

A VILLAGE TRAGEDY.

(By Gerard A. Reynolds.)

It was a poor little church, with room for at most a hundred worshippers. The grey sandstone walls outside were weather-worn, and inside the plaster that covered them was damp-stained and sadly in need of a fresh coat of paint. There was an aisle on one side divided from the nave by three round arches. On the altar were some artificial flowers. There was a side altar with a statue of Our Lady. Close to it, set in the wall, was a small marble tablet, below which hung a faded laurel wreath.

When I entered the church I knelt for a while, and it was not till I walked up the aisle to take a closer look at the monument that I found I was not alone in the village sanctuary. I then saw that beside the nearest pillar to the altar a very old woman was seated on a chair, leaning forward, with her head on her hands. She was poorly dressed. I could not see her face, but I noticed the grey locks that escaped from under the black scarf that was drawn over her head.

She did not move as I passed her. I stopped before the altar and read the brief inscription on the tablet. Translated into English it would run thus:

Erected by his compatriots of the village of Serpigny aux-Bois, to the memory of Pierre Godard, who died for France, Nov. 17, 1870, in the Army of the Loire, R. I. P.

I felt a touch on my arm; I turned. The old woman stood beside me, beaming over a stick with which she supported herself.

'Read it for me if you please, Monsieur,' she said.

I read the inscription aloud. She looked up at me and I saw that her eyes, half hidden by the drooping eyelids, were glittering, shining out of the wrinkled face from under the silvery eyebrows.

'Yes,' she said; 'that is so.' You read it rightly. I know it by heart, but I like to hear it. He was my son, Monsieur—my only son. Come out into the sunlight and let me tell you about my Pierre.

She turned, and began hobbling toward the door, passing for a moment to bend low toward the red lamp before the altar. I followed, walking slowly, so as not to hurry her. Outside in the porch of the church there was a stone bench; the western sun shone warmly upon it, and as I sat down beside her there, I found that from this spot one could just see the white tablet shining brightly amid the gloom of the aisle.

'Your son was one of the heroes of the great war?' I said.

'Yes, Monsieur. He was killed in the campaign of the Loire. He died bravely. They all said no one could be braver. He was always brave, al most reckless. When he went away, I knew he would get himself killed. Pierre was not one of those who would hide when bullets were flying; he was a fighter. When he was even a little fellow here, no boy in the village could stand up against him.

'That is the kind of a man that makes a soldier.'

'Precisely, Monsieur. He loved adventures—dangers; so that when the call came for volunteers he went among the first. I was a widow and he was my only one. He might have stayed if he wished; but he said all who could should fight.

'So far be it from me to draw out a little frame with a photograph in it.'

'There is his portrait. Look at it. My eyes are failing, and soon I shall not be able to see it.'

'I took it in my hand. It was a portrait of a very young soldier—not twenty years of age. The kepi was set sideways on his head, to give the wearer a swagger look; a slight moustache showed over the heavy lips the face looked rather dull; but there was a twinkle in them—eyes that might have meant fun or conceit, or both. It was not a heroic expression.

'He sent it to me from the army,' she said. 'It was done when they were at Orleans. He was in the great victory when they took the city. It was after that he was killed—not in a great battle, but every day men lost their lives at the outposts. Monsieur le Cure broke the news to me. Not the cure that is here now, for it was many years ago, Monsieur, and there have been a great many changes. I thought I should have died of grief.'

'Yes. It must have been terrible. But it was a glorious death, and would have been a good end to any life.'

'You are right, Monsieur. Still it was heart-breaking; I thought I should die. But I live on, and all I know—nearly all are gone. The neighbors have been good to me. Monsieur le Baron at the chateau over there said I should not feel my boy's loss, so far as any need of mine went. He gave me my pension. It is enough for me; and the neighbors were good. They put up his monument in the church. And Monsieur le Cure told me my boy was safe; for he made his confession the night before he was killed—a good fortune that I should not always have. And I was glad; for here at home I was not easy to persuade him

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

'I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply indebted.' Miss FARRAR, Sarsaparilla, Ont.

'I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life.' M. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

to confess. Boys will be wild. But there, where there was danger of death every day, no doubt he was more serious, and when the chance came he went to some good priest. So he was prepared for death. But still I come every day to think of him and pray for him. You will pray for him, Monsieur. He was wild, but he was a good son to me, and we shall meet again.'

'She took back the little photograph, kissed it and placed it in her pocket.'

'I am glad to have met you and heard your story,' I said.

'Yes. It is kind of you to be so sympathetic. I like to tell people of him. And now, sir, I go back to finish my Rosary; so adieu and God bless you!'

I watched her making her way slowly back to her post beside the memorial of her soldier son. I would have wished to do her some kindness, but I had hesitated to offer her anything. It occurred to me that I might see the cure, find out if she needed help, and leave him a few francs to buy her some small comforts.

