

A Christmas Thought of Our Lady's Assumption.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

The Father saith, "Welcome, my Daughter,"
Saith the Spirit, "Welcome, my Spouse."

What have angels and archangels brought her?
Stars for her brow.

"Welcome, Mother," the Son saith only,
"Welcome, Mother." The years were slow

While she waited—the years were lonely—
The summons to go.

Twelve long years of winter and summer,
Feeding patient his altar light,
Michael tarried—the lordly comer
Whose torch was bright.

Now, the Three in Unity claim her
Close to each in the tenderest bond;

Now, the Three in Unity name her
Holy and fond.

Now, the angels fleet from the azure,
Kiss her feet and her mantle's rim;

She looks up at her Son, her Treasure,
Hungry for him.

Little feet that were wont to falter,
Little fingers her lips once kissed;

Agas, agas, His will can aliar,
Yes, as He list.

Mother of Christ, and all men's Mother,
Where thou sittest the stars between,

Pluck His robe for His erring brother,
Yes, the strong desire of His passion;

Yes, the fruit of His mortal pain—
Intercede for thy mournful nation

Intercede for thy mournful nation,
Tollowing, stricken, seeking breath—

Yes, the strong desire of His passion
Bought with His death.

—SACRED HEART REVIEW.

Told of Chevalier Wogan.

The story of Charles Wogan, the gay and debonnaire, the generous Quixote, the correspondent of Swift, the champion of the Exiles, and more than all, the knightly rescuer of Clementina Sobieski, is the most romantically attractive in the annals of the Irish Jacobites on the Continent; and it is doubtful if either his story or fiction affords a more striking record of chivalrous devotion to failing fortunes or faithful and enduring patriotism in exile.

One of the Wogans of Rathcoffey, the nephew of the great Tyrconnell, Charles was seventeen and his brother Nicholas two years younger, when they both ran off to join the rebels in "The Fifteen." When the Jacobite army surrendered at Preston, Nicholas, who had saved the life of an English officer during the negotiations for surrender, was pardoned and released, but Charles was lodged in Newgate, charged with treason.

Decapitation or slavery on the plantations of America appeared to be the boy's certain fate, when he was fortunate enough to have his prison door opened for him. A fellow prisoner, the celebrated Brigadier Mackintosh, managed to get his iron off, crept down stairs at 11 p. m., got behind the door, and when it was opened to admit a servant, slipped out and knocked the turnkey down with a stunning blow. Fourteen other prisoners who were in the plot got away, and though history does not expressly state otherwise, there is no reason to believe that young Wogan was last into the street.

Eight were recaptured, but the rest, including Wogan, got away to France, though £500 was placed on each of their heads.

In France he joined Dillon's Regiment, but as no fighting was going on at the time, he followed the "Pretender" to Rome, and eventually he became a Major-General and Governor of La Mancha, the home of the immortal Don Quixote—a connection which, as Wogan's contemporaries were agreed, could scarcely have been more appropriate.

But the chief incident in Wogan's career was the carrying off of the Polish Princess, Clementina Sobieski, from "durance vile" to be the bride of the "Pretender" and the mother of Bonnie Prince Charlie who appears to have inherited from her his spirited and romantic disposition. The story, to convey any real idea of the chivalrous and devoted nature of Wogan, must be given in some detail, and is as follows:

When the son of James II., yielding to the importunities of his followers, determined to marry and perpetuate his unfortunate race, he fixated upon Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the great John Sobieski, King of Poland, and one of the most beautiful women of the age. The lady was a Catholic, and of royal descent; she had good looks and was only sixteen; her every was not inconsiderable, and it

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as up as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula scars which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

might reasonably be expected that her connection with the Hapsburgs would secure sympathy, if not support, from Vienna for the Stuart House.

The last appears to have been the chief reason for the selection, as it certainly was for the intrigues and difficulties that followed.

Wogan was deputed by the Prince to arrange matters, and he set out secretly for Silesia, where he found the Princess and her parents in a compliant mood. The marriage contract was signed, and the Princess and her mother started for Bologna, where it was arranged that the marriage ceremony should take place.

But the British Ambassador got wind of the proceedings, with the result that the Emperor, who, in peril of France, could not afford to lose the friendship of King George, ordered the Princess and her mother to be detained at Innsbruck in the Tyrol until further orders.

The Pope protested, and the relatives of the lady raised a storm, but the British Ambassador was peremptory. In desperation the "Pretender" commissioned Wogan to get his bride for him by any means, however desperate; that might suggest itself, and the gallant young Irishman set about the task with a consummate skill and prudence sufficiently surprising to himself, but doubly astonishing in a mere boy of 20.

His first difficulty was with the Princess Sobieski—the mother of Clementina—who could not make up her mind on her own responsibility to set the Emperor at defiance; and he had to travel all the way to Silesia and back in order to bring Prince Sobieski's authority for the venture.

