

Perfect Worm Medicine.

"I have given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my children with excellent results, and I find it the most perfect worm medicine, as you see not required to give any Cathartic with it.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

HENRY TIMBOD, IN SACRED HEART REQUIEM. Perhaps ere yet the spring hath died into the summer, over all the land, the peace of His vast love shall fall Like some protecting wing.

Sciatica 2 Years.

Mr. Fred Platt, 12 Frankish Ave., Toronto, says that he suffered over two years with Sciatica. Three boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pain-remover every trace of the pain and made him as limber as a boy.

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

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

Published with the permission of Mr. B. Herder, publisher and book-seller, St. Louis, Mo.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"No, Mother, I think as you do about it. We will not petition for a pardon, especially as Francis himself does not wish it."

"I should not wish it in his place," Father Regent said. "As I told you, I look upon his as a martyr's death. Who would refuse the crown when it is placed almost within his grasp?"

"From what Father Montmoulin said to me," the solicitor rejoined, "he appears to take the same view as his mother. Very well, as your Reverence approves of the refusal to appeal, we will abandon the idea, not avert, or postpone the sacrifice of which her son is the innocent victim."

CHAPTER XXI.

A FRESH AND HEAVIER CROSS. The Easter festival was over, and the rest of Easterweek had run its course. The prisoner in the condemned cell was prepared for death, and daily, hourly, he expected the announcement that his sentence was to be carried out on the morrow.

He was perfectly calm and resigned to his fate. The warders declared that he had never known a man under sentence of death look forward with so little dread of his last hour; with such an utter absence of either braggadocio and feigned bravery, or faint-hearted despondency; of abuse of judge and jury, or stoical indifference, or again of complaining and lamentation.

His demeanor was grave, and he spent a great deal of time in prayer, but he was not melancholy; on the contrary, he seemed to possess inward peace and even joy, incomprehensible to the prison warders. Could they have looked into his soul they would have seen that though nature shrunk from the manner of the death awaiting him, the cause of it filled his heart with consolation.

"I die a victim of my sacerdotal obligations," he said to himself. "My death will be regarded by the Church as equivalent to martyrdom, like that of St. John Nepomucene. The Church teaches that such a death washes away sin, and that the individual whose privilege it is to suffer it, receives the crown of a martyr and enters immediately upon eternal felicity. Regarded in the light of faith, I am the happiest of mortals; I only fear that I am not worthy of this supreme happiness."

Such were Father Montmoulin's dispositions subsequent to his condemnation. He offered to God the sacrifice of his life, and prayed that it might be accepted. It was more the hope of obtaining this glorious crown than dread of a convict's life that actuated him in his unqualified rejection of Meunier's suggestion that he should petition for a pardon. The lawyer guessed the reason, and did not press him further.

So did Father Regent. "I understand your motive," he said, "and should do the same in your place.

proved, and in consideration of the previous blameless life of the condemned man, he had thought it his duty to memorialize the Home Secretary in his behalf.

His representations had had the desired effect, and the sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life, and transportation to New Caledonia. The clerk would read the pardon, and the fresh sentence, now in force, to the prisoner.

But Father Montmoulin, who had listened unmoved to the sentence of death, was seen to change color, and stagger as if he had received a blow. He would have fallen, but not one of the wardens quickly stepped to his side and steadied him. They were obliged to let him sit down for a few minutes to recover himself; at length he so far regained his composure as to stammer forth a few words of thanks to the President for the trouble he had given himself on his behalf.

"But whether this service that you have rendered me, my Lord, is really a boon, God only knows," he added. "I thought to lay down my cross to-morrow, or even to-day; and now a yet heavier one is laid on my shoulders, one which I must bear for it may be many years to come."

The judge looked astonished and somewhat embarrassed. Addressing his colleagues, he said: "This is the first time in all my experience that a prisoner condemned to death did not wish for a pardon, I do not think he is bound to accept it, so if the prisoner prefers death—"

Father Montmoulin interrupted him. "I think I am bound to accept the pardon because I am innocent, and life and death are in my hands. Were I guilty I should desire the utmost rigor of the law as a means of expiating my crime. As it is, I believe I ought not to refuse the prolongation of life which is offered to me, however heavy a burden it may be."

