLAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 148 PRINCE STREET CHARLOTTETOWN. June 18, 1910-tf

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