

IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Mr. H. M. Kemp, 209 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, writes: "I have used Milburn's Rheumatic Pills for Rheumatism. I was so bad that I had to be assisted in getting out of bed. The pills gave immediate relief, as after using one box the pain left and has not returned since."

PRAYER TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

Mother in heaven, O hear us! Earth-wearied pilgrims, we turn unto thee; O let thy presence be near us, Lily of Judah, sweet Star of the sea! Thine was the bitterest sorrow That God unto mortals ever gave; Thine was the glomiest sorrow That ever yet dawn'd on the grave. O by the sword that then found thee, When undying martyrdom crown'd thee, By the great anguish that bound thee, Kind to the fatherless be! Mother in heaven, O hear us! Earth-wearied pilgrims, we turn unto thee; O let thy presence be near us, Lily of Judah, sweet Star of the sea!

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

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

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(Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued)

"Pray do not take the cloth off your head," she entreated. "I have already heard that you had to go to the hospital on Montserrat for a sick call. To think of such an expedition as that on such a road and in such weather! It really would have been wiser not to say Mass this morning, but to have gone straight to bed. You must not mind my saying it, but indeed you do too much, you over-tax your strength; remember you owe it to us, to your flock, to take some care of yourself!" "I will be very obedient, and drink a cup of tea and go to bed, as soon as our little business is settled," the priest answered with a smile. "Our business is not pressing," joined the old lady, "that can be left for some other time. At present you need rest, and ought not to do anything to try your head."

It is wrapped, I will lay it in the bottom of my basket, the lid of which has concealed various things before now. No one will suspect that in-stead of articles of clothing or comestibles it contains £480. Now I will say good by, my dear Father. Say an Ave for your poor, useless old friend, who often trembles at the thought of the account she will have to render, we know not how soon."

"You have not much to fear," Remember our Lord's words: "Come, ye blessed of my Father! For I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was naked, and you covered me. As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, ye did it to me." This is what our Lord will say, when good Mrs. Blanchard knocks at the gate of Heaven with her basket on her arm, which is worth a great deal more than 480 pounds."

The pastor spoke so earnestly that his words brought the tears to his visitor's eyes. "Thank you, Father," she said, "what you say is a great encouragement to me. It is a delightful lesson that Christian charity teaches us, to view the brethren of Christ in the poor, say, Christ Himself! Would that I could do for His poor, in our Lord for all He did and suffered for my salvation. May I ask you, blessing Father?"

She knelt down, then rising she took leave of the priest. "Farewell, Father. No, I cannot let you come further than the door; I can find my way out perfectly well. You must not come down on my account. Say an Ave for me instead!"

Father Montmoulin did not persist in accompanying her. As soon as she had gone he prepared to undress and lie down to rest. He felt a vague, unaccountable disquietude; an interior voice seemed continually saying, pray for her, pray for her! He thought he would put his coat on again, and go down after her, but then again he said to himself he was a little feverish and over-tired. Still he could not go to sleep, though he said his beads as a kind of lullaby.

We must now turn to the asceticism, who had been waiting all the morning in a state of suppressed excitement. He heard the Angelus rung, and he heard the priest go into the church directly after. Should he make the venture now; the old lady was probably up, and the bedroom door would be open. No, it seemed too risky, the priest might come up stairs at any moment. Besides, he did not know for certain where the money was concealed, he might have to search some time for it. Now when once Mass had begun, he would be safe, he would slip up then, for the old lady would probably go down to Mass, and even if the old rotten doors were locked it would not matter much, a good kick and the hinges would give way. He waited, therefore, until the Holy Sacrifice was being offered; but as he was in the act of issuing from his place of concealment, he peeped through a chink in the door, and whom should he see but old Susan on her way to the kitchen! Now, he might have two old women to deal with, and if one ran off and gave the alarm he was lost. Yet, taking off his boots, he crept up as far as the entrance of the tribune; there he saw Mrs. Montmoulin; he would have to pass her, and this he did this day to-day. "If she calls out, all in the kitchen will hear," he said to himself, and withdrew once more to his lurking place.

Was his project to be defeated after all? Mass began his life in this remote corner of Provence with nothing but the miserable pittance of a scrivener? And he could not do that now, for all of his boasting about the legacy he could not remain in the place. And only yesterday evening he thought he was going to live in clover, if he could but get off to America with the sum of money, the amount of which his imagination greatly overrated.

A Fleeshy Consumptive

Did you ever see one? Did you ever hear of one? Most certainly not. Consumption is a disease that invariably causes loss of flesh. If you are light in weight, even if your cough is only a slight one, you should certainly take Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil with hypophosphites. No remedy is such a perfect preventive to consumption. Just the moment your throat begins to weaken and you find you are losing flesh, you should begin to take it. And no other remedy has cured so many cases of consumption. Unless you are far advanced with this disease, Scott's Emulsion will hold every inducement to you for a perfect cure. All Druggists, etc. and Mr. Scott & Bowne, Toronto.

make short work of him. But what a coward I am getting! I consider that is nothing more after death, and I and my fellow men are but mere animals, and yet I have not the pluck to act on my convictions, for all the arguments of the modern science. When I was in the army, I shot a couple of poor devils from behind, that was little short of murder. Yet I cannot knock down this defenceless priest, who in his way has done me a good turn sometimes."

