(Continued from first page.) recommend some one who might fill tycki was in Winnipeg he was approached upon the subject but could not at the present time render any assistance.

The West Canada Publishing Co. is at the present time equipped with a first class plant for producing a paper in the Ruthenian language. But it is a most difficult matter to secure the services of a competent editor. We must not lose beart, however. The Metropolitan will be returning in a few few days and Hood's Sarsaparilla with his assistance it willsurely be possible to secure the services of a

responsible and reliable journalist, For the information of enquirers not conversant with the status of the Greek Uniates we add a word of explanation.

The majority of the so-called Greek Uniates, united to Rome, are Ruthenians and Servians living in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. They number 4,097,073 souls. The Maronites do not exceed the number of 300,000 souls.

The Unia's Oburobes ere Greek in name only .- North West Review.

"Why Persecutest Thou Me?"

It was the year 1793 in France. Spring, that fairest of the seasons, had passed her magic wand over the And all the while the solemn tones queenly city of Paris, and beauty of the great organ float out upon the had sprung forth everywhere. But, though the sun shone, and the birds sang throughout France it was win- is enlisting these new soldiers of the ter, cold and desolate, in the hearts Cross, Pierre La Rose has started on past of her people; for she was going his way with the soldiers of France. through a struggle, the most critical to execute the deed of which he had in the blood stained pages of her pledged himself on the preceding history. She was tottering on the night. It was early as yet, and the brink of a ruin well nigh as complete first rays of the sun were beautifying as that which overtook the mighty the quiet old streets through which city of the Caesars. And who stood they passed, the silence broken only at the helm of the storm-tossed by an occasional burst of song or "Ship of State" as she struggled laughter and the clanking of their with the forces that threatened to weapons on the ground. Presently engulf her? One whose only aim, one of the soldiers spoke. whose sole desire was to bring her the fanatical, the unscrupulous He- guillotine or the torture." bert, he who was to enthrone Reason sembled and laid their demands for to work mischief." right before the weak Louis; in vain attained his aim; he had had himself along lent them by the sun.

On one of these spring days, two forced to pause, for the sudden tranmen sat earnestly conversing in one sition from the sunlight to the dimof the rooms of the deserted palace, in ness of the church had blinded them. the very room indeed, in which the La Rose, a little in advance of the unhappy monarch had been made to others, stood as if unwilling to adsign away the nominal sovereignty vance, yet wishing to do so. It was which was his. One of these men as if he had been suddenly introduced was small and thin, with a longish into an outer court of Heaven. The head, narrow restless eyes, and a solemn strains of the organ thrilled mouth firm, but insincere; the other him strangely and he stood as if was of more pleasing presence, unable to move, and in that moment, straight and military in his bearing, the vigilant little sentinel which with frank blue eyes and glossy keeps watch before the Tabernacles brown bair, Both wore the uniform of the world, from its watch-tower

For some moments heither had spoken. The one, buried in thought, is a house of prayer." seemed debating within himself some difficult question, while the other the open window, and gently stirred Bishop. Did the old man see those

"Well. Pierre," he said, " will you for God and His suffering Oburch. undertake the commission? It is one of trust and may turn out to your advantage. Be a man! Put aside those cowardly scruples, fit only for women, and bend your manly kness to the handsome Goddess of Reason. Your course is simple; go tomorrow to the Church of Saint Agnes, close the door and disperse the silly multitude. And if they seem to resent your action, invite them to the festival of Reason to be celebrated this evening.

At this the other raised his head and with an air of forced determination, rose from his onair.

" Pardon, Monsieur," he said, "I bave had a struggle, but it is over I will execute your orders." A smile of triumph crossed the

features of Herbert at these words, "There!" he said, " I knew your good sense would win in the end. and you shall not regret it."

The young soldier saluted and passed out into the sunsbine.

On the following morning, when in through the stained glass windows of Saint Agnee, to pay his homage at the little golden palace doors, found a throng of children kneeling in silent devout expectation, in the great pews. On one side, the girls with snow white veils symbolizing the spotlessness of their young souls;

An Ancient Foe the position. This sgain proved a To health and happiness is Scrofulafruitless quest. When Mgr. Szep_ as ugly as ever since time immemorial It causes bunches 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

> "Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months, intments 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 scrot-ula since," J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont.

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

n the other, the boys, bearing on their unturned faces the sacred impress of the Eucharistic Communion to which they had been admitted but a few hours before. It was Confirmation day at St Agnes, and the scent of lilies filled the air, and high over the heads of the little ones the tiny light Sentinel trembled in prayerful adoration.

