

ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN KILLER KILLS PAIN

A Midnight Walk

with a colicky baby or a colicky stomach isn't pleasant. Either can be avoided by keeping a bottle of Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER on the medicine shelf. It is invaluable in sudden attacks of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Diarrhoea. Just as valuable for all external pains. Dose—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

ALONE!

By M. REGINA COLGAN.

Lone is he who in the battle
Wounded, left to die,
Hears the vultures circling o'er him,
Feels them drawing nigh!
Throbs his heart with bitter anguish,
And his soul is filled with dread.
Nowhere can he look for succor!
Naught around him but the dead!

Lone is he who in mid-ocean,
Struggling 'gainst the wave
Feels his strength in surely failing,
Knows that none can save.
Fleets grow the raging tempest,
And the vivid lightning play,
While the madning waste of waters
Eager seems to snatch its prey.

But most lone of all creation
Who our pity claims,
Is the man who sold his birthright,
Cast aside great aims.
Still for God his heart is craving,
Yet around him demons throng!
He who, strong of will and purpose,
Loved the right, but chose the wrong.

So We Grow Old.

A broken joy: a task that held away
A yearning child—heart from an hour
of play;
A Christmas that no Christmas idols
brought;
A tangled lesson, full of tangled thought;
A homesick boy: a senior gown and
wite;
A glimpse of life, when, lo! the curtain
rises
Fold o'er the fold,
And hangs the picture, like a boundless
sea—
The world, all action and reality—
So we grow old.

A wedding, and a tender wife's career;
A prattling babe the parents' life to
bless;
A home of joys and cares in equal part;
A dreary watching with a heavy heart;
And death's dread angel knocking at the
gate,
And hope and courage bidding sorrow
wait
Or looses her hold;
A new made grave, and then a brave
return
To where the fires of life triumphant
burn—
So we grow old.

A fortune and a generous mood of fame,
Or direful ruin and a tarnished name;
A slipping off of weak month and
year,
Faster and faster as the close draws
near;
A grief to-day, and with to-morrow's
light
A pleasure that transforms the sullen
night
From lead to gold;
A chilling winter of unchanging storm;
A spring replete with dawns and sunsets
warm—
So we grow old.

Old to ourselves, but children yet to be
in the strange cities of sterner,
Sir Hugh After the Boyne, 1690.

Farewell! I seek a foreign land;
The cause is lost, the king has fled.
I dare not touch my lady's hand:
Her lightning eyes would strike me
dead.
But yet the scarf she gave I wore
Where William's squadrons reeled;
It glances my cavaliers before
Through all that fatal field.

Ten times we swept them down to the river
But fresh blood poured on sodless and ever;
What could we do, O unnumbered,
But fall back, striking blow for blow?

My heart, that battle-axe best high
From all the sights and sounds in gaves;
The stars, like camp-fires, lit the sky,
The camp-fire trembled in the way;
The chanting steed, the soldier's song,
With passion filled my breast;
And all the memories of wrong
That on our fathers pressed.

Ten times we swept them down to the river,
The scroll on our banner "Now or Never!"
Ten times like thunderbolts we sped
Through ranks of dying and of dead.

White scarf, thou'rt powder-stained also
now,
Yet gleam on foreign fields from now!
Brave rose, red as the ripening corn,
Beneath my lady's brow!
O'er sunny France, o'er Europe wide,
Be mine the exile's pain;
From foreign camp to camp to ride,
Nor see my land again.

Ten times we swept them down to the river,
Where the drooping willows bend and
quiver;
Would I might be beside Boyne's waves,
His willows weeping o'er my grave!

My lady, one more last good-night!
My steed is stamping at the hours;
The late moon flicks the dark with light
The wooded hills around thy towers.
Farewell the mill-wheel in the race,
The cry on the waves,
The still knee musing in the shade,
The dun deer 'mid the leaves.

Ten times we swept them down to the river;
Hope's gone, my lady—all hope forever.
O! life with thee I leave the wine,
And steed and sword henceforth be mine!

