Nothing Equal to Low's.

Mrs. J. Snelling, Underwood, Ont., says that she has used Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup in her family for the past eight years, and that she knows of nothing so good for children who suffer from worms.

TO MARY, MAID AND MOTHER.

BY B. M. S.

Maiden and Queen of Heaven,
Look down and hear!
If sin our prayer should leaven,
From guilt us clear;
Hear from thy throne,
Look from thy glories seven,
And be thou near.

We bind our brows with flowers
Of thine own blue;
To thee, 'mid all the powers,
We maidens sue;
Our hearts would reach thee,
Scaling heavenly towers,
O Heart pierced through!

Mother, when vows are spoken,
Be near to bless;
Never let faith be broken,
Nor love grow less;
But each to other bound,
To heart heart yoken,
And no distress.

Mother, if furrowing sorrow
Bid Pleasure fleet,
If hearts be dull to-morrow
Which gaily beat,
Heal thou the hurt,
Rest let the weary borrow
Laid at thy feet.

—Ave Maria.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, quinsy, sore throat, kidney complaint, etc. Price 25c.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

A True Story, by Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.

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(Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The little green card table was soon placed under the lamp which hung from the ceiling, and the play began. The stout doctor had the thin, hungry-looking notary for a partner, while the town clerk had the honor of being paired with the great man of the place. Fortune favored the doctor, who seemed very well pleased with his hand, while on the contrary the Mayor looked very surly, and addressed a few uncomplimentary remarks to his partner in regard to his play.

The doctor was just about to throw down the trump card, which he held in his hand with an air of triumph, when the landlord, who had been looking on at the game, was called out, and came hurrying back to say that Mrs. Blanchard's maid was at the door, asking to speak to the town clerk; she was afraid something had happened to her mistress.

"Wait till the game is finished!" exclaimed the doctor.

But the Mayor, who was glad of an excuse to avoid defeat which he saw was certain, laid his cards down on the table, and said the town-clerk had better go at once and hear what was the matter, if misfortune of any consequence had befallen Mrs. Blanchard.

"Oh, no misfortune ever happens to the old devotee, unless she has got a half-penny left to squander on impostors," the clerk interposed in a tone of vexation, as he too threw down his cards: "Let the girl come in."

"Keep your cards in your hand, the game is almost out," cried the doctor, knitting his brows; but when he saw the piteous tear-stained face of the girl, his expression changed, and laying down his hand, he inquired: "Whatever is the matter, Jenny? Has your mistress fallen down stairs and hurt herself? Do you want me to come? Is she alive or dead!"

"I do not know," the poor girl sobbed, a fresh stream of tears running down her cheeks. "She must have been murdered; old Susan says so too." And she put her apron up to her eyes.

"A case of homicide in my municipality?" said the Mayor incredulously, "what has put such an idea into your head, child?"

It was some time before Jenny could compose herself sufficiently to say that her mistress had gone in the morning to the Convent to see the priest, and nothing had been heard or seen of her since, though she was to have been home by dinner-time.

"No doubt the priest told her of some sick person, and she has gone running about after him, with her alms basket. Heaven knows where," remarked the good lady's brother half angrily.

"No, no," persisted Jenny amid her sobs; "it was not so; she was going to fetch a large sum of money from his reverence and come back with it directly."

"A large sum of money!" repeated all present, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

"Yes, a whole lot of money that had been collected to build the hospital—ever so many hundred pounds!"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the Mayor starting to his feet, "why did you not come and tell me this before now?"

"Please, Sir," said the poor little maid, "I waited till dark. And then I wanted to ask Mistress's sister-in-law what I was to do, but she would not hear a word I had to say; only told me she had enough of beggars. Then I was afraid to go out alone in the dark, at last I ran across to old Susan, and she told me that she saw Mrs. Blanchard go up to the Convent at 10 o'clock precisely, but she did not see her go back. I begged Susan to go with me to Father Montmoulin, for I would not go into that house alone after dark for anything in the word; people say there is a ghost there. But Susan would not go; she declared his reverence was ill, and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed. He did not even have his supper up as usual."

