

Nothing Equal to Low's.

Mrs. J. Snelling, Underwood, Ont. says that she has used Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup in her family for the past eight years, and that she knows of nothing so good for children who suffer from worms.

A BALLADE FOR OCTOBER.

BY MAGDALEN BARK. What though the seas white and red No longer by the wayside blow; What though the glover blooms are dead, And lilies sway not to and fro, Rich tints and rare as poodle show On upland wide and spreading fold, The streams with fuller murmur flow In Mary's Month of red and gold.

What though upon each mountain's head The silvery mists lie long and low, The barley sheaves are garnered, The wheat ricks gladden row on row; Round them the birds in circles go; The meads, whose heart is stout and bold, Still warbles many a gay refrain In Mary's month of red and gold.

On beechen branches far outspread, The leaves have caught a fiery glow, And crimson hues and green are wed, 'Neath sunset clouds of pearl and snow; Red is the haw, purple the sloe, Gay flags the brambles will uphold, The joys of Autumn overflow In Mary's month of red and gold.

Envy, Lady, our hearts are glad, although This year is surely waxing old; For God will make a grasshew In Mary's month of red and gold. Ave Maria.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, quinsy, sore throat, kidney complaint, etc. Price 25c.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

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

Published with the permission of Mr. B. Herder, publisher and bookseller, St. Louis, Mo. (Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued)

"This knife," Father Montmoulin answered at length, after a moment's struggle for self-command, undoubtedly is my property, so is the handkerchief. It is the one in which I wrapped up the money that I gave to Mrs. Blanchard. How the knife and the handkerchief got into this state, or who hid them under the dresser, I am quite unable to say. I only know that old Susan complained at breakfast time that the knife was missing.

"Probably the murderer took it away before hand, and laid it in readiness for the deed he meditated. I must say he seems to have laid his plans remarkably well. Only he reckoned, methinks, upon one thing somewhat too surely, that the certain circumstances, let us say the sacredness of his office, would avert all suspicion from him."

"Sir, you have repeatedly made use of expressions which showed you regarded me with suspicion, and now you actually assert that you consider me to be in all probability the guilty party! I really must beg to protest very decidedly against these accusations!" the priest answered with dignity.

Father Montmoulin had a premonition that he would be condemned in the Court, and his assertions of innocence would be branded as hypocrisy. He felt the injustice done him acutely, and tasted beforehand something of the bitterness of the chalice that he would have to drink. However, he could do nothing to avert this trial, except by praying. So under his breath he murmured the words of our Lord in the Garden of Olives: "My God, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt!"

Then you persist in your refusal to confess your guilt?" the Mayor once more inquired. "I have nothing to confess," the priest replied quietly. "You may call me a hypocrite if you choose; I am innocent, and I trust in God; he will make my innocence as clear as the day."

"We shall see what the jury will think about your innocence, when all those facts are laid before them in Court! But you come with us to your rooms, and have the goodness to change the blood-stained cassock for this one, which in truth is not over clean. Then we will arrange side by side all the proofs of your innocence; cassock, basket, handkerchief and knife. There yet remains for us to find the £480 in your possession, and I do not despair of doing that. Meanwhile we have every reason to be satisfied with the result of our preliminary research.—Who is there? Carillon!"

CHAPTER XI. THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE. Day broke at length. The first rays of the sun, rising in all its rosy splendor behind the heights of Brignolle, lit up a Spring landscape of rare loveliness. All the numerous villages and hamlets lying in the valley between the hills, were circled with plum and peach trees in full bloom, like a bridal wreath.

Amongst the delicately tinted blossoms the bees were already busily at work, while thrush and blackbird filled the air with their song. Here and there a church bell announced to the villagers the hour of Mass, and a few aged parishioners and groups of school children might be seen wending their way towards the church, the laboring population went in companies to their accustomed work in the gardens or vineyards.

In Ste. Victoire, however, the wheel of daily life stood still. Scarcely had the householders been opened at dawn of day, before the tidings of the murder spread throughout the village like wildfire. "Have you heard the news, neighbor? Poor Mrs. Blanchard has been murdered, the dear old lady!" an aged crier cried from across the street. "You don't say so! It cannot be true!"

"It is true, though, and the worst of the story is, they say Father Montmoulin stabbed her with his bread knife," said a voice from another window. "My God, how can you say such a horrible thing? Do you not know that you are committing a mortal sin?"

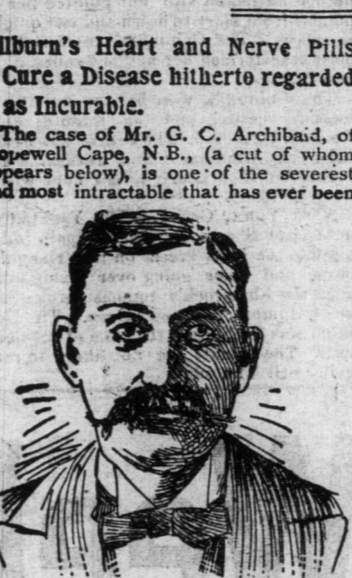
"Why should it not be true? The clergy are not a bit better than anybody else. Was not a priest guilty of some years ago for stabbing the Archbishop of Paris in a church? Besides I heard it from the maid at the Golden Rose; she had to take up breakfast for the convent in a hurry for the mayor and the lawyers. The mayor and the notary and the town clerk—she was his sister, you know—spent the night up there and found out everything."