The man tried to talk himself into a bolder mood, and at last when he had drained his brandy flask, he resolved to go up to the kitchen, and wait his opportunity. Then, just as ten o'clock struck, he heard foot-steps and saw Mrs. Blanchard entering by the cloisters. She has come to fetch the money!" he exclaimed, "it is now or never!"

With the eagerness of a beast of prey he snatched up the knife, and ran up the winding stairs, reaching the corridor just as the old lady disappeared into the priest's room. A moment later he had his ear to the key hole. "What, his reverence is not well—all the better for me," he said to himself. "Ah, now they are coming to business"—he heard the banknotes rustle, and recognized the chink of the gold pieces—"Only £480 after all! Still, it is worth a little trouble; the old goose wants his blessing! I let her have it; now is my time."

Quickly stepping back into a dark corner close to the head of the stairs he made ready to strike his victim. But Mrs. Blanchard went in the opposite direction, to the tribune, where she stopped to say a prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. "So much the better," muttered Loser, "it makes matters easier. Now she will go down the winding stairs to the cloisters, and I can get a blow at her securely."

Slinking along upon tiptoe, he followed the unsuspecting old lady to the tribune, which, formerly the nun's choir, was shut off from the body of the church by a high wooden screen. Before this screen he saw her devoutly kneeling. "One might almost snatch her basket and make off," the man reflected. "That would be no good though, for I could not get away with the booty till night, and I should be arrested. No, I must play the man, and silence her."

After a few minutes Mrs. Blanchard crossed herself and rose from her knees. On reaching the winding stairs a means of exit wherewith she was quite familiar, she laid her hand on the rope which served in lieu of a banister, and began cautiously to descend the dark steps. Suddenly she stopped. "Is there any one behind me?" she asked anxiously, for she had heard Loser following at her heels.

"I suppose I was mistaken, I wish I had gone the other way, I feel so frightened, I do not know why. God is always present," she added aloud. A few steps more brought her to the narrow landing at the entrance of the lumber room.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE CRIME.

Now that the terrible deed was done Loser's rage subsided, and the furious course imparted by his passions totally deserted him. He trembled from head to foot, and averted his face, not daring to look at the corpse which lay stretched at his feet, and which he hastily concealed by throwing the pall over it. Then he snatched up the basket and was about to fly with the price of blood when he checked himself. Whether should he fly? To be seen with it in broad daylight would be madness, and everywhere in Ste. Victoire he would be recognized. He must keep out of everyone's sight, until nightfall, he must not leave the convent until he could go so under cover of the darkness. There was no safer hiding-place than the one he was in, but how could he stay there with the corpse? All his fine theories about not fearing, not believing in the immortality of the soul or in a future life, afforded him little support at this crisis.

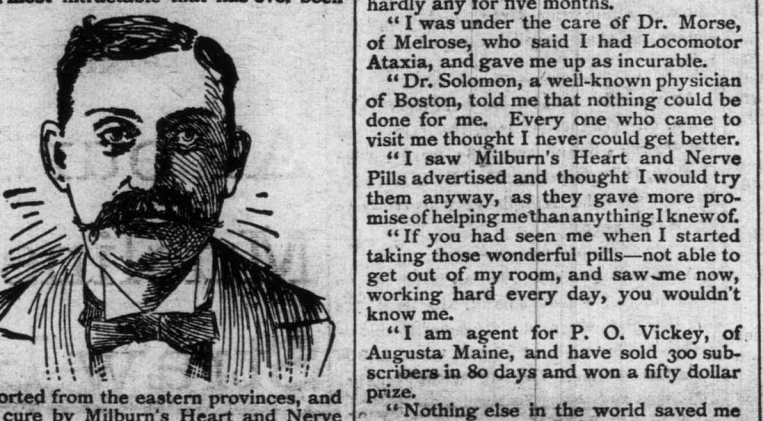
Crouching in the farthest corner of the apartment, Loser set the basket down before him. The knife with the crimson stain was still in his hand. He wiped the blade on a corner of the handkerchief in which the money was wrapped, and then he threw it into the basket with a shudder. Then he unknotted the handkerchief, thinking the sight of the money would comfort him, but it did not have the effect of allaying his terror.

Involuntarily his eyes wandered again and again to the outspread pall beneath which the outline of the lifeless body was plainly discernible. A thin stream of blood from beneath it was trickling slowly in his direction. Why should it take that direction? Every moment it came nearer, and every moment the man's agony of fear increased. Presently it reached a crack in the boards, a few inches from his feet, and began to drop

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as incurable.



Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months."

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Montreal, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable. "Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better. "I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of. "If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my bed, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me. "I am agent for P. O. Vickay, of Augusta, Maine, and have sold 500 subscribers in 30 days and won a fifty dollar prize. "Nothing else in the world saved me out those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere. "The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

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Queen Street Emporium

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.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS! 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. April 26, 1899.

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. GROCERS.

HAMMOCKS! Hammocks! Prices Right. HASZARD MOORE. Sunnyside.

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAW-BERRY will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

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Received OUR NEW

Fall Overcoatings, Suitings, Trouserings, LATEST DESIGNS

As the price of Woolsens has advanced and is still advancing, you will study your own interest by placing your order early. Any goods, we repeat, will be at the advanced price. WE ARE OFFERING A JOB LOT OF

TWEED SUITINGS

AT 20 PER CENT. TO CLEAR. D. A. BRUCE, MORRIS BLOCK.

Thirteen Tons OF Paris Green IMPORTED THIS SEASON BERGERS IN TINS AND PAPERS. Fennell & Chandler. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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 told 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.

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