

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

If you have a grey-haired mother In the old home far away, Sit down and write the letter You put off day by day Don't wait until her tired steps Reach heaven's pearly gate, But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message Or a loving word to say, Don't wait till you forget it, But whisper it to day, Who knows what bitter memories May haunt you if you wait? So make your loved one happy Before it is too late.

We live in the present, The future is unknown; To-morrow is a mystery, To-day is all our own. The change that fortune leads to us May vanish while we wait, So spend your life's rich pleasure Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken, The letters never sent, The long-forgotten messages, The wealth of love unspent, For these some hearts are breaking, For these some loved ones wait; So show them that you care for them Before it is too late.

—Young Catholic Messenger.

A Legend of St. Anthony.

A Franciscan Father of the monastery of St. Lawrence, at Naples, tells the following story:

In a peaceful little cottage by the seaside there lived a young fisherman and his mother. One night while they were performing their night prayers, they were started by a desperate outcry as that of a man in terrible agony. The young man rushed out to the door, and, to his horror, found a man who had been waylaid by robbers and was now in a dying condition. The robbers fled, besides fearing the presence of a witness, they had to escape the hands of the policemen who were on their trail. The fisherman started down to assist the dying man, but in a few moments more all was over. The policemen, now entering upon the scene, and seeing the young man stooping over the lifeless body, captured him as the murderer, congratulating themselves that they succeeded in tracing one of the band of robbers for whom they had long been searching. All protests on the part of the son and mother were in vain, and he was taken to prison.

The circumstantial evidences were too strong against the young fisherman; the trial was soon ended, and he was condemned to death.

The police had heard the cry, the body was still warm, no one was near but him. The testimony of the mother was of no avail in this case, and thus the declarations of the young man's innocence were considered only as those of a stubborn criminal. The poor mother had endeavored to come to the trial, but she was so inexperienced and helpless in such matters that she arrived in court when all was over and the death sentence was passed, the criminal to be executed early next day. The mother broke out in sobs and tears, and asked the judge if there was no way to save her son. The judge, in order to get rid of her, said in an off-hand way, "The king could change matters." The mother's mind was quickly settled. She would go to the king at once, fall down at his feet, and plead for the life of her son. She did not know of any formalities, and she was disappointed when told that she had to bring her petition in the prescribed form of writing. The sun was already going down when she left the palace to find a lawyer to write up her petition. When returning with the document it was too late of course, the door was closed and no petitioner could enter. The poor woman was heart-broken. Not knowing what to do, she passed by the church of St. Lawrence. She entered, and before the statue of St. Anthony prayed as only a mother's heart craves such circumstances could pray; but her time even here was short for the scrutinizer soon came, and rattling his keys, gave her a sign that it was time for him to shut the doors. In her agony the poor mother, who was still holding the document in her hand, threw it over the iron railing, calling out aloud and despairingly: "St. Anthony, you must save my child."

An Italian Poorhouse.

warrant to day for a young fisherman who was found at the corpse of a murdered man. A loud noise seemed to tell against him, and yet he is entirely innocent.

"I am sorry," said the king, "I can do nothing in such matters. The courts are there for that, and when the court passes a sentence I cannot change it, nor can I presume that the sentence is not just."

"I will vouch for the innocence of my client," said the monk with a positiveness that impressed the king. "I beg your majesty to write a few words of pardon below this petition."

The king spontaneously reached for his pen, but, reflecting again, he stopped and asked the monk, "Where do you come from?"

"From the monastery of the St. Lawrence, your majesty," answered the monk.

"But even if I do grant your petition," said the king, "it will be too late, for he will be executed before you can reach him."

"There is no time to be lost, it is true," said the monk, "but I will see that the document is delivered in time; pray just write a few words of pardon here," and the monk pointed with his finger at the blank space where the king was to sign. The king did sign, and with a few words of courtesy and thanks the monk left the room.

The whole affair made a wonderful impression on the king. He tried to continue his work, but, reflecting again, said to himself: How could this man come in here at this hour? He asked the chamberlain and all the servants, but nobody had seen any one enter or depart. They searched, but no traces of the monk could be found.

The king resolved to go to the monastery early next morning and find the solution to this mystery.

