Emulsion cures weak throats, such discovery. weak lungs, makes rich blood, and strengthens puny and delicate children is because all its parts are mixed in so scientific a manner that the feeblest digestion can deal with it. This experi- terday. ence has only come by doing one thing for nearly 25 years.

This means, purest ingredents, most evenly and delicately mixed, best adapted for those whose strength has failed or whose digestion would repel an uneven pro-For a le by all druggists at

THE MAID AMONG THE CORN.

BY BISHOP SPALDING. I saw a maiden in the early morn,

Walking, like Ruth, amid

And gentle winds kissed her soft glow

ing cheeks: The wild flowers laughe eyes looked down. The shadows lost their frown

And the grim trees at sight of her gre And as she walked

happy song, Mingling her notes In words which told what To the fair, youthful throng,

golden chain. While I remember that fresh summe

With choir of tuneful birds and laugh ing flowers. And that fair maiden walking through

the corn, Joy for me blows his horn, And I from earth, catch sight Heavenly bowers.

VICTORY FOR EAST SIMCOR

Of one thing Mr. W. H. Bennett, the Conservative Standard Bearer in East Simcoe, is Sure—He Suffered from Catarrhal Trouble and Feund Speedy and Fixed Relief in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In the coming by-election it will not be settled until the votes are counted, whether Mr. W. H. Bennett, who has represented the constituency with ability for years, will again be the successful candidate. One thing Mr. Bennett is perfectly certain of, whatever turn the election may take: When attending to his duties in Ottawa two sessions ago he was taken down with catarrhal trouble in the head. He used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and over his own signature says that it worked like a charm, and quickly removed the trouble and made him fitted for his parliamentary duties. Sold by GEO. E. HUGHES

THE BLACK FINGER

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW LIFE. So Eric's new life began.

Kathie, who, since Father Paul's talk with her about little Tim, had displayed a peppery interest in the "young divil," would have cared for him at her own home, but Eric's no! guardian would not thus shirk any of his responsibilities. "His boy slept in a little closet adjoining his own room, ate at his table, and was his daily thought and charge.

It had first been his intention t send the lad to some good school, remote from all the evil influences and associations of the past. But closer

The priest found that Dan's legacy was a bit of dynamite that few institutions would care to accept.

He had no idea of rule or restraint. distinctions to him. He would steal

malice nor cowardice in his nature. simple instincts of a monkey or a sions into fiercer fire.

civilized methods, would not have that any moment might burst into outlawed him as a liar and a thief? flame. Yet he did not flinch from

neither locks or laws would keep little flock was eften swelled on Sun- robbing Farmer Nicholl's hen roost, him against his own wild will. No, days by black-browed strangers, who I know. What else has he done? I must tame my young mountain bent no knee before the tabernacle. bear cub myself—no cage will hold but came to listen, whether idly or

to himself, Eric showed no disposi- wastes, kindling with foul breath he isn't womanborn, but a kelpie that tion to leave his present shelter, he the fires of hell, hovered around the few cottages in For of law there was wirtually say, The story is-shure, I oughtn't Stryker's Notch in a state of restless none; the nominal authorities were to be telling such foolishness to a mischief that brought down anathe- at too great a distance to protect the howly man like yer riverence." mas both on himself and his priestly weak or control the strong; the protector. Eggs would vanish, milk nearest railroad was twelve or thirpans be found empty, batches of pie een miles from the "Notch." True rance and superstition around him or cake disappear from neighboring there was a branch road running to "So Eric is a kelpie then. What is households. Eric would swoop forge and mine-pit, but, since the a kelpie?" down upon all things eatable like a works had shut down, it had been

conscience seemed in vair, Stretch- drifts. his cordurey, crammed with booty. the wilderness, and waking echoes than mortal man. But it's ould as a

"Don't you have enough to eat, that muttered sullenly and omin-One reason why Scott's Eric t" the priest asked after some

Brenan's eggs to-day ?" was that dog of Tim's. I saw him his knees. sucking eggs back of the barn yes

repeated Father Paul, " Eric," "Look up into my face; gravely. you are telling me a lie." Eric's white teeth showed in

broad smile "Have I not taught you how wrong, how wicked it is to lie?"

