ering remedies which will had flung saide the blanket and lay act upon the germs of disease there, a ragged, bare-breasted, sin- me about you," he said with a nod. directly and kill them. But smitter, young barbarian, a fit type "What did they tell?" asked no discovery has ever yet heaven's light. been approved by doctors "There it is Boar, I can see tion that way. Germs can dreaming of his wild journey over only be killed by making the body strong enough to overuse of such a remedy as it. The boss tried to keep us, but boy's voice grew low at the rememthe helps. In the daily war- much longer, but we're most there. heart and the light went cut of me fare man keeps up, he wins I wonder if they'll let creatures like eyes. And then I didn't know nothfare man keeps up, he wins you and me in. If they shut the ing till I found meself lying there in best, who is provided with door on us we'll die, die out in the the warm red light at His feet." the needed strength, such as | cold and dark." Scott's Emulsion supplies.

VIA CRUCIS

(Florence Bain Seymour, in Sacred Heart Review.)

Dear Saviour, since Thy tender Fee

Shall I turn back in shrinking, crave And shun the

to-night?

And in Thy Hand the And for Thy sake contempt and sorrov When on Thy bruised Shoulders first

was laid. The weary cross of ign Can I refuse to bend beneath its weight Shall Thy divine example, then,

If by my faltering will I hesitate To lift the cross for me in love designed Lay it, sweet Lord, on my rebellious

And let me, in Thy yoke, my treasur

## Apparently a Hopeless Case.

A Kincardine Banker who Suffered Di tressingly from Indigestion—Ap-parently a Hopeless Case of Stom-ach Trouble Until South American Nervine was Used—His Words are ! "It Cured Me Absolutely."

GEO. E. HUGHES.

## THE BLACK FINGER

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) Father Paul read the letter twice over with softening face. The them was one of those rare and ex- his blue eyes blazing with fear and quisite ties that transcend the kin- rage. ship and friendship of earth, and "At her, Boar, at her, boy," he as his Divine Master: 'What you do blessed realms where soul is unveiled started up with an angry growl. light of his benignent smile had been has he done?" the hope which Father Paul had "Done! yer riverence, done!" "I'll do what ye say, yer riverince," silently cherished during all his cried Kathie, whose temper was the student years.

his home; there clustered all the assured his cronies, "none at all." the worse fer Master Jack's tumble in tender memories and bright associations of his youth; there he would won't ax me what he has done. As the cut for this craythur here. And more beautiful than any home on this breathe the atmosphere of culture foine a dinner as I've iver cooked fer I'll bring him a pail of wather and and refinement, which even the yer riverince, and luk at it now. I some soap, to wash himself with and ascetic may enjoy; there he would find the cordial sympathy and appreciation which is an elixir, even young thafe of the wurrld laped from to those who clamber "up the the bed and began to cram hisself, when Father Paul late that evening heights;" there the soul that he felt like the baste he is." stirring within him could ring out Father Paul looked, and, to rheumatic parishioner, entered his indeed in clarion call afar.

And here-Father Paul smiled a burst into a ringing laugh. There ed. The riotous tangle of locks wa little grimly, as he mentally drew was his dainty, browned fowl torn clipped into short golden ringlets, the the comparison pictures, the desolate in two, the mark of a clutching hand fair skin showed it's native purity. church, the score of worshippers in the mashed potatoes, the snowy and Master Jack's corduror suit disdozing through his brief sermon, the cloth bespattered with gravy, and played to full advantage the young children flying from his shadow and the drum-stick, which Eric still trembling at his name. "Surely Tim with his Tin Beatin criminal caught in the act.

tudes and his 'Corporal Works of "Poor boy," said Father Paul, in his unacustomed gear, while Boar your Boots and Ready-made Mercy' did far better than I," said "he was starving." "Put this regarded him with a gaze of curious the young priest, rising and begin- around you, Eric," as he flung his sympathy. ning to pace the room. "And yet-yet a greater light form, and sit down there and eat all ily, "Kathie has made you a fine

this gloom-Suppose there had been no priest to answer the call of that poor despairing man, who died on can I give a bit to Boar?" the mountain two weeks ago—That Fling him a bone if you wish ' Father John' wants me at his side but Boar was well fed this morning. I know, I can read it between the It's your turn now, so go to work." lines. He will rot yield enough to And Eric went to work like the thoughts of self, to recall me out- famished creature he was, tearing guardian. "How many pockets?" right; still no one on earth has such the meat with teeth and fingers, a claim on my services as that noble threating the bread in huge morsels old man. I will go, I will close the in o his mouth, gulping the milk in church to-morrow and-"

A restless movement of the sleeper rather Paul's appetite was effected by the pause beside the cot tually banished, and he could only Boar, too, dozing before the fire, sip his coffee and geze on his guest a started up with his long ears pricked. Eric was toesing and muttering geon flounced out of the room,

Leverishly. The half frozen blood At last, Eric having demolished and be decent," said Eric doubtfully.