The scaffold on which the young man was to be executed had already been erected and the poor young man in his cell was expecting his executioner to enter, when the doors of the prison opened, and instead an officer of the king appeared with the pardon. The young fisherman was at liberty to return home to his mother.

At the dawn of day the state attorney was terrified to see a document of pardon signed by the king, the day previous lying on his table. He supposed that one of his servants had laid it there and forgotten or neglected to tell him about it. He was in a terrible predicament. Snatching the document, he rushed to the prison to save the young man's life. We already know that he was not too late.

In the course of the forenoon the king appeared at the monastery of St. Lawrence. He had all the brothers assembled in the refectory and asked the Rev. Prior who of them had been to see him in the palace the night before. The astonished Prior replied that he knew of no one to leave the house at so late an hour. The king scrutinized the monks, and not seeing his man, told the prior what had happened.

The Prior suggested to call the mother, who might inform them to whom she had given the petition. Meanwhile the king was shown around the monastery to pass the time, and was also taken to the church. The king passed from one altar to another until he finally came to the shrine of St. Anthony. Instantly recognizing the man, he pointed to the statue and said, "that is the one who came to see me."

In consequence of this incident, the city of Naples selected St. Anthony as one of its patron saints.

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We like best to call SCOTT'S EMULSION a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

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"Sp at, brother. What can I do for you," said the king encouragingly.

"Y or Majesty signed a death-

agement, and by the Sisters of Charity, one of whom though she had spent a year or two in New York in some similar establishment, had learned no English. The gentleman spoke French rather indifferently, and my Italian was not sufficient for the technical terms to be used in asking my questions, which as an old inspector of charities, I had ready.

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Domine Megapolensis

The close of the city celebration calls to mind the fact that the name of the Dominic Megapolensis as Governor Kieft, the Director-General, preceding Peter Stuyvesant, are held in reverence by Roman Catholics throughout the United States. It was during Governor Kieft's tenure of office, in 1624, that Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit priest, was captured by Iroquois Indians and brought down through Lakes Champlain and George to the Mohawk River. For fourteen months Father Jogues remained a slave, and while in captivity at Auriville was dreadfully tortured. His body was mangled, his fingers crushed and burned until only the stumps were left, and finally his white companion, Rene Goupil, was killed.

Hearing that the Indians had with them a French prisoner, Dominic Megapolensis and other Dutch residents of Albany, then Rensselaerwyck, offered to ransom the captive, but were unsuccessful. Finally Father Jogues came down the river with his captors on a fishing expedition, returning at Albany was persuaded by the Dutch to board a vessel which was soon to sail for Virginia and the Bordeaux. After some difficulty he eluded the guards and boarded the vessel. For two days the priest remained in the hold of the ship, and then was brought on shore again, where he went into hiding, living six weeks in a loft behind a number of barrels.

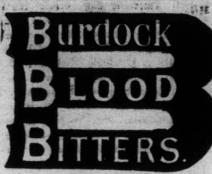
Emaciated and weakened, Father Jogues was brought down the Mohawk River by the Dutch minister, the Rev. Johannes Megapolensis, who had been his friend, the voyage to New Amsterdam (New York) consuming six days. The priest was entertained by Governor Kieft, who gave him good clothing in exchange for the savage costume he wore. They were then only two Roman Catholics in New Amsterdam, a Portuguese woman, the wife of the English settler, and an Irishman from Virginia, and both received abolition from the first priest of their faith who had ever visited the town.

Three months later Father Jogues sailed for France, arriving there on Christmas Day. Owing to the mutilated condition of his hands the priest could not observe the rubrics, and he journeyed to Rome to obtain permission to conduct Mass, which was granted. He remained but a short time in Europe and again started for the New World. Arriving at Montreal, he was sent again to Auriville to conclude a treaty of peace with the Indians. In this he was successful.

Then Father Jogues went back to Canada, but soon was granted permission to begin missionary work among his former torturers. He barely started, on his journey when the war broke out afresh, and he was captured and this time condemned to die. At Auriville the plucky missionary was put to death, his body being thrown into the river.

The first priest to visit New Amsterdam was not forgotten, and to-day there is a shrine at Auriville to which thousands of Catholic pilgrims journey each year.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.



Burdock Blood Bitters

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties. Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions. Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Say, me good man," exclaimed the city youth, who was undecided whether to buy shrimp or minnows, "what do you catch fish with around here?"

