

Nothing Equal to Low's

Mrs. J. Scolling, 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.

O JESU, MARY'S SON!

FROM ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. Whence shall my tears begin? What first-fruit shall I bear Of earnest sorrow for my sin? Or how my woes declare? O thou, the merciful and gracious One, Forgive the foul transgression I have done! If Adam's righteous boom, Because he dared transgress Thy one bare decree, lost Eden's bloom And Eden's loveliness, What recompense, O Lord, must I expect, Who all my life Thy quickening laws neglect? Lie before Thy door: Oh, turn me not away, Nor in my own age give me o'er To Satan for a prey! But see the end of life and term of grace; Thou, Merciful, my many sins efface! The priest be held, and passed The way he had to go; A careless glance the Levite cast, And left me to my woe; But Thou, O Jesus, Mary's Son, console Day night and soothe me and make me whole! Thou, O Spotless Lamb divine, Who takest sins away, Remove far off the load that mine Upon my conscience lay; And, of Thy tender mercy, grant Thou me To find remission of iniquity! 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.

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(Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued)

"I really can throw no light on her disappearance. I counted out £480 to her in this very room." "Four hundred and eighty pounds, all three exclaimed with one breath. "The idea of confiding such a sum as that to the charge of a feeble old woman! You must be held responsible, reverend sir, for the possible loss of that sum. You actually left her carry all that money in her pocket?" inquired the mayor. "She put it into the basket she carried on her arm, £230 in notes, the rest part in gold and part in silver," Father Montmoulin replied. "I never dream of any danger for her in broad daylight, such a short distance as it is from here to her house."

"Surely you accompanied the old woman to the gate, so that you are in a position to swear that she left the convent in safety with the money?" asked the mayor. Father Montmoulin shrugged his shoulders. "I can only swear that the good lady left the room in perfect health with the money in her basket. I must regret now that I did not go down to the gate with her; I wanted to but she would not allow me to accompany her, because I had a cold upon me."

"Repeat that if this sum of money is really lost you will be held answerable for it on account of your culpable negligence. This is a fresh and striking instance of how utterly careless the clergy are in regard to monies collected for the poor, the disposing of which ought to be in the hands of the municipal authorities. The money belongs to the poor although it consists of voluntary donations, and you, Sir, will have to answer for it." Well pleased with himself for having given this turn to the matter in question the Mayor continued: "Then you have not the least suspicion as to what may have befallen Mrs. Blanchard?"

The priest having only heard in the confession of the tragic fate of the unhappy lady, shook his head, and answered: "I did not see her again from the time she left this room."

"Well, gentlemen," resumed the Mayor, addressing his companions, "since his Reverence either cannot or will not give us any information as to the whereabouts of the missing lady, although she seems to have disappeared under this very roof, we must proceed to search the house. Do you agree with me?"

"Decidedly," said the one. "Unhesitatingly," said the other. "Will you accompany us through the house, Sir?" the Mayor said to Father Montmoulin. "I beg you will excuse me. I am feeling very unwell," he replied not a little embarrassed and disconcerted by the Mayor's premonitory manner. "It strikes me as a very strange thing," replied that officer, "that you will not join us in our endeavor to clear up the mystery as speedily

as possible. However that need not hinder us in the discharge of our duty. Take the lamp," he said to the town-clerk, "and perhaps this reverend gentleman will be so obliged as to hold a candle for us, even if he declines to accompany us on our tour of investigation in the house he occupies."

Father Montmoulin saw too late that he had made a fatal mistake. Undoubtedly, had he been ignorant of the fate of his friend, he would have been the foremost, to search everywhere for her, lamp in hand. The unconquerable dread that seized upon him at the idea of seeing the corpse which he knew to be lying in the second sacristy, had prompted his refusal to comply with the Mayor's invitation. He tried now to make good his error by saying, as he took the lamp: "I will go with you. Far be it from me to put any obstacle in the way of your research. I beg pardon if I showed a little irritation at your somewhat brusque mode of proceeding, which the excitement of the moment rendered excusable. Will you commence with my bedchamber?"

"I see no reason for that at present," replied the Mayor, partly propitiated by Father Montmoulin's last speech. "We will first of all look through the passage and stair cases which lead from the door of your room to the gate of the Convent and through which the missing lady must have passed on the way back to her home."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOMICILIARY VISIT.

Father Montmoulin accordingly, lamp in hand, preceded the little party of searchers along the corridor to the principal staircase, lighting up every corner. Not the slightest trace of any dark deed could be found, all was just as usual. They descended the stairs carefully examining each step; they held the light to the stone gutters of the cloisters, they searched every angle, and pillar, but nothing extraordinary was discernible. At length they reached the vaulted porch before the gates of the Convent. There stood the policeman, and the innkeeper with his lanterns. At the sight of the former the priest turned pale and the man noticed that he did so, though he made no remark at the time.

"This is where the sacristian lives, is it not?" inquired the Mayor; "On being answered in the affirmative he tried the door, but found it was locked."

"Here is the key," said the innkeeper, stepping forward officiously. "I think I have already informed your worship that Loser went off to Marseilles yesterday evening, and left the keys in my charge."

