

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are. He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

FAREWELL FLOWERS.

When the light falls and over me the sad Concoals, at last, the fleshly robe I wore, Bring me the lilies that, when Joseph's rod Was chosen of the sign for Christ, it bore.

GRATIFYING IMPROVEMENT.

"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads when I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, but after the use of this medicine a short time I was entirely cured. I cannot recommend it too highly since it has done so much for me."

Known at West.

(CHAPTER II.—Continued.) "He's alive, at any rate," he said, as he drew a flask from his pocket and forced a few drops of its contents between the man's pallid lips.

"I was sent after sheep, I think," he said, in a low voice; "and I lost my way and fell from the horse. Did he run off?"

"Very likely," Michael replied, offering him his flask again. Some color came back to the man's face after a draught of the brandy.

"I fear it is the end," he went on after a second or two. "The doctors in the hospital in Melbourne said it would be sudden and soon."

"Can I do anything?" Michael asked, awkwardly raising the man to a more comfortable position.

"Yes. You will find a prayer-book and beads in my pocket. Send them to Melbourne to—but the name and the address are in the prayer-book."

"You are a Catholic?" Michael asked. "A bad one—a very bad one; but tell her I tried—I did try—to do as she and the priest told me," the man gasped, as a spasm of pain seized him and he made an effort to place his hand on his heart.

"Yes," Michael assented. "But what is your name?" "John Gillespie."

"That is very strange. My own name is Gillespie—Michael Gillespie."

The sick man looked up with a questioning gleam in his glazed and sunken eyes. "Was your mother named Anna?"

"She belonged to Antrim?" "I believe so. She and I lived near Carnedaisy, in Tyrone, for a long time. Before her death we lived in Belfast," Michael answered, and wondered at the stranger's evident excitement.

"Then you are my brother!" the latter cried. "Oh, how strange! Anna Gillespie was my mother too!" "Your mother?" Michael ejaculated. "No; I never heard her speak of another son being alive."

me to Derry, and saw me aboard the steamer at Moville. It was my mother that made her go. Did you never hear of this?"

"Never," Michael answered, with a deep groan. "Never!" "Ah! Maybe this is why you're parted," John Gillespie said, with quick intuition. "I know my mother told you I was dead, but I thought at the same time that your wife would have spoken and explained everything."

"The last time I saw her she was in a railway carriage with you at Carnedaisy station. I was there by chance, and saw you both. I went straight home and told my mother to get ready and go with me at once. The man I was working for sold our little articles of furniture later, and sent the money to an address I gave him. After that we—my mother and I—settled in Belfast, but she died in a few months. She got a sudden stroke," Michael said hastily.

"And she never told you?" "No. I understand now the look that was in her eyes in her last hours, and the violent but useless efforts she made to speak—to say something."

"I went to America," John Gillespie explained, with increasing difficulty; "but I did not stay long there. I succeeded in working my passage to Australia, and lived in Melbourne as I could; and now I am dying."

"Oh, no, no!" Michael protested, but without belief in his words. "Would you not like to see a priest?"

"There is no time. The nearest priest lives thirty miles away," John Gillespie answered; "and Michael, noting the blue circles round the speaker's lips and eyes, sighed heavily. "And I hope, I humbly hope, I am not unprepared," the older brother said. "I am not long out of the hospital. Father Danvers got me a situation out here. He thought I was better out of the town, and so I was."

Very little further conversation took place between the brothers. Michael soon sought and found the prayer-book and rosary that John had referred to. When the latter was placed in the dying man's fingers, Michael opened the book and began the prayers for the departing soul. Once he stopped to go to a stream that ran at no great distance for a drink of water to relieve his brother's thirst, and he remembered later that a bandicoot scuttled across his path and hid itself in the tangle of swaying grass and wild flowers; and once he ceased the prayers to answer a question of John's. By the time he closed the book the end was near. The death agony was sharp and short; and, with words of sorrow for a mispent life on his quivering lips, John Gillespie passed away.

That same night his dead body was brought to Michael's station, and the priest from the nearest township was sent for to give it Christian burial. To Father Ryan Michael told his story and handed the prayer-book and rosary.

"I have met good Father Danvers of Melbourne, and I shall write to him if you wish," the priest said. "Are the books and beads to go to him?"

"I think not," Michael replied. "My mind is all confused; but I believe, he, my brother, spoke of a woman. See if her name is written in the book."

The priest opened the little morocco-bound book, and said: "Yes. Had you a sister? The name is Alice Gillespie; and she is a nurse, I should suppose, in a Melbourne hospital."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" and the voice of this strong man was broken.

Michael lost no time in journeying to the Victorian capital and seeking Nurse Gillespie. His fears lest his wife should refuse him her forgiveness were soon relieved, but Michael's own self-reproach did not easily pass away. He had to hear of Alice's visit to her closed and dismantled home on her return from America; of her mystification, and of her subsequent trials before she resolved to sail to Australia. In Melbourne she had found service in the family of a doctor, who soon discovered her ability as a sick nurse. Through him she entered one of the public hospitals of the city, and it was there she met and recognized John Gillespie. At her earnest and urgent entreaties, he consented to see a priest; and when he was discharged from the hospital, Father Danvers kept him under his own care till he found what he considered suitable and safe employment for him in a squatter's family.

