

A HOME COMING. (Continued.)

The fitness of the pain they might be called upon to suffer swept over her, blinded her, caught her up out of her own personality into the poignant hour of suspense that lay before them.

The mother had been stooping over the baby. As she raised her head, her eyes, clairvoyant with love and expectation, read the message in Isabel's face.

'What is it? What's the matter?' 'The train is detained,' Isabel faltered.

'Detained! You mean late! I knew it was late.'

'There's some obstruction—' 'You—know—something!'

She brought out each word as if it tore her. A subtle change swept over her like a withering wind snuffing out her joy, turning her cheeks gray, her eyes dull and tragic.

'Please come nearer,' Isabel said. She obeyed mechanically. They stood for a moment closely facing each other.

'You mustn't imagine anything,' Isabel whispered. 'You must just be brave. The express has been wrecked, but as yet very little is known. Don't look towards the children; look at me.'

A wail escaped her so low and muffled that it suggested anguish which would soon become inarticulate. Isabel caught her to her breast, living that moment in another's pain so utterly that she saw no outlet from it. To give some hope, to lend a hand, to help them through, she must escape from the bonds of her own sympathy. She spoke now with a ring of command in her voice.

'Listen! We must assume it is all right until we really know. A trolley follows the line. The place where the accident occurred is only ten miles out. We'll start at once.'

'She kissed the cold, impassive face, and went to the children.

'We're going to meet your father, instead of his meeting us,' she announced. 'We're to have a trolley-ride.'

The boy's frank eyes doubted her. 'What's happened,' he whispered. 'Go to mother, dear. I'll carry the baby.'

She took the child in her arms and assumed the lead of the little procession. Other people had had the same thought—to reach the scene of the wreck as quickly as possible—and were thronging in silence down the stairs to the street, the men pale and silent, some of the women in tears. The baby's mother shed no tears; but her set face, her manner, oblivious even to the children, frightened Isabel.

The trolley was packed to its steps. Someone gave the mother a seat and Isabel put the baby in her lap, folding the passive hands about the child. The older girl cried softly, clinging to Isabel's arm; but the boy watched his mother's face with an intent, appealing look. Once he touched her hand with an affectionate caress.

'Mother!'

'Don't!'

Her sharp, strained voice seemed to come from another personality. He turned half frightened to Isabel.

'Don't worry her, dear. You see we don't know just what has happened to the train. Your mother is nearly ill with anxiety. She isn't herself. You must be very gentle.'

He nodded, but his lip quivered. The ten miles seemed to lengthen into fifty. For months afterwards Isabel saw that scene in her dreams, the long, long stretches of the marshes, the sombre November sky faintly lit in the distance by a red reflection which they said was from the burning train.

They stopped at last at a street whose dimness ended in a glare of ugly dancing light, a pit of fire at the end of a long perspective. Isabel took the baby again in her arms, and led the little procession which fell in line with others tramping along with bowed heads, on eager, shrunken faces. Again the journey seemed endless—a nightmare of a street stretching on and on toward some final inferno. Sparks showered about them as they pressed forward. The air was laden with oppressive acid colors.

Finally they found themselves in a sacred, desolate open space, beyond which, in a fire-streaked fog of smoke something huge and formless rose. Figures, like shadows, were seen running here and there. The baby's mother stopped abruptly.

'I can't go on,' she whispered. 'We'll stay here. You ask—look—'

She staid herself upon some railroad ties, gathering the children to her with wordless tragic gestures. They looked to Isabel like a group done in marble, unable to come to life again, indeed, until she brought them a message of hope. She hurried away, then, remembering that she did not know what name to ask for, turned back.

'H's name?'

'James Raleigh.'

'Dark—light?'

'He is tall, has dark hair, is clean shaven, wears a ring with a ruby.'

James' her own husband's name! A poignant sob pulsed for a moment through her preoccupation.

Summoning all her strength of purpose, she made her way toward the holocaust until further passage

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

'I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up.' Mrs. Hous-Roore, West Lincoln, N.S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

was blocked by ropes and men in uniform. She put her hand beseechingly on the arm of one of them.

'You must let me through. I am looking for some one. His name is James Raleigh.'

'We ain't got all the names yet, lady,' the man answered with a kind of rough gentleness.

'But you'll let me through. His wife is waiting just out there. I've got to look.'

He raised the ropes. 'The dead are over there. Go with the lady, Sam.'

A policeman stepped to her side. 'It's an awful sight,' he warned her.

'I had to come—she couldn't—'

'Course she couldn't—keep the relatives away, I say.'

He guided her between masses of rubbish, past strange bonfires, through crowds of hoarse, jostling people to a wide, cleared space, a circle of calm, of silence and finally, where the last light of the November day seemed concentrated upon certain still faces.

The policeman glanced at Isabel. 'Can you go on?'

