

IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Mr. H. M. Kemp, 209 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, writes: "I have used Milburn's Rheumatic Pills for Rheumatism. I was so bad that I had to be assisted in getting out of bed. The pills gave immediate relief, as after using one box the pain left and has not returned since."

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

He is there at the turn of the road, I know it and fear. 'Tis he,—yes, 'tis Death. I ran out of breath. And he near! Alas! how oft have I wished He were here! He is there at the turn of the road, And I fear. How foolish the throng! They pass with a song. And I loiter slow. I would turn in the way, But, like the surge of the sea, They sweep me along. Ah! would I might stay, For fear! He is there at the turn of the road; 'Tis he,—yes, 'tis Death. I ran out of breath, And he near! —Ave Maria.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

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

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(Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

The thief was furious in being outwitted. He had laid his plans so cleverly, as he thought, and now this stupid priest had seen through it all, and in the simplest way possible, had completely balked him. "Who would have thought," he broke out in his rage, "that the canting fool would have taken my money bags to bed with him like an old miser! I would sooner strangle him with my two hands than go out of this convent without his pelf. I will have the money," and he stepped with an oath to the door of the bedroom. He turned the handle, but found it was bolted; at the same time a woman's voice called out to him that Francis was there.

"Confound it all!" murmured the disappointed man. "What can I do now? If I burst open the door the old wretch will set up shrieking so loud that she will be heard in the village. Besides I cannot be sure that the priest will come back at any moment. It will not do to use force, at any rate just now. I must wait some other opportunity." Acting on this conviction, he moved stealthily away, replaced the lantern in its former position in the kitchen, and withdrew to one of the empty cells, there to concoct fresh schemes for the accomplishment of his object.

After spending some time in thought he went back to fetch his boots from the place where he left them; then he took the large knife out of the kitchen drawer, and proceeded, guiding himself by the wall and creeping along on tip-toe, to the tribune, where he descended the winding stairs to the little room adjoining the scullery where poor Charles had been so terrified at the sight of the death's head. "I am safe here," he said to himself. "No body will come near this lumber-room, and shall be able to keep a look out over the church and the cloisters, and watch for a favorable opportunity. It is very cold here, though. Ah, there is the pall!" He laid the knife down upon the ground, took a good draught from his flask of cognac, wrapped the pall round him, and settled himself to sleep. "Bah! I am emancipated from all foolish superstitions," he muttered. "I believe that there is nothing after death. Yet there is something very uncanny about this wretched pall. What a coward I must be, to fancy the dead can come back." And yet for all this brag, he was unable to sleep, until he had nearly emptied his flask, then he lay in a half-bested state until daylight recalled him to himself.

CHAPTER V.

Shortly after daybreak Father Montmoulin returned home, wearied out by his long journey in the discharge of his ministerial duties. He had spent the night by the side of the sick man, awaiting the return of consciousness which would enable him to hear his confession and give him the Viaticum. Extreme Unction he had administered immediately upon his arrival. When midnight was past, a slight improvement had taken place in the condition of the patient—whose case appeared hopeless—and he regained his senses so far as to answer yes or no by signs to the questions the priest put to him, and to strike his breast with the hand that was not paralyzed when the act of contrition was recited. Thereupon he received absolution, and the Blessed Sacrament was administered to him.

This done, the priest wished to set out immediately upon his homeward journey, but the storm, which raged far more fiercely upon the heights than in the valley below, rendered it impossible for him to leave the shelter of the cot. "It would be certain death for you, your Rever-

ence," the good people told him; "even one of us would not venture by night in all this storm and rain down the precipitous paths to Ste. Victoire." Towards four o'clock the tempest seemed to abate, and the priest, who was anxious to be back in time for Mass at the usual hour of six, started on his way, accompanied by a sturdy peasant to act as his guide, and help him down the more dangerous declivities. No accident occurred, only when they were about half way, a heavy shower of half-frozen rain soaked him to the skin.

On reaching home, his first act was to carry the oils and pyx to the sacristy, which could be entered from the cloisters, by passing the foot of the winding staircase we have mentioned; he then rang the Angelus, and began to put the things ready for the Mass, for he naturally thought the sacristan to be absent. He then opened the church to admit a few old women who came to hear Mass. Before he could get up stairs to change his things, for he was wet through, he was asked for in the confessional, and kept there at least ten minutes listening to the scruples of a tender conscience, and only got free by telling his penitent that he did not feel well; and in fact a shivering fit had come over him.

