

Perfect Worm Medicine.

"I have given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my children with excellent results, and I find it the most perfect worm medicine, as you are not required to give any Cathartic with it."

Mrs. Daniel Smith, P. O. Box 56, Lunenburg, N. S.

LIFE.

Written by the hand of Wisdom. And our hearts the lesson know, Is the truth that as a shadow Do man's years of warfare go;

Sciatica 2 Years.

Mr. Fred Platt, 12 Frankish Ave., Toronto, says that he suffered over two years with Sciatica. Three boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills removed every trace of the pain and made him as limber as a boy.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

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

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"You need have no fears on that score, my good man," Father Montmoulin replied, "God will reward you for the kindness you have shown me. Oblige me, if you can, by taking my farewell greeting to my mother and sister in the Rue de la Colombe. It seems as if I was to be hurried away so soon that I shall not have a chance of seeing them again. It is perhaps better that it should be so. How it would grieve my poor mother to see me in these clothes. Please tell them I shall remember them every day in my prayers."

The entrance of the sergeant put an end to the conversation. Father Montmoulin was conducted into the presence of the Governor, who read the rules aloud to him, and warned him that in case he should make his escape, and be taken again on French territory, he would be publicly branded, and condemned to compulsory labor for life. He was then taken by an escort of police to the prison van; one constable got in with him, the sergeant mounted the box of the driver, and away they went out of the prison courtyard to the railway station.

The news that the priest had been pardoned, and was to be removed to Marseilles, soon got abroad in the town, and a crowd of the lowest of the people collected at the station to indulge in a few parting insults, since they could no longer hope to see him on the scaffold. When the prison van drew up outside the station, it was greeted with groans and hisses. The police had some difficulty in getting the prisoner out in safety.

"String him 'up' to the nearest lamp-post," the people shouted, and a shower of stones was flying at the unoffending clergyman. One stone, thrown by a street Arab, struck him in the face, so that the blood began to flow; the police were obliged to hurry him into the building by a side door, and across the platform to the carriage awaiting him, before the doors were opened to the public. A basin of water had to be fetched to wash the blood off his face. It chanced that the guard who brought it was the very man who at the trial had tendered evidence so disastrous to the prisoner, namely, that the socialist had "gone off" by train on that momentous night.

The man started when he recognized the priest. "Sir, I said what I certainly believed to be the truth at the time," he said. "Since then I have had misgivings, I may have been mistaken. Forgive me if my evidence injured your cause." "I have forgiven you and everyone else long ago," Father Montmoulin replied, holding out his hand to the man.

The train soon started on its way. Through the iron bars of the narrow window of the compartment set apart for the transport of convicts, in which Father Montmoulin travelled, he saw the towers of Aix once more, and behind them the rocky heights of Ste Victoire, at the foot of which his own parish lay, which, as he thought, he was never again to behold in this life.

He felt as if his heart would break so overwhelming was his grief. Till now, since he received the pardon,

he had not had time to think over and realize his fate. Now he could do so undisturbed, for the sergeant opposite him sat silent, smoking a short pipe. He had imagined all so different for himself, the short passage to the scaffold, the last absolution pronounced by the priest as he ascended the steps, a final declaration of his innocence before the assembled multitude; then quick, almost painless death, and after that the entrance upon eternal felicity, on which the teaching of the church permitted him confidentially to count. And now, on account of the miserable pardon, just as he thought he was nearing the haven of peace, he was flung back amid the tempestuous waves of the ocean of life.

And what life! "Unhappy man that I am," he said to himself, "I was not worthy of the glorious crown towards which I presumptuously ventured to stretch out my hand." For the first time he fully realized the awful burden which the seal of confession lays on a priest. He felt it in his case to be intolerable, and a kind of desperation came over him. With all the force that faith gave him he endeavored to struggle against it; and though his will was steadfast during this storm of temptation, he could not help feeling its terrible bitterness. Everything seemed to him a disgust and a weariness, and the wish arose within his soul: "Would that some accident would happen to this train, and all could be ended, once and forever."

