

Calendar for Nov. 1905.

First Quarter 3d., 7h., 39m. p. m.
Full Moon 11d., 11h., 11m. p. m.
Last Quarter 19d., 7h., 54m. p. m.
New Moon 28d., 10h., 47m. a. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Moon Rises, Moon Sets, High Water, Low Water.

November Voices.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

Once more on Nature's organ vast
And dirges strike the minor keys,

Through every mood in sorrow's scale,
From deadened pain's dull monotone

How shall our souls interpret them,
These doleful strains that come and go,

Adown the gamut of grief we woe?
As leaves and flowers' requiem?

Ah, no! For pain's for Summer sped,
The dirges sad November plays,

TRAMMELINGS.

(From the Messenger.)

CHAPTER V.

"Mon Dieu!" said the Prince, who was visibly excited by the long story his secretary had just been telling him,

This, indeed, was the absorbing topic of conversation in the medical and Continental social and medical world for some time to come.

That a man so young, but already at the zenith of his fame, should have met with such a terrible cutting short of his surgical career, aroused universal interest and sympathy.

Meanwhile the Prince progressed rapidly toward recovery. In another month he was well. Sitting one afternoon in the library that overlooked part of his magnificent estate, he came out of a week of irritability and taciturnity that had sorely tried the patience of both valet and secretary with a cleared brow and eyes that sparkled.

"I'll do it," he said. "It will be a nice easy wonder, and will stir all Europe; but that fellow, Brant, who is waiting to jump into my shoes will get his come." Then the Prince rang for his secretary.

"Brant," he said, "get ready to start for London with me tomorrow. Wire the room and make all necessary arrangements to go by the morning train."

"But Monsieur le Prince," said Brant, "you forget Monsieur's health."

"A fiddlesticks for health!" Brant said the Prince, with renewed irritation, rapping the floor with his stick as he spoke.

"I'm going; all you have to do is to get ready."

"Yes, Monsieur le Prince," said Brant, meekly. "I am retired to wire to the French surgeon; but in spite of doctors and nurses the Prince, who had all his life done pretty much as he pleased, started for London the next day."

"What an execrable journey," said the Prince, "and this place—it is No-Man's land."

"Yes, Monsieur le Prince," said Brant.

The Prince turned sharply. "You are a fool, Brant," he said contemptuously. "Don't you see the scenery is magnificent; and the air! Mon Dieu, it is like champagne."

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Believers—dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful.

Remove the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

days ago for his home in Scotland. Nothing would do but that the Prince must follow at once. In vain Brabant suggested a night's rest in the city. The Prince was determined, and they had taken the night mail for Scotland, had changed to the little station nearest Dalrymple's home, and now were bumping over a very uneven road in a very medicinal back, the best the place afforded.

The haughtiness of the conveyance smelled damp; the Prince felt twinges of rheumatism, and he had had little sleep the night before. No wonder his nerves were unstrung. He leaned back and closed his eyes, then opened them with a start.

"I think we have arrived, Monsieur le Prince," said Brabant. "Look, there is Monsieur le Docteur's house." Even as he spoke the back had rattled up to the door. Brabant alighted and helped his master down. The Prince leaned heavily on him while looking around with some signs of interest. The house, well and solidly built, stood on an eminence that commanded a magnificent view of mountain and lake. The air was glorious. An old-fashioned garden, bright with flowers, led down to the road. Blue smoke curled upward from the tall chimney and was lost in the bluer ether above. Everywhere was an atmosphere of silence and peace.

The Prince sighed, then turned as the house door opened and a tall old man, dressed as a Highland gillie, stepped forward.

Yes, Dr. Dalrymple lived here; he was at home and would be pleased to see his guest. The Prince entered a room that was just as Margaret Dalrymple had left it. On a large open fireplace some logs were burning. The ceiling, of heavy beams, was black with age. The small diamond panes of the windows let in a view that was enchantment. About the whole room, with its books and silver lamp, its old-fashioned furniture and pictures, was an air of refinement and solid comfort. Jeanne had certainly fulfilled her part of keeping the place in good order.

The Prince sighed again. So it was here the boy had grown up instead of his own magnificent chateau. Well, it might have been worse. The door opened and Armand Dalrymple passed on the threshold, overcome by astonishment. The Prince had given no name, and here to the bewildered gaze of the young surgeon, still pale from illness and shock, stood a man whom he had supposed was still living a semi-invalid in France, some hundreds of miles away. He advanced into the room, native courtesy and hospitality on his own health dominant.

"Monsieur le Prince," he said, "this is an honor; but I am concerned to see you at the end of such a journey; and surely you know—touching his empty sleeve with his left hand—surely you know I can do nothing for you professionally."