When he entered his own rooms he found his mother had been up for some time. He briefly related his adventures, and heard from her, to his great relief, that nothing had happened to alarm her during the night; only once she had been startled out of her sleep, and thought she heard some one trying the handle of the door, but perhaps it was only the noise of the wind. The priest then hastily changed his things, and went down to the sacristy to rest for Mass. Directly after Mass, old Susan had, as was her custom, repaired to the kitchen to get breakfast, whilst the priest made his thanksgiving. She was not in the best of temper. The visit of her master's relatives from Aix the day before was anything but agreeable to her, for she thought it might lead to her dismissal. Besides, almost all the coffee she had roasted and ground was used up; the cups were not washed, the sugar-basin was half empty. Furthermore the large knife that she always used to cut the bread and butter was nowhere to be found! They have set the place upside down," she grumbled to herself, "that does not suit me at all. All my life I have been used to keep things in order, and rather than be interfered with I would give notice to-day."

As Father Montmoulin, having concluded his thanksgiving, came along the corridor, he could not help overhearing part of this soliloquy, for old Susan was in the habit of thinking aloud, especially when anything bad put her out. So he good-naturedly turned into the kitchen, to see if the storm could be allayed by a few soft words. He succeeded so far, that the old woman began to cry, saying she knew she did not give satisfaction, and could do nothing to please his Reverence; but he would see whether he was better served, if she were sent about her business.

"Nonsense, Susan, who talks of sending you away? Surely I may have my old mother to live with me if I like? We shall wait your services all the same, for you will have to help her to keep house. There is something to dry your tears," and he slipped a couple of shillings into her hand. "Now do let us have the coffee, and as soon as you have brought it in, go as fast as you can to the shop and ask Mr. Bonard if he can drive my mother to Aix to-day, and what time he will be going. Then go to Mrs. Blanchard and say my compliments and I should be glad if she could make it convenient to call this morning."

Susan wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, and courtied in acknowledgment of the gratuity. "If I only knew what becomes of my big knife!" she sighed. "Julia must have mislaid it. You will find it before long," answered the good priest as he went to his own room. After breakfast, during which mother and son talked freely of the

Advice to Consumptives. There are three great remedies that every person with weak lungs, or with consumption itself, should understand. These remedies will cure about every case in its first stages; and many of those more advanced. If it is only the most advanced that are hopeless. Even these are wonderfully relieved and life itself greatly prolonged. What are these remedies? Fresh air, proper food and Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Be a friend of druggists but not of fresh air. Eat nutritious food and drink plenty of milk. Do not forget that Scott's Emulsion is the oldest, the most thoroughly tested and the highest endorsed of all remedies for weak throats, weak lungs and consumption in all its stages. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

pleasant prospect before them, painting in rosy tints the happy days they would spend together. Susan came back to say that the man would be pleased to drive Mrs. Montmoulin to Aix, but he must start to-day, not later than eight, and Mrs. Blanchard would pay her respects to his Reverence between ten and eleven o'clock.

"There is not a moment to be lost," said Father Montmoulin, taking a bank note out of one of the side drawers of his writing table. "Here are £20 for you. You must not refuse to take them. The old widow gave them to me, it is part of a legacy she had left. I have the same sum for myself. Yes, you must really take it—it will do to pay off the rest of the debt you contracted on my behalf. I do not know how Mrs. Blanchard became acquainted with our strained circumstances; she appears to have a special gift for discerning any case of need, and assisting it to the best of her ability. She offered me the money so very kindly that I felt I could not refuse to accept it without hurting her feelings."

"Dear old lady! May God reward her," ejaculated Mrs. Montmoulin. "We must pray for her. And now farewell for the present, mother; in a very short time I hope I shall see you here again, not to go away any more. I should like to go down to the village with you, but you know I cannot leave the house just now. Thank God, Mrs. Blanchard will be here this morning, and I shall get rid of this incubus that weighs on me and which since yesterday afternoon has caused me real anxiety. Good-bye. Pray for me." And he kissed his mother affectionately. "I pray for you every day, do you do the same for me; now give me your blessing before I go," rejoined the old woman, kneeling down devoutly at her son's feet. Then she looked at him with a smile, though tears stood in her eyes, and turning followed old Susan to the gate. In her hand she carried a bag containing some articles of her son's wardrobe which required repairing, for with housewifely instinct she had looked over his things that morning whilst awaiting his return. As she crossed the courtyard she looked up and nodded again to her son, who was watching her departure from the window.