Presently a solemn procession isable figure in cope and mitre. Then quietly, two by two, the would-be soldiers of Christ approach and kneel at the Bishop's feet, while his aged hands are extended o'er their youthful heads, and his gentle voice invokes the Holy Spirit in their behalf. fragrant air.

And now, while the gentle Bishop

"Why so silent, Monsieur Pierre?" eafe to the haven, regardless of per- he said, "Art hungry? Art in love? sonal motives or considerations? Oh Or does thy conscience trouble thes? no! It was Hebert, the violent, Thy countenance would suggest the

"Nay," said another, "'tis neither in the person of a wicked woman on conscience nor hunger that makes the dismantled altar of Notre Dame! him gloomy. He fears to meet his In vain had the States-General as- sweetheart, here where we are going

La Rose said nothing, seemed to the National Assembly framed wise be unconscious of their raillery, and laws in the hope of stemming the kept doggedly on, his head bent and flood of anarchy that was fast rush- his hand elenching his sword. Ere ing upon the unhappy country ! All long, the Gothic spires of Saint Agefforts had failed, but Hebert had nes rose before them in all the golden

constituted leader, and a field vast p the broad steps marched the enough for his ambition lay before little party, ruthlessly noisy, into the holy quiet. Oace inside, they were high upon its castle ramparts, flashed out a solemn warning, "My house

Swiftly the moments flew. The last two of the little soldiers had been watched his quick restless move- knighted. All was still and La Rose ments with ill-concealed impatience. still standing with bent head listen-The soft spring breeze stole through ing to the glowing words of the old the rich bangings on the walls, and dusky figures faintly outlined in the now and then, there were borne in dimness? Did he divine their sacrion the breeze, fragments of a song legious mission? Perhaps, for the which made Hebert glance signific. words that fell from his lips smote antly at his companion (who, how- like steel thrusts on the proud heart ever, did not heed his look), for the of La Rose. Then at the end, with burden of it was " Long Live Res- kindling eye and forceful gesture, he son." Presently the older man bade the children go forth, strong in their new found valor, to the combat

" Hold yourselves ready my children," he said, " to suffer cheerfully, yes to die gladly for the Faith which gave us a Panoratius and an Agnes, for the day is not far distant, I fear, my little once, when the Church of France will be hunted to the Catacombs, as was the Church of Rome under the Caesars. But fear not, for the God, Who in His own good time brought low beneath His avenging and the proud mistress of the world, still holds in the palm of His hand What ! you are silent, you still hesi- the destinies of nations. 'Tis under His standard you go forth to fight, and 'tis He Who, when the fight is o'er, will decorate you with the badge

> of the beavenly 'Legion of Honor.'" Then amid a solemn stillness, the Master beld aloft in consecrated fingers, blessed the kneeling little ones and all departed. As the retreating footsteps echoed in the vestibule. La Rose roused himselt, and turning abruptly to the soldiers, bade them secure the doors. This

SCOTT'S **EMULSION**

is the only emulsion imi-tated. The reason is plain it's the best. Insist upon having Scott's—it's the world's standard flesh and strength builder. ALL DRUGGISTS

self secured the massive outer door, riment, and lastly one who stood. and gave the order to march

In the guard-house that day, in the busy streets, everywhere that La Rose went to seek distraction Celeste, 's said her mother, "and add greatest known blood medicine, for recovery, and develops into con- from his thoughts, there rang in his that which alone is lacking to the rewill also deny him before My Gounod's "Ave Maria" filled the Father Who is in Heaven." Why room. did those words repeat themselves

in the company of his fellow lieuten. forgetting. Finally, driven by an mother's chair. impulse like that which forces the rime, he bent his steps, half uncon- to Eugenie. ciously, in the direction of Saint My boy l' was all she could say

power, thrilled the heart of the in the farthest corner quietely weep

How often in the days so far removed from him had he spent moments of sweetest communion with here in this very spot. How often in the first flush of schoolboy triumph, had he hastened hither to pour out his grateful heart to the beautiful happy. Queen Mother through whose powerful aid he had attained success. gone forth from the Church burning with the desire to prove his soldier's

courage in the cause of his Master,

Then the scenes of memory shifted; he saw himself a youth, the pride of his sweet-faced mother, the darling idol of a devoted sister, and-ah! memory was cruel ! -- the proud suit or of a beautiful noble girl. The loving faces so inseparably united in hetr sorrow seemed to smile entreatingly upon him in the darkness, and and scowled. their pale grief smote him to the heart. Yes! in thoes days he had been happy; but then came the wild put on my hat." desire for the soldier's life, for military renown, and despite the anguished pleading of his mother, and the down the hall. Presently he returned tears of his sister and Eugenie, he had entered the army, and once under the pernicious influence of Godless associates, he had gradually drift down stream. Soon indifference things which had once been dearer to him than life, and eternity was forgot-In his chosen career, Step by step, he traced the downward path there the darkness, alone with conscience Suddenly a great wave of realizaon came over him. He, Pierre La ose, had, not twenty-four hours beore closed with his own hands the standard of Reason, and had come and then on the other. with a band of armed soldiers to offer mortal insult to the gentle Dweller