Impoverished Soil

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

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The Prince was near to choking.

Excitement, fatigue, the pathetic sight of the dark pale face and empty sleeves were all telling on him; but he had his iron will, and pulled himself together with a mighty effort.

"With your leave, Monsieur," he said, "I will send my secretary outside. I have come this long journey to see you on a matter of vital importance, and I would prefer to see you alone."

"Certainly," said Dalrymple. Then with his habitual kindness and courtesy he turned to the secretary and asked him if he would like to go over the glebe with Robert. Brabant murmured an indistinct assent, and presently the tall old Scotsman appeared and the two departed together. As they disappeared Dalrymple turned to his guest after closing the door.

"With your leave," said the Prince, "we will converse in French, although this place seems lonely, walls have ears."

"By all means," answered Dalrymple. What would the old man have to say?

The Prince moved in his chair uneasily. "You are not comfortable," said the younger man; and he placed a cushion behind the Prince, and brought a bench for his feet. "Let me ring for Jeanne," he said. "You should have some wine, Sir—or is there anything else I can give you?"

But the Prince waved his hand, so Armand sat down. "I am ready," he said, "and you?"

"Mon Dieu!" groaned the Prince. "Where shall I begin?" Then he straightened up in his chair, his keen blue eyes fixed on Armand's dark ones, his fine aquiline features against their back ground of dark mahogany looking like delicate carved ivory; his handsome head held erect and proud, as if to defy the moment of weakness just past. So he sat for several seconds before he spoke. The silence was unbroken until the clock struck three. This, the hour of Peter's denial, was the hour of the Prince's acknowledgment.

"Armand Dalrymple," he said, "you wonder to see me here. I have journeyed from France to Scotland to make reparation—to tell you—the Prince's pale face grew paler, and he spoke slowly—"to tell you—that you—are—my son."

Every trace of color left Armand's face, but he did not speak.

"Listen," said the Prince. "You are the heir to my name and estates. Your mother was my second wife, though never openly acknowledged. Then, too, she died when you were born."

"Who was she?" asked Armand, hoarsely—"my mother?"

"She was an English girl," answered the Prince, "living in Britain as governess in a noble family. I met her there soon after my first wife died. Mon Dieu! she was beautiful, and so pious. You are like her," he added, "in looks, and if I mistake not, in piety." There was a note that sounded not unlike sarcasm in the old man's voice.

"Great God!" said Armand, "and you left me in a foundling asylum! How was that, Monsieur le Prince, if I was your legitimate son?"

The Prince shifted uneasily in his chair.

"At that time," he said—and there was a note of pride in his voice—"my two sons by my first wife were living. To have acknowledged another marriage which would have been unknown to my sovereign would have brought about disastrous complications at the time."

"But," asked Armand, "was it necessary to cast me off to the care of charity?"

The Prince shrugged his shoulders. Here was a man whose idea of right and wrong did not tally with the ways of his—the Prince's world. Was it his Scotch bringing up, or was it the spirit, reproduced in her son, of his young English wife, whose heart he had broken? Perhaps it was both. Hereditary and environment had moulded Armand; and the only quality he had received from the Prince was a pride that made him revolt against acknowledging relationship to such a man.

Nevertheless, he must listen; and long the Prince talked, relating all the circumstances of his marriage—of his second wife's history, of Armand's birth, and of the fact that he had recognized him after the operation by his wonderful likeness to his mother.

"I owe you my life," said the Prince, "and when I found out through Brabant that you were my son, I swore I would acknowledge you, and leave you my entire fortune."

"Never," said Armand.

"What! almost scorned the Prince, starting from his chair, you refuse to let me acknowledge you, and make you my heir?"

"Monsieur le Prince," said the doctor, quietly, "I am indebted to you for the cash—for letting me know my mother was above reproach; my birth without a stain. Beyond that I owe you nothing. My real existence—all that I know of a mother's tenderness, of a father's protection, of love, honor, life—have been here; therefore my choice is to remain here, to be known by the name of my foster parents, a name I am more proud to bear than I would be of any title you could give me."

"Mon Dieu!" said the Prince.

are you mad? Do you know that as my son you are related to half the reigning families of Europe; and you dare refuse my name for a paltry Scotch one!"

"Yes," said Armand, "I must refuse, and from the fullest conviction that my choice is the right one; the one in which my heart and spirit will be free."

The Prince was leaning back breathing hard. Here was an element undreamed of in his cynical and worldly life. The desire to acknowledge Armand as his heir had first been born of a wish to outwit and disappoint his cousin, E. Aile. But Armand's personality, his dark, handsome face; the spirit that bade him refuse the splendid future offered him, were combining to awaken in the old Prince's selfish heart some hitherto unknown gnawings of remorse and pain. Here, indeed, was a son to lean on and be proud of. Why had he been such a fool as to abandon him in his babyhood? In the depths of his disappointment the Prince groaned. Could he not make one last appeal? He turned to the young man, whose face showed plainly that he, too, was suffering, and involuntarily laid a hand on the left arm that happened to be nearest him.