How different the next meeting of those two was to be what they imagined! And yet a sort of sad foreboding lay heavy on the young man's heart. "I feel strangely depressed," he said to himself. "I believe I have got a chill, I had better lie down a little, as soon as Mrs. Blanchard has got clear off with the money."

When Susan returned, he asked her to make him a cup of tea, telling her when she had done that, he would not want her any more until the next morning. He would go to bed and try to sleep off the effects of the chill he had taken. As it was his habit to do this when he felt unwell, the old servant offered no remonstrance. She only asked if she was not to bring him any dinner, and on his replying that he had no appetite, and could, if he wanted anything, boil a couple of eggs for himself, she took her departure, saying, "Just as your reverence pleases."

Father Montmoulin, left in solitude, first recited his Breviary. When this was done, he wrote out a list of theological books from a catalogue, intending to order them that same day. "That comes to nearly fourteen pounds," he said with a sigh, as he counted up the price of the different volumes. "I should never have ventured to expend so large an amount on my library if that excellent lady had not given me the money on the expressed condition that I should spend it on myself and not give it away to the poor. Well, I shall have enough left to furnish the rooms for my good mother. Dear how my head does ache! I will sit back in the easy chair, and put a wet cloth round my temples."

Father Montmoulin had only just settled himself in his armchair when the clock struck ten, and a few minutes later a knock was heard at the door. "Come in," he cried, Mrs. Blanchard to be sure, as punctual as clockwork. I must apologize, Madam," he said as she entered, for troubling you to come round this morning; I have been out all night, and I seem to have got rather a bad cold."

"So I see, and I am very sorry for it," answered his visitor, a lady already advanced in years, short in stature, but apparently active and robust. Her pleasant, rosy face was framed as it were, in an old-fashioned cap of quilted lace, with two carefully arranged curls of snow-white hair on each side. He big eyes were full of concern as she looked at the priest and her countenance assumed a look of motherly kindness. Setting down the basket which invariably accompanied her on her visits to the sick and needy, she took the chair he placed for her on the other side of the table at which he usually sat.

(To be continued.) CURED OF ECZEMA. I was troubled for several years with Eczema and tried several Doctors but to no purpose. Then I was advised to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and did so with the greatest success, and as six bottles cured me. Wm. G. Uglow, Port Hope Ont.

The Transvaal Trouble.

A despatch from Pietermaritzburg, capital of Natal, says that a farmer's meeting called there to consider the defence of the colony, it was resolved that the duty of every loyal able-bodied colonist, able to rise and shoot was to aid in the defence of the colony against invasion, and it was announced that the volunteers would be sent on in front in the event of war.

In his despatch to the London Times of the 24th the Johannesburg correspondent of that paper says: "Some very disquieting reports are being received here from Natal regarding the behaviour of the Boers. It appears that on Sunday last a train from Johannesburg was fired on while in Transvaal territory. This had not improved the state of affairs. The Boer sympathizers on the border are said to be very bitter and disloyal and it is reported that the Natal Deacons are armed with Mauser rifles and waiting the turn of events. London advices of the 25th say that preparations of a warlike character still go on with regard to the Transvaal. A special magazine has been constructed by the military authorities on board the hired steam transport Anvill, now being fitted out on the Tames, for the purpose of conveying stores, arms and ammunition to South Africa. Part of the 1,000,000 rounds said to be consigned to Natal, will consist of a million rounds of machine gun cartridges, one thousand saddle trees, and one thousand tons of general military stores."

A London despatch of the 25th says: "Lord Salisbury and the Queen had a long interview today, believed to be on Transvaal matters. The Manchester regiment of one thousand men have gone to Cape Town and the Arundel Castle sailed with 770. The men of the first-class reserve at Durban, Natal, have been ordered in readiness to join their regiments. The Germans at Johannesburg have offered the Boers to volunteer for service. Everything looks like war. Ammunition intended for the Transvaal Government, which was detained at Delagoa Bay has now been removed to a Portuguese troopship."

The Dreyfus Trial. Maitre Labori, leading counsel for the defence, who was marvellously assisted Aug 14th, was present in court on Tuesday morning before last, when the second day of the third week of second trial by court-martial of Captain Dreyfus began. The proceedings opened at 3.30 a.m. The arrival of M. Labori at the Lyceum was the signal for the start of the proceedings. Among those who greeted M. Labori were Generals Billot and Mercier, who accompanied him to his cell. The lawyer looked very well considering his recent experience.

