

The House of Reconciliation

(Continued from last week.)

'But you will not tell him,' she exclaimed, alarm showing in her voice. 'We have been safe here. I beg you, doctor, beg you on my knees to keep all this secret. He would take her away and break my heart. God alone knows how I have suffered in doing my duty. You will not tell him?'

'Be reasonable, Lady Graham,' said the doctor pleadingly. 'Arthur worships you. He has suffered. Let me bring him to you.'

'No—no—he cannot love me. But I adored him, and I believed in him.'

'You will let me bring him,' persisted the doctor. 'Your child has not forgotten him.'

'She has begged to see him,' confessed the woman. 'She has talked incessantly of him, asking when we were to go home. Every word out me to the heart.'

'Then you still love him?'

'Love him! My heart is ever bound to him.'

'That is all I wished to know,' he said. 'Let me act for you now. You will thank me later on. I will have him here before midnight.'

'He was gone before she could offer further remonstrance, and as one whose heart was crushed she dragged herself up the stairs and knelt at the door of Cecilia's room, listening anxiously for the first sound of returning consciousness, and praying feverishly as the beads slipped through her fingers.'

Towards midnight the stillness was broken again by the obng of the doctor's automobile, and, as if driven by a wild fear, she fled to her own room and locked the door after her.

A few minutes later she heard him come to her door and knock excitedly, but all the power of voice and movement had left her, and she finally heard him go away after several futile attempts to gain admittance. Then she faint.

The dawn was breaking when she regained consciousness, and, summoning all her strength, she went to the door of the sick-room. Miss Shea opened to her timid knock, and quietly warned her against any excitement. As she entered the room her eyes fell upon her husband, sitting behind a screen in the corner, where the child's eyes might possess him. Her first impulse was to rush to him, but the hand of the nurse restrained her, and she held up her hand and pointed to the bed, as if to warn her against acquainting the child of his presence.

'Mamma,' said the child, 'Yes, Cecilia dear,' said the mother, with a sob in her voice, as she went over to the bed and kissed the child.

'I'm so glad you came, mamma dear. I had such a terrible dream. You must not think of the dream now,' said the mother.

'But I must tell you, mamma dear. I had the loveliest dream that Papa came home, and that he kissed me and asked me if I was happy, and I told him all about my First Communion and the Lord Jesus, and how happy I was, and then he scowled and took me away just as I was going up to the altar; and he said I would never go to Communion in a Catholic church, and just as I was going away the Lord Jesus said, 'Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you.' And then, mamma, I asked God to let me die. Is it wrong to pray to die, mamma dear?'

'Hush, Cecilia,' said the woman. 'You are in the hands of God. Now go to sleep. Doctor will not let me stay longer.'

And she left the room.

A few moments and the child was asleep again, and the Hon. Arthur Graham stole quietly from the darkened room.

This time she opened the door to his knock, and, after a second's glance into his eyes, during which she read nothing but love and longing. She fell into his outstretched arms.

'I am not going to blame you, dear,' he said, after a moment. 'I did not understand. When you let me I was wild with rage, and when detective after detective failed I was on the verge of suicide. Then I came to Boston and met our dear old friend, Doctor Grant. You would not see me when I came to your door. Perhaps it was best. But all night I sat by her, unknown to her, yearning to kiss her, yet not permitted to let her see me. I heard her childish ravings during those long night hours. It was God and her First Communion and some how, even before she related to you her dream, I discovered that I have been a brute and a liar. Forgive me dear, and let us pray together to save our child.'

'Thank God, it was worth all the martyrdom to hear you say that.'

'I always felt there was something

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, weakens the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

'Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since.' J. W. McGinnis, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

'I rage about that woman,' said Mrs. White Green, chancing to meet Dr. Walsh, and taking advantage of the opportunity to investigate matters. 'Now she's gone as mysteriously as she came, and she was one who affected to despise our Daughters of the Revolution.'

'You mean Lady Graham?' said Doctor Walsh quietly.

'Lady Graham! I mean Mrs. Perkins.'

'They are one and the same,' answered the doctor, 'Lady Graham desired to live in retirement for a while and so she came here. That distinguished man was her husband, the Hon. Arthur Graham. The Grابهas gone back to the time of William the Conqueror, and' he added with a bit of malice, 'that is a few years before the Daughters of the Revolution were organized.'