She staid herself, until out of the fear that wracked her emerged again the all-abiding sympathy of her longing hope.

'I can go on.'

'Description?'

'Clean shaven—dark hair,' she murmured.

He led her to a sheeted form. 'The hands—a ruby ring.'

He stooped. 'No,' he said.

They passed on. 'No,' he said again. Then, glancing up at her pale face, 'Can you go farther?'

'Yes,' she answered through scarcely parted lips.

For the third time they passed.

'No,' he said again.

She began to cry. 'Oh, maybe there's hope.'

'Maybe, lady. That's right, you cry—it will do you good.'

'I don't know him; I never saw him; but the baby's so pretty.'

'Yes, lady. There's them that's hurt badly next—and them that's hurt a little, but able to be on their legs. They're rounding them up so to take 'em in on a special—see, over there.' He pointed to a group in the distance.

'I'm going to them first,' she said, 'before I go to the others—just on a chance.'

She hurried toward the group of people who stood like so many statues, their pale faces set in an amazement that, it seemed, would never relax.

The vital question came lamely from her lips.

'Is—James—Raleigh—here?'

'Speak louder,' said the policeman, 'they've been hearin' strikes, you know.'

She threw her voice out then in a bold, high challenge. A death-like silence followed. No one moved.

Under the menace of this silence her fears were redoubling upon her. He was not there.

But as she was turning miserably away, a figure emerged from the group, a tall, dark-haired man, with his head bandaged and one of his arms in a sling; the other hand hanging by his side bore a ring—Isabel looked eagerly for the red spot in it. The man gazed at her expectantly, yet with the confused expression of a person not sure of the evidence of his own senses.

'Did you ask for James Raleigh? I am he.'

Isabel approached him, scarcely daring to believe in his reality.

'They're here,' she said, 'waiting for you—out beyond the lines.'

'Mary?' he asked hoarsely, the flash of returning vitality overspreading his pale features.

'Yes; and the three children.'

'They don't know—'

'Only their fears, as yet. We must hurry; she's suffering.'

'I tried to telegraph. I couldn't get to the office. When you called my name, I didn't know for a bit whether it was mine or not. It sounded queer, or else I couldn't think quickly. Where did you say you left them?'

'We're going there.'

CONSUMPTION In the cure of consumption, concentrated, easily digested, nourishment is necessary. For 35 years Scott's Emulsion has been the standard, world-wide treatment for consumption.

Impurities of the Blood

Anyone whose blood is impure should read this Testimonial.

Mr. Chas. Martin, Box No. 367, Kentville, N.S., writes: 'Three years ago, while working in Hamilton, Ont., I was taken sick, and no one knew what ailed me. Every bit of food I ate I vomited up, and consequently I became very weak. My landlord told me that after that he thought at one time I was booked for the cemetery. Walking down street one day I happened to see Burdock Blood Bitters in a drugist's window so I went in and got a bottle. Before I had taken half of it I broke out, all round my joints in sores. I showed it to my landlord and asked him what he thought of it. He told me it looked as if I had a heavy attack of chicken pox. Both he and his wife tried all they knew how to persuade me to stop taking the B.B.B., but it was no use. I had gotten so bad I thought it did not matter much whether I went under or not, so I got a second bottle and judge to my surprise to see the sores begin to disappear, and by the time I had taken three bottles I did not care for the best man in Hamilton. I am 61 years of age and am able to do a day's work with the next man, thanks to B.B.B.

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Home-seekers' Excursions.

The Grand Trunk Railway has issued a circular authorizing all Agents in Canada to sell Home-seekers' Excursion Tickets to points in Western Canada. This is interesting information for those desiring to take advantage of these excursions on certain dates from April to December 1911. The Grand Trunk route is the most interesting, taking a passenger through the populated centres of Canada, through Chicago, and thence via Duluth, or through Chicago and the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Ask Grand Trunk Agents for further particulars.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says: 'It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.'

'A man can keep house nicely.'

'Oh, yes. Do you know how a man straightens up a room?'

'No—How does he do it?'

'He brushes his hair.'

'Yes?'

'And then he goes out and gets his shoes shined.'

Minard's Liniment cures Difteria.

'The Indian question is settled at last.'

'But I hear the wealthiest Indians are quietly arming themselves.'

'With what?'

'Automobiles.'

Mary, Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes: 'My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. They father got Haggard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25c.'

'I've been in hell—and heaven.'

'Heaven sounds good?'

'It's all right here in this apartment.'

'She glanced at the clock on the mantel. 'Why, they're almost there.'

'Who are almost there?' he asked, wondering.

'Mary and the baby—and the other James. They're on their way home! He was in a railroad accident; I'll tell you all about it at supper. It made me feel so rich—so rich, just because we're alive and have each other—' Anna McClure Scholl, in the Women's Home Companion.