"Sure. I-I forgot," replied Eric, rubbing up his golden locks. "No one will believe you, no one

will trust to what you say; even grace which mortal eyes could not men despise a liar, and God has told us that lying lips are hateful to Him. And He hears and He sees all that you do.'

"But He don't tell," replied Eric, triumphantly. And then Father Paul would try for half an hour to impress his wayward charge with me sense of the duty owed to this divine unseen Being, and Eric would listen in wondering silence-and crib again at break of day. Still there was a glimmer in the boy's darkness that showed the priest that the - "Vital spark of heavenly flame" was kindling almost imperceptibly under his patient efforts.

From the first the little chapel sanctuary had an inexplicable attraction for Eric, and Father Paul practising hymns and chants at the organ, in the wintry gloaming, would be startled at the sight of his reckless charge, seated before the altar rail, with Boar's head upon his knees, his blue eyes fixed in fascination wear immortal Love's bright upon the white-robed form, that seemed bovering over him in the darkness.

Figures and letters were unknown signs to Eric, dogmas and doctrines were incomprehensible; the thunders of Sinai would not have impressed the Ten Commandments on his restless brain.

But as Father Paul went on to the sweet story of Bethlehem, of Nazaspeaker's face and listened with breathless interest as Father Paul the dead, and who at at last died

asked Eric, doubtfully.

"By washing away all the stains of sin, the mark of the evil one from your soul; I will pour water upon ou in His name.'

"No, no," the boy started up with a strong shudder, "you can't, you daren't, it can't be washed away, the boys said so. No! no! no!"

"Why, Eric, my boy, what is th matter?" asked the priest kindly, placing his hand on the lad's arm you are trembling; what has fright ened you?"

"It's nothing," answered the boy, clinching hands and teeth to master

"But I can't have the water poured, I daren't; murder, murder,

And all Father Paul's persuasion was vain. Eric shrank from the holy rite with a wild terror, the priest could neither understand nor dispel. He felt he must wait or the old hatnts and be lost indeed. Meantime Eric's benefactor was struggling

almost hopelessly against the evil was a winter long remembered. Despite the deadly cold and the sore need of their suffering wives and

starving babes, the colliers and furnace hands stroll in sullen, rebellious idleness around forge and mine pit. Evil tongues were not wanting to

without hesitation and lie without fan the passions smouldering in remorse. Yet there was neither rugged breasts; drink, the demon nalice nor cowardice in his nature. that always dogs despair, stole in by
His thefts and cunning were the forbidden ways to kindle those pas-

Father Paul felt these ice-bound snow-clad heights were volcances "Besidee," thought Father Paul, his post, though he could see his own priest decidedly. "He has been evily, he knew not, to his fearless swered Kathie, "but the min, thim denunciation of the sin that stalked black heretics of Wilshmen, is afeart

disused, the empty coal and iron

ed on the bearskin at his feet, Eric Father Paul was indeed, as he had harm in the craythur, only a dale of listened to his teachings, his starry told Tim, on "picket duty." I olatblue eyes fixed in apparent attention ed from all human help, he stood at hold em by the right kind of spell, and every one of the six pockets of his post, the voice of one crying in they'll wurruk fer ye, help ye betther

ously in the gloom. EAnd still the red light burned un-"Plenty," was the unabashed re- dimmed in the little sanctuary, and Eric, young unbaptized heathen that he was, stole there in the gloaming

and sat with his blue eyes upraised "I didn't," Eric answered. "It to the altar and Boar's head upon

CHAPTER VII.