"We must see if we can venture to disturb the good gentleman," exclaimed the Mayor, twisting up his mustache. "Come, sirs, this singular appearance of a lady, who apparently fetched a large sum of money from the clergyman, must be cleared up, and that without delay. You," he said, turning to the town-clerk, "will, if you please, go instantly to the priest and ask him what has become of your sister. If you do not obtain a satisfactory answer, we must take his disposition and search the house. Mr. Notary, you will have the goodness to accompany me to the Convent; we will remain outside Father Montmoulin's apartments, so as to be in readiness to proceed to business, in case our friend here is not satisfied as to her whereabouts. What do you say, doctor, will you come too?"

"I do not see that I am particularly wanted," the doctor answered as he took down his overcoat." When I have seen my patient I shall go straight home, so you will know where to find me, if my services are required. I see little probability that they will be, and I should advise you gentlemen not to push matters too far, in view of the coming election. It will not do to make the priest responsible for the disappearance of this old lady, if she really has disappeared."

"What question is there of elections and politics when the painful task lies before us of immediately and energetically searching into what appears to be a detestable crime?" replied the Mayor with an air of offended dignity.

"All in good part!" said the doctor laughing, as he bowed and took leave of his friends. "For aught I care, you can take a body of police up with you, and call up the sacristan to ring the great bell; that would make quite a stir."

"That man never can be serious," observed the Mayor. "However, it might be as well to take the police with us in case of necessity. And the sacristan—"

"The sacristan, sir, went off the Marseilles last evening, and has not yet returned. He left the keys in my keeping," explained the host. "The policeman is here, having a glass in the bar."

"Take the keys of the sacristan's rooms with you, and summon the constable. We will go up together, quite quietly."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAYOR ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.

The three officials wended their way in silence to the ancient Convent. They were followed by the inn keeper and the policeman, the latter carrying a lantern. As they turned out of the village street, and came in sight of the old building, they noticed that the rooms inhabited by the priest were lighted up. "Our friend is still up, at any rate," remarked the Mayor with a sneer. That is very surprising at this late hour, seeing that he did not wish to be disturbed on account of indisposition."

"He is restless enough too," added the Notary. "One can see his shadow on the window as he paces up and down before the lamp."

"That looks as if he was in a state of agitation or excitement. Do you think Susan may have gone to him after all, and apprised him of the old lady's disappearance?" said the Mayor.

"I hardly think so. The old woman would not venture herself in this gloomy place so late as this—it must be close upon eleven—for any consideration," replied the innkeeper.

"Well, let us go on. How are we to get in? Must we ring the bell? I confess I had rather have taken his Reverence by surprise," said the Mayor.

"O, I have Loser's key's," Carillon answered; and in a moment the old gate swung back on its hinges.

When, without finishing his confession, Loser hurried away out of Father Montmoulin's presence, the latter could for a time scarcely control his agitation. Could it be possible that Mrs. Blanchard was murdered! That her body at that moment lay in the room next the sacristy! And the assassin making his escape with his booty, he, being powerless to prevent him! He could not even make any use of the revelation made to him in the villain's confession. But it was really a confession? Yes undoubtedly so. The man had not the right dispositions, but he had the intention to confess, and had accused himself to him, as Christ's representative, of the crime he had committed. To make assurance double sure the priest took Lehmkuhl's Moral Theology from his bookshelves and read through the chapter of the seal of confession. There was no possible doubt about it; he had acquired the knowledge sub sigillo; and he was bound to secrecy, whatever the consequences might be.

"My God!" he said to himself, they may even take me for the murderer! But no, Thou wouldst not lay upon me so terrible a trial. There is nobody who would believe me capable of such a deed. And yet, even if suspicion rested upon me, I dare not open my lips in self-defence, I must sacrifice, my reputation, my life, rather than utter a word, as I declared only yesterday from the pulpit! O my God, let this chalice pass from me! I do not ask this for my own sake alone, although I cannot deny that personally I should feel such a trial most acutely; I ask it for my poor mother's sake, for such a blow would be her death; I ask it too for the sake of my flock, for the sake of the Catholic Church, the disgrace that would be brought on it, the terrible scandal that would be given through me to many weak souls, if they saw a priest accused of murder! No, it is impossible; such a thing could not be; my excited imagination conjures up these horrible contingencies. The holy Mother of God will take me under her protection!"

Father Montmoulin whilst uttering these words, had cast himself on his knees upon the prie dieu and raised his hands in supplication to his crucified Redeemer and the Mother of Dolours After that he took up his rosary, and walked up and down the room for some time, saying it. Feeling more composed, he was deliberating whether he should retire to rest, although sleep was out of the question, when steps were heard in the corridor and there was a loud knock at his door.