ared offend the Oaptain. He raised his head. High up amid the darkness, the tiny tremulous red spark was flickering just as it had in the twilight evenings of the longago. Now it spoke to him for the second time that day, but tenderly, reproachfully, not sternly. " Defile not the temple of the Lord;" and with the pleading whisper of the little light, came again the vision of his nother's anxious, wistful face. Geneous tears started to his eyes, and he wept as he was wont to do when poy at the sight of his mother's grief Convulsive sobs shook his frame, and ne cried out in the darkness : " Fath, er, I have sinned against Heaven and Thee, I have proved an unworthy son, but take me back among Thy

within these walls, to Him Who be

knew would not resent it, though in

shining array powerful to annihilate

God, and hear me !" His head sank upon his hands and his lips began to move in fervent eager prayer. Long and earnestly he cedure. pleaded with the Fatner whom be had wronged, ere peace came to his weary soul, and from the little golden door came the words which had brought joy to many a sorrowing soul before ies. Our trade during 1909

servants. Have mercy on me, my

Jean, a little party sat enjoying the calm twilight evening. These were three, an elderly lady, slender and with snow white hair and soft brown with snow white hair and soft brown digan.

fort during the present year to give our customers the best price 25 cents at all dealers. Bewere of imitations. The genuine is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Ont. eyes: a girl of about nineteen, with digan.

was the work of but a few moments delicate rose tint in her cheek, rich and when it was completed, he him. dark hair, and blue eyes full of mer-'Where the brook and river meet.' She too was fair, with clear gray eyes

ears the oft-repeated text of the old mance of the moonlight evening and Bishop-" He that shall confess me the sighing zephyrs. " Celeste turned before men, I will also confess him and let her slender fingers wonder ovbefore My Father Who is in Heaven, er the keys of her beloved instrument but he shall not deny Me before men, and soon the tender strains of

so incessantly in his aching brain notes were borne away on the breeze, like a warning? In vain he strove the last time I played that Pierre escape their insistent persecution, stood beside me here and sang it. And will sing it tonight, if you

ants. They followed him and will let him, 'exclaimed a voice and burned themselves into his confused ere she could be startled by the un thoughts. Hour by hour, he strode expected reply to her words, a tall through the streets, seeing and familiar form strode into the darkenhearing nothing - bent only on ing room, as she stood beside her

murderer to revisit the scene of his come back to you, and to Celeste and

ng, secured it behind him. He tears moistening his brow. When is the fault of my ancestors. walked reluctantly up the aisle as if the first intense embrace was over drawn by some unseen force, and Pierre turned to where Celeste was dropped on his knees at the railing. standing patiently waiting her turn, Darkness brooded like a mourn- and she was held close to his heart ng dove within the hallowed walls too happy for words. But when he and out of the shadows rose the would have saluted Eugenie, she was white marble altar, the throne of the gone. With another tender kiss on drew her hand into his

'Eugenie,' he whispered eagerly, will you not forgive me. 'I was but a foolish boy when I left you and I the gentle Prisoner of the Tabernacle wandered far, in my blindness, but the good God called me back to the Fold, and now it needs only your forgiveness to make me supremely

He waited, gazing hungrily into her tear stained face, Softly the little Thick and fast the long forgotten white hand, lying passively in his memories crowded upon him, mem- tightened its clasp, and her clear grey ories of those days of innocence and eyes looking into his own gave the piety spent under the watchful guid- answer which ber maiden lips would ance of the old pastor; of that bright not frame. Full of a new exultant May morning, when, his heart aglow happiness he drew her into the parlor with fervor he had approached for to his mother and Celeste. As they the " Great Supper of the Lord," of sat in the old familar group, looking that proud day when, with the holy out at the calm moonlight night, chrism moist upon his brow he had Celeste whispered to her mother :--'The old priest was right, was be not, mother? when he smiled whilst we wept, and said always: 'Ask and you shall receive, knock and it shall

Tempus Fugit.

be opened to you. ' Casket.

"Are you almost ready?" asked

"In just a minute, dear," the lady made answer; "all I have to do is to The man went out and slammed and she said she did.

the door and began strolling up and and opened the door again. "Good gracious," he said, "you're

taking a whole lot of time-" "I'll be through right away," the lady assured him. He saw she was be rid of these parasites. Price 50c. the matter of his religious duties indeed putting on her hat, and had a gave place to a contempt for those sheaf of long hatpins in her mouth. The man resumed his stroll through the hall. After a while he looked at ten in the mad race for advancement his watch, snapped it shut and returned.