Alice Gillespie at once relinquished her hospital work and accompanied her husband to his home, nor did she ever utter one word about his conduct or about his mother's. But Michael does not forget; and often, when they sit on the veranda of their southern house as the Australian day is fast closing into night, he thinks of distant Kilkerran; and his thoughts are sad and bitter ones. And no doubt, Alice guesses what they are; for she usually lays a gentle hand on her husband's arm and says:

"Nay, Michael, we are happy at last, thank God!" (Concluded.)

FORGIVENESS.

A humble son of St. Alphonsus was engaged in a mission in a large village in Belgium. He was about to preach on "Death," when a confrere arrived unexpectedly and informed him that he had come to take his place. "Your superior," he said, "wishes you to go to your home, for your father has need of your help. A great grief has come upon your family. Your brother is dead."

"Dead?" exclaimed the preacher. "Yes, dead. He died yesterday. Let us pray for the repose of his soul." No word of his illness had reached him; how could it be, he thought, and then the anguish of his father. He took the first train to the nearest station to his home.

It was late when he arrived at the station, and his father was there awaiting him. "Dear father," said he, "what has happened? How has my brother been taken away so suddenly?"

The father laid his trembling hands on the shoulders of his son, and with a voice broken with sobs, said: "Your brother has been assassinated. He was coming home at half past 9 o'clock along by the river. It was there he was attacked, mortally wounded and then thrown into the river. It is there they have just found him. He could not continue; completely choked by his sobs, he fell into the arms of the priest."

The burial took place two days after and all will be easily understood how the whole country round was moved to the deepest sorrow for so awful an outrage. The victim was known to all as most affable, cordial and kind, and ever ready to help a neighbor. He could have had no enemy and his family was honored by all. The grief was universal and the parish church was crammed at the obsequies. Among those who assisted, the first place was given to the bereaved father, near whom knelt the missionary priest, his son.

When the Mass of Requiem was finished the pastor retired for a moment to the sacristy. This made the immense assembly fix their eyes more and more on the father and on the son. They saw the missionary rise from his knees and cross the sanctuary. All eyes were upon him. They saw him slowly mount the steps that led to the pulpit. He stands in the pulpit with downcast eyes as he rules the emotions which struggle within him. The most profound silence fell upon the people, and it was broken only by the words of the missionary.

He made the sign of the cross, and then slowly in a most clear voice he said: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Dear parents, dear parishioners, I wish to say a few words to you, and my first words shall be for the assassins of my dear brother who lies in this bier. As Jesus Christ on the cross prayed for those who put him to death, so do I ask you to join with me in a like supplication for the murderers of my brother; for certainly—certainly, in maltreating this innocent victim they knew not what they did." He finished by addressing the following words to his brother: "Farewell, dear brother, the support and the hope of my aged father, farewell till we meet in heaven, whither you have gone, and thither thou dost call us!"

There is no describing the emotion of the people, and they read in the soul of the missionary "forgive all injuries."—Cath. Standard and Times.

Right Rev. Mgr. Twomey, Catholic army chaplain at Aldershot, England, died on Thursday night, January 5. During the evening he was present at a children's Christmas gathering and seemed in better health than of late. When his servant went to call him on Friday morning he made no answer and was found dead. The cause of death is said to be aneurism of the heart. Mgr. Twomey was exceedingly popular throughout the army. He was born on April 6th, 1843, and became an army chaplain in July, 1878. In 1888 he attained the rank of major, in 1893 he was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel and last year was promoted to first class of chaplains to the forces with the rank of colonel. Mgr. Twomey saw service in Cairo, Egypt, where he did incalculable good work, but only amongst the soldiers, but also amongst the French Catholics, who still hold his name in grateful memory. It was he who instituted the public Corpus Christi procession through the streets of Cairo, which attracted so much attention at the time. For his services to the Church in Egypt the Holy Fathers conferred upon Father Twomey the title of Monsignor.

Nothing so effective for checking severe Coughs and Colds as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Price 25c, all dealers.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

DISAPPEARED!

Kidney Pains All Gone. What Did It? Doan's Kidney Pills. How Do You Know? A Kingston Man Says So.

Mr. W. J. Papp, 112 Barris St., Kingston, Ont., writes as follows: "Having been troubled with kidney disease for years, and not having received any permanent relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I take great pleasure in letting others similarly afflicted know of the wonderful curative properties possessed by Doan's Pills. Before taking them I was troubled at night by having to rise, but can now sleep, and do not feel weary in the morning. I hope that this may induce other sufferers from kidney or urinary troubles to give Doan's Kidney Pills a faithful trial, for I know that no other remedy could have acted so well as they did in my case."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the only sure cure for Backache, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, and all Kidney and Urinary troubles. Price 50c, all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont. Ask for Doan's and refuse all others.