The half frozen blood At last, Eric having demolished and be decent," said Eric doubtfully.

The half frozen blood At last, Eric having demolished and be decent," said Eric doubtfully.

had begun to rush tumultuously all that was before him, drew a long Quackery is always discov- through the young veins and the boy satisfied sigh. of poor humanity, untouched by Father Paul, without a shiver at the In Spring Time get Pure Bloo

the storm-swept height.

CHAPTER V. DAN'S LEGACY.

wer reached his bishop. It ran: "MY DEAR FATHER,-Your letter was received and touched me deeply; shall I add, for my soul has no socrets from you, it tempted me inex-pressibly. You know what life at Eric only stared dumbly.

the Cathedral would be to me; but Calvary's dear Father, I have thought and prayed, and decided that there is work for me here. True, the field Jesus Christ? waits my steps looks utterly unpromising at present days with which you were associated.

little cabin on the Canadian bill-side where we stopped for a glass of milk? What can you raise in such a place as this, my good friend?' you asked mere rocky scramble to the brawling little stream. 'Hopes,' answered the sturdy-smocked habitant, in proud display of his English Hopes,' we repeated, naturally

stonished at such novel agricul ure. "'Oui, oui, hopes,' repeated our host, pointing to the rows of little hop-vines struggling amid the rocks - 'Hopes will grow even here.' "So, dear Father, with your per

mission, I will stay and struggle, though it is only with a crop of hopes that grow even here, "Gratefully and affectionately, " PAULyour son,

For nearly twenty hours after his Twice Father Paul roused him to drink the warm milk that was held to his lips, but after a few sips be dropped off again into the sleep that nature seemed to demand even more

than nourishment. near its close, when Father Paul. who was reciting his breviary office before the little altar, was startled by a sudden turmoil in his adjoining

"Ye murthering young thafe, came in thrill, female accents, " I've a moind to break ivery bone in yer shkin, ye haythenish divil ve." "Leose me, loose me, you old red-

headed wildcat you; loose me, or I'il set me dog on you. Boar, Boar ---" Father Paul's breviary dropped from his hand, and he sprang to the rescue, and not a moment too soon. For there, in the vengeful grip of writer was very dear to him; he red-haired Kathie Connor, stood had been from childhood his director, Eric, half-clad, as he had sprung teacher, father and friend. Between from the cot, his breast heaving and

foreshadow the intercourse of those called to the dog, which he had for this poor homeless child on earth to soul. To share this father's "No, no," said the priest. "Er c! broad, noble duties, to live in the no. Kathie, loose the boy; what bed Kathie. "He had the tindher

terror of Tim's life, though there was wiping her eyes, "I'll get the clothes Besides, the Cathedral City was no harrm in the craythur," as he there's a nate suit of corduroys, a bit

grasped, pointing literally to the Eric sat bolt upright before the fire,

big cloak about the boy's quivering

"Do you mean-it t" gasped Bric, staring at the speaker, and, and, his neck about like a colt in it's first

great draughts.

"It's all-lies the boys was telling

ugly word. "That you had a trap under which will cure consump- now," he whispered, evidently ground, where you'd drop me down, and cut off my head, and boil me in oil to grease sick folks, if I dared to "The cross, the cross on the cross your door-stone. But, sure I church top. We were to go there, knew better, for I'd been here wonst come them, and the early Dan said. I gave him my grip on before. But it was hard work." The Scott's Emulsion is one of we wouldn't stay-I can't hold out brance. "The cold struck into me

> "At whose feet?" asked Father Paul, startled at the boy's words. "Him, inside there," said Eric, nodding to the chapel. "Where the Two days later, Father Paul's an- red light burns. With the white cloak about Him and the long, pretty

> > "Oh," said Father Paul, suddenly comprehending: "That is only

"Did you never hear of Him?" "Never," the boy answered. "Never of our Lord and Saviour

"Sure yes, I've heard that," sai so unpromising that it recalls to Eric, his face brightening, "The boys Eric, huskily, "Dan gripped the wildme a little incident of my student say that often when they're tearing mad and fighting drunk. And Dan the poison from my foot when the mocking sceptre Do you remember our delightful pil- licked me wonst because I said it, grimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, too. Murder, but he laid the welts cow to milk for me when I had the seven years ago, and that quaint on hard, I thought he'd kill me en

