

GAINED 50 POUNDS.

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for Dyspepsia and sick headache. Before I started taking it I was thin and run down in health. Two bottles have completely cured me and since then I have gained about 50 pounds in weight."—Mrs. Ellen Vaughan, Moulton Station, Ont.

THE BRIGHT EYE THAT SEETH.

Earth is the realm of Death, who reigns— No King of Shadow he. O'er towers and towns and sacred fane On land and ship at sea. His subjects all avoid his court, Small love they bear to him; For when he mingles in their sport, The pasture wastes grim. They make alliance with life, And fear to be alone; Flashed with the brilliance and strife Which found their path are thrown. Yet some can wander up and down Where daisies hide the sod; Far from the turmoil of the town, They own that Death is God. Ah! without Death our life were naught; Death consummates our hopes— The one bright daybeam softly brought— Above the misty slopes.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

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

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(Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"This intelligence made quite a stir in the inn parlor. Some of the guests congratulated Loser on his good fortune; some advised him to apply to the governor of Massachusetts, others would have him lay his grievances before the President of the Republic or appeal to Parliament. War ought to be declared with Prussia if every penny of the sum was not paid within twenty-four hours.

Loser began to fear he had gone a little too far. He begged the good people who espoused his cause so earnestly to wait for further information; he would make the German look small he said, when they got his lawyer's letter from this side of the frontier. Then taking the key of his lodge and that of the convent gate out of his pocket, he handed them to the landlord requesting him to take care of them during his absence. He was about to take his departure, but Daddy Oarrillon would not let him go unceremoniously.

"Plenty of time yet to catch the night train," he cried. "You must do me the honor, Mr. Loser, to take a glass with me and my friends here to drink your health, and good success to your business. I have always regarded you as a patriot, Mr. Loser, as a hero, I may say, and the scar that marks your cheeks is a decoration to be prouder of than the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which the Prefect of our Department wears on his breast, though he has never been in a single engagement. And I have always regarded you Mr. Loser, as an honorable man, to whom fate has not given his deserts, since you are a man of advanced thought, are compelled to ponder to the clerical, and serve an effete superstition. But at length fortune has been kind to you, and if, now that you are a gentleman of property, a man of wealth, we cannot expect to see you again in our humble village—for doubtless you will find elsewhere an appointment more commensurate with your talents—if you find a more fitting sphere in which to serve your country, may we beg, Mr. Loser, that when basking in the sunshine of your happiness, you will not altogether forget your old friends at Ste. Victoire. I drink to your health, Sir!"

Although up to this time Loser had borne by no means the best of characters in the village yet all persons applauded this speech, and joined in a hearty cheer, congratulating him on his good fortune and coming greatness. The inn-keeper was quite elated by his oratorical performance, and shook hands all around before taking the head of the table, with Loser at his side. Twilight had long fallen on the scene before the sacristan left the Golden Rose, and took the road to Aix, being escorted for a part of the way by some of his boon companions.

CHAPTER III.

Meanwhile Father Montmoulin had installed his mother in the large easy chair, and submitted to be minutely questioned by her as to his health and general well-being. The result of the interrogatory was on the whole satisfactory; the old lady thought her son looking rather pale and thin, but otherwise fairly well. She told him he must take more care of himself, take the greatest care of himself, and not sit up studying at night, and above all not think of fasting. The young priest smiled good-humoredly at these smothered injunctions, and quieted her with the assurance that he felt quite well and strong. And in future, he added, she would be able to look after him herself; as soon as she had rested a little, and had a cup of coffee, he wanted her to go and choose the rooms she would like fitted up for her.

"Let us get up at once," she rejoined, "I really am not tired, and the chil-

dren will be here afterwards, and one can say nothing before them. Of course I should like to be as near as I can to you."

Father Montmoulin accordingly showed his mother the two nearest cells in the left wing, which, as he had said, were parted from his own rooms by a narrow passage for the sake of admitting light to the corridor. The rooms had a pleasant look out upon the hills, and were comparatively in good repair. Yet Mrs. Montmoulin preferred the two on the other side, adjoining her son's bedroom. "We must provide for all needs," she said. "An old woman like myself ought to think seriously of death; if I am here I should only have to knock on the wall if anything unexpected happened. And see what a delightful view there is from these windows, all down the valley."