But the devout priest checked this involuntary thought, and exclaimed with the Psalmist: "Lord save me, or I perish!" And then he had recourse to prayer. In this dark night of desolation bordering on despair, the words of the Psalmist rose to his lips; the cry of a soul in dire distress sorrowful even unto death. "Out of the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord; Lord hear my voice. Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication." "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in, even unto my soul. I stick fast in the mire of the deep; and there is no sure standing. I am come into the depths of the sea, and a tempest hath overwhelmed me. I have labored with crying; my jaws are become hoarse; my eyes have failed while I hope in my God."

Gradually peace returned to the troubled soul. The temptation departed, grace conquered; and Father Montmoulin was able to make his further oblation of himself to God. It did not become easy, for was it bereft of its exceeding bitterness; but it was rendered less difficult, less appalling, by the remembrance of the Redeemer, who for our sakes drank its dregs the chalice of suffering, and endured the cruel death of the Cross.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW CALEDONIA.

Father Montmoulin had not represented his lot to himself in very brilliant colors on the way to Marseilles; but on arriving there, he found the reality worse than he anticipated. In the prison at Marseilles, where he remained a few days awaiting the arrival of the ship, he had a foretaste of what he would have to endure on the voyage. Till then he had been in solitary confinement, and nothing had interrupted his thoughts and prayers. Here he was penned in a common room with over a hundred other convicts, and was not alone for a single moment. And what company was he in? The scum of society; thieves, burglars,

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 la grippe, 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.

forgers, murderers, anarchists—the lowest and vilest of mankind. Even the sight of all these countenances bearing the stamp of vice and moral degradation was painful in the extreme. And then to hear their filthy conversation, the oaths and blasphemies whereby they gave utterance to their hatred of God and man!

With the quick perception of the criminal, his fellow convicts knew instantly that the fresh arrival who, pale and horror struck, was thrust in among them, was not one of them. Consequently everyone felt him to be an enemy.

"Hallo!" cried a brutal-looking fellow from Lyons, who had killed his wife in a fit of intoxication, staring him with vulgar curiosity, "what a sweet creature we have got here! Look at his smooth hands, I bet he has never earned two-pence in all his life! And look at his face! It looks like the saints one sees in the prayer-books!"

"It makes me sick to see him," interposed a burglar from Toulon, "he smells of incense and wax candles! Dence take me if he is not a scoundrel or even—"

"A priest, sure enough!" exclaimed a Paris pickpocket, who had got behind the new comer. "Do you not see the place where his tonsure has been? What a joke! His reverence shall preach some of his sermons to us, and sing a High Mass for our benefit."

"A priest, a parson," they roared and shouted. One began to howl a requiem, another knelt down and began a mock confession for the entertainment of his fellows, saying such horrid things that the priest, in shocked astonishment, put his fingers to his ears; others inquired of him what good work he had done to be rewarded with the honor of their society. In a word, the oaths and revilings on all sides resembled nothing, the unhappy Vicar of Ste Victoire thought, but the torture a lost soul endures in the company of the damned. "This is hell upon earth," he said to himself with a shudder.

He spent five days in prison at Marseilles before the convicts were embarked on board the transport ship Durance. Chained together in couples they marched through the streets, with a strong escort of police, down to the harbor. On the way thither, Father Montmoulin saw a priest with whom he was acquainted, coming out of a church; the priest scanned the ranks of the convicts as they filed past him with a sorrowful expression; he was evidently looking to see if the priest of Ste. Victoire was among them; for his supposed crime and his pardon were known far and wide by means of the daily papers. At length his eyes fell on the object of his search; he recognized him more through his timid, shamefaced demeanor than from his features, for the calamity that had overtaken him had altered and aged him sadly. The priest's countenance changed, and he raised his hands with a gesture of dismay. A blush of shame dyed Father Montmoulin's cheeks; he cast down his eyes, that was the last expression of sympathy that he would meet with for many a long day.

On board the Durance the convicts were confined in the hold, packed closely together, and chained at their benches to rings in the side of the vessel. As long as the vessel remained in the harbor they were not allowed to go on deck. Fancy all these men full of hatred and every evil passion, shut up together in this narrow, and almost dark space! And when after many weary hours had elapsed, the engine began to throb and the screw to revolve, and the steamer, getting into open water began to roll as the waves, driven by a stiff southwest wind, broke against its side, sea sickness, miserable enough under any circumstances, made itself felt in the crowded hold, the state of things became deplorable indeed. What Father Montmoulin had to suffer in the company of those degraded criminals beggars description.