He next flew off to Alsace, where Dillon's Regiment was quartered and arranged with several Irish friends and relatives of his own to help him in an attempt to carry off the Princess. A chivalrous little band was soon enlisted and ready to set out.

Wogan had taken care to get from the Emperor's Ambassador at Rome a passport for "Count Cornes," a Flemish nobleman going to Loreto with his family to fulfil a vow; and the party was constituted on these lines.

Major Gaydon was the "Count," and Mrs. Misset was the "Countess." The latter, born in Ireland, was brought up in France, was a sweet, comely lady, in delicate health at the time, and constitutionally timorous; but her womanly spirit had been aroused, and she was eager to carry out her part, which was to be that of chaperone and travelling companion to the young Princess.

Captain Misset, Captain O'Toole and Wogan's servant Michael (who had already rendered himself famous by assisting in the escape of Lord Nishidale from the Tower of London), were the "Count's" servants; and Wogan himself was the "Countess's" brother. Mrs. Misset's maid Jane, was also included.

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and \$1.00.
All Druggists.

a gay and pretty girl, of about the same height and figure as the Princess, was also of the party.

On the eve of their departure, Wogan and the other officers went to take formal leave of the Governor of the town, when they discovered, to their consternation, that he had just received an order that all officers were to be back at their posts by April 20 on pain of being broken.

The dilemma was a cruel one, but such was the generous devotion of the band that they agreed to face the risk of ruin rather than forego their plans.

They set out on April 6, and after an exciting journey, during which they were nearly found out on more than one occasion, arrived at a village near Innsbruck, where, in order to gain time for the arranging of details, the "Countess" pretended to be sick.

Jane was now instructed as to the part she was to play, and was told that Captain O'Toole was to carry off a rich heiress, who was shut up because she would not marry a man of three scores. The girl was somewhat alarmed at the unusual drama before her, but the gift of a new diamond gown and palfreys from her mistress stilled her doubts.

O'Toole now rode into Innsbruck to settle on a place of meeting, and succeeded in finding a convenient lodging house with a dark passage from the staircase to the door, where the chaise was placed when the party drove up. The night was propitious; rain and snow fell and overflowed the streets. It was very dark, and this obviated the use of the cord that had been provided and the window exit.

Jane, Wogan and Chateaudoux, a French gentleman in attendance on the Princess, then went to the place of rendezvous. Jane, hearing "Princess" mentioned, became alarmed, but was told by Wogan that the lady was only called Princess because she was pretty.

In the meantime, as we are told, in the narrative of Friar Bonaventura Boylan, "the Princess, having some time before this supped with her accustomed agreeable air, took leave of her mother, gave good-night to Countess Gabrielle, her governess, and said to them that she would go to bed, as being somewhat disordered by the foulness of the weather, and would not be up the next day until it was late."

"Being come to her chamber, she undressed, told her maids she had a great many prayers to say, and bid them go to bed." She then wrote to her mother and the Countess Gabrielle, packed her jewels in the pockets of an apron she had specially prepared for wearing under her dress, and . . . "in this way the granddaughter of the great Sobieski undertook a long and dangerous journey."

She went to her mother's room and waited for the fatal hour. Jane, we are told, spoke familiarly to her, kissed her, and told her in all good faith that "a lovely gentleman" was awaiting her at the inn. Jane was taken secretly to the Princess's apartments, and the Princess herself, after bidding a sorrowful adieu to her mother, slipped out in the dark and joined Wogan, sinking up to her knees in mud and slush.

The "Countess" looked after her and dried her wet clothes while the men harnessed the horses. It was soon dawn, and the host and hostess were stirring, but O'Toole left them in the kitchen haggard over the bill while the Princess entered the obase.

When they got out of the town the Princess was in consternation to find that she had left her jewels in her room in the inn. But O'Toole rode back, and happily recovered them without being seen in the act.

They now mounted Brenner Pass in the Alps, 12,000 feet above sea level. The Princess fainted, but recovered, and talked "lively and gracefully." Going down the other side, a great danger beset the occupants of the chaise, for the coachman, continually falling asleep, nearly took them over the precipice; but O'Toole, the ever-on-the-spot, riding alongside, gave him a taste of the whip now and then just to remind him.

For three nights the Princess, sustained by excitement, went without sleep. They were nearing the frontier and safety when the axle-tree broke. Wogan took the Princess in his arms to prevent her from being injured, but in his concern to rescue Mrs. Misset as well, he set Clementina down in a running gutter, whereat the Princess showed her Royal and Polish spirit by making a joke of it.

The axle was patched up, and a few more miles were negotiated, but fresh alarms beset them, for O'Toole and Misset, who had halted some distance back to watch for a possible courier, did not turn up, and it was feared they had been arrested. The coachman, too, grew suspicious at their desperate hurry to get across the frontier, and had to be heavily bribed before he would go any further. Finally they secured a wretched country cart; the gentleman walked, and in this wise they at last reached the Venetian frontier, where they all sang "All hail!"