At the Dreyfus inquiry on the 24th the chief of general staff were first examined by Labori and made a poor showing. General Mercier refused to reply to many questions. During the proceedings some witnesses spoke strongly in favor of Dreyfus and the prisoner himself absolutely acquitted his alleged confession to Captain Lebrun Reineault. As on the previous day the result of the testimony taken testified tends to weaken the case of the prosecution.

At the inquiry on the 24th M. Paraf Javal (draughtsman) gave expert testimony regarding the lines of Bertillon and arguing that Esterhazy wrote the Bordenas. M. Charavy, another expert, who at the former trial declared that he wrote the document, admitted his error and put the blame on Esterhazy. Other experts were favorable to Dreyfus, but they were not examined by Labori as they had not examined Dreyfus's writing.

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 LEAPAGES OLD STAND, we are now prepared to supply all kinds of Farming Implements. We are also agents for the celebrated McCaughran Carriage Co. and the Dering Harrow 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.

W. Grant & Co. Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 25, 1899.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH Painful, Throbbing or Irregular Beating of the Heart, Dizziness, Shortness of Breath, Distress after Meals, Headaches, Spasms or Pain through the Breast and Heart, World Condition of the Mind, Partial Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, General Debility, After-Effects of Grippe, Loss of Appetite, etc.

Remember Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure the worst cases after other remedies fail. LAXA-LIVER PILLS cure Constipation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One of the tasks set to a boys' class was that of writing a short letter to the master. One youngster added a P.S., which ran, "Please excuse bad spelling and spelling, as I avenge been taunt any better."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS cure biliousness, sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, water brash, salivary complexion, etc. They do not gripe, weaken or sicken. Small and easy to take.

Will—Is the brow of a hill ever wrinkled? Phil—I don't know about that; but our plowboy could tell you that it is sometimes furrowed with care.

Minard's Liniment Cures Cargot in Cows. STIFF JOINTS, YEARS. Mr. Arthur Byrns, Rock Hill, Ont., writes: "I was laid up with stiff joints for about four years and could get no relief until I used three bottles of Hagyard's Yellow Oil which cured me."

A little boy, whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whiskey, surprised his mother by asking—"Did papa sprain his throat when he was a boy?"

YOU CAN'T TELL. You don't know when that cough will stop. The cough of consumption has just such a beginning. Take Scott's Emulsion now while the cough is easily managed.

At a recent date, the parties discharged their pistols without effect whereupon one of the seconds interposed and proposed that the combatants should shake hands.

To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking for half an hour."

"Well," said Pat, chuckling, "I've just chased this old railway company nicely."

"How so?" "Why, I've taken a return ticket and I've no intention of going back at all."

Scrofula. Another permanent cure by B.B.B. after two doctors failed.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure. Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennett, of Cresworn's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P. Q., states his case as follows:

"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."

Tea Party Supplies. The season for tea parties will soon be here, and as usual we are prepared to meet it with a well assorted stock of the very best

Groceries. We keep everything that is required in the baking line, and our prices are right. When in want of Pastry, Flour, Raisins, Currants, Peels, Spices, Flavorings, Icing Sugar, etc., etc. go to

BEER & GOFF. GROCERS. Sunnyside.

20 YEARS TORTURE. A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure. "She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent."

"I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS cure biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS. "Has George ever hinted that he had thought of you as a possible wife?" asked the mother.

"No," replied the girl, a faraway look in her eyes, "and I'm afraid he never will."

"Why," said the mother, "I thought—"

"It doesn't matter what you thought, mamma, dear," interrupted the daughter. "Only last night he complained of feeling drowsy, and it wasn't 9 o'clock."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. "Tast man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?" "By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth."

C. RICHARDS & Co. Dear Sirs,—For some years I had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a simple bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored. Glamis, Ont. R. W. Harrison.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colic, etc. "There's poetry in everything," observed the poet.

"You're right," replied the editor. "For instance, there's a stove full of it!"

Cramps and Colic. Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too. You don't want an untried something that may help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

HAMMOCKS! Hammocks! Hammocks! Prices Right. HAZARD MOORE. Sunnyside.

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Wool! Wool!

We buy Wool and pay the Highest Price in Cash.

Or Exchange for any Goods in our Store.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Of our own make is the best in fit, workmanship and style.

Oxford Woolen Mills Depot D. A. BRUCE, AGENT.

Thirteen Tons OF Paris Green IMPORTED THIS SEASON BERGERS IN TINS AND PAPERS. Fennell & Chandler. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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 Nutritive Properties. Speciality grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labeled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. 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. E. J. Agency, Charlottetown. F. W. HYNDMAN, Agent. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.