sumption, Son's Emulsion although I know that we less under which you hold your store, especially dark eyes kindled, "there are no the night sweats and prevents extreme emaciation. In this way it prolongs life and makes more comfortable the last days. In every niver take a pinny for it." case of consumption from most advanced stages—no pound, meal at ten, and with the God's love and light, our fight will remedy promises a greater flour or meal or other necessaries of sold mean to stick it out, Tim, hope for recovery or brings its worth, you give the drink that concluded Father Paul in a lighter comfort and relief equal to draws the blinded wretches to your tone "and let the devil, and Mike Scott's Emulsion. Book on door, to spend the last cent that McGarrahan do their worst."

the subject free for the ask- might save their wives and dhildren SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

rom starvation.

and not like a beast of prey."

his ungainly visitor.

fearless answer. "But if you intend

to threaten me. McGarraban, I can

only say to you that I will do my

duty to these weak, helpless crea-

"You mean to meddle, then?"

"In the howly Mother's name

to break up the rescally business he

know the lawless, vampire trade he

starving people."

cannot terrify me into silence."

A SPRING SONG. Violet, violet, blue and sweet, Nestling down by the old oak's feet, Can it be you are glad to grow,

Nobody near, your grace to know?

Whispered the violet, soft as air, "God can look at me anywhere." Blossom, white on the waving tree,

Low to morrow your place may be, Crushed, perhaps, neath a care perhaps, 'neath a carele A faded flower. The blossom said

Promise of God was never broken: I am content to be his token." Robin singing your hearts delight,

What may happen before the night?
Foolish thing, of such joy possessed, Over a tiny, leaf-hid nest.

"Why should I not in gladness sing? I am a robin and this is spring !" Little brook, from the ice-chain free, Dancing off to the boundless sea, Rippling and foaming in sheer delight

Sparkling and dimpling till out of

Why should your rapture overbrim? " My cup is crystal and full to the rim." Sing with the bird or thy Maker bless

As the flowers may, blooming sweet, With never an eye but God's to gree

Lift thy thought from the earthly dust

Robin, and blossom, and violet blue, Singing and shining with morning dew Have they no lesson for one like thee! God, who loves even them, will see How thou art trying to sing His praise Out of the gloom of thy shadowed days.

NEVER WORRY.

Take them and go about your busin—they do their work while you are doing yours.

etable and act upon the liver without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. 20 cents a vial.

GEO. E. HUGHES.

THE BLACK FINGER

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN

CHAPTER VIII. A BATTLE GAGE.

"Take a seat, McGarrahan. You can leave us, Tim; I wish to speak to ye," panted McGarrahan, choking to McGarrahan privately." And as with rage. "I've held the hounds Tim, with evident reluctance, left off ye since Dan Rourke's death. the room, Father Paul threw himself Ye know too much, a deal too much. back at his ease as if to reassure his is the masther here—we'll see—we'll visitor, who was glancing around see." restlessly.

"Ye said ye had business wid me," what did ye say to McGarrahan, began McGarrahan in a barsh, con- sur," blurted honest Tim, as a moness and nothing else; so I come. his eyes wild with alarm. "What is it ye want wid me?" Father Paul fixed his eyes thought- that are enough to bring all the divils

fully on McGarrahan's face before from hell. Och, murther, yer rivreplying. It was a brutal face, as erince, it must be the holy martyr's he could see, a face in which there crown ye are wanting whin ye anwere no traces either of mind or ger the loikes of him." soul. The heavy jaws were set de- "It was time for somebody to fiantly, the red-rimmed ferret eyes speak," answered Father Paul. avoided his searching glance. It "Aye, and for somebody to act as was evident that his visitor was on well. I told McGarrahan I intended guard and a little in fear,

han?" began the priest, quietly. "Me for bears were," was the evas-

up in the Church?" continued Tim in a low excited voice, "but it's Andy, and crackers and sugar and Father Paul.

"I wuz," asserted the visitor with middle wid him, lt's the darrk grim reluctance.