Their joy was rendered complete when, a little later, O'Toole and Misset rode gayly up; they had been vertaken at an inn by a courier sent

with instructions to the officers on the frontier to stop the fugitives, and had made him drunk and left him.

The party arrived safely at Bologna, where the Princess was married by proxy. She then went to Rome, where she was received by Clement XI. as a daughter, and where, in the delightful words of Friar Bonaventura Boylan, who was in Rome at the time, she was "admired and esteemed by all those who have the honor to see or approach her, for the majesty of her countenance, the agreeableness of her air, the beauty of her features, the sweetness of her temper, the vivacity of her wit, and perfections which the most inveterate of her enemies cannot refuse her."

The "abduction" naturally caused an immense sensation throughout the Courts of Europe. The chagrin felt at the Court of his Britannic Majesty was only equalled by the joy in the scattered and forlorn ranks of the Jacobites, among whom young Wogan was hailed as a preux chevalier and the hero of the age.

The Pope made him a Roman Senator, and the "Pretender" rewarded him with a baronetcy; but it was as the Chevalier Wogan that he was generally known in his own time.—J. A. Cameron, in Sydney Catholic Press.

Fra Angelico's Madonna of the Star.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

I.
Rest Thee, my Babe, upon my heart
reposing,
Till the day break, and shadows flee
away!

Dark falls our earthly night, round
Thee enclaves;
Round Thee who art the Everlasting
Day.

Thou who hast heard hosannas grand
and glorious,
Ceaseless, re-echoing up through
heaven's high places;

Seen angel hosts, majestic and victor-
ious—
Joy of Thy triumphs radiant on
their faces;

Seen the fair, peaceful river winding
slowly,
River of Life, beside the fadeless
flowers;

Heard mystic chant of Holy, Holy,
Holy—
What can content Thee in a world
like ours?

Long had I pondered what the proph-
ets told me—
Yearned for Thee,—as prayed for
Thee,—as years went by.
Now to my bosom fondly I enfold
Thee,
Child of my womb, and Son of God
Most High!

Worlds would I give Thee, had I them
to give Thee!

What means the longing in Thy
wondrous eyes?
Gleam Thou heart-broken, till Heaven
again receive Thee?

Lo! my heart is broken by Thy
sighs.
Stand I to-night with Thee while
shadows gather,
Wherein all stars are set, and day
is done
O Thou Eternal Word of God the
Father!

I am Thy Mother. Speak to me,
my Son!

II.
Close to her cheek His baby-cheek
He presses,
(Lo! He is King of kings, and Lord
of lords?)
Then, in the bliss of thine divine
caresses,
Speaks to her spirit without noise
of words.

Down fall the flame-lit seraphs to
adore Him,
Awe-struck and still, in their attend-
ant places.
Only the eye of God beheld before
Him
Those two most beautiful, most holy
faces.

All His great-purpose lies before her
vision
In a deep peace that sets her heart
at rest.
Though He has come to earth from
fields elysian,
Heaven is still with Him on her
stainless breast.

Sees she the cross, the crown of thorns,
the dying;
Feels His deep hunger for the souls
of men.
It is for this His homesick soul is
sighing—
That they may all reach Home with
Him again.

Sweet beyond words that silence,
Then thrills through it
One sweetest thought, all other
thoughts above.
"So hath God loved the world, He
sent Me to it—
"Hath loved it with an everlasting
love."

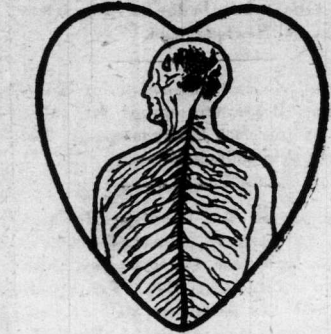
III.
When the dread chains of sleepless
nights have bound us,
When all our hopes have fled from
us afar,
When we see only deepest gloom
around us,
Shine on us then, Madonna of the
Star!

Tell us, when those are gone we held
the dearest,
Sweet voices silent, and earth's love
lights dim,
Then Thy Child Jesus to our hearts
is nearest,
Sorrow and silence leading us to
Him.

Tell us to hush our very hearts before
Him,
(Lo! He is King of kings, and Lord
of lords!)
In that deep stillness, while our souls
adore Him,
He will speak to us, without noise
of words.

—From Harper's Magazine 1899.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart, Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system. Price 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25. **WEAK SPILLS CURED.**

Mrs. L. Doney, Hemford, N.B., writes as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Anglican Bishop of London is an optimist who always has a good word to say for everybody, even if the person under discussion may seem to have no admirable qualities. One day, when he had been standing up for a particularly disreputable specimen of humanity, a friend said to him:—"How is it that you always can think of something pleasant about everybody under the sun?"

