

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1901.

Vol. XXX, No. 23

Calendar for June, 1901.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 2nd, 5h. 53m. m.
Last Quarter, 9th, 5h. 0m. evg.
New Moon, 16th, 9h. 53m. m.
First Quarter, 23rd, 4h. 59m. evg.

Day of Week.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High Water.	After 5.
1 Saturday	4 16 7	10 10 23	30	
2 Sunday	5 15	11 10 34		
3 Monday	6 15	12 10 45	58	
4 Tuesday	7 14	13 10 56		
5 Wednesday	8 14	14 11 7	50	
6 Thursday	9 13	15 11 18		
7 Friday	10 13	16 11 29	52	
8 Saturday	11 12	17 11 40		
9 Sunday	12 12	18 11 51	54	
10 Monday	13 11	19 12 2		
11 Tuesday	14 11	20 12 13	56	
12 Wednesday	15 10	21 12 24		
13 Thursday	16 10	22 12 35	58	
14 Friday	17 9	23 12 46		
15 Saturday	18 9	24 12 57	60	
16 Sunday	19 8	25 1 8		
17 Monday	20 8	26 1 19	62	
18 Tuesday	21 7	27 1 30		
19 Wednesday	22 7	28 1 41	64	
20 Thursday	23 6	29 1 52		
21 Friday	24 6	30 2 3	66	
22 Saturday	25 5	1 2 14		
23 Sunday	26 5	2 2 25	68	
24 Monday	27 4	3 2 36		
25 Tuesday	28 4	4 2 47	70	
26 Wednesday	29 3	5 2 58		
27 Thursday	30 3	6 3 9	72	
28 Friday	31 2	7 3 20		
29 Saturday	1 2	8 3 31	74	
30 Sunday	2 2	9 3 42		

"Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery."

The best proof that

MINARD'S LINIMENT

has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, that it is EXTENSIVELY Imitated. The imitations resemble the genuine article in appearance only. They lack the general excellence of the Genuine.

This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations liable to produce chronic inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT by Dealers, because they pay a larger profit.

They all sell on the Merits and advertising of MINARD'S.

One in particular claiming to be made by the former proprietor of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which simply is a lie.

INSIST UPON HAVING MINARD'S LINIMENT, MADE BY C. C. RICHARD'S & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

Farm for Sale!

On Bear River Line Road.

That very desirable farm consisting of fifty acres of land fronting on "The Bear River Line Road" and adjoining the property of Patrick Mackay and formerly owned by John Pidgeon. For further particulars apply to the subscribers, executors of the late William Pidgeon, or to James H. Reddin, Solicitor, Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

JOHN F. JOHNSON, F. F. KELLY, Executors.

JAMES H. REDDIN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. CAMERON BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Special attention given to Collections MONEY TO LOAN.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY

ASSETS - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world.

This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses.

P. R. I. Agency, Charlottetown.

HYNDMAN & CO. Agents. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool, The Sun Fire office of London, The Phenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn, The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

Combined Assets of above Companies, \$300,000,000.00.

Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.

JOHN McBACHERN, Agent.

FOR SALE.

The House and Lot at Head of St. Peter's Bay, lately occupied by Charles McLean, and adjoining the premises of Lestock Anderson, Esq. This would be a good locality for a mechanic or for a boarding house. Terms easy. Apply to JENAS A. MacDONALD.

Ch'lotown, April 10, 1901.

A. L. FRASER, B. A.

Attorney-at-Law.

SOURIS, P. E. ISLAND. MONEY TO LOAN.

JENAS A. MACDONALD, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien, Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Great West Life Assurance Co.

Office, Great George St. Near Bank, Nova Scotia, Charlottetown Nov. 1, 1899-1901

Going Out of the Crockery - - Business.

We will close out our entire stock