The Perkins house is again in the market, but I am afraid it will never again be called by that prosaic name. For as I boarded a common street car the other day I heard Mrs. White-Green say to Mrs. Sydney Hall: 'I do so hope some desirable party will purchase our friend Lady Graham's house.'

And I am quite sure that all the occupants of that plebeian car looked very much impressed.—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt in the Magnificat.

The Art of Being a Guest.

What has become of the old-fashioned guest? asks the Montreal Tribune. Has the modern week-end visit, with their casualness, their freedom and informality been the death of her? So seldom do we meet her that one fears she has become a thing of the past. It is a pity. She possessed charms that the modern guest would do well to imitate.

One hears much comment nowadays about the perfect hostess, and it has come to the point when people decline to visit homes where the hostess does not measure up to the mark. The general standard apparently demands that a perfect hostess should in no way interfere with the whims and caprices of the modern guest, but must allow them to use her house, her servants, her horses and her motor cars as if they were their own, and for the matter of that, use them far more roughly and inconsiderately than their own.

If modern guests were not so busy demanding perfection in their hostesses and would give more thought and attention to their own shortcomings, visiting would be far more agreeable than it is now, and the week-end visit, which has become an established fashion, would be robbed of much of its discomfort.

If one is visiting a large country house or a big establishment in the city where numerous servants are kept it is not so essential for a girl to study the art of being a perfect guest, for such places are run after the manner of hotels, and the arrival and departure of guests and their constant demands are provided for. But even here a girl who has tact and consideration will be more welcome than one who uses hotel and house as she would a hotel and its proprietor.

But where the art of being a perfect guest becomes a necessity is in the average home where only one or two servants are kept. Here, one's arrival or departure at uncomfortable hours, and one's conduct during the visit may seriously incommode the household, and make what was intended to be an enjoyable visit an ordeal for the hostess. No woman of heart is comfortable when there are mutterings beneath the stairs, and she realizes that her servants consider themselves imposed upon.

Girls should remember this and strive to make a few demands upon other people's servants as possible. A young girl unconsciously to the service of a personal maid in her own home visited a friend who was fortunate enough to afford this luxury. She made so many demands upon the friend's maid, ringing for her at all hours and even asking her to massage her scalp and tonic her hair, that the maid gave notice.

'The month of April was on, and then one day there was an exodus from the Perkins home. Rumor had been persistent in various ways in regard to the handsome man who had arrived there on the very night the Cecilia was stricken, but no one was made the wiser.

'I always felt there was something

Conduct of this kind is not only inconsiderate, but in wretched taste. The girl who is most often asked to visit is the girl who adapts herself pleasantly and happily to the conditions of the house she is visiting. No girl of tact will make herself an intrusive guest. If her hostess keeps only one maid, she will quietly offer to help in any of the household tasks, but she will not embarrass her hostess by forcing this. Many women prefer to attend to such things themselves, and it is rather upsetting to have a guest who will not permit you this privilege.

An important thing that every girl should learn about visiting is that a hostess should be allowed hours to herself. Nothing is more annoying than a guest who is always in one's pocket. No matter how agreeable she may be, there are times when it is a relief to have her stop in her room.

The most trying type of guest to a household is the pleasure-mad one. The girl who is insatiable where going is concerned, who must have something on for her every hour of the day, who wears an aggrieved air if she has to spend a quiet evening at home. One is apt to bid this sort of guest good-bye with a glad heart.

But perhaps the most harrowing guest is the one who gets on one's husband's nerves. Every woman has some friend to whom she is attached, yet who is ungenial with her husband, and when she pays one a visit all one's energies are exhausted trying to keep the two apart.

She invariably monopolizes his favorite chair, reads his newspaper before he does, and chooses the topic for conversation that he detests. She diabolically, but innocently, selects a train for her departure which will necessitate his getting up an hour earlier or staying up an hour later to see her off, and she usually possesses mannerisms which drive him to frenzy or reduce him to sulky silence. If one must invite this type of guest it is kinder and more pleasant to ask her while one's husband is away.

There are many little ways in which a girl may make herself a perfect guest if she once realizes that the art of being a guest is one well worth studying. It is not an easy matter to be a good hostess, and it is far more difficult to be a good guest.

Good Manners That Counted

John's father was a rich man, and John was very proud of the fine things his father's money brought. He grew very rude, and very cross to the servants. Once he kicked Tower; but the dog growled and John was afraid to kick him again.