The president and the inferior judges discussed this point, and agreed that the prisoner was right. At the same time they felt more than ever convinced of his innocence. A guilty man would have been overjoyed at obtaining a pardon; at any rate, it was out of question that anyone would dissimulate so far as to feign indifference. But their private opinion could do nothing to alter an accomplished fact. The verdict could only be reversed by another trial, and this would only be granted on ground of new and incontrovertible evidence of the prisoner's innocence. Such evidence was not forthcoming. So the President once more asked the question:

"Prisoner, do you accept the pardon offered you?"

"I believe my duty requires me to accept it."

"Let the prisoner be handed over to the Governor of the prison that the sentence of transportation may be carried out according to law."

The order was written out by the clerk, signed by the President, and stamped with the seal of the Court of Justice, to be delivered to the Governor. A sergeant of justice was deputed to accompany the prisoner to Marseilles, whence a vessel was to sail in the course of a week carrying convicts to New Caledonia.

Father Montmoulin bowed to the officers of the law, and trembling in every limb, followed the sergeant to an apartment where he was ordered to strip off his clothes, and put on a convict's dress. Despite his entreaty, he was obliged to do this with the sergeant and one of the warders looking on. Tears rose to his eyes as he took off his cassock. It was taken from him and tossed contemptuously into a corner.

"There," the sergeant said, "we will give you a neat little jacket instead of that black scare-crow thing." The linen Father Montmoulin had to put on bore the convict stamp, and the number by which he was thenceforward to be known. "Your name is not Montmoulin any longer," they said to him, "it is 5,348 and lest you should forget it, it is marked on every article of your clothing. We had a rasal here from Paris who always pulled off his jacket if anyone asked him his number, saying: I have no memory for figures; you can look for yourself. What is that you got on your shoulders?"

"Off with it, I never in my life saw such a thing on a convict."

Therewith the man rudely pulled the consecrated pledge of Our Lady's protection out of the priest's hand. "Now on with the striped jacket. What a fine fellow your reverence looks in it! Only your beard is a little stubby still. Anything more you want?"

I am under the obligation of reciting the Breviary every day, so I must ask you to let me keep the one I have."

The man laughed loudly. "I like that!" he said. "What next! Perhaps you would like to say Mass every day, and preach 'a sermon to your saintly comrades. It might be useful to them, Set your delicate conscience at rest; you will see the inside of a Breviary again, and as for what you are pleased to call your priestly functions, you may say good-bye to that tomfoolery forever and a day!"

"I beg you will not speak so disrespectfully of the sacerdotal office,"

MRS. GEO. TRAILL,

A Well Known Lady of Thornhill, Man., Got Almost Instant Relief From Heart Trouble by the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It is simply wonderful the number of western women who are coming forward to tell of the curative powers of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

This time it is Mrs. Geo. Truill, a highly respected lady of Thornhill, Man., who gives in the following words the history of her case: "I obtained from Mr. J. A. Hobbs, druggist of Morden, Man., a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as I was very bad with heart trouble at the time."

"I used the one box and got almost instant relief. I then bought another box, but only had to use a few of the pills, as I have never been troubled with palpitation since using them."

"I am very thankful that I got the pills, and if this will be of any use to others suffering as I did you may publish it in the papers."

Father Montmoulin rejoined indignantly. "What the deuce! I just hear him! He thinks one ought to treat the like of him with respect! Are you ready now?"

"I am ready to own that appearances are against me," the prisoner sorrowfully replied; he then added a tone of humble entreaty; "I may at least take my rosary with me. I have said it every day since my First Communion."

"Nothing of the sort! The rules do not allow convicts to take anything with them."

"It is also a remembrance of my poor mother—"

The warden, who had grown quite fond of the prisoner while under his charge, here somewhat timidly interposed: "You may just as well let him keep the toy, Mr. Sergeant, I can do no harm to himself or anybody else with it."

"What business is that of yours? He shall not take rubbish with him. Now put on his handcuffs, and the prescribed fetters on his ankles, while I go and see if the State carriage is ready for his majesty."