On his answering "Come in," the town-clerk with the mayor and the notary at his heels, entered the apartment. They had altered their first plan, and decided to present themselves all together, to observe the effect produced upon the clergyman, whom they hated for the sake of his office, by this unexpected visit.

Although they did not attach the slightest suspicion to him, yet they thought, if a crime had been committed, he might be in some way mixed up in it, and they were determined to make matters as unpleasant for him as possible. "Whether he shows signs of alarm or no," said the Mayor, "it will in any case give us a pretext for instituting a judicial inquiry and searching the house." Father Montmoulin was not alarmed, at any rate he showed no outward sign of trepidation, when the three officials entered his room at so late an hour. In fact he seemed quite prepared for their coming; the involuntarily twitching of his mouth betokened grief rather than astonishment; and he cast a quick glance at the crucifix as if to implore assistance and support in this crucial hour. He was in fact, so poor an adept at dissimulation, that had he feigned surprise it would have been of little use. The expression of pathetic resignation upon his countenance could not fail to strike the authorities on their entrance.

"This late visit on our part does not appear to be wholly unexpected by you," the Mayor began. "You are perhaps cognizant of the unpleasant duty which compels us to intrude upon you at this unusual hour?"

The good clergyman felt extremely embarrassed. He must not disclose his knowledge of the crime, and his manner betrayed that he had something to conceal. He changed color and stammered out: "I really am not aware—I cannot tell what brings you here at this hour, gentlemen. What is there that I can do for you?"

The town clerk was going to ask him whether he knew what had become of his sister, when the Mayor stopped him. "One moment," he said. Then addressing Father Montmoulin, he contiuned: "So you really cannot guess the object of our coming, the question we have come to ask? Yet you did not appear in the least surprised to see us at this unaccustomed hour. At any rate that was the impression made on me—and on you too?" he added looking from one to the other of his companions. They both nodded their assent; and the speaker proceeded: "One thing more, if you please; we were told you were unwell, that you had dismissed your servant, saying you wanted rest, and did not wish to be disturbed this evening and yet we find you at eleven o'clock up and dressed. How do you explain this?"

"I was lying down all afternoon, so I do not feel sleepy now," replied the priest, who by this time had pulled himself together. "I ought rather to ask the objest of those questions? It seems I am to undergo an examination."

The three officials exchanged glances. Then the mayor said to the town clerk: "Since this gentleman cannot—or will not—divine our errand, perhaps you will have the goodness to inform him of it, since the matter concerns you most closely."

The town-clerk, thus invited, explained, in no very gentle voice, that his sister had not come home all day long. He was informed that she had been to fetch a large sum of money from the priest, and he feared something had happened to her. It was his duty to make inquiries about her and he had come to him in the first place, as apparently he was the last person who had seen the missing individual.

Again Father Montmoulin cast an agonized glance at the crucifix. This action was not lost on his interlocutors. He then answered: "Mrs. Blanchard certainly was here this morning between ten and eleven. If any misfortune has befallen her I have additional grounds for deploring it, as I gave her all the money that had been collected by St. Joseph's Guild to take away with her."

"I cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary composure with which you receive the tidings of Mrs. Blanchard's disappearance. It would be quite inexplicable but for the supposition that you had already heard it from another quarter, though you denied having done so just now. Who was your informant?" demanded the mayor.

"No one, I know nothing at all about it," was the answer.

"It is very difficult to believe that. You acknowledge that Mrs. Blanchard was with you this morning between ten and eleven. Where did she go afterwards?"

"She said that she was going home."

"Then she never reached home. Nor has she since been seen anywhere or by anyone—a most extraordinary thing! It is very unlikely that she would go in any other direction with all that money. Something must have happened to her in this convent."

(To be continued.)

Free to Every Sufferer.

Those who are afflicted with Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia or Gout can have a full sized box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills, free of charge, by sending their name and full statement of their case to T. MILBURN & Co., TORONTO, ONT.

The United States fisheries are worth about $45,000,000 a year.