A WAYWARD CHARGE. . Father Paul often wondered what Eric thought or felt in these vigils before the altar, but he left the boy unquestioned Perhaps in that divine presence the young soul was waking, as the buried seed shoots through the prisoning earthclod to the springtime sun; perhaps God was working some sweet miracle of

see. But Father Paul's spiritual views were not shared by his neighbors, from one end of the ridge to the other. That "young divil," Eric Dorne, was the scapegoat of every

boyish sin. if there's any law to be had," puffed fat old farmer Norris, when, after long hesitation, he sacrificed his stern Presbyterian principles so far as to cross the threshold of a Popish church to complain of Father Paul's protege. "He steals eggs and chickens from my poultry-yard every week. Fishes for my hens, sir, actually fishes with a string, baited with

corn, flung over my fence. If this is what you call Christian training-"My dear sir," interrupted Father Paul, laughing, "you surely don't suppose I am training the boy for a oultry thief. I will pay for the chickens and---

"I don't want your pay, sir," said the old Covenanter, stiffly, "Jesse Norris can afford to lose a few hens and not bother any one about them but I protest against nurturing such a young robber in a Christian meet ing-house. If you are a minister of the Lord you should look to it that he is admonished and-and chas-

"My good friend," said the priest, gently, " I am doing the best I can. Six weeks ago this poor boy fell at awoke. He fixed his eyes on the my door, a half-frozen, senseless little God as an oath or curse. As yet he told him of that divine Lord who does not understand the Christian came on earth a little child, who was

'round my poultry-yard, I'll teach him in a way he won't forget," and the sturdy old Covenanter stalked off, more firmly impressed than ever with still dwells on our alters, Eric, He the truth of his early teachings, that who has brought you here to be His Popery" was the red-robed mother

of every vice. "Eric," called Father Paul, as his visitor turned away. He felt that ent right, the boy should be punshed. He had been too gentle with him, perhaps, too patient with his gnorance, he must try sterner me-

"Eric! Do you know where Eric , Kathie? "he asked, stepping into Mrs. Connor's snug little kitchen

"Eric, is it, yer riverence? He's off, the divil knows where, and half me morning's churning wid him. He milk, shure and I always have a mug for the lad. Bad scran to him, I no sooner turned my back than the oung thase whipped off with the

foinest pat of butter on my shelf." "Where has he gone?" asked Father Paul sternly.

"Off beyant on the Kathie, nodding to the great mounboy would fly from him back to his tain peaks, rising above the Notch, "he's there ivery day now and I'm thinking it's for no good, shure,' continued Kathie noting the anxious associations of the past. Day closed acquaintance with Eric changed this powers dominant around him. It look on her young pastor's face, "I wouldn't bother me head about him, yer riverence, naither God nor man children and weeping women and can do anything wid a gossoon like maddened men.

> "I'm thinking its thrue what the nen say of him beyant," concluded Kathie with a nod of dark signifi-

"What do they say?" asked Father Paul, prepared for further com-

"Shure, I don't like to be coming o'er such tales to yer riverince," says Kathie hesitating.

"But I wish to hear all that you

can tell me about the boy," said the "It's not what he has been doing sur, though he does enough," an

dious work. For reasons best known triumphant over these bleak frozen to lay hands on the boy for they say wild Dan Rourke brought over the

"Go on." said Father Paul, who was learning patience with the igno-

"A sort of a divil, sur, that live All Father Paul's efforts to awaken cars stood heaped high with snowtimes on the say. There's no great



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journeyman. There was niver sich brogans as he turned out, yer rivernight through, at wake or wedding, but if ye so much as crossed the church dure they'd pinch your toes until ye'd scrache out. And me mother told me this, that the kelpies were thim of the fallen angels, that the blessed St. Michael didn't dhrive into hell outright but let scamper away into the Irish bogs as they tum-

bled down." "Kathie, Kathie," said Father Paul laughing, "I thought you were too sensible a woman to believe such fairy tales. Poor little Eric is only an untaught, neglected boy. Man fell as well as the angels, Kathie, the only kelpies are the children of fallen man, and we must teach them, guide them, save them as best we

"Yer riverince knows best," said Kathie respectfully, "but fer all that, Eric won't let ye pour the blessed wather on him.

"Only yisterdy Tim was talking to him and telling how the divil had him, body and sowl, and if he had his way he'd tie him hand and foot, and pour the wather on him whether or no. The boy started up with a scrache and lipped from the room like a deer.'