Then I am sure you understand because we don't dale at his divil's the relationship between a Catholic din. They say it's him that howlds priest and his people. You know the Hushers like hounds in the broth, in a pig's whisper, Andy dear that we feel bound to guide, to teach, leash, and can let them slip whin to protect them as far as we are and where he will. And ye—and from yer harrt and give stringth to yer able. McGarrahan, it is to protect ye, och, murther, yer riverince. but breath. A foin, illegant broth," she my people I have sent for you to- I'd be glad to see ye turn yer back muttered, shambling off to prepare the on this cursed place while ye can."

"And wat hev I to do wid yer And the honest fellow fairly sobbed people?" asked McGarrahan, in his out in his love and fear. dull, harsh monotone,

"You are ruining them, body and Father Paul, laughing, as he clapped soui," was the grave answer. "You this true and humble friend's shoulsre keeping a liquor saloon without der. "What kind of a man do you license and against the terms of your think me? to say nothing about Andy, softly. "I thought I saw you "An' if i.'s to howld ap licenses run from my post, at a whisper of sitting now, and you were telling me

and leases ye're here, ye'd betther danger. Am I not here to fight the of the fine, beautiful place you were change yer gown," said McGarra- devil and all his works?" han, with boorish insclence.

Father Paul's eyes flashed, There got the bowld thrue heart of a rale and Him that stays there, that you say was a high spirit under that gown, sodger to do it. But the divil and you daren't name.' which a helier spirit sometimes McGarrahan baye got the arthillery, "Whisht, no, said Eric, shaking h

God," he answered, "to which all gune," was the cheery answer.

wonst for daring it, and small wonder.

Druggists, or mailed on Receipt of Price in the Price of Control of Cont

not sent for you to discuss the tem- hope," answered the old soldier with

He who strikes for Him, however "I sell no liquor," answered Mc- feebly, is sure of a triumph. We Garraban, with a lowering brow. may not see the victory, we may "They lie who say that I do. I not hear the shout, but somewhere somehow, the battle is won. If i "I understand," said the priest, be only one soul is saved, one beart its first appearance to its "you sell flour at twenty conts a touched, one little child called to

flour or meal or other necessaries of not have been fought in vain.

CHAPTER IX. "For shame, McGarrahan! For Meanwhile Father Paul's lawles shame! Have you no heart or soul, man, that you can traffic thus on the young protege was scurrying up the want and weakness and misery ridge, Kathie's fine pat of butter around you? How can you sleep at crammed into one pocket, tea, sugar, night with the wail of those dying rice and bits of other comestibles babes in your ear, babes for whose which he had stolen at odd moments, very milk their wretched fathers have stuffed into the other, and half the given the triple price of rum until chicken destined for the priest's dinthey could give no more! Surely ner, in the crown of his bat. Past nother who loved you, the altar lay in his road, stopping for a moat which you knelt, the God whom ment to stare with interest at the empyou were taught to fear and adore. ty freight cars lying buried under the christened." You are a man still with a heart to snow, the lad kept on his way until he

feel, a soul to save. In God's name, reached his old home, the wretched hut in the mountain where Dan had gravely, "And it will be a fine thing then, McGarrahan, act like a man died two months before.

Father Paul, as he too arose and coat. But you have'nt one, Boar, I madam with her white curls and ele-

stood tall and commanding, before wish you had. When you're dead, gant cap, called us up and gave us last tue it's all up with you, lad, more's the peaches?" "That's me answer," said McGar- pity, for you make a decenter mate than many of the two-legged souls I said Eric, reddening. know. Now lie down here and wait "Then one word more," continued till I come out to you." the priest. "I have spoken to you And pushing open the door, that ss a friend, a peacemaker, as the

ly lit with angry life, the ferret eyes eyed old woman was trying with weak this view of the subject required constate fixed f breath to blow into flames, while a low sideration. hacking cough came from a corner Garraban, huskily, bending over, so where, stretched on a pallet of straw, last, "but I'm thinking it won't be so that his foul breath touched the priest's face. "Ye'd best stop yer about Eric's age, evidently in the last master there, was wonst a poor boy meddling right now and here, I warn stages of some mortal disease. The Himself. He was born in a stable, ye! Yer life is in my hand, and has been this many a week past, d'ye anderstand?—in me hand," he repeated, holding up a trembling fist. ed like a bird's claw, the half-closed likes best of all. You'll feel easy

s in God's hand alone," was the death. "Andy," said Eric, softly, as he feel easy myself." drew near the wretched couch, "It's me. Andy, lad, it's Eric."