> " Poor boy!" said Father Paul softly and "Poor Dan! Ah well, Eric, there will be no lickings here. You of our host, whose ground was a are to be my boy now, and we shall be the best of friends, I am sure." "Kathie," he said to the still indignant housekeeper, who re-entered to remove the plates. "Isn't there a trunk of clothes at your house that

> > Mrs. Morren left last summer?" "There is, yer riverence" answered Kathy curtly. Master Jack said they was to go to the boys that served the

the altar soon he may have his pick, said the priest. "Is it that-that baste ye are goin

ed Kathie in breathless horror. forms of stomach trouble can do is best told in the words of John Boyer, banker, Kincardine, Ont. "About a year coming to the little chapel at Notch, Master, who dwells there. Come, you had a little boy of your own

"I did sur," answered Kathie pressing her lips

little saint in God's loving care, he The short wintry day was drawing bad lived to be fatherless, motherless, cold, hungry and-"

> But there was no need to say more Kathie had dropped into the nearest chair with a true Celtic wail. "Don't, yer riverence, don't," she

wailed, burying her face in her hands and rocking to and fro. "Ochone me little Tim, me little ! Mebbe if I hed him I'd not be the sinful, bad bearted craythur I am. Tin years hez he bin dead this very month, ochone! me baby boy, tin years hez he bin-"

"In heaven" interposed Father Paul gently, "Oh, Kathie! think what ten years of heaven must be, ten years with God! How wise your little boy must be now, how holy how beautiful. And if he could speak to you I am sure he would say

you do for me," "Shure he would, he would," sob heart of the Connor's, me little Tim. "Luk at that table, sur, and ye the creek last summer, that'll just be

So Kathie was conquered, and after a ride of three miles to see Kathie's speechless indignation, room, he found his protege transform barbarian's sturdy, well-knit frame looking very stiff and uncomfortable

"Good! said Father Paul, cheer looking fellow. Stand up and let me our Stock before buying, at look at you." Eric stood, twisting

"There's a deal of buttons or them," he said with evident satisfac-

"And pockets, too," added Eric's "Six." answered the boy with a

"There's something to put of them," said Father Paul tossing

"She said, the woman beyant, that

by using B.B.B. No other remedy possesses such per-fect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effere or waste matter from the system. effete or waste matter from the system

answer, " stretch out on my rug and boy now, you know."

"Yes," answered Eric flinging him-

self down on the rug and supporting his upturned face on his hands. "You must feel that I am you friend, Eric, that I mean to be good to you, good as Dan was," added Father Paul, hesitating a little about the comparision.

"You could'nt be that," answere cat that was at my throat, he sucked snake bit it, he stole off'Squire Grey's fever. You couldn't be as good to me as Dan," "Well, perhaps not," assented

Father Paul, feeling Dan's 'goodness' would be somewhat out of his line. "Dan was a true friend to you I am sure, and I hope God will be merciful to his soul for it." "His soul! What's that?" asked

Father Paul hesitated. Thoroughly equipped as he was for wrestling with all the problems that vex the schools, this simple question for a mo-

ment staggered him. He looked at the lad lying at his feet, his fair young face flushed by the firelight, his form sturdy in thew and sinew, his every motion lithesome and agile as some wild creature of the to let in the holy sanctuary, sur ? ask- woods, and he felt that here was the young human brute in all its perfec-"No Kathie, it is this boy whom tion, as unconscious of the divine for our spark within him as the unkindled stake there fixed; the Come, coal is of light and flame. Then stake fixed as the ing each word, the priest answered :

"The soul my boy, is what went from Dan's poor body that night you and I knelt beside him on the mountain. You know how the light left how he could neither see nor hear

nor speak to you." "Sure. I know-he died." said Eric. with a choked sob, "didn't I see the boys put him in the cold, hard ground, with the knife in his hand and the black sign on-on-murder, what is it I am saying? I mean-I mean -- I know the worms are eating poor Dan now."

"No, no, not Dan, my dear boy, only the poor body that Dan wore, just as you wear these clothes. You Mortgage Sale. can throw them off, fling them where you please, and be Eric, still." "I can?" answered the boy, his

uplifted eyes fixed steadily on Father "That is what Dan has done. The

soul, that part of Dan that saw you, that spoke to you, that loved you, has put off its clothes of flesh and blood. and gone to God, who made it; who made you and me and every creature, and to whom we must go back when we, as men call it, die.

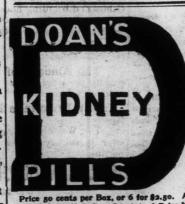
" And-and what does God want with us?" asked the boy.
"What does He want with us?" repeated the priest in a low, thrilling

voice. "Ah! what, indeed, Eric? He wants us, Eric, because He loves us; because He is our Father and we are His children; because He has a home that we cannot see-brighter, earth. He calls us there, to be happy with Him. Dan's last word to me was to make you God's child. Will you try to be what Dan asked with his last breath?!!

