

Boils and Pimples.

Miss Agnes Bowman, Pine Station, Ont., writes: "I have been a sufferer from boils and pimples on my neck and face for many years. After taking two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters they all disappeared and never returned."

DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

BY MARION MUIR. Out of the storm and the sunbeam Strong to save or reprove, We pray for the way of wisdom, The path where we should move. The burdened brow of the ruler Seeking to do aright, The tearful dream of the toiler Denied the rest of night— They hear abroad on the mountain, From sea and shore, a cry: "Help us, O Christ, in mercy: For need of help is nigh!" Afar on the jales our banner Shakes to the wind of morn, Rapine and carnage beneath it Staining its stars with scorn. We have sent our eagle emblem To teach the clouds our name, We have compassed the world's desire: Shall lightning tell our shame? From hives of men the children Cry out to sire unfed, On silent hills the miners Walk by the smelters dead. Will the nation's court in blindness Destroy the nation's home? Have we struck on the rock of Mammon, Where fatal breakers foam? Lord God, if our land be given To seven devils at play, How long till the sky be driven Apart by Thy judgement day? Ave Maria

Sprained Arm.

Miss Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., says: "My mother got her arm sprained badly, and nothing she tried helped her. A bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil, though, cured the arm in a few days."

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

A True Story, by Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.

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(Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.) "What did you answer the girl?" I exclaimed, "Good heavens, some misfortune must have happened to her!" "What made you say that?" "Because his reverence had told me she was coming to fetch a large sum of money for the new hospital." "Did any one else know that Mrs. Blanchard was going at that time to fetch the money?" "No indeed, do you imagine that I am such a tattler? I did not say a word about it to any living soul!" "You say you met Mrs. Blanchard coming to the convent. What time was it then?" "The clock had just struck ten. She said good morning to me, and asked if she could find Father Montmoulin alone. I said yes, his mother had just left, and no one was with him." "Had his mother a basket or bag in her hand, when she left?" "Yes she was carrying a little bag which his reverence had given her, I think it contained some linen that wanted mending."

entered the room during Susan's peroration, and caught her last words. "Well done! Give it the old sinner but and strong! I would not have given you credit for such eloquence! The clerical ought to return you to Parliament. I believe you would like the devil to carry off all these scamps of Liberals!—All in good part, gentlemen. I have the honor to place my services at the disposal of the representatives of the law."

"This is our medical practitioner, Dr. Corbillard," said the Mayor by the way of introduction to the strangers present, while the witness was told she might withdraw. I think, Doctor, you might have had the civility to come a little sooner."

"Not a single moment! I always act on the principle: first to see to the living, because you may do them some good; it does not matter to the dead how long they wait. Just when your message came I was called to see a sick man four miles away among the hills; I have only just returned and am now at your service."

The post-mortem examination then took place. Father Montmoulin's knife was found to be the instrument with which the wound was inflicted. The candlestick which Charles had, as will be remembered, let fall in his fright at the sight of the skull and crossbones, was found and recognized as the property of the priest. This the magistrate considered as a corroboration of his theory that he had lured his victim down to the sacristy under the pretext of the money being there, thinking the winding staircase would afford the best facilities for the execution of his hideous project.

"Now we have the whole connected chain of evidence," he said with no small satisfaction. "We will let the accused feel all the force of it at once, and I shall be very much surprised if he does not confess forthwith."

So saying, Mr. Bartholomew re-entered the priest's sitting-room, and taking his seat at the table with the clerk, he ordered the accused to be brought before him. Father Montmoulin slept the sleep of the worn out until, soon after day-break, he was aroused by the unusual commotion outside the convent walls, caused by the concurrence of the villagers who had flocked thither in ever-increasing numbers. When first he opened his eyes, he thought he had a bad dream and was thankful to think it was over. But the next morning he caught sight of the constable who sat watching him, and of the basin of water in which he tried to cleanse his casoc, and he knew that it was no phantom of one night that weighed upon him, but stern and terrible reality. All the events of the preceding night crowded upon his mind—Loser's confession, the search throughout the house, the discovery of the body and the blood-stained knife. The future then rose up before him in dark colors. He had been taken into custody under strong suspicion of having committed a horrible murder with robbery, presently he would be taken to prison like an ordinary criminal before the eyes of all his parishioners. He already heard their voices below his window. What a terrible scandal! What a disgrace for him! Then he would be brought to trial, and be impotent to do anything except assert his own innocence of the crime whereof he was accused. Would he be believed? He did not dare to hope that such would be the case. The jury would pronounce him guilty, and the judge

would pronounce sentence upon him. And then the guillotine stared him in the face?