tures around me at any cost. You all the life lingering in that wasted and how I'll get another chicken for frame, eyes that illumined even that your soup, and it's hard for me to "I do," answered Father Paul, "Then ye may take what comes

into his big arm-chair and leaned And—and we'il see, afore long—who to me mouth and telling me the fine in a wfisper like, and I could sit things you've been hearing."

"Aye," said the old woman, with a choked sob. "He was very bad either. He puts his the night, He thought ye were be- knee and sits there too. side him, and he talked square to you strained voice. "I'm a man of busi- ment later he limped into the room, wonderful square. I'm thinking he's a bit better now, bean't yer, Andy

"He's gone off swearing oaths avick?" "A deal," said Andy, with a wan smile. "Eric brings the life back to down-sit down and talk to me. Gran does nothing but croon and cry over

me. She is waking me before I die.' "Murther, murther, did wan iver hear the loikes of him," cried Gran, wiping her eyes with her ragged apron "Shure wid hunger and heart-break "Are you a Catholi, McGarra- is doing in that shop of his. You a poor ould craythur loike me hez

is doing there with these wretched " You won't be hungry any longer, said Eric, unloading hat and pockets "Shure I do, sir, I do," replied "There's chicken to make soup for

more than mortal man dare do to "Tay, sugar! Ah, but you're the foin, noble lad." said the old woman, look he kapes on Kathie and mesilf. clutching the welcome gifts eagerly. "Ah, we'll have an illigant pot o

"Talk to me while she is gone, whispered Andy, "like-like you did

"Why, nonsense, Tim," said last night." "But I wasn't here last night," said

Eric, perplexedly. "Then it was a dream," continue what kind of a priest? Turn and sitting here by my bed, like you're living in now, and the altar, and the "Ye are, sur, ye are, and ye've light burning before it night and day,

hand, "it isn't for me or you to speak, "I am here to upheld the laws of "Then we must charge on the Andy. Dan nearly murdered me



SYRUP.

THE MOST PROMPT. Pleasant and Perfect Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in

the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases. The healing anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all

Price - 25c. and 50c. his cap and bends his head when he

whispers that Holy name-that it's only for them that have the water poured on them to speak.' when I was a baby," said Andy, eageryou have not lost all memory of your forge and furnace and cabin, dodging ly. "Gran told me so last night. She own innocent childheod, of the by a curcuit McGarragan's store that told me my mother wasn't like her

and father, but prayed and went to church and took me there there to be "And if she is telling the truth you're the lucky boy, Andy," said Eric,

The sullen, set lips twitched once or twice; the brawny hand on McGarrahan's knee was clenched a trifle tighter, but otherwise he sat stelid and brutal under this appeal.

"If this is all ye hev to say to me," he replied at last, rising, "I might as well be going. Me business is me business, and it's for naither praist or parson to meddle wid."

"Is that your answer?" asked Father Paul, as he too arose and set who was leaping with delight at two industus belote.

"Down there you beast," he said to Boar, who was leaping with delight at finding his old hunting ground.

"Is that your answer?" asked Father Paul, as he too arose and set with Him that loves you and the beast of you."

"Down there you beast," he said to Boar, who was leaping with delight at finding his old hunting ground.