"I will," answered Eric, with a

hoarse sob, as he buried his face in his hands, "I'll try."

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Mortgage Sale

TO be sold by public Auction on WED-NESDAY the NINEFEENTH 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 power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of November, A. D. 1887, and made between Ceorge Harper, of Tignish, Lot or Town-ship Number One, in Frince County, in Prince Edward Island, farmer, and Rebecca Harper, blaw wife, of the one part and Cro-

eserved road, aforesaid; thence east all he said road to the place of commen nent, saving and excepting thereout herefrom all that tract piece or parce and commencing on the southern side

stake fixed as the southeastern a thence northeasterly parallel with the dam aforesaid ten chains and fifty links stake fixed as the northeastern angle; the west six chains to a stake fixed as the nowestern angle; thence southwesterly stake fixed on the northern margin of mill pond; thence easterly along the stothed am thence southerly along dam and westerly along the southern ng in of the pond to the stake at the placeommencement; containing four acres two roods of land, a little more or less, if the access to said mill pond and the uniterrupted use of the water of said mill p for all purposes connected with said m now on said land and the right to maint and raise the same to the level heretofk accustomed to be raised for the purpose working the said mills, the said above deribed piece of land excepting the resertion therefrom as aforesaid, contains about one hundred and nineteen acres land, a little more or less.

If the said property is not sold at time and place accustomed to be accustomed to the interest and a little more or less. If the said property is not sold at the time and place aforesaid the same will hereafter be sold by private sale.

Eor further particulars apply at the office of Æneas A. McDenald, Solicitor, Char-77. CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN,

TO be sold by Public Auction on WED-NESDAY, the NINETEENTH day of MAY, A. D. 1887, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, in front of the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the fourteenth day of December, A. D. 1887, and made between Ronald H. McDonald, of Big Cape. Lot or Township Number Forty-two, in King's County, in Prilibe Edward Island, farmer, and Christina Macdonald, his wife, of the one part, and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien of the other part. All that piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Township Number Forty-two, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows that is to say:—Commencing on the west side of the Marsh Road at a point distant fourteen chains north from the northeast angle of Thirty-five acres of land in the possession of Dougald Macdonald; thence south seventy-four degrees twenty-two minutes west to the northwest angle of ten acres of land conveyed to Hugh Macdonald; thence south to the north boundary line of land in the occupation of the Messrs. McInnis; thence west thirty-five chains; thence north fifty-four degrees east forty-two chains; thence south statchains; thence north fifty-four degrees east forty-two chains; thence south statchains; thence north fifty-four degrees east forty-two minutes east to the road; thence along the road to the place of commencement, agreeably to a plan thereof in the margin of a deed from the Commissioner of Public Lands to the said Ronald H. Macdonald, bearing date the twentieth day of December, A. D. 188, containing sixty acres of land, a little more or less, and is thus described in said deed.

Also all that other tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or

acres of land, a little more of ress, att thus described in said deed.

Also all that other tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Forty-two, aforesaid, bounded as follows, that is to say.—Commencing at a point on the east side of the Big Marsh Boad; it runs from themce essit thirty-five chains to the rear line of farms fronting on the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; thence north sixty-three degrees west along said rear line to the said Marsh Road; thence along said Marsh Road southerly nineteen chains to the place of commencement, containing thirty-two and one half acres of land, a little more for any less and the land conveyed to the said Mortgagor by the Commissioner of Frabig Lands by deed bearing date the sighth day of February A. D. 1869.

Also all that other tract piece or parcel

ar settlement road; thence (according the magnetic north of the year 1784) for give he course of said rear settlement morth seventy-said degrees west for those of twenty-two chains; thence of twenty-two chains; thence south sixt edgrees east twenty-four chains is a degrees east twenty-four chains is Baltic settlement road; thence following the course of the same southerly third in chains to the place of commence, containing eighty-four acres of landle more or less, and is thus describe deed from the Commissioner of Publisto on the place of commence that the tenth day of August, A. D. 185 three shove described pleces of land

For further particulars apply at the off Eneas A. Macdonald, Solicitor, Charlot Dated this thirteenth day of April A. CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN

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New Moon, 1st day, 1 First Quarter, 9th day Full Moon, 17th day,

Last Quarter, 25th day

D Day of Sun Sun Ti M Week. rises Sets Ris h m h m r 2 Fri
3 Sat
4 Sun
6 Tues
7 Wed
8 Thur
9 Fri
10 Sat
11 Mon
12 Mon
13 Tues
14 Med
15 Thur
16 Fri
17 Sat
18 Sun
19 Mon
20 Tues
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