A Difficulty Solved.

Is it not an injustice that a rich man, by having many masses said for himself before and after his death, can get to Heaven sooner than a poor man whose poverty does not permit him to avail himself of this privilege? Fr. R. R. Hall, S. J., writing in No. 24 of the current (62nd) volume of the Bombay Examiner, replies to this specious objection as follows: 'There is no certainty that a man with riches can thereby secure a shorter purgatory than a man without riches. Of him to whom much is given much will be required.' As far as we know, the poor man may have a short purgatory as well, while the rich man may have a long purgatory in store for him precisely because he has used his riches badly. One Mass devoutly offered or even heard by a poor man may bring a far greater relief than a hundred Masses offered by a rich man. Remember the widow's mite, which counted for more than all the gold of the rich because it was all she had. You may try by mathematical calculations to make the doctrine of indulgences and remissions ridiculous; but your mathematics are futile from beginning to end. Over and above all mathematical calculations stands the general principle, that the effects of Mass and the sacraments are applied to souls not merely according to the mechanical acts measured by number, but according to the devotion and good dispositions of each man, and according to the free bounty of God, distributing favors to each one according to his wisdom. God can never be tricked by mercantile calculations or commercialism in devotion. Thus from the rich man God may expect many Masses to be offered, while from the poor man he expects none.

Hardware!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices. WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler

Fall and Winter Weather

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing

PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

Giving all orders strict attention.

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN

For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of Hardware

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

LIME.

We are prepared to supply best quality Roach Lime from Kilns on St. Peter's Road in large and small quantities suitable for building, farming and whitewashing. Orders left at our office will receive prompt attention.

C. LYONS & Co.

June 28, 1911—tf

FIRE INSURANCE.

Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, G. B.

Sun Fire offices of London.

Fidelity Phenix Fire Insurance Co. of New York.

Combined Assets \$100,000,000

Lowest rates and prompt settlement of Losses.

JOHN MACBACHERN AGENT.

Telephone No. 1362.

Mar. 22nd, 1906

I. A. McLean, K. C. — Donald McKinnon

McLean & McKinnon

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Hardware!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices. WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler

Fall and Winter Weather

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing

PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

Giving all orders strict attention.

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN

For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of Hardware

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

LIME.

We are prepared to supply best quality Roach Lime from Kilns on St. Peter's Road in large and small quantities suitable for building, farming and whitewashing. Orders left at our office will receive prompt attention.

C. LYONS & Co.

June 28, 1911—tf

FIRE INSURANCE.

Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, G. B.

Sun Fire offices of London.

Fidelity Phenix Fire Insurance Co. of New York.

Combined Assets \$100,000,000

Lowest rates and prompt settlement of Losses.

JOHN MACBACHERN AGENT.

Telephone No. 1362.

Mar. 22nd, 1906

I. A. McLean, K. C. — Donald McKinnon

McLean & McKinnon

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

CITY SCHOOLS

1911 TERM 1912

Educational Books,

INCLUDING THE—

Newly Authorized TEXT BOOKS for School and College.

We have an immense Stock on hand: All School and College Books sold by us at Publishers Prices.

Scribblers, Exercise Books, Penmanship Pads, Pads, Palmer Method of Business Writing, Pens, Inks, Pencils, Foolscap, Examination Paper, Fountain Pens, School Maps, Erasers, Rulers, Note Books, Book Keeping Blanks and Text Books, Slates, Pen Holders, Note Paper, Pencil Boxes, School Bags, etc., all at lowest possible prices.

Wholesale and Retail

—BY—

CARTER & CO., Ltd.

—DEALERS IN—

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Seeds, etc. Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

COAL. COAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coal

HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND

At their Old Stand, Peake's No. 2 Wharf

A large supply of Coal suitable for all purposes. Orders, verbal, by mail or by telephone promptly attended to. Our telephone No. is 112, and we should be pleased to have our orders.

Peake Bros. & Co.

Ch'town, July 19, 1911—3m

A BIG TEN DAYS' SHOE SALE!

Here is a chance you will never get again.

150 Pairs of Men's American Lace Boots

Goodyear Welted, Velvour Calf, made on two different lasts, medium heavy oak sole — "a beauty" oomfort. Compare them with any Five Dollar Boot in the city.

Ten Days Only—\$3.50 a Pair.

We have also RUSSIAN CALF and PATENT at the same price. All new stock.

They've got the lead, they've got the style, They've got all others beat a mile.

Hockey Boots! Hockey Boots!

We lead for Low Prices on Hockey Boots. A good Boy's Hockey Boot at \$1.65. Men's \$3.00 a pair. Others at \$1.75, \$1.85 and \$2.25 a pair.

A. E. McEACHEN

THE SHOEMAN

82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.