Looking across the rows of green mounds with their blackening wreaths of immortelles, I saw beyond the churchyard wall a whitewashed cottage, only differing from the other houses of the village by an air of neatness in its tiny flower garden, and with a wooden cross above its porch. This must be the presbytery. I walked toward it; and as I approached the door it was open and there was the cure, a man of middle age, with grey hair on his temples, a round, smiling face, and a sadly patched soutane. He asked me to come in.

The cure seemed pleased to have a visitor and I was soon seated in his parlor—a small room looking out upon the narrow garden in front of the cottage. At the window was a table covered with books and papers. One wall was fitted with bookshelves some cheap religious prints hung on the others. On an oak table in the middle of the room a cloth was spread, and a candelabra stood on a tray with a spirit lamp alight under it. The room was evidently study, parlor and dining-room all in one—a room of all work. The priest produced a second cup from a cupboard and invited me to share his coffee accepting a cigar from my case. We then began our talk.

He told me something of the place. The apprentices' church had a history, and there were some treasures of art in its sacristy, which he promised to show me. Then I spoke of my talk with the old Madame Gondal, my interest in her story, and my desire to give him the means of helping her if she needed it. He remarked that thanks to the generosity of the late Baron de Servigny, she was not badly off; but still any trifles I entrusted to him could be used to provide some extra comforts.

'Here is a sad story,' I said.

'Yes, Monsieur—even sadder than she imagines,' replied the cure.

Then, in response to my look of inquiry, he went on to tell more, prefacing the story with a request that I would not say a word of it to any one in the place. He told me he had never spoken of it before to any one. He told it to me only because I was a stranger from a far country. It is out of respect for his confidence that I have obseged the names here.

I shall not attempt to tell it in my own words. It will be enough to give the plot of it. He had learned it from his predecessor and from the late Baron, who was interested in Madame Gondal's case. She had married, as a young girl, one of the foresters employed on the estate, and he had died while their only son, the future soldier of the Loire, was still a child. The family at the chateau had taken care of her, found her work, and assisted her out of charity.

She was quite right in saying that Pierre had always been fond of adventure. At the village school he was continually in trouble for playing truant for he liked bird-nesting and rabbit-snaring better than learning the three R's. She would excuse his absence from school by saying he was not well and needed the open

air, though he was really a young Hercules. He always had his own way at home, and among his comrades he used his strength and agility to play the tyrant. He was self-willed and had a fierce temper when he met with the slightest opposition from others.

CAUGHT HEAVY COLD.

Left Throat and Lungs Very Sore.

There is no better cure for a cough or cold than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, and is a pleasant, safe and effectual medicine that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Quinsy, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Mr. S. Monaghan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes:—'I certify that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is an excellent medicine for coughs and colds. Last winter I contracted a heavy cold which left my lungs and throat very sore. I had to give up work and stay in the house for two weeks. I used several cough mixtures, but got no relief until a friend advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Three bottles entirely cured me, and I can recommend it as the best medicine for coughs.'

Don't be imposed upon by taking anything but "Dr. Wood's" as there are many imitations of this sterling remedy on the market.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

if he had a year or two of barrack life he might have learned discipline; but he had only three months as a soldier, and scant time to learn his new trade.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging, or sickness. Price 25c.

What makes you think the baby is going to be a great politician? I asked the young mother anxiously.

'I'll tell you, answered the young father, confidently; he can say more things that sound well and mean nothing at all than any kid I ever saw.'

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 girl went to India, and at the first New Year's away from home she wrote to her devoted mother: 'It is now very hot, and I perspire a great deal, but you will be pleased to hear that I am still a member of the Church of England.'

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp held at Tasset Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

Grandpa—Good. And now, can you tell me what the Epistles are? Tommy—Are they the wives of the Apostles.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

He—My father weighed only four pounds at his birth. She—Good gracious did he live?

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Mrs. Stone—What is the difference between an investment and a speculation, dear? Kirby Stone—If you lose, it's a speculation.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Farmer—I see you're painting these old trees. Artist—What's that got to do with you? Get on with your work. Farmer—Well, since my work is to cut them down, you'd better get on with yours.

HAD WEAK and DIZZ YSPELLS COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.

People all over this land toss night after night on a sleepless pillow, and do not close their eyes in the refreshing slumber that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right.

The sleeplessness comes entirely from a derangement of either the heart or nerves, or both, but whatever the cause Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer the blessing of sound refreshing slumber. They do this by their invigorating effect on the heart and nerves, and will tone up the whole system to a perfect condition.

Mrs. A. E. Martell, Rockdale, N.S., writes:—'I was troubled for a long time with my heart, had weak and dizzy spells, could not sleep, and would have to sit up the greater part of the night, and it was impossible for me to lie on my left side. At last I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good I got another, and after taking it I could lie on my left side and sleep as well as before I was taken sick. They are the best medicine I ever heard of for heart or nerve trouble.'

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Prince Edward Island Railway. Spring & Summer Weather

Commencing on June 3rd, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

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Teeth pulled and extracted absolutely painless.

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Write for samples and prices.

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