"True, were you aware of the sacristian's departure?" the Mayor asked, addressing Father Montmoulin. "Certainly. He requested me to give him leave of absence for a week. "And he has not been here since?" Father Montmoulin hesitated a moment before replying. He had seen Loser come in his room, and that certainly he was not bound to conceal; but the reason for which he came was only to go to confession and were he to mention the fact it might under the circumstances, touch upon the seal of confession. On the other hand he could not but perceive what a weapon against himself he was putting into the magistrate's hand, by concealing Loser's return. However, he judged it best to do so, lest otherwise any danger should arise of betraying the reason which led the murderer to his room. So he answered: "Not to my knowledge."

"How very strange your behaviour is, Sir! Surely it was not necessary to bethink yourself to long before giving us a simple answer!" Rather Montmoulin tried to excuse himself on the plea of indisposition; his head ached, he said, and he was afraid of the draught under the open archway. The Mayor said it was useless to linger down there any longer, since the sacristian had gone away, and accordingly, to the priest's testimony, was still absent. It was very odd and draughty there. He then inquired whether there was

any other way out of the convent than by that gate? "There was another door at the back of the cloisters, the policeman replied, but that was locked, he had already been to see."

"Very good," said the Mayor. "But is there no other staircase leading from your rooms to the ground floor?" he asked Father Montmoulin. "There is a back staircase at the far end of the other wing which takes down into what used to be the kitchen, it now contains an oil press. But as that way is generally locked, it is most improbable that Mrs. Blanchard made use of it. She is much more likely to have gone through the tribune to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then descended by the sacristy stairs into the cloisters." It was with the greatest difficulty that Father Montmoulin uttered the last sentence; for he knew full well, that it was there that the murdered lady would be found. The Mayor desired him to show the way immediately. He accordingly proceeded along the cloisters in the direction of the church, the three gentlemen following him in file. He meanwhile tried to brace himself for the terrible sight which he knew ere long must meet his eyes. As they went along, they held the light to every corner, looked behind every column in the cloisters, but without discerning anything. From the old masonry fanciful heads of animals and grinning demons looked down upon them and the three visitors could not resist the weird influences of the dark silent, stone-fagged passages, in which no sound was heard but the echo of their footsteps. Each one felt he would not like to find himself alone, at that time of night in those desolate cloisters, but neither of them spoke his thought aloud.

"Is not that someone walking overhead?" inquired the Mayor. "It is only the echo of your footsteps that you hear, the clergyman replied.

The oppressive silence was next broken by the town-clerk, who asked what the time was. "It must be midnight, you will hear it strike directly," said the notary adding by way of a jest, "you surely are not afraid of ghosts?" "As though any man of education was afraid of ghosts!" retorted the town-clerk scornfully. The Mayor then asked what use was formerly made of the space enclosed by the cloisters.

The priest replied that it was in other days the sun's burying ground. "Along this way through which we are now walking, the bodies used to be brought out of the church, and this gateway, to which we are now coming, was called the gate of death. Look at the carving over the portal." He held the lamp aloft so that a death's head sculptured in stone might be seen with the inscription: Hodie mibi, cras tibi translating the words as he did so. Thy turn to-day; mine to-morrow!

"We know enough Latin at least to understand that," said the Mayor testily, for he was not very fond of hearing death talked about. Father Montmoulin opened the door and they found themselves in the belfry. "Is that door always unlocked?" inquired the mayor. "All the doors of the interior of the convent are left unlocked. This is where the Angelus is rung three times a day," the pastor answered. "Who rings it when the sacristian is away?" "I rang it myself in the early morning today," replied the priest; and the other two times it was rung by a neighbor, who generally acts for the sacristian when he is absent."

"Then at midday all must have been as usual here, or he would have remarked it," continued the Mayor, looking about him, suspiciously. He then crossed over to the door of the sacristy, opposite to the one by which they had entered and endeavored to open it. "That door is only open during the times of service. I closed it myself after Mass, this morning, and took the key with me up to my room," the clergyman explained. "It is useless to look for our missing friend in there, then," said the mayor, turning towards the winding stairs, which were so sorrow that they did not admit of two persons going up abreast. Father Montmoulin went up first, holding the lamp aloft in order that the others might see their way; the Mayor came next, and the two others brought up the rear. And now the landing on the stairs was reached where the door of the sacristy-room was situated. Involuntarily the priest paused and cast a glance at the door, whilst an almost imperceptible shudder ran over him. The mayor interpreted his glance, and immediately asked where that led to. "It is the door of a room where the sexton keeps his implements, and all sorts of lumber is put out of the way," Father Montmoulin answered. He was about to ascend the rest of the stairs, but the Mayor seized the handle of the door, then opened it. For one moment the light fell upon the body that lay there covered with the pall; the next in-

stant all was darkness, for the lamp was extinguished by a gust of wind which came through an open window within, because of the door being suddenly opened. A cry of horror escaped the lips of the men. The Mayor was the first to recover his self possession.