"The legend on the flag over Dublin
Castle, 1689-90, was 'Now or Never! Now
and Forever!'"

warned the villagers that some danger
threatened. A reservoir, swollen by
heavy rains, had burst its dams, and
the torrent swept down the valley to-
wards the village, forcing its way into
the houses, and marking the path by
destruction. The good priest, who had
been spending the night at the
bedside of a dying man, was the first
to organize a plan of rescue; and his
calm demeanor and presence of mind
restored courage and confidence to the
frightened villagers. Suddenly a
heart-rending scream was heard from
afar. The flood had dashed with
overwhelming force against a cottage
standing at the extreme end of the
village; and again the waters had
risen to the roof, upon which a woman,
with two small children, had taken
refuge. The torrent surged round
the walls of the hut, which threatened
every moment to give way and bury
mother and children in the flood. How
was assistance to reach them? Every
heart was paralyzed with fear. A
youth had risen to the highest pitch,
when the Cure was seen plunging into
the torrent, mounted on a horse
hastily borrowed from a neighbor. It
seemed as if the waters would over-
whelm both horse and rider. But the
brave priest's courage never failed; he
kept his seat, and with skillful hand
guided the struggling animal to the
cottage. Taking the children in his
arms, he plunged again into the flood,
and soon deposited the noble priest
stemmed the wild torrent, in spite of
the entreaties of his flock, who im-
plored him not to expose himself to
certain death. "Pray for me!" he
answered, and he turned again into
the flood. Men and women fell on
their knees, imploring the assistance
of Heaven in behalf of their beloved
pastor. When he reached the cottage
an unearthly crash was heard. The
structure had given way, but not be-
fore the priest had caught the woman
and headed once more for the hills.
Henceforth the love and veneration
of the villagers for their priest were
boundless. In their eager desire to
testify their gratitude, they conceived
a strange and original method of
consecrating their feelings. A short
time after the occurrence they assembled
to elect the crew of a life-boat that
was newly built. With one accord
they named their cure as captain. In
vain the latter objected, saying that a
priest could not accept such a post.
His flock refused to listen to his ob-
jections, declaring that the prefect
had the affair in hand, and that their
pastor should settle with him—they
would not relent. The matter was
brought before the officers of the ad-
ministration—but none of them would
undertake to decide such a strange
question. At last the Minister of the
interior was appealed to, and he con-
sidered the affair sufficiently novel
and interesting to be laid before the
King. Charles X. expressed a desire
to know the priest who was so beloved
by his people, and as a result the de-
voted clergyman was shortly afterward
appointed Coadjutor-Bishop of Nancy.
In 1835 he became Archbishop of
Bordeaux, and in 1852 was raised to
the dignity of cardinal. The priest to
whom his flock thus testified their
love and veneration was the late Car-
dinal Archbishop Donnet.—*The Ave-
maria.*

**The Motherhood of the Catho-
lic Church.**

The Catholic Church has one
characteristic of which her opponents
know little, and which they greatly
undervalue. It is her all-abounding,
all-embracing motherhood, which
tender and alert from the cradle to
the grave, protects, instructs, sustains
and soothes. Every jewel and every
ornament of the Church is dear to her
children, and becomes more and
more evident as they study her beauty
and dwell in her court, but to the
poorest and weakest, the meanest and
most fatherless of her offspring, as to
the nearest and dearest of her most
spiritually minded heirs, her mother-
hood is apparent and enticing. With
the little child's first breath, Mother
Church stands ready, open-hearted, to
enfold it in the mantle of Baptism
even before the first bitter tears have
stained its innocent face. Side by
side with its opening intellect, this
wise and gentle Mother keeps pace,
instructing, warming, guiding, with
ever expanding exactness and minis-
tration, until the Catholic child and
youth has matured in knowledge as
in years. She confirms in virtue,
offers daily the holy Communion
(thus meeting every accident in life
with healing and renewing grace), stands
waiting with greater blessings for all
happiness, with health for the sick,
with aid for the needy, comfort for
the sorrowing, courage for the dying,
and, at last, commits the hallowed
dust to the rest of that tomb from
which her Well Beloved chased the
shadows of despair and the awful chill
of endless night. She is never absent,
never sleeping, never indifferent,
never harsh. "The life of a Catholic is
never lonely in the full sense of the
word, and never without the gentle
stimulus of a waiting and expectant
friend beyond the home threshold.
From the darkest hour the Catholic
is sure of passing to the silent
but soothing welcome within the
mother arms of Holy Church, before
her altars he may kneel in supplication
or in thanksgiving, as sure as unwear-
ing attention as though the spoken
assurance sounded clear in his mortal
hearing. It is no superstition, no
effect of early teaching, no blind hope
of a deceiving hope when hope is
dead. It is truth and reality, beyond
proof, without expression, but un-
doubted. Abused and neglected by
him in health and prosperity, this
characteristic of the Church brings
back to her the erring child's sick-
ness and in trouble. He may live
apart, but rare indeed is it, that a
Catholic, who has been united and
unforgotten by that Almighty Father
to Whom the Church so gently bears

him, so persistently urges him, so
lovingly entrusts him with a Mother's
power. The Catholic who has been
called from the outer darkness into
the light of faith fully realizes and
expresses what the Catholic born and
bred instinctively accepts, but both
are at home and at rest only when
the Church, both experience the
strengthening, cheering and enlighten-
ing sense of that beautiful love and
care of which the natural motherhood
is but a shadowy type.