The Bishop laughed. "Well, you see," he said, "there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it does not become any of us to speak ill of the rest of us."

Neuralgia

"I had been suffering about six months with Neuralgia when I started taking Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. They did me more good than any medicine I ever used. Mrs. Annie Ryan, Sand Point, N. S.

A good story is being told concerning Mr. Beerboom Tree. He had just descended the steps of the Garric Club when two men—well dressed, but rather vulgar-looking—were seen to whisper hastily to one another and laugh heartily. Immediately after, the younger of the two stepped up to Mr. Tree, and taking off his hat with an air he put to him Theodore Hook's old joking question:

"Pray, sir, are you somebody of importance?"

Mr. Tree looked at the man with a cynical smile, and replied:

"I don't think I can be, or I should hardly be seen talking to you."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Doctor the Horses.

Mrs. Thos. Thompson, Roland, Man., writes: "My husband would not be without Haggard's Yellow Oil in the house, as he uses it a great deal for doctoring up the horses and considers it splendid." Price 25c.

"This gentleman," says the guide to the visitors he is showing through the newspaper office; "this gentleman is the funny man of the paper."

He points to a bulging-browed person seated at a desk, surrounded by innumerable exchanges.

"Ah!" comments one of the visitors, "he writes the humorous column, does he?"

"No; he clips the jokes we copy from exchanges."

"But you said he was the funny man."

"He is. He writes the extraordinarily funny head-lines for the clipped jokes such as 'Alleged Humour,' 'Saded Jest,' Presumably Gay, and 'Voices of the Past.'"

—Judge

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Suffered For A Number of Years From Dyspepsia.

That is what Mrs. Mary Parks, Cooper, Ont., says, and there are thousands of others who can say the same thing.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
cured her, and will cure any one and everyone troubled with Dyspepsia. Mrs. Parks writes as follows:—"I suffered for a number of years from Dyspepsia, and tried many remedies, but without any relief until, on the advice of a friend, I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. After using one bottle I was pleased to find that I was relieved of the dreadful pains I suffered. I gave all praise to B.B.B. for the benefit I have received, and I hope all sufferers from Dyspepsia will try this wonderful remedy. If they do I am sure that they will have the same experience that I have had."

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED,
Toronto, Ont.



FAMILY

Purchasing footwear to the amount of \$10.00 from now till 6th day of January will be presented with a

Beautiful Parlor Novelty.

CONROY,

THE SHOE MAN,
Pownall Street and Sunnyside,
Charlottetown.

MONTREAL!

Is the Commercial Capital of Canada, a city of over 320,000 people. You should see it.

Great Business Houses,
Shipping and Railways,
Factories, Parks, Churches,
and Historical Buildings.

\$13.55 Charlotte-
town to Mont-
real & Return

GOING OCTOBER 3rd, 4th and 5th.
RETURN LEAVE OCTOBER 19th, 1904.

LOW RATES VIA THE ALL RAIL LINE
TO PORTLAND & BOSTON.

For particulars and Tickets call on
J. E. MATTHEWS, Ch'town, or write
C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

SAY!

If you want to buy a SATIS-
FACTORY pair of

BOOTS or SHOES

or anything else in the

FOOTWEAR

Line at the greatest saving
price to yourself, try

A. E. McEACHEN,
THE SHOE MAN,
QUEEN STREET.

Encas. A. McDonald.—P. J. Trainor.

MacDonald & Trainor
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

OFFICE—Great George
Street, near Bank of Nova
Scotia, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

MONEY TO LOAN.

May 2

JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and
Despatch at the HERALD
Office.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Tickets

Posters

Dodgers

Note Heads

Letter Heads

Check Books

Receipt Books

Note Books of Hand

FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of
London.

The Sun Fire Office of Lon-
don.

The Phoenix Insurance Co. of
Brooklyn.

The Mutual Life Insurance
Co. of New York.

Combined Assets of above Companies,
\$300,000,000.00.

Lowest Rates, Prompt
Settlements.

JOHN MACLEACH,
AGENT.

FALL AND WINTER UNDERCLOTHING

For Men and Boys.

You will save money if you buy your Underclothing from us.

STANFIELD'S UNSHRINKABLE,

in five different weights. Prices from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per suit.

Heavy Wool Fleece, 90 cents per suit

All Wool Scotch Knit \$1.00 per suit

Fine Heavy All-Wool \$1.50 per suit

Fine Lambs Wool, \$2.50 per suit

Fine Heavy Natural Wool, \$4.00

Opening today a large shipment

Men's Rainproof Coats.

GORDON & MACLELLAN,
THE STYLISH OUTFITTERS.

THE TAILORY

—OF—

P. E. Island.