Happily after a few days of almost insufferable misery, calmer weather set in, and the convicts were allowed to go on deck for at least several hours. The Durance had passed through the Isthmus of Suez, and was steaming South down the Red Sea. The heat increased day by day, and in the hold of the steamer it was hardly to be borne. Whenever the order was given to the prisoner's to go back to that ill-ventilated, unsavory place of confinement, Father Montmoulin felt as if he could endure his lot no longer. Already three of his unfortunate fellow-sufferers had thrown themselves overboard, in order to escape from their misery, and if the priest's faith in God, the sole disposer of life and death, and his belief in a life to come had been less firmly rooted, he also would have scarcely been able to resist the temptation of self destruction.

Presently, when the vessel had reached the Indian Ocean, and was pursuing its course over the wide expanse of waters towards the South coast of Australia, Father Montmoulin became seriously ill, so that the ship's doctor ordered him to have a better berth assigned to him, apart from the other convicts. For weeks he hovered between life and death in high fever. The doctor watching by his side when he was delirious, was

Burdock Blood Bitters, The Best Spring Medicine.

Removes all poisons and impurities from the system. Gives strength and vitality in place of weakness and languor. The most wonderful blood purifier, restorative and strengthener known to science.

"Two years ago I was very poorly in the spring, had no appetite, felt weak and nervous, not able to work much and was tired all the time. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters highly recommended, so got a bottle. I started taking it, and inside of two months I was as well as ever I was in my life. I cheerfully recommend B. B. B. as a splendid blood purifier and spring medicine."

astonished at the pure and pious fancies that flitted across the diseased brain of his patient. He thought he was preaching in his parish church on the subject of the seal of the confessional, or he was catechizing the school children, and again confession and the secrecy to be observed was the theme of his instructions; or he was talking to his mother with filial affection and simplicity; once in his wanderings he fancied himself in Court, and cried excitedly: "They will condemn me, and I cannot! I dare not say who did it." The doctor felt convinced that the man was innocent, and intimated as much to the Captain, very emphatically. The Captain shrugged his shoulders and said, "Number 5,348 is the parish priest of Ste. Victoire, who was tried for murder. I read the whole account of the trial in the Figaro, and no doubt of his guilt was left on my mind. I confess it seems highly improbable that a man could keep up the part of a deceiver in a state of delirium. But granted that he were innocent, we could do nothing to alter his lot. You could not induce a Court of Justice in France to try the case over again on your psychological grounds."

"But we ought perhaps to do something to make his lot less hard," the doctor replied. "I can do nothing. I have the command of the ship, and I do not meddle in other men's business. If you chose, you can speak to the commandant of the jail on the island, to whom I have to hand over the other convicts, but I warn you, you will do so at the risk of being laughed to scorn." Then the Captain turned on his heel, and went off to his own cabin.

TO BE PREPARED For war is the surest way for this nation to maintain peace. This is the opinion of the wisest statesmen. It is equally true that to be prepared for spring is the best way to avoid the peculiar dangers of the season. This is a lesson multitudes are learning, and at this time, when the blood is sure to be loaded with impurities and to be weak and sluggish, the millions begin to take Hood's Sarsaparil, which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, expels all disease germs, creates a good appetite, gives strength and energy and puts the whole system in a healthy condition, preventing pneumonia, fevers, and other dangerous diseases which are liable to attack a weakened system.

"Be kind to dumb animals, Jimmy; always be kind to your cat." "Aw, my cat ain't no dumb animal. Listen how she yowls when I pull her tail."

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best. Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont. Joseph Snow, Norway, Me. Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S. Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S. Pierre Landry, sr., Pokenouche, N. B. Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

Teacher—who was the most patient man? Tommy Figg—Solomon. "Not Solomon; Job." "O, I thought it was Solomon. He was the man that had all them wives, wasn't he?" Ask for Minard's and take no other.

LAXA LIVER PILLS. You can't be healthy if your bowels are constipated and your system clogged with poisonous material. There should be a natural movement every day, and the best way to secure it is to take Laxa-Liver Pills. The most obstinate cases yield to their action. They neither gripe, sicken nor weaken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Heals and soothes the inflamed Lungs and cures Coughs and Colds of the worst kind after other remedies fail. Pleasant to take. Price 25c.