"What was that lying on the ground?" he demanded. "There was a pall and something under it," exclaimed the notary. "I believe this infernal old convent is haunted," ejaculated the town clerk, no longer concealing the terror he felt. "We had better postpone our search until some more suitable time. I think I heard midnight strike just as we began to ascend these stairs."

"What have you to say, reverend sir? Did you see nothing?" said the mayor, addressing Father Montmoulin. "I did indeed!" was the comparatively calm reply. "And I greatly fear that what I saw was the object of our search."

"Merciful heavens! And here we are standing in pitch darkness close to the lifeless remains of my poor sister!" cried the town clerk in piteous tones. "We must go back, and fetch the police constable, and the lantern. For goodness sake, come with me," he said to the notary. "I am half dead with fright, and I could not for anything venture alone in those dark cloisters."

"Yes, go and fetch the lantern," said the Mayor. "If you call out from the door to the cloisters the man will hear you."

During this time Father Montmoulin had entered the chamber of death into which a faint ray of light fell from the lamp of the sanctuary. He knelt down, and prayed silently beside the pall, the outline of which he could perceive as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. He prayed for the soul of the woman who had been so cruelly murdered, as he had done already, and he felt himself thereby recovering to some extent calmness and fortitude, though every moment made it plainer to him that a terrible trial had overtaken him.

The mayor remained standing on the stairs, turning over the events of the night in his mind. He was now convinced that it was no fatality, as he had till then imagined, but a serious crime with which he had to deal. If, as the priest suggested, that pall actually covered Mrs. Blanchard's body, whose hand had spread it over the corpse and how was it that he seemed to know by intuition, that she lay beneath it? Why had he looked with such a peculiar expression at the door of that out-of-the-way room? His whole demeanor had been very odd when the mayor and his colleagues found him in his room, and when they proposed to search the house. Again how strange his manner was when he was questioned about the return of the sacristian. Everything seemed to indicate that he was privy to the crime. Was it possible that he himself?—No, no, the mayor could not entertain such a thought; that young priest, of hitherto stainless reputation, guilty of murder!—yet after all, it might be so. Father Montmoulin was young and poor, and his relatives were poor also, might not the sum of money, which doubtless appeared large to him, have

been a temptation? Besides on whom could suspicion fall but on him, since it appeared that no one but he was in the Convent when the unfortunate lady went there. Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of the Mayor whilst he awaited the return of his comrades, and he came to the conclusion that the priest lay under grave suspicion, at any rate, and that he must certainly be examined before the magistrate, he was almost glad to think of this being the case; here was the scandal that they had been thinking about a few hours ago over their wine, and it would furnish them with a formidable weapon against the hated clerical. "Good use shall be made of this," he said to himself. (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Old Gentleman—My friend, what do you do with your wages every week—put part of them in the savings bank? Bus Driver—No, sir. After paying the grocer, baker, butcher and rent, I pack away what's left in a barrel. I don't believe in savings banks.

FRANKESTAD JUNCTION, P. Q., 12th Aug., 1899. MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. GENTLEMEN—I fell from the bridge leading from a platform to a loaded car while assisting my men in unloading a load of grain. The bridge went down as well as the load on my back, and my trunk struck on the ends of the sleepers, causing a serious injury to my leg. Only for the being very timely, would have broken it. In an hour could not walk a step. Commenced using MINARD'S LINIMENT, and the third day went to Montreal on business and got about well by the use of a cane. In ten days was nearly well. I can sincerely recommend it as the best Liniment that I know of in use. Yours truly, O.H. GORPSON.

Bank President—Are you aware the cashier has taken a half interest in a yacht? The Confidential Adviser—Perhaps we had better see that he does not become a full-fledged skipper. "How did Artful Arry cum tergit ketchid in dat job of his'n?" asked the first burglar. "Why, yer see," the other explained, "one of de papers spoke of de job as de work up a 'bungler.' It wuz a printin' mistake, but Artful l'ough it wuz spelt dat way a popoise, so he went an' k'icked to de editor about it."

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Hard-working Farmers. Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhoea of infants, and none has the endorsement of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhoea very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

Long hours of hard, severing work makes the kidneys trouble a common complaint on the farm. Painful, weak, lame backs and Urinary Disorders are too frequent. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS help a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor. Mr. Isaiah Wilmont, a retired farmer living at 138 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said: "I have been suffering with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both sides, also had a great deal of neuralgia pain. I felt tired and was subject to dizzy spells. I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, and I have had no pain either in my back or sides. They also take the neuralgia pain from my head. I feel as though ten years younger and can perform all my usual work, and in addition are the best I could ever take."

Laxative Pills cure Constipation.



Mrs. James Constable, Seaford, Ont., writes: "Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart that I was afraid I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going up-stairs I had to stop to rest and regain breath. When my children made a noise whilst playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. My limbs were unnaturally cold and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me. "I have been taking Miburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep is restored to me. My heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensation has vanished. I can now go up-stairs without stopping and with the greatest ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headache. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Miburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good."

LAXATIVE PILLS CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND DYSPEPSIA.

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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, harrows, 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.

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TWEEDED SUITINGS AT 20 PER CENT. TO CLEAR.

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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.

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