MISCELLANEOUS. An Irish laborer was once addressed thus by a passer-by: "What's that you're building, Paddy?" "Shure, an' 'tis a church, yer honor." "Is it a Catholic church?" "No, yer honor." "A Catholic church, then?" "Indade, an' it is that same, yer honor." "I'm very sorry to hear it, Pat." "So's the devil, yer honor."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

QUICK CURE OF SCIATICA. Mr. A. Taylor, 74 Afton Ave., Toronto, writes: "I was greatly afflicted with Sciatica, but after using one box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills I was able to go to work in three days and have not been troubled since."

Why is a farmer like a chicken? Because he delights in a full crop.

DEAR SIR:—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALMSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to any one suffering from throat or lung trouble.—J. F. VANBUSKIRK, Fredericton.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP Is the nicest and most effective remedy for expelling all kinds of Worms. No need of giving any Cathartic when it is used. Price 25c.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Haggard's Yellow Oil cures all Pain and takes out swelling and Inflammation quicker than any other remedy. Price 25c.

CRAMPS and COLIC. Are always promptly relieved by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the best Diarrhoea remedy in existence.

Coughs That Stick. You don't seem to be able to throw them off. All the ordinary remedies you've tried don't touch them. The cough remedy for you is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It loosens the phlegm, allays the irritation, heals and soothes the inflamed lung tissue.

MR. WM. FERRY, Blenheim, Ont., says: "I can recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the very best medicine for coughs and colds, sore throat and weak lungs."

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup. Never fails to Cure.

The Best Medicine For Keeping the Home Bright, Cheerful and Happy is Music.

GOOD MUSIC, such as can be produced on our DOMINION, OR KARN ORGANS AND PIANOS.

Nothing like it to drive away care. If you think you cannot afford it, why come in and see us, and it will be a GREAT SURPRISE to you to learn HOW CHEAP and on what EASY TERMS you can have a good ORGAN or a PIANO. We often have good second hand goods at less than HALF PRICE. Everything we sell fully guaranteed.

Miller Bros The Old Reliable Music House of P. E. Island, CONNOLLY'S BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.

Raw From Ear To Jaw.

"I have been for years more or less subject to eruptions on my skin. The left side of my face from the top of my ear to half way down my jaw was in a very bad state—being almost raw, making shaving very painful. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle perfectly cured me. I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any skin disease." G. WHITE, Cadillac, N.W.T.

B.B.B. cures Salt Rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, and all forms of Skin Diseases, and the smallest pimble to the worst scrofulous sore.

PERMANENT CURES. Of such diseases as Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Sores, Ulcers, Dyspepsia and Constipation are made by B.B.B. The daily papers are full of statements of those who have been permanently cured by B.B.B.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

HIS OWN FREE WILL. DEAR SIR:—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it. It is truly a wonderful medicine. JOHN A. McDONALD, Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

FOR internal or external use HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cannot be excelled as a pain relieving and soothing remedy for all pain.

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HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is prompt to relieve and sure to cure coughs, colds, sore throats, pain in the chest, hoarseness, quinsy, etc. Price 25 cents.

A Dunville Jeweller's Wife CURED OF PALPITATION OF THE HEART AND SMOTHERING SPELLS BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. D. E. LaSalle, Canal Street, Dunville, Ont., whose husband keeps a jewellery store, and is one of the best known and most progressive citizens of Dunville, Ont., gives the following description of her recent experience in the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills: "I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for weak nerves, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, smothering spells at night and sleeplessness. Before I used them I could not get restful sleep, and my nerves were often so unstrung that I would start in alarm at the least noise, and easily worried."

"Last February I commenced taking this valuable medicine, and it proved the right remedy for my weak and shattered nervous system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restored my nerves to a strong and healthy condition, gave regular and normal action of the heart."

"I sleep well now, and am better in every way, and I recommend them heartily to all who suffer as I did." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c a box, or 3 for \$1.50, at all druggists. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Laxo-Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilelessness, Dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect, and to work with-out a grip or pain. Price 25c, all druggists.

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Have you one of those proverbial "groaning tables, or a set of squeaky chairs? If so, you ought to furnish with

New Slightly Furniture, The kind we sell.

Looks well. Wears well. Costs Little.

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Canadian and American Excelsior DIARIES, all sizes for the POCKET, OFFICE or HOME, P. E. I. Almanac now on sale.

HASZARD & MOORE, Sunnyside.

FLOUR. FLOUR HAS DROPPED Away Down in Price THE LAST FEW WEEKS,

Which is a good thing for those who have to buy on account of the partial failure of the wheat crop.

We have just received a new lot of Flour

Direct from the Mills, Comprising such well-known brands as Beaver, Kent, Monarch, White Coat and Parkdale, which we are offering at rock-bottom prices. Call and see us before buying elsewhere.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER EPPS'S COCOA Oct. 5, 1898-301

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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.

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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.

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