Father Montmoulin would have been more than human, had not this dreadful prospect affected him profoundly. "If this terrible doom would fall on me alone, he said (if himself, I could bear it, but my mother and sister will be involved in my shame, and what sad scandal it will give in my congregation and far beyond the narrow limits of this parish."

Again he went over all in his mind. Loser's confession, although inspired by nothing but fear, was yet, as he could not but admit, male with the object of obtaining sacramental absolution, and consequently a confession, which he was bound under all circumstances, to keep secret. He dare not let it be known that Loser went to him to confession the evening before, for that, under the existing state of affairs, would amount to an accusation against him. He had, it was true, seen him before he knew that he came with a view to confession; and the mere fact that he had seen him had nothing to do with the confession. Besides, it was evident that if he were to declare that he had seen Loser, it would be a strong evidence in his own favor. But Father Montmoulin had already been asked whether he had seen the man since the afternoon of Sunday, and he answered in the negative, because, as he told himself, Loser had only come to him for the sake of confession; and to admit that he had been there at all seemed likely to endanger his sacred obligation to preserve silence. Therefore he decided to abide by what had already been said, since he could not well retract his statement without indirectly giving rise to the supposition that Loser had been to confession to him, and everyone would suspect what his confession had been.

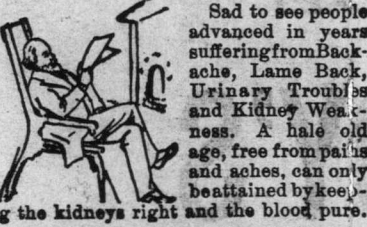
All the various grounds of suspicion which told so strongly against him lay upon Father Montmoulin's heart. He knew that the embarrassment which he had been unable to conceal on the occasion of the Mayor's entrance and the discovery of the body, must place him in a very unfavorable light. Could he not explain this unfortunate circumstance by saying: "Yes, I know the crime that had been perpetrated, but only through the confessional. So long as no particular individual was brought under suspicion, or into a position of difficulty, this could not be a violation of the seal of confession; yet it might lead to it. No one except Loser had been to confession to him, or had been near him at all, after the murder, and it through the inquiries of the police, or by any accident, the fact that Loser had been to him that same night were discovered, his admission that he had heard of the crime from the lips of a penitent would be equivalent to an accusation against one man; the only penitent who came to him, the only penitent he saw in the convent was Loser, therefore he was the murderer. No, there was no doubt; nothing in the world should induce him to expiate himself by saying that he was told of the fatal deed in the confessional. Thus he means of escape was left him."

Another idea occurred to him. The sacristan had come upon him by surprise whilst he was counting the money on Sunday afternoon. Might he not at least mention this fact to the magistrate, since it was wholly unconnected with the confessional, and it was certainly calculated to throw suspicion on the right person. If Loser had not been to confession subsequently, Father Montmoulin would certainly have spoken of the circumstance, but now he deemed it more advisable not to give this hint as to the real criminal, justifiable as it undoubtedly was. "After all," he said to himself, "It may be conjectured that it was through his confession that I was able to detect the criminal. No, I will do nothing that will cause him to be suspected, lest I should even in the remotest degree occasion doubt to arise as to the inviolability of the seal of confession. I would rather die than appear not to have guarded it most faithfully!" Such was the first resolution of the conscientious priest formed, and when all hesitation was at an end, peace returned to his soul. He calmly recited his morning prayers, and then took up his breviary and began to say the hour.

The constable whose duty it was to keep his eyes on the priest, was not a little astonished to see with what tranquillity and resolution he performed his orisons, while from the courtyard below the uproar grew louder and louder, and some voices openly denounced the priest and called for his death. "It is an odd thing," the man said to himself, "if I had not seen that bloody knife, I should declare he fellow was innocent. However, I have often heard it said that the clergy are all of them consummate hypocrites." So saying he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and proceeded to fill it afresh.