"Just as you please, mother," her son replied. "The other rooms are rather large and more airy, but we will furnish these up nicely for you; the ceilings shall be whitewashed and the walls papered afresh. I have got a book of patterns, so you shall select the paper for yourself. Tomorrow I will see about getting the whitewashers and paperhangers, and about mid-day it will be ready for you to move in. Then I hope you will have a tranquil happy time after all the storms it has pleased God that you should pass through."

"How kind you are, Francis," exclaimed the happy mother, wiping a tear from her eye. "I never doubted your affection for me. But how will you manage, with your scanty income, to do all of this?"

"Do not let that trouble you, mother. Mrs. Blanchard, the President of St. Joseph's Guild, a wealthy and charitable widow, somewhere about your age, (who, by the bye, is looking forward with much pleasure to make your acquaintance, and with whom I doubt not you will pass many a pleasant hour, working for the poor) had the excellent idea of presenting me with a good round sum to make my rooms more comfortable, and add a few books to my small library. So you may be at ease on that point; mother but, come along now, the coffee must be ready; I think I hear Julia calling us."

They turned into the dark kitchen, where the little girl had just made the coffee. "You see how good it will be grandmother," she cried triumphantly. "But the table is not laid yet, and there are such a lot of books on it. And Charlie has not come back from the baker's. Do please help me!"

The books were soon cleared away, a white cloth laid on the table, and the cups and saucers set out. "This one with the gold rim is for Uncle," the child said, as she passed the cups in review. "Grandmother shall have the one with the motto, I will have the pretty one with the flowers, and this cracked one will do quite well for Charlie. I wish the stupid boy would bring the bread."

"Here I am," said Charlie, who entered at that moment with a bag of sweet cakes and another containing rolls. "I don't see why you should call me stupid! Here is your change, uncle, and the baker said a penny was for me."

"That is to buy sweets, my boy?" his uncle rejoined, as he gave him back the penny. "No, uncle, I shall put it into the box for the heathen, that the poor children may be baptized, when I go as a missionary to the foreign lands you have told me of."

"The old woman ought not to fill your head with such rubbish, child," the priest rejoined. The good religious were not created here, but they will do you no harm for they were martyrs and are now in heaven. They were put to death because they prayed for good King Louis XVI., and he died the death of a Saint."

"The children having finished their coffee ran off on a voyage of discovery through the deserted cloisters, leaving the mother and son to have a conversation together concerning the prospect of happier times to come after all the troubles of the past."

"I do not know how it is," Mrs. Montmoulin presently remarked, "whether it is the gloomy impression made on me by this almost unattended convent, or the timidity engendered by past misfortunes, that makes me unable to believe that there are tranquil and joyous days in store for me in my old age; on the contrary, I seem to feel as if some new trial threatened to fall on us."

"We are in the hands of God, whatever happens," her son replied, "and if it please Him to send us fresh troubles we must bear them with the help of His Grace. But really I see no cause for apprehension at present. I have a good appointment here; the greater part of my parishioners seem fond of me; I have no personal enemies. The party who are hostile to the Church are of course a thorn in my side, but so long as I do my duty, they cannot injure me. Besides I am very careful to keep clear of mixing in politics. My ecclesiastical superiors are satisfied with me; only yesterday I received a very flattering letter from the Vicar-General, expressing his approval of some essays I had published in the Clerical Journal. I tell you this to set your mind at rest. He offered me at the same time a Professorship in the Greater Seminary, to which a very good salary is attached; but I prefer to remain here and occupy myself with reading and the care of my flock. If I went to the seminary, I should be compelled to relinquish the pleasure of having you with me, and requiring you in some measure for all the cares and privations my schooling and subsequent training cost you. So keep up your spirits, mother."

At this juncture the door bell rang, and Father Montmoulin put his head out of the window to see who was there. It was a boy in the costume of the peasants of that part of the country; he made a sign that he wanted the door opened, which Loser had closed behind him on taking his departure. "A sick call, probably," said the priest, with a shade of impatience, "these people always send for me at such inopportune times." Stepping out into the corridor he called Charlie, and bade him go down to the door; in a few moments he returned with the messenger, who had in fact been sent to summon the priest to a distant hamlet among the mountains.

"Mother said, would your Reverence please come quick, or father would die without the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils," said the boy as he told his somewhat incoherent narrative. "He fell off his chair all of a sudden, and we sat at supper, and since then he has not spoken a word, only makes a strange noise in his throat, like our farm-servant, when he gets drunk. But father had taken nothing but a bowl of soup. Please come at once, Father."