One day, when John was playing in the yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face, in one hand he carried a pail full of blackberries.

'Go away from here,' said John, running to the gate. 'We don't want ragged boys around.'

'Please give me a drink,' said the boy.

'If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you,' said John.

The boy walked away, swinging the pail in his hand.

'I think I will get some blackberries, too,' said John to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries. There he saw some large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it he came in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and John sank in to his waist. He was very much frightened, and screamed for help.

He screamed until he was tired, and began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch. Suddenly he heard step on the grass. Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

'Please help me out,' said John, crying. 'I will give you a dollar.'

'I don't want the dollar,' said the boy, lying down flat on the grass.

Holding out both hands he drew him out of the ditch.

John was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch.

He looked very miserable.

'Who is dirty now?' asked the boy. 'I am,' said poor John; 'but I am sorry I sent you from the gate.'

'The next time I come perhaps you will treat me better,' said the boy. 'I am not rich, but I have better manners.'

'I think so, too,' said John.

The next day, when John saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits and the little ducks, and then gave him a ride on his pony.

'You have good manners now,' said the boy.

'Yes,' exclaimed John, 'I found them in the ditch'—Our Little Ones.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from nagging pains and leave no bad after-effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

HEADACHES

Were Caused By A Sour Disordered Stomach

Mr. James McLaughlin, Brantford, Ont., writes:—'In order to let you know what Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have done for me, I am writing you.

'About a year ago I was troubled a great deal with a very sour disordered stomach and had terrible headaches, that were so bad I could scarcely do my work.

'One day in talking a friend who had used your pills before how I felt, she told me to try them, which I did and to my great surprise after using one vial I was greatly relieved, and when the second one was finished I was totally cured, and have not been troubled since with either my stomach or the headaches, and I feel greatly indebted, first to the friend and secondly to Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for the great relief I derived from their use.'

Price 25c. per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PLUG.

Bide your time and keep on plugging. There's a goal for you to gain. But the prize is not for people who would lag and yet complain. Curb ambition when it's rampant. Just maintain a steady jog. For you've got to be a tadpole. Ere you grow to be a frog. —St. Paul Dispatch.

Bide your time and keep on trying. If at first you don't succeed; You must learn by constant striving. Try to be worthy of your need. Don't give up or be discouraged. After every little job. Ere you get to be a wheel-horse. You have got to be a colt. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Bide your time and keep on going. Hitch your wagon to a star; Don't give up because you're weary. And the road to fame is far. Bear your burdens uncomplaining. Don't do little things by half; Ere you get to be a bell-cow. You have got to be a calf. —Detroit Free Press.

Bide your time and keep on working. Rich day brings on hope anew. In the law of those surviving. You may wind up with the few. Try to like the things that pester. Learn to know this rule by note; 'Ere you get to be the prize sheep. You have got to play the goat.' —St. Louis Republican.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

'What is the reason they can't get along together?'

'A matter of temperament.'

'Matter of temperance, I should think.'

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after-effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

A number of scholars were asked to explain the meaning of the term 'righteous indignation,' and one little fellow wrote, 'Being angry without causing.'

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—'It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.'

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Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

'Father, I am not sure whether I shall be a specialist for the ears or the teeth.'

'Choose the teeth, my boy. Every one has thirty-two of them, but only two ears.'

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Impurities of the Blood

Anyone whose blood is impure should read this Testimonial.

Mr. Chas. Martin, Box No. 867, Renora, Ont., writes:—'Three years ago, while working in Hamilton, Ont., I was taken sick, and no one knew what ailed me. Every bit of food I ate I vomited up, and consequently I became very weak. My landlord told me that after that he thought at one time I was booked for the cemetery. Walking down street one day I happened to see Burdock Blood Bitters in a druggist's window so I went in and got a bottle. Before I had taken half of it I broke out, all round my joints in sores. I showed it to my landlord and asked him what he thought of it. He told me it looked as if I had a heavy attack of chicken pox. Both he and his wife tried all they knew how to persuade me to stop taking the B.B.B., but it was no use. I had gotten so bad I went under or not, so I got a second bottle and judge to my surprise to see the sores begin to disappear, and by the time I had taken three bottles I did not care for the best man in Hamilton. I am 61 years of age and am able to do a day's work with the next man, thanks to B.B.B. Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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