"His dread of baptism is strange," assented Father Paul, thoughtfully. "But I must speak to Tim about threatening him. I cannot baptize a born in a stable, had to fly from the wrath of the wicked King, walked with a horse-whip," said the old far-we must all leaan patience, Kathie,

And the young priest walked back to his little room, where, in truth, he found patience was his greatest need. for the hopeless inaction to which wearisome than the most arduous labors could be. But guided by doubted which he had made his choice, and for the present, at least, must abide by it.

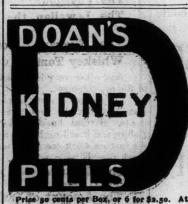
"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness," and again, as often of late, the great Forerunner seemed to echo in the young priest's ear like

a clarion call of cheer. Ah! this was a wilderness, indeed more barren, more death-like than the Judean desert, where the tempter whispered the mocking prayer that the stones should be made bread. Father Paul looked about him at the great white peaks rising tier above tier, nature's mighty battlements, defiant, impregnable in their unyielding strength, and he felt it was almost as vain to strive against the powers of evil arrayed against him, as to cleave single-handed a pathway over those frozen heights to the sunlit vales be-

For black, sullen and silent, in the white wastes, rose shaft and forge and furnace, that told in their fireless desolation of want and cold and hunger in scores of homes: of wailing

"Mike McGarraban, yer riverince, announced Tim from the little pres bytery door, and there was a curt repression in tone and look that showed Tim strongly disapproved of the visi-"He says he has business wid

"McGarrahan, ah yes," said Father Paul, turning from his window to face the newcomer, a burly, thick-set man with a bullet head, covered with bristling, grizzly hair, a projecting mouth, set with wolfish teeth, and ittle eyes that blinked like a ferret's peneath heavy overhanging brows. (To be continued.)



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DR. CLIFT

Mortgage Sale TO be sold by public Auction on WED-NESDAY the NINETEENTH day of MAY, A. D. 1887, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of November, A. D. 1887, and made between Ceorge Harper, of Tignish, Lot or Township Number One, in Prince County, in Prince Edward Island, farmer, and Rebecca Harper, his wife, of the one part, and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien of the other part; and also by virtue of a power oi sale contained in another Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-seventh day of February, A. D. 1889, and made between the said George Harper and Rebecca Harper, his wife, and Mary Harper of the same place, widow of the late William Harper and mother of the said George Harper of the one part and Credit Foncier Franco Canadien of the other part.

All that plece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number One, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows that is to say:—Commencing on the west side of the Great Western Road at the angle formed by its junction with a reserved road leading therefrom westwardly, known as the Harper's Road; thence following the Great Western Road northeastwardly the distance of twenty-six chains; thence west thirty-six chains; thence west thirty-six versis seven chains and fifty links to the reserved road, aforesaid; thence east along the said road to the place of commencement saying and excepting therent and seer of coad, aforesaid; thence east alon, he said road to the place of commencent, saving and excepting thereout an herefrom all that tract piece or parcel o

the said property is not sold at the and place aforesaid the same wi eafter be sold by private sale. CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN,

acres of land, a little more or less, and is thus described in said deed.

Also all that other tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Forty-two, aforesaid, bounded as follows, that is to say.—Commencing at a point on the east side of the Big Marsh Road; it runs from thence esst hitry-five chains to the rear line of farms fronting on the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; thence north sixty-three degrees west along said rear line to the said Marsh Road; thence along said Marsh Road southerly nineteen chains to the place of commencement, containing thirty-two and one helf acres ef land, a little morelor commencement, containing thirty-two and one helf acres ef land, a little morelor less, and is the land conveyed to the said Mortgagor by the Commissioner of Public Lanus oy deed bearing date the eighth day of February A. D. 1886.

Also all that other tract piece of parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Forty-two, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows that is to say:—Commencing at the west edge of the Baltic Pettlement Road on the north edge of a rear settlement road; thence (according to the mercetic north of the year 1784) folicities.

For further particulars apply at the off of Æneas A. Macdonald Soliditor Charles Dated this thirteenth day of April A. CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN.

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