To the outsider this state of things
within the Church is inconceivable.
This sense of protection and sure
guidance, of ever ready interest and
ever active assistance, is never more
than a dim and dulled vision to the
non-Catholic, of whatever denomina-
tion or of whatever following. At
the most, to hope that one is right,
and to trust that, if there is a God, He
may be merciful to intention, is all
that takes the place with them of a
child's confidence in a mother's love,
a mother's word, a mother's watchful-
ness and preparation for danger. No
religion, no sect, no "original thinker,"
has perfected a system of evolved an
idea embracing this sweet and nour-
ishing, this holy and gracious mother-
hood. It is one of the characteristics
of the sublime, the majestic, the all-
perfect Catholic Church.—*Catholic
Standard.*

Nuns Flee From Death.

Sisters of Mercy Genevieve, Joseph-
phine and Frances and Father A. M.
Feeser, a missionary, arrived at New
York, on the 11th inst., from Olon
on the Columbian Line steamship
Alliance. The Sisters Genevieve and
St. Walburga's Convent at Elizabeth,
N. J., which they left eight years ago
to go to Ecuador and found mission
schools under the management of
Bishop Schumaker, who has establish-
ed missions at Pijipipi, Bahia, Decara-
que, Rocaforte and Calcuta. In the
late revolution in Ecuador the
Bishop, his priests and the nuns en-
gaged in missionary work suffered very
great indignities. Sisters Genevieve,
Josephine and Frances and Sister
Gertrude, a native of Ecuador, who
afterwards remained at Bahia, rarely
escaped from the country with their
lives, and they greatly fear that Bishop
Schumaker has been assassinated.
Sister Genevieve, who is 33 years old,
was the superior of the mission at
Calcuta, which was founded three
years ago. Two months ago the
revolution extended to Calcuta, and
frequent skirmishes occurred there.
Bishop Schumaker, with six priests,
was on his way to Quito, and stopped
at the convent on the 20th inst. All
on the Sisters and take dinner. The
revolutionists, who bitterly hated the
Bishop, determined to capture him
and invaded the town with 400 men
under command of a brother of Alfaro,
the leader of the revolution. They
surrounded the convent and demand-
ed admission, which was refused.
On the next day, June 21, a second
demand was made for the Bishop's
surrender, and threats were made to
burn the convent if the demand was
not complied with. Bishop Schu-
maker, in order to protect the lives
of the nuns, gave himself up to the
soldiers, and with three of his priests
was led away.

Three priests remained in the
convent to protect the nuns, as the
demonstrations were still threatening.
That afternoon a detachment of 600
government soldiers entered Calcuta
and gave battle to the rebels. When
the latter saw the troops coming, a
part of them rushed back to the convent
and began to batter in the doors.
Sister Genevieve, who had locked the
doors, opened a window and, display-
ing the American flag, called on the
insurgents to desist. A volley of
bullets and curses was the reply of the
mob. "I warn you," cried the plucky
nun, "that we are Americans, under
the protection of the United States
flag, and you will disgrace your
country in the eyes of the civilized
world by this violent and senseless
fenceless, unoffending women."
"Down with the flag!" yelled the
crowd, and it redoubled its efforts to
break in the doors. The Sisters,
thinking their hour had come, made
their way to the upper part of the
convent, where they fell upon their
knees and began to pray. The doors
were broken and the mob swarmed
up the stairs. The priests were
knocked down and cruelly beaten
with the butts of muskets, and one,
Father Angelo, a Capuchin friar, was
stabbed twice in the back and sank
to the floor. He was carried out un-
conscious. The other two were
bound with ropes and one insurgent
raised his machete to bring it down
upon a priest's head when Sister
Genevieve sprang forward, and, hold-
ing forth her hands to receive the
blow, implored the insurgent not to
kill him. The priests were dragged
away and the nuns were ordered to
leave. When they attempted to do
so, they were dragged down the stairs
to the street, their clothing being
torn and cut with knives. All the
furniture and other contents of the
convent were broken up and the
building was fired.