About ten o'clock Father Montmoulin was summoned to appear before the magistrate. He was received courteously, and given a seat opposite to his interrogator. After the usual questions as to name, berth, etc. which the clerk duly wrote down, the magistrate said: "It is unnecessary to say a word about the unfortu-

Hale Old Age.



DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS defied the aged by freeing them from pain and correcting all Disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary System. Mr. Thomas Aah, an old resident of Rentree, Ont., spoke as follows: "I am 72 years of age, and have been troubled for a number of years with pain across my back. When I would stoop over it gave agonizing pain by straightening up. I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I have taken many kinds of medicines, but got nothing to help me. Being recommended to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a box. After taking three doses noticed a great change for the better, and I can now get around as smart as a cricket. I can split my own wood and axe, in fact, just like a new man."

nate occurrence which obliges me to examine you, Rev. Sir, you are only too well acquainted with the circumstances already. I must however lay before you the overwhelming evidence against you which the preliminary investigation has brought to light, and which have led to a charge being brought against you, from which I do not see how you can clear yourself. Let me advise you in your interest to make a clean breast of it; it is the only means of escaping a capital sentence."

Father Montmoulin politely thanked the magistrate and assured him that he was innocent of the crime imputed to him. "It will avail you but little to assert your innocence in the face of the facts we have here," Mr. Bartlett continued more sternly. "It is proved that Mrs. Blanchard came to you yesterday about ten o'clock for the purpose of fetching a considerable sum of money that was in your hands; she was foully murdered at a time when there was no other person under the roof with her besides yourself. How do you account for this?"

"Is it proved that I was the only person under the roof with her?" "Undoubtedly. The only person who could have disturbed you was your old servant, and you took the precaution of dismissing her, saying that you would not require her services until the next morning."

"I was not well." "One would imagine that to be a reason for wishing her to remain in the house." "I was tired and only needed rest." "And yet you were up and about between ten and eleven at night! But we will let that pass. At any rate the woman was not here at the time of the murder. Nor was the sacristan, since you granted—or perhaps offered—him leave of absence the evening before. You yourself allowed that he did not come back to your knowledge."

The answer, "He might have come back without my knowledge," rose to the priest's lips, but his fear of even approaching the secret he had to keep prevented him from uttering this perfectly justifiable reply. Instead of that he contented himself with the vague remark that some one else might perhaps have gained admittance to the building. "The crime is not one which any tramp could have committed," pursued the magistrate. The criminal must have had an accurate acquaintance with the house, and above all, must have known that Mrs. Blanchard was going at an appointed time to fetch a large sum of money from you, and that she would go down that dark winding staircase with it in her possession, unaccompanied by you—this, if your account of the matter is correct; I take the liberty of imagining the facts of the case to be somewhat different."

(To be continued.)

Call (to little B'by)—B'by, what makes your eye so bright? Bobby (after a little thought)—I repeat it's cause I sip 'd m' m' y' long.

SAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures sprains, bruises, sores, wounds, cuts, frost-bites, chilblains, stings of insects, scalds, contusions, etc. Price 25 cents. Young Author (reading aloud)—But perhaps I weary you? Enthusiastic Friend—Oh, no! I long to hear the end of your story.—Stray Stories.

Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail. Price 25c. & 50c. All dealers.

LAXA—Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 50c. per all drug-gists.

ERYSIPELAS.

This dangerous Blood Disease always cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Most people are aware how serious a disease Erysipelas is. Can't root it out of the system with ordinary remedies. Like other dangerous blood diseases, though, B.B.B. can cure it every time. Read what Rachel Patton, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., says: "I wish to state that I used Burdock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in my face and general run down state of my health. I tried many remedies but all failed to cure. I then tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly cured me and four bottles completely cured me."

MISCELLANEOUS.

An exchange prints the following marriage ceremony, which was said by a Tennessee squire a short time ago: "With thou take her for thy pard, for better or for worse, to have to hold, to fondly guard, till death do off in a hearse? With thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes, make the fire every day and help her wash the dishes? With thou comfort and support her father and mother, Aunt Jemima and Uncle John, three sisters and a brother?" And his face grew pale and blank; it was too late to it; as through the floor he sank he said: "I will."