MISCELLANEOUS. THE ROYAL CANADIANS. They are in for solid fighting—(So I hear) And they'll each do their duty (Never fear). So when the atmosphere is hot With the rain of shell and shot, May the Lord have mercy on 'em For I know the Boers will not.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Heals and soothes the lungs and cures the worst kinds of Coughs and Colds more quickly and effectually than any other remedy. "No sir? No more meat," declared little Willie's father; "when boys your age start eating they never know when they've had enough."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. She—Do you believe that man sprang from the ape? He—No; but I believe all women sprang from the mouse.

AT NIGHT. Before retiring take a Laxa-Liver Pill. It will work while you sleep without a grip or pain, curing Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache, and make you feel better in the morning. William—If I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer? Lillian (summoning up her scanty knowledge)—I should say "billet doux."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians. He—Don't you know that flatterers are the worst kind of enemies? She—Well, and doesn't the Bible say to love your enemies? Pain in the bowels, Diarrhoea and Dysentery are cured more quickly and effectually by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry than any other remedy. Beware of substitutes.

TEACHERS' TROUBLES. How Teachers May Prevent the Breakdown of the Nervous System which often Threatens. The worry and work, the strain and anxiety of a teacher's life are such as to tell severely on the nervous system. Time and again teachers have had to give up good positions on account of run down health.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved. There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pills, which have cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

Pocket, Office and Home Diaries for 1900 at HAZARD MOORE'S. Sunnyside.

High Grade Kerosene Oil. Our Kerosene Oil is giving splendid satisfaction this year. It burns both bright and clear and does not smoke up the Lamp Chimines. Our sales of it are steadily increasing, showing that the people know a good thing when they get it.

BEER & GOFF. GROCERS. ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK. Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Tickets Posters Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads Receipt Books Note of Hand Books. Send in your orders at once.

Address all communications to the HERALD. Satisfaction Guaranteed. A. R. ARSENAULT, H. R. MCKENZIE. ARSENAULT & MCKENZIE. Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

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. P. R. I. Agency, Charlottetown. HYNDMAN & CO. Agents. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898. A. A. McLEAN, J. L. B. Q. C. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN.

Brahmin Tea! Now that this delicious Tea has become widely known in nearly every home in Prince Edward Island, and is also a great favorite in many places in Canada and the United States, I have decided to sell it wholesale only. The following Retail Grocers keep it: J. D. McLEOD & CO., BEER & GOFF, JENKINS & SON, J. R. WARREN, R. J. WOOD, R. F. MADDIGAN & CO, R. H. MASON. HORACE HASZARD. Ch'town, Feb. 21—3m Agent for Canada.

Important Announcement. We hereby beg leave to announce to our customers that we have sold our Grocery business to Messrs. R. F. Maddigan & Co., and would solicit for them a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to us in the past. W. GRANT & CO.

In connection with the above we take this opportunity of informing the customers of the above firm and the public generally, that we have in stock a full line of General Groceries which will be sold cheap for cash. Free delivery of Goods to all parts of the city. Telephone connection. R. F. MADDIGAN & CO. Queen Street, Charlottetown Jan. 24th, 1900.

WHOLESALE. 100 doz. Galvanized Pails, 40 tons Barb Wire, 20 tons Black do, 10 tons Paris Green, 40 tons Bar Iron, 8 tons Sheet Iron, 15 tons Paints, 500 Boxes Glass, 100 doz. Shovels, 400 doz. Arcade Files, 2000 Kegs Cut Nails, 1000 Kegs Wire Nails, 250 Boxes Horse Nails, 250 Kegs Horse Shoes, 1000 Rolls Building Paper. Shelf Hardware and Stoves.

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.

TENDERS FOR INDIAN RIVER CHURCH. Tenders are asked for the construction and completion of St. Mary's Church, up to the 5th March, next, to be addressed to the undersigned and marked. "Tender for Indian River Catholic Church." Plans and specifications can be seen on Monday, 5th February, next at the Buhoy's Place and at the office of Mr. W. C. Harris, Architect, Ch'town for ten days; afterwards they can be seen at the Parochial House, Summerside. A certified bank cheque of \$50.00 will be required to accompany each tender, which will be returned if tender is not accepted and forfeited if tenderer fail to accept, if called upon. The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender. D. J. GILLIS, P. P. Indian River, P. E. I., Jan 31, 1900.