"Ist her talk! You will not make me believe that our pastor, such a good, pious and kind gentleman as he is, could be guilty of such a crime. Not one of those government officials ever goes to Mass, or to his Easter duty. No doubt they will try and fasten it on him, he has been in their way for a long time." So spoke a stout, sturdy matron, doubling her fist, and shaking it emphatically in the direction of the mayor's residence.

"Take care, do be quiet!" urged a timid-looking little woman, who had stood by in speechless horror, "if you have been saying were repeated, you might get put into prison by the mayor."

The good woman's indignant speech was cut short by the exclamation of those around her, for a small body of mounted police appeared coming down the street, besides a carriage drawn by two horses, in which some important-looking personages were seated.

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE. Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as incurable. The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victims helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy. The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

down was closed, the voice reached Father Montmoulin's ear, and he heard several, to whom he had shown nothing but kindness, passing a harsh verdict on him. Thus it is with the unstable human heart, always more prone to believe evil than to believe good of their fellow men. The multitude love a scandal, especially when it emanates from a class above them, and whoever the supposed culprit may be, the populace now as of old, is ready to cry, "Crucify him." Men of education, who in such times of excitement would put in a word for the accused, and who would be grieved by the fall of who one of them had enjoyed a spotless reputation, do not mix among the multitude on such occasions.

"String him up to the olive tree here, before the police come from Aix," said a stalwart youth, looking about him with complacency. "If he gets into Court, you see if some rascally lawyer does not get him off with his oily tongue. Here too, we would all see him kick better than if he were to be gallotted."

"No," answered a butcher, "never fear, they have such proof that the first parastier in the land could not get him off. His cassock is soaked with blood, and the carving knife is stained too, that he stabbed her with. I should not have credited the little man with as much pluck."

"There was no particular pluck needed. The old woman would not offer much resistance. Besides, all the lot of money he took from her would have given any man courage for the crime. They say it was upwards of £800."

"More than that! More than that! Two thousand! Four thousand," one and another of the bystanders called out. "I tell you what," whispered the oobler, "it is a fortunate thing for Loser, the scoriata, that he went off to Marseilles on Sunday evening, and he did not come back. Had he been there, suspicion would certainly have fallen on him, not on the priest."

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.

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 Charles Russell & Co., and F. V. Knox, London, Eng.) CAMERON BLOCK, Charlottetown. OFFICES Charlottetown. Aug. 30, 1899—7

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

It has been over 40 years in use and no equal for the cure of bowel complaints of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, and it would be wise to see that the full name, Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, is on every bottle you buy.

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.

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 Charles Russell & Co., and F. V. Knox, London, Eng.) CAMERON BLOCK, Charlottetown. OFFICES Charlottetown. Aug. 30, 1899—7

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

It has been over 40 years in use and no equal for the cure of bowel complaints of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, and it would be wise to see that the full name, Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, is on every bottle you buy.

Received OUR NEW

Fall Overcoatings, Suitings, Trouserings, LATEST DESIGNS

As the price of Woolens 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 TWEED SUITINGS AT 20 PER CENT. TO CLEAR. D. A. BRUCE, MORRIS BLOCK.

Sportsmen We Have in Stock American Powder Shot, all sizes U. M. C. Loaded Shells Caps, Wads, etc. Canvas Duck Decoys. Fennell & Chandler.

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.

EPH'S COCOA GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPH'S & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. BREAKFAST SUPPER EPH'S COCOA Oct. 6, 1898—301 A. A. McLEAN, LL.B., O. G. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898. Agent.

Your Doctor Knows

Your doctor knows all about foods and medicines. The next time you see him, just ask him what he thinks of Scott's Emulsion.

For fifty-five years doctors have prescribed our Emulsion for pulmonary weakness, nervous exhaustion, and for all diseases that cause loss in flesh.

Its creamy color and its pleasant taste make it especially useful for thin and delicate children. No other preparation of cod-liver oil is like it. Don't lose time and risk your health by taking anything unknown and untried. Keep in mind that SCOTT'S EMULSION has stood the test for a quarter of a century.

My poor sister's blood cries for vengeance!" exclaimed the town-clerk. "I shall not rest until I see you on the scaffold, in the hands of the hangman."

My poor sister's blood cries for vengeance!" exclaimed the town-clerk. "I shall not rest until I see you on the scaffold, in the hands of the hangman."

My poor sister's blood cries for vengeance!" exclaimed the town-clerk. "I shall not rest until I see you on the scaffold, in the hands of the hangman."

My poor sister's blood cries for vengeance!" exclaimed the town-clerk. "I shall not rest until I see you on the scaffold, in the hands of the hangman."

My poor sister's blood cries for vengeance!" exclaimed the town-clerk. "I shall not rest until I see you on the scaffold, in the hands of the hangman."