> "Look here, woman," he said, " we have only twenty minutes to catch that train. Cut it short, Can't you?"

The woman nodded and jabbed she tilted the hat on one side and ran ver-open doors of this stronghold of a pin through it. She gave a dissatis King, had rudely debarred from isfied shrug and removed the pin and His presence the innocent courtiers tilted the hat the other way. The of that King, had enlisted under the man hopped about, first on one foot

"Jumping Jerusalem crickets!" he wailed, "will you ever get through?" The lady grabbed a handkerchief, sought for a bottle of perfume in a in the fraction of a moment, him who more drawers in search of it, and again approached the glass. The man looked grimly on. Then he looked at his watch. The train had gone,

that was plain. "I'm ready, dear," said the lady, sweetly; "come on; we must

"I ain't ready," the man said; "I'll have to shave. "But you shaved before dressing,"

protested the lady. "I know I did, said the man, cruelly; "that was before you began to get dressed. I'll have to shave again,"-Dallas News

HUNGARY .- During the session of the Hungarian delegation in Vienna Premier Graf Khuen Hedevary assured the representatives present that i was his intention to lay before Hungary's parlament promptly at the be-

BOILS AND PIMPLES

Boils Cured.

Mr. A. J. Saulnier, Norwood, N.S., writes. "Two years ago I was troubled with boils on my neck and back, and could not get rid of them. A friend recommended me to try Burdook Blood Bitters, and after using two bettles I was pleased to note the boils were entirely gone, and I have not been troubled with any since."

Pimples Cured. only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited

'You hunt too much. ' said Louis How can you prohibit your curates from hunting if you pass your life

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD.

Gentlemen,-In July 1905 I was thrown from a road machine, injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 1 months. Invisible King. A holy hush was his mother's cheek. Pierre hastened In September, 1906, Mr. William in the air, and fraught with sacred on to the veranda and found Eugenie Outridge, of Lachute, urged me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, which young soldier with memories of the ing. Tenderly, almost reverently, he I did with the most satisfactory results, and today I am as well as ever in my

> I scream if you dare kiss me, sir! ' Nay, not of such act dream. The swain, resourceful, said ' the kiss

' How did your busbaud enjoy his

He is very much alarmed about it' How is that?'

' Why, he has come home with an opetite in excess of his income. '

May has lost her chance to marry nat rich young man. Is that so ?

'Yes, she hasn't any fact at all

covers the rough-edges of our characothers. We should never throw it off even in our conflicts with coarse

She is being fitted for the stage. Studying hard, I presume?' 'Oh no ; just being fitted with the

SHE HAD CONSUMPTION

Dr. Wood's **Norway Pine Syrup** Cured Her.

Weighed 135 Pounds-Now Weighs 172.

Mrs. Charles McDermott, Bathurst, N.B., writes: -"I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Three years ago I had consumption. I had three doctors attending me and they were very much weak and miserable I could not do my

In a stately house in the Rue Saint We shall put forth every of other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines, makes it without a doubt the

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Miss Eva A. Skinner, Granby, Que., writes:—"I am pleased to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters as it has done me much good. My face was covered with pimples, and being advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and have them removed I did so and I now have not a spot on my face."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited.

'Sweet Mother, he said. 'I have X V to the archbishop of Narbonne. in setting them such an example? sued from the sacriett bearing light | Agnes. Ascending the steps be and Pierre was on his knees his agns | Sire 'said Dillion ' for my cure ed tapers and followed by a vener- | unlooked the great door, and enter- | encircling his mother and her joyful tes the chase is a fault; for myself it

Yours sincerely. MATTHEW BAINES. mark.

Let's follow with ice cream.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dispepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price25 cts.

He asked her the other evening if she objected to his smoking in the house

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Don't let worms goaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon

ter and prevents them from wounding

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

ecessary gowns.

Mr H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. says:-It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief mussed-up drawer, pulled out two two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic more drawers in search of it, and again Pills. Price a box 50c.

gary's parlament promptly at the beginning of next year his bills regarding reform in elective franchise and in the matter of military criminal procedure.

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Our trade during 1909

weak and miserable I could not do my housework. While looking through your B.B.B. almanac I saw that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs, so I got a bottle at the drug store, and after taking ten bottles I was completely cured. At that time I weighed 135 pounds and now weigh 172, a gain of 37 pounds in three years. I now reep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything as I owe my life to it."

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joy to many a sorrowing soul before ies. Our trade during 1909

bim: 'Go in peace and sin no more., has been very satisfactory.

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