So saying, the sergeant left the room. The warden seized the rosary and thrust it into Father Montmoulin's pocket. "You shall not be deprived of the thing, if it will be a comfort to you," he said, kindly, "even if it costs me my place. As true as I stand here, I believe you innocent of the crime for which you are condemned. Forgive me for putting these fetters on your legs, I cannot help it. I trust it will not be reckoned to me as a sin, because my calling obliges me to treat a priest in this way."

(To be continued.)

TO BE PREPARED

For war is the surest way for this nation to maintain peace. This is the opinion of the wisest statesmen. It is equally true that to be prepared for spring is the best way to avoid the peculiar dangers of the season. This is a lesson multitudes are learning, and at this time, when the blood is sure to be loaded with impurities and to be weak and sluggish, the millions begin to take Hood's Sarsaparil, which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, expels all disease germs, creates a good appetite, gives strength and energy and puts the whole system in a healthy condition, preventing pneumonia, fevers, and other dangerous diseases which are liable to attack a weakened system.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Mr. Hensley has received a letter from the Queen saying that her majesty will be glad to receive a photo of his son, the lamented Captain Hensley, recently killed during the fighting on the Tugela.

Gentleman (to Irishman).—Well, Pa, I see you have a small garden. Pa.—"Yes, sur."

"What are you going to set in it for next season?"

"Nothing, sur. I set it with potatoes last year, and not one of them came up."

"That's strange. How do you explain it?"

"Well, sur, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions."

"Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing?"

"Yes, sur. Them onions was that strong that my potatoes could not see to grow for their eyes watering."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Chest Feels Tight.

You seem all choked up and stuffed up with the cold—find it hard to breathe. Cough that rages and tears you—but little plilegm got up.

Now's the time to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup before things get too serious. There is no remedy equal to it for making the breathing easy, loosening the phlegm and removing all the alarming symptoms of a severe cold.

"I caught a severe cold which settled on my chest, making it feel raw and tight. Seeing Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised I procured a bottle, which greatly relieved me. It loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and soon had me perfectly well."

NEIL McKAY, RIZLET, Ont.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Women's Ailments.

Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.



DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are the most reliable remedy for any form of kidney complaint. They drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life to the fullest.

"I had severe kidney trouble for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I began their use. Before taking them I could not stoop to tie my shoes, and at times suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and removed every pain and ache."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Buy a trunk, Pat?" said a dealer. "And what for should I buy a trunk," rejoined Pat. "To put your clothes in," was the reply. "And go naked!" exclaimed Pat, "not a bit of it."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

heals and cures the lungs and cures the worst kinds of Coughs and Colds more quickly and effectually than any other remedy.

"No sir! No more meat," declared little Willie's father; "when boys your age start eating they never know when they've had enough."

"I guess," replied Willie, "when I grew to be big like you I won't be so hungry?"

"No, I don't think you will."

"But I'll be thirsty, won't I? Aunt Nellie was telling me yest'rid that when you start drinkin' you never know when you have enough."

I was cured of a lame back, after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ROBERT ROSS. Two Rivers, N.S.

I was cured of Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN A. PORBY, Antigonish.

I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS, Dalhousie.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Careful Housekeeper.—Bridget, you may get all the preservatives we canned last year and boil them up again. I am afraid they have begun to work.

Bridget.—Like enough, mum, like enough; everythin' round this house has to.

It's a nice thing to use—Hagyard's Yellow Oil. The skin it won't stain and the clothing won't soil. It limbers stiff joints, gives relief from all pain. If you use it but once, you will use it again.

Mr. O'Leary.—Johnny, every man must start at the foot. Johnnie.—Well, pa, have I got to be a bootblack?

AT NIGHT

Before retiring take a Laxo-Liver Pill. It will work while you sleep without a grip or pain, curing Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

Lan'lady.—How do you like your eggs? New Boarder.—Fresh, please.

Pain in the bowels, Diarrhoea, and Dysentery are cured more quickly and effectually by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry than any other remedy. Beware of substitutes.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

COVERED WITH SORES.

B.B.B. cured little Harvey Deline nine years ago and he has never had a spot on him since.

It is practically impossible to heal up sores or ulcers, especially the old chronic kind, with ordinary remedies. No matter how large or of how long standing they may be, however, they heal up readily and stay healed permanently when Burdock Blood Bitters is used.