"I will come, my little man. Your father seems to have had some kind of a stroke. I hope it will not be so very bad. That sort of thing often passes off. However, I will make haste. You see mother, I must bid you good-bye at once. Dear me, I have just remembered all that money of Mrs. Blanchard's, it will never do to leave the house unprotected. St. Joseph, give me good counsel. I cannot go a mile out of my way to take it to the Mayor, or get some neighbor to come and act as caretaker; that would want such a long explanation, and the sick man might die before I got to him. And the salvation of a soul, perhaps quivering in the balance, is more important than the safety of this sum of money. I know what might be done. Could you oblige me, mother, by staying here for the night with the children? I have a large sum in my keeping, here in this desk, and you can understand that I do not feel justified in leaving it unprotected in an empty house. You can make yourselves comfortable for the night—you see I must attend to my pastoral duties."

"Yes, I will stay, if there is no other alternative," said the old lady.

Is Baby Thin this summer? Then add a little SCOTT'S EMULSION to his milk three times a day. It is astonishing how fast he will improve. If he nurses, let the mother take the Emulsion.

Youthful Recklessness.

The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Primary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong. Mr. G. Orisman, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., writes, now 23 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed her troubles, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for this benefit they have conferred upon me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Parson—Does 'o' tink 'o' kin keep in de strait an' narrer path now Bradder Johasing? Bradder Johasing—I reckon I kin pabson, of day ain't no water-mil ion patches erlong de road.

One LAXA-LIVER PILL every night for thirty days makes a complete cure of biliousness and constipation. That is just so, to be cured.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc. An ill-paid minister went to his deacon to ask for an increase of salary. "Salary?" said the deacon. "I thought you worked for souls?" "So I do," replied the poor man; but I cannot eat souls, and if I could, it would take a good many of your size to make a dish."

I was cured of painful Goutte by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BYARD McMULLIN, Chatham, Ont. I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. W. W. JOHNSON, Walsh, Ont. I was cured of Facial Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. H. BAILEY, Parkdale, Ont.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism VICTORIA HARBOR, ONT. Mr. Joseph Currier, a respected citizen of this place, was so bad with Rheumatism that he could not attend to his work. Two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills have effected a complete cure.

Permanent Cure of Cancer.

Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Buxton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach and informed her that her lease of life would be short. On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvelous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

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!

Tea Party Supplies

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 the lowest prices. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

W. Grant & Co. BEER & GOFF.

Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 26, 1899.

Two Stratford Ladies

Tell How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Make Weak People Strong. Mrs. ELIZABETH BARTON, Britannia St., says: "I speak a good word for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with pleasure. They proved to me a most excellent remedy for nervousness, nervous debility and exhaustion, and I can heartily recommend them."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

Take one at night before retiring. "I will work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mother—Jimmie Smith is a bad boy and I can't allow you to play with him. Johnny—Don't you think he might get better if he was together with good boys like me?

WORMS CAN'T STAY When Dr. Low's Pleasant Worms Syrup is used. This remedy is death to the worms, does not harm the child and is nice to take. Contains its own cathartic. Price 25c.

SICK HEADACHE—that have of many a woman's life is quickly cured by Laxa-Liver Pills. They are adapted to the system of the most delicate and never cause any griping, weakening or sickening.

In the summer-time running sores and ulcers are hard to keep sweet and clean. Bathe them with Burdock Blood Bitters and they will be free from odor. Take it freely internally and soon healthy flesh will supplant the decaying tissue.

Mr. Chas. Johnston, Bear River, U. S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, and after taking three bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely cured."

Minard's Liniment is the best. HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL cures sprains, bruises, sores, wounds, cuts, frost-bites, chilblains, stings of insects, burns, scalds, contusions, etc. Price 25c.

Thirteen Tons 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.

Cairns & McFadyen.

June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

EPPS'S COCOA

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. I. Agency, Charlottetown. F. W. HYNDMAN, Agent. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

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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.

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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. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labeled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. BREAKFAST SUPPER EPPS'S COCOA Oct. 6, 1898—301 A. A. McLEAN, J. L. B., Q. C. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN.

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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 W. Grant & Co. BEER & GOFF. GROCERS.