"Give me a quarter and I'll tell you," granted the ruralite with the new-out pole.

"Here it is. Now, what do you catch them with?"

"Hooks!"

Hoarseness is a common trouble during the summer with those having weak throat or lungs. It can be readily cured, and the throat and lungs strengthened by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Price 25c.

St. Martin, Que., May 16, 1899.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee causing inflammation to set in, which I was unable to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNIER.

Miss Smart—Have you ever been through algebra?

Willie Chumbley—Yes, but it was in the night and I didn't see much of the place.

Fishing the Nose.

It is a common symptom of worms in children. Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Lee's Peppermint Worm Syrup. It is simple, safe and effective. Price 25c.

Now Willie said the teacher, "you may spell kitten."

"K-i-t-t-e-n," he slowly spelled.

"No, no," exclaimed the teacher; "kitten hasn't got 'wo' in it."

"Well, ours has," replied the observer.

The worst kinds of splitting headaches can be relieved in five minutes by Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder. They don't depress the heart. Price 10c, 25c.

Customer—I wonder if you keep typewriter ribbons in this store?

New Salesgirl (with some resentment)—You will find ribbons here got I enough for anybody. I guess six counters down.

Life.

The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to arise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to resist and overcome by them the evil influences that beset thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Food's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abounding. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Are a Heart and Nerve Tonic, Blood and Tissue Builder and Constitution Renewer for all troubled with weak heart or nerves. As a food for the blood, the brain and the nerves, they cannot be excelled.

If you are troubled with Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Weak or Fainting Spells, Anæmia, or any form of Debility, take

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Their curative power is quickly manifested. They purify and revitalize the blood, brighten the brain and steady and strengthen the nerves from the first few doses.

Price 50c per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or

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Parlor Suites

From \$13.50 to \$125 and up. We have the greatest variety and number of these suites ever shown in Charlottetown.

Carpets, Rugs, Oilcloths &c

We have a nice new stock to select from and prices to suit every purse.

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Furniture and Carpet House SUNNYSIDE

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The patronage of athletes and all lovers of out-of-door sports and exercises. Now in stock—

Lawn Tennis Goods, Base Ball Goods, Foot Ball Goods,

Hand Balls, Basket Balls and Holders, Croquet Sets, etc.

The largest, best and cheapest stock of Hammocks in the city.

All at lowest possible prices.

Wholesale and Retail

CARTER & CO., Ltd.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

Picnic Supplies.

We have been appointed local agents for Dearborn

Orange Cider AND Cherry Cordial.

Which have become very popular Picnic drinks. We have now Twenty Barrels on hand, and can quote lowest wholesale prices. We also retail the above at our store by the quart or gallon. We wish to call the attention of Picnic and Tea Party Committees to the fact that we are prepared to quote lowest prices on all supplies required by them. No need to lose time coming to town. We furnish prices by Mail.

TRY OUR Burkea Blend Tea.

Sold only by us, price 25 cents per lb.

Highest market prices given for Eggs and Dairy in exchange for Groceries.

Agents for Millview Carding Mills.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

NOTICE.

As our partnership expires in July, and we are making a change in our business, all accounts due Sentner McLeod & Co. must be paid at once. After the 1st day of July, 1903, all accounts not paid will be placed in the court for collection.

Sentner, McLeod & Co.

W. A. G. MORSON, K. C. — C. GARDNER DUFFY.

Morson & Duffy

Barristers and Attorneys, Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada.

A. L. Fraser, B. A.

Attorney-at-Law, SOURIS, P. E. ISLAND, MONEY TO LOAN.

SAY!

If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of BOOTS or SHOES or anything else in the FOOTWEAR line, at the greatest saving price to yourself, try—

A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

Enos A. MacDonald — P. J. Trainor, Macdonald & Trainor, Barristers, Solicitors, etc., OFFICE—Great George Street, near Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN. May 20, 1903.

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BEST AND CHEAPEST PAINT KNOWN

Lasts three times as long as ordinary Paint.

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Ever seen under one roof in this city, which we will offer at the lowest possible cash prices.

Materials, Workmanship & Fit Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

Men's Furnishing Goods

White and Colored Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, Underclothing, Waterproof Coats, Umbrellas, Caps, Hose Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, etc.

GORDON & MACLELLAN,

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