By this time the fighting had be-
come sharp in the streets between the
insurgents and the soldiers. The un-
fortunate Sisters were exposed to a
shower of bullets and how they es-
caped being shot was nothing short
of miraculous. They finally obtained
refuge that night in a lady's house.
The routed insurgents set fire to the
town in their retreat, and the four
nuns were obliged with their host to
abandon the house and fly to the
country for safety. They got shelter
in another house, where they were
concealed for three days, the insur-
gents meanwhile searching for them.
When they got a favorable chance
they entered a canoe at 5 o'clock on
the morning of June 24, and paddled
for twelve hours until they reached
Bahia, Doctague, where they told their
story to the captain of the Bahi-
ah steamer Othello, which plies be-
tween Bahia and Panama. They had
very little money, but the captain
agreed to take them to Panama for
what they had. In boarding the
steamer at Bahia in a rowboat one of
the crew broke and they were swept
away by the current. The crew of
the steamer gave them up for lost, but
their boat was blown ashore by the
wind and they were rescued and taken
aboard in another boat. When they
reached Panama they told their tale
to the American Consul, who render-
ed them all the assistance in his
power and gave them money enough

**BURDOCK
BLOOD
BITTERS**

CURES
DYSPEPSIA,
BAD BLOOD,
CONSTIPATION,
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS.

B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes
all impurities from the system from a common
plague to the worst scrofulous sore.

BURDOCK PILLS act gently yet
thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels

To Miss HANNAH CAMPBELL, teacher
Monticello School

Dear friend,—It is with deep re-
gret we learn that you intend severing
your connection with our school,
which you have so successfully con-
ducted for the past four years, and we
cannot allow you to depart from our
midst without placing on record our
labors to you for the diligent and
painstaking manner in which you dis-
charge your onerous duties. Although
we on our part have, in many ways,
been remiss in our duty, and notwith-
standing the many disadvantages under
which you have labored, yet by your atten-
tiveness and perseverance have suc-
ceeded in elevating our school to a high
standard of excellence; and it is with
pleasure we recall the fact that the In-
spector, in his last annual report has
pleased to deem you worthy of Honorary
Mention. We also wish to avail
ourselves of the present opportunity
to give sincere expression to our re-
gard for you as a member of society,
and our appreciation of your conduct
while in our midst.

In conclusion, Dear Friend, be
assured that the laurels which your
honorable conduct has won for you
will ever bloom in our memories with
unfading lustre, and that you bear
with you our best wishes for your
future happiness.

Signed in behalf of the ratepayers
of Monticello.

A. P. McLeilan, P. P.
James McDonald,
Alex. R. McDonald,
Daniel McIntyre,
Rosa J. McDonald,
Joseph McDonald,
Daniel D. McDonald,
John O. Henley,
John A. McLeilan,
Monticello, June 27th, 1895.

REPLY:

To the ratepayers of Monticello School
District.

My Dear Friends,—Your very kind
address has almost deprived me of
the power to put into words my thanks
for the kindness shown to me during
the past four years, when I came to
you—a stranger.

But rest assured, dear friends, that
your many acts of kindness will not
soon be forgotten by me; and where-
ever my lot may be cast in the future
I will always remember with pleasure,
the good people of Monticello.

In conclusion, I thank you again
and I hope that we may one day meet
on some shore in their way. The
portrait was declared by Stevenson
himself to be the best ever painted of him.
In this same number of THE COSMOPOLITAN
Rudyard Kipling tells an Indian story, to
which Remington adds charming illustra-
tions; Mrs. Burton Harrison makes a
serious study of New York society in "The
Myst of the Four Hundred," and Kate
Douglas Wiggin contributes a story of one
of the most delightful of Welsh retreats.
THE COSMOPOLITAN was with this number
reduced to ten cents per copy, and as a
consequence, notwithstanding its large
edition, it was "out of print" on the third
day of publication.

**Patch Grief
with Proverbs**

but don't try to patch up a lingering
cough or cold by experimenting
remedies. Take

PYNY-PECTORAL

and relief is certain to follow. Cures
the most obstinate coughs, colds, sore
throat, in fact every form of throat,
lung or bronchial inflammation in-
duced by cold.

Large Bottle, 25 Cents.

**DR. FOWLER'S
EXT. OF WILD
STRAWBERRY**

SORES
COLIC,
CRAMPS,
CHOLERA,
DIARRHOEA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
CHOLERA INFANTUM

and Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the
Bowels. It is safe and reliable for
Children or Adults.

For Sale by all Dealers.

**SCOTTISH
GATHERING!**

The Great Annual Scottish Gathering
of the Clans of P. E. Island, under the
auspices of the CALLEDONIAN CLUB,
will be held at

CHARLOTTETOWN,
Wednesday, July 31st, 1895,
—ON THE—
**Driving Park & Exhibition
Grounds.**

Commencing at 11 o'clock, sharp.
TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS—Standard
Time.