"Ik now," interrupted Andy, his draw of the one part, and Creocounty, in the two of us went to the big house to sell fish last summer, how all the fine ladies and gentlemen were rolling balls on the grass, and the old madam with her white curls and element of land situate laying and being on Lot or Township Number of the said George Harper bare bones of yours and go up to

"I couldn't swallow 'em," said Andy.

covered with Dan's bearskin, lay a boy strange to you at all. Him, that is young face was withered and blood and there's none of us, Andy, much less; the wasted hand, clutching the worse than that. It's the poor crea-"My life, like that of every man, eyes seemed already darkened in with Him, never fear; sure," and Eric's voice fell to a whisper, 'even I

"You do? said Andy, breathlessly. Boar the beast never flicks an ear

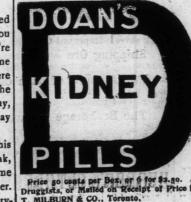
said Andy uneasily. " A spell !" repeated Eric,

ing, and the cold winter gone.

" An' if he helped Dan, mebbe he'd ful'y. Do you think he would, Eric?" "I'll ask him," said Eric, " and I time and place aforesaid, the same withereafter be sold by private sale.

For further particulars apply at the office of Eness A. Macdonald Solicitor Charles think he will, Andy.'

(To be continued.



Mortgage Sale.

TO be sold by public Auction on WED-NESDAY the NIMETEENTH day of MAY A.D. 1897, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown under and by virtue of a

Mortgage Sale.

thus described in said deed.

Also all that other tract piece or parcel ol and situate lying and being on Lot of Township Number Forty-two, aforesaid bounded as follows, that is to say—Commencing at a point on the east side of the Big Marsh Road; it runs from thence estable to the rear line of farm

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN.

ENEAS A. MACDONALD.

RARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

"But the water was poured on me

for you to die and get off these poor

"Yes, and fine peaches they were,"

"my heart was all of a tremble. I felt so afraid; a fellow like me in a And pushing open the door, that the minister of God. I speak to you now simply as man to man. And I tell you that I intend to break up this accursed business if I have to appeal personally to the Governor of the State."

The heavy, stolid features suddenly lit with angry life, the ferret eyes are the minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at minister of God. I speak to you now at the grand place the priest tells were the suffered at space of commence place like that. I'm thinking if heaver of the subject tells were is the grand place the priest tells and commencing on the southern end of the will pond at a stake fixed as the southern end of the mili dam; thence running southwesterly lad my the stake fixed as the southern end of the mili dam; thence running southwesterly lad my the stake fixed as the southern end of the mili dam; thence running southwesterly and therefrom all that tract plece or parcel of the mili dam chones the priest tells were it is like in the fixed as the southern end of the subject tells and commencing on the southern end of the mili dam; thence of had neither lock nor latch, Eric en- place like that. I'm thinking if hea-

> "Yes," answered Eric, "I can't April 14-51. Instantly the eyes unclosed, great tell you why, Andy. When Father dark eyes burning with feverish fire- Paul talks to me I keep thinking of eyes in which seemed concentrated you and Boar and me rabbit-traps wan withered face with their dying keep still and listen. But when Father Paul plays the music and sings, and "You again, Eric, again, or mebbe, I steal into the chapel and sit down nebbe I was only dreaming of you. before the altar, I don't want to stir. thought-I thought you was with It's so easy there, Andy, and all I've me in the night putting the cold tea heard about Him comes back to me there all night and never move. And

> > "Mebbe it's a spell that is on you"

Andy, you must be a poor fool to talk like that; I could be off if I pleased, but it pleases me best to stay It's so easy you'd want to stay yourself, for you feel glad like it was summer time and the birds was sing-

"I wish I could feel like that." said Andy, "but the still dark frights me, Eric. I hear queer things, and I see queer things, and I get all of a tremble with the cold and the fear. D'you think it burts much to die. Eric? I heard Gran telling Mag Murphy that creatures like me die

old screech owl; don't be minding what she says, Andy. Dan was old sleep. He didn't mind it at all, after Father Paul came to help him. That's what priests is made for, you see, Andy, to help souls off to heaven." come and help me," said Andy, wist-

Mostly new, among which are a lot of Ames Holden make. The whole lot to be cleared out at 30 per cent. discount. The selling price was marked plainly on the sole before we bought them, so

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