HARVEY DELINE. Mrs. E. Deline, Arcen, Ont., proves this in the following account she gave of her little boy's case: "When my little son Harvey was one year old he broke out in sores all over his body. They would heal up for a time, then break out again about twice a year, till he was past four; then he seemed to get worse and was completely prostrated. When doctors failed to cure him I gave him Burdock Blood Bitters, and besides bathed the sores with it."

"It is nine years ago since this happened and I must say that in all this time he has never had a spot on his body or any sign of the old trouble returning."

Pocket, Office and Home Diaries for 1900 at HASZARD MOORE'S Sunnyside. High Grade Kerosene Oil.

Our Kerosene Oil is giving splendid satisfaction this year. It burns both bright and clear and does not smoke up the Lamp Chimneys. Our sales of it are steadily increasing, showing that the people know a good thing when they get it. When your can is empty again, bring it to us and have it filled with our high-grade Oil at a very low price.

BEER & GOFF. GROCERS.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office

Tickets Posters Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads Check Books Receipt Books Note of Hand Books

Send in your orders at once. Address all communications to the HERALD

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

A. E. ARSENAULT. H. R. MCKENZIE.

ARSENAULT & MCKENZIE

Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

(Lots of the firms of Charles Bussell & Co., and F. V. Knox, London, Eng.)

OFFICES: Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

Aug. 30, 1899—y

Important Announcement

We hereby beg leave to announce to our customers that we have sold our Grocery business to Messrs. R. F. Maddigan & Co., and would solicit for them a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to us in the past.

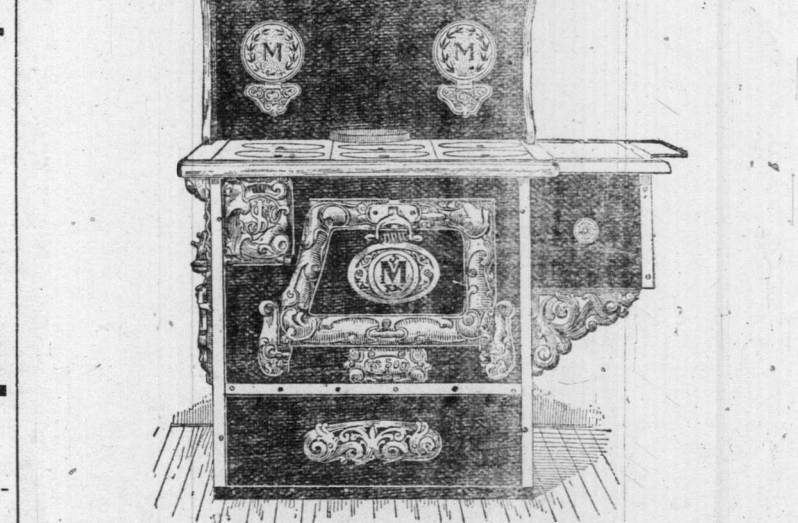
W. GRANT & CO.

In connection with the above we take this opportunity of informing the customers of the above firm and the public generally, that we have in stock a full line of General Groceries which will be sold cheap for cash.

Free delivery of Goods to all parts of the city. Telephone connection.

R. F. MADDIGAN & CO.

Queen Street, Charlottetown Jan. 24th, 1900.



STEEL STOVES!

STEEL RANGES.

\$30 UP.

GUARANTEE—These Stoves are guaranteed perfect in workmanship and construction, substantial and durable. The oven works quick. Saves one third to one-half the fuel used by other stoves. All parts are guaranteed against warping.

DODD & ROGERS.

WHOLESALE

100 doz. Galvanized Pails 40 tons Barb Wire 20 tons Black do. 10 tons Paris Green 40 tons Bar Iron 15 tons Sheet Iron 500 Boxes Glass 100 doz. Shovels 400 doz. Arcade Files 2000 Kegs Out Nails 1000 Kegs Wire Nails 250 Boxes Horse Nails 250 Kegs Horse Shoes 1000 Rolls Building Paper Shell Hardware and Stoves.

Fennell & Chandler.

A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer.

Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is sold to effect a sale and make something out of you.

We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

Cairns & McFadyen.

June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.