A Special Train will leave Summerside
at 7.15 a. m., Kensington, 7.40 a. m., Free-
town, 7.57 a. m., Emerald, 8.15 a. m.,
Bradshaw, 8.35 a. m., North Wilshire,
8.55 a. m., Royal Junction, 9.30 a. m.,
arrive at Charlottetown at 9.45 a. m. Re-
turning will leave Charlottetown at 6.15
p. m.

The following Regular Trains will run
as follows—

Leave Cape Travers at 7.25 a. m., and
connect special at Bonaville, returning
will leave Emerald at 8.50 p. m.

Leave Souris for Charlottetown at 6.15
a. m., returning will leave Charlottetown
at 5 p. m.

FARES.

Summerside	85
New Annan	75
Kensington	75
Free-town	75
Emerald	70
Bradshaw	60
Elliot	50
Fredericton	40
Hunter River	45
North Wilshire	45
Colville	35
Milton	35
St. Peter's	35
St. John's	35
St. Mary's	35
St. James	35
St. George's	35
St. Andrew's	35
St. David's	35
St. Nicholas	35
St. Elizabeth	35
St. Anne's	35
St. Catherine's	35
St. Margaret's	35
St. Ursula's	35
St. Agatha's	35
St. Lucia's	35
St. Rose's	35
St. Thome's	35
St. Peter's	35
St. Paul's	35
St. John's	35
St. James	35
St. George's	35
St. Andrew's	35
St. David's	35
St. Nicholas	35
St. Elizabeth	35
St. Anne's	35
St. Catherine's	35
St. Margaret's	35
St. Ursula's	35
St. Agatha's	35
St. Lucia's	35
St. Rose's	35
St. Thome's	35

Dr. Murray,
DENTIST
Office, 145 Queen St.

**BURDOCK
PILLS**

A SURE CURE
FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,
INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK
HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE
STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.
THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT
IN ACTION, AND BRING A VALUABLE
RELIEF TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE
TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC
AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

THE PERFECT TEA
**MONSOON
TEA**

THE BEST TEA
IN THE WORLD
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision
of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by name
as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon
Tea. For that reason they are the most healthful and
very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

"That's why" Monsoon, the perfect Tea, can be
sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed tins of 1/2 lb., 1 lb., 2 lb., 5 lb.,
10 lb., and 25 lb. and is available at 25c. per tin, and 5c.
per lb. If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write
to THE LITTLE TEA CO., 11 and 13 Fleet St.,
East, Toronto.

O Yes! O Yes!

GO TO

GOFF BROTHERS

For Shoes.



Never Mind

What other people say,
We say that the
CITY HARDWARE STORE
is on the top for Good Goods at right prices.

**Jewel Stoves,
General Hardware,
Lobster Packers Supplies**

Carriage Builders, Painters, House Builders, Farmers
and others, will find us right here every time.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

D. A. BRUCE.

"LIKE PRODUCES LIKE."

**The Reason Why Carter's
Hazard's Improved Turn-
ip Seed is the Best:**

Our supply of Hazard's Improved
Turnip Seed is grown exclusively for
our own trade by Messrs. James Carter
& Co., the Queen's Seedsmen, London
England. This is the leading seed
growing establishment of Great Britain.
We supply to this firm yearly a few
pounds of the true genuine stock of
Hazard's Improved Turnip Seed, con-
tracting for the growth from this stock
of a certain specified quantity, and
when harvested we take the whole of it.
No other firm in Canada can buy a
pound of this seed except from us.

Most Famous Cloths
IN THE MARKET.

SUITS from these Cloths in wear for near two years
are as bright and good color as the day they were made.
BELWARPS are the best. Have them.

The Finest Line of Hats in the City.

John MacLeod & Co.,
MERCHANT TAILORS.
Charlottetown, April 10, 1895.

**A GREAT
CLOTHING SALE:**

**Clearing Out
Our Clothing Sale
At a Great Bargain.**

WHEN WE SAY WE SELL CHEAP WE MEAN IT.

500 Suits Men's Clothing, \$2 and \$2.50 less than regu-
lar prices.
250 Suits, \$2.00 and \$2.25 less than regular price.
500 Boys Suits, \$1 and up.
500 Boys Suits, 85c. and up.
1000 yds. Island and Moncton Mills Tweed, which we
will exchange for wool.

Furniture!

We can furnish you from
garret to cellar for Less
Money than any other
firm in the trade on
P. E. Island.

**Wool we Want,
Wool we Want!**

If you want bargains come to the Great Clothing
Centre, we are head quarters, sure. No mistake if you
trade with the Farmers Boys.

JOHN NEWSON
June 12, 1895—6m

PROWSE BROS.
The Wonderful Cheap Men.