The fastest flowing river in the world is the sutlej, in British India, with a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

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Tell How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Make Weak People Strong.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARTON, Brittania St., says: "I speak a good word for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with pleasure. They proved to me a most excellent remedy for nervousness, nervous debility and exhaustion, and I can heartily recommend them."

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LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Take one at night before retiring. They will work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning.

Tested and Tried For 25 Years

Would you feel perfectly safe to put all your money in a new bank? One you have just heard of?

But how about an old bank? One that has done business for over a quarter of a century? One that has always kept its promises? One that never failed; never missed you in any way?

You could trust such a bank, couldn't you?

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES is just like such a bank. It has never disappointed you, never will. It has never deceived you, never will.

Look out that someone does not try to make you invest your health in a new tonic, some new medicine you know nothing of.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

CAMPERS

Should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, or eating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhœa.

Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhœa and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling a whole summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhœa doctor in with your supplies. But see that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.

Youthful Recklessness.

The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

A young life has been sacrificed. Any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

Mrs. G. Grisman, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says:

"My daughter, now 23 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon her."

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The British Empire contains 2,000 rivers.

The island of Key West has 5000 inhabitants and a surface of only 2,000 acres.

Liver Complaint.

"For the past year I have suffered more or less with liver complaint, but by using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured." W. P. Wood, Revelstoke Station, B. C.

The use of coal for home-heating is not near so general in Europe as in this country.

The papyrus of Egypt was written by a magician about the end of the first century, A. D.

People who have weak lungs or are subject to coughs, colds or sore throat, should take a few bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine, Syrup, which would heal and strengthen their lungs wonderfully.

London boasts a paper bicycle.

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The Siberian Railroad will cost $200,000,000.

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DEAR SIRS,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN.
Port Mulgrave.

A Chicago Chinese laundryman has amassed $40,000.

Commerce in Persia is still carried on almost entirely by caravan.

Third-class railway fares in India are less than half a cent a mile.

Mr. John R. Smith, Lake Stream, Kent Co., N. B., says: "From personal experience I willingly testify to the good effects of Laxa-Liver Pills for Sick Headache and Constipation."

"I went down to Bar Harbor for change and rest," says a Portland drummer, "but the bell boys got the change and the landlord got the rest."—St. John N. B. Gripsack.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Judge—Did you steal the hog or did you not?

Prisoner—No, judge, I did not; but if yo' kind ob thinks I'se lyin' about it, and am gwine to give me six months for lyin', I'd sooner lie about it and say I did steal the hog, and get two months for stealin' the hog I didn't stole.—Puck.

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Perhaps it is your throat or your bronchial tubes. If you take cold easily, take Scott's Emulsion. It checks any tendency in your system to serious lung trouble.

Drill Sergeant (to awkward squad)—The bullet of our new rifle will go through 18 inches of solid wood. Remember that, you block-heads!

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Permanent Cure of Cancer.

MRS. GILHULA.

Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Buxton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach and informed her that her lease of life would be short. On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:

"About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die.

"By the advice of some of my friends, who knew of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B. B. B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago:

"I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind." ELIZABETH GILHULA.

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W. Grant & Co, Importers and dealers, keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of the best groceries which they sell at lowest prices.

Flour,
Tea,
Coffee.
Kerosene Oil,
Fish, etc. etc,

SEED! SEEDS! SEEDS!

A splendid selection of all kinds of clovers, timothy, peas, vetches, imported seed wheat, garden seeds, wholesale and retail.

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Having bought the entire stock of Frank Beales at LEPAGES OLD STAND, we are now prepared to supply all kinds of Farming Implements. We are also agents for the celebrated McLaughlin Carriage Co., and the Deering Harvesting Co. We have always on hand a full line of ploughs, harrows, cultivators, etc. Repairs of all kinds. Washing machines, wringers, and wringer repairs.

All these goods are offered at the lowest prices. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

W. Grant & Co.

Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
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Pickling Vinegar.

The pickling season having come around again, we are prepared as usual to supply our customers with everything that they may require in this line.

We have a stock of—
English Malt Vinegar,
Canadian Malt "
English Spiced "
Apple Cider "
Proof White Wine Vinegar.
French " " "

Also Turmeric, Cayenne Pepper, Pickling Spices, etc.

BEER & GOFF.
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HAMMOCKS!

Hammocks!

Hammocks!

Prices Right.

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WE ARE OFFERING A JOB LOT OF
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