Getting overheated and catching cold often brings on Cramps and Colic of the worst kind. A few doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry give relief from pain and quickly cure the worst cases. He (in an argument)—Well, thank goodness, I'm not two faced. She—You ought to be thankful. One face like yours is enough.—Tit-Bits.

BADDECK, JUNE 11, 1897. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. DEAR SIRS,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for NEURALGIA. It relieves at once. A. S. McDONALD.

Pain Ceased First Day. Mrs. Mary O'Dell, 262 Dunn Ave., Toronto, says: She used Millburn's Rheumatic Pills for a severe attack of Rheumatism and she got relief from pain after taking the remedy one day.

"I want you to write me an obituary on the old lady," said the rural subscriber to the editor. "Sorry to hear of your loss." "Well, I'm not kickin' ag'in Providence!" "Oh, of course! Well, how old was she?" "She never did tell." "Of a retiring disposition, was she?" "No, sir, she was mighty in evidence at all times!" "Well, my friend, what on earth am I to say?" "Oh, just say that she wuz took away by Providence, an' Providence knows its business."

Minard's Liniment Cures Carget in Cows. Visitor—You seem to be an important person. Everybody turns round to look at you. Local Great Man—Yes; there isn't a man in the town I don't owe money to.—Tit-Bits.

Queen Street Emporium

W. Grant & Co., Importers and dealers, keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of the best groceries which they sell at lowest prices. Flour, Tea, Coffee, Kerosene Oil, Fish, etc. etc, SEED! SEEDS! SEEDS!

A splendid selection of all kinds of clovers, timothy, peas, vetches, imported seed wheat, garden seeds, wholesale and retail. FARMING IMPLEMENTS! Having bought the entire stock of Frank Beales at LePAGES OLD STAND, we are now prepared to supply all kinds of Farming Implements. We are also agents for the celebrated McLaughlin Carriage Co., and the Deering Harvesting Co. We have always on hand a full line of ploughs, barrows, cultivators, etc. Repairs of all kinds. Washing machines, wringers, and wringer repairs. All these goods are offered at the lowest prices. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

W. Grant & Co. Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 26, 1899.

Pickling Vinegar.

The pickling season having come around again, we are prepared as usual to supply our customers with everything that they may require in this line. We have a stock of— English Malt Vinegar. Canadian Malt " English Spiced " Apple Cider " Proof White Wine Vinegar. French " " " Also Turmeric, Cayenne Pepper, Pickling Spices, etc.

BEER & GOFF. GROCERS.

School Books!

College Text Books and a large new line of all kinds of School Supplies NOW READY.

HASZARD MOORE. Sunnyside.

A. E. ARSENAULT. H. R. MCKENZIE. ARSENAULT & MCKENZIE Barristers, Solicitors, etc. (Late of the firms of Russell & Co., and F. V. Knox, London, Eng.) OFFICES—Chambers Block, Charlottetown. Aug. 30, 1899—7

Received OUR NEW

Fall Overcoatings, Suitings, Trouserings, LATEST DESIGNS

As the price of Woollens has advanced and is still advancing, you will study your own interest by placing your order early. Any goods, we repeat, will be at the advanced price. WE ARE OFFERING A JOB LOT OF TWEEB SUITINGS AT 20 PER CENT. TO CLEAR.

D. A. BRUCE, MORRIS BLOCK.

STOVES STOVES STOVES OF ALL KINDS

Fennell & Chandler. The pickling season having come around again, we are prepared as usual to supply our customers with everything that they may require in this line. We have a stock of— English Malt Vinegar. Canadian Malt " English Spiced " Apple Cider " Proof White Wine Vinegar. French " " " Also Turmeric, Cayenne Pepper, Pickling Spices, etc.

A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer. Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is told to effect a sale and make something out of you. We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

Cairns & McFadyen.

June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

EPPS'S COCOA

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and Highly Nutritive Properties. Especially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold in quarter lb. tins, labeled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. BREAKFAST SUPPER EPPS'S COCOA Oct. 5, 1898—301 A. A. McLEAN, LL B., Q. C. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN, Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898. Agent.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY

ASSETS - - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS. The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world. This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses. F. E. I. Agency, Charlottetown. F. W. HYNDMAN, Agent.

That Cough Hangs on

You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield; it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce a gripe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you are run down or emaciated you should certainly take this nourishing food medicine. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