"Listen, Mon Ami," he said; "I think twice before you reject me finally. I am an old man. I shall not live long. When I am gone my wealth will open to you splendid opportunities. You think your career is over; but, man, it is just begun. Your opinion, your scientific gifts, can make you the greatest medical authority in Europe. You can no longer operate, 'tis true, but you can do more. My wealth will open to you whole avenues that now are closed. You can found hospitals, and easily become the greatest consulting surgeon in Europe with my money to back you up. The name of the Prince Doctor will go down to the ages."

"I have thought of all this," said Armand, "and my decision is unchanged. And now, Monsieur le Prince, I think there is nothing more for us to say. Had I not better ring for your secretary?"

"Do," said the Prince, falling back in his chair.

"You must not leave without rest and refreshment," said Armand, courteously. "I will ring for my housekeeper." But the old Prince arose. Now that his mission had failed, he was in a hurry to be gone. There was just time to make connections with the night mail for London.

His leave-taking of Armand was brief; this strange new feeling of intolerable remorse was growing within him. Let him get away from those sad brown eyes which had haunted him for a time thirty years ago; once back at Fontainebleau, it would be easier to forget!

"Brabant," he said, as they drove rapidly toward the station—"Brabant, that man is a fool or a knave, or perhaps neither. Yes, Monsieur le Prince," answered Brabant, obediently.

"The world would have called it a sacrifice, Virginia."

The young wife turned her lovely face to the speaker.

"I understand," she said. "But it was not so, Armand; your choice left you spirit free; for the rest, all honor, and involuntarily Armand and Virginia took up his song. The bird winged its way higher and higher in the morning sun.

"Glory to God in the highest," it seemed to sing: "Glory to God—to God in the highest."

Onward and upward it flew, till bird and song were lost in the blue eternal space.

GEORGINA PELL CURTIS. (Completed)

The Tablet's Roman correspondent gives an interesting account of the extent to which the scholars of Europe are availing themselves of Leo XIII's permission, renewed by Pius X, to examine the Vatican Archives. The Prussian delegation has already published seven octavo volumes of 500 pages each; the French delegation has issued fourteen quarto volumes of the "Act of the Popes"; the British society was not formed till 1901, but it has published one volume on the relations between England and the Holy See, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Russia, Hungary, Turkey and Japan, all have representatives in Rome for the purpose of clearing up obscure questions in the history of their respective countries.

The woman who buys Dress Goods now-a-days, has yet to buy right; but buying right does not mean a matter of "How Cheap." A-how cheap dress that will not stand the wear and tear is not the one wide awake people buy. They want a dress right up-to-date in every particular. Quality, style, we have, and good wear-resisting qualities. This is the kind we sell. Send for sample.—Stanley Bros.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Her mother had been trying to teach little three-year-old Dorothy to spell her own name, but met with poor success. At last she scolded her, and said that no one would think her very smart if she couldn't spell her own name. "Well," she exclaimed, "why didn't you just call me cat, and then it would be easy to spell? Big names make little girls tired."

Sprained Arm

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

Muscular Rheumatism.

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 50c a box.

Teacher (giving a lesson on fractions).

"Children, here is a piece of meat. If I cut it in two, what shall I have?"

Class.—Halves.

Teacher.—And if I cut my pieces again in two, what do I get?"

Class.—Quarters.

Teacher.—I again do the same; now what have I?"

Class.—Eighths.

Teacher.—Good. If I continue in the same way, what then shall I get?"

Class.—Sixteenths.

Teacher.—Very good. I cut my pieces one more in two, what shall we have then?"

Dead silence in class. However, one hand went up in the corner of the class.

Teacher.—Well, Johnny, what is it?"

Johnny.—Minicemeat, please 'mam.

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From Summerside, on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown and all stations of P. E. I. R., for Point Du Chene, connecting with day train for St. John, Boston and Montreal.

Connecting at Point Du Chene during the summer months with cars of Boston and Maine Railway so that change of cars is required for Portland or Boston; thence for all points in U. S.

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Connections at St. John with C. P. R. and its connections, and with Eastern S. S. Co's steamers for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

FOR POINTS EAST. From Pictou about 4 p. m. for Charlottetown on arrival of morning trains from Halifax and Sydney.

From Charlottetown for Pictou at 8.30 a. m., connecting there with day train for Cape Breton, Sydney and Halifax. At North Sydney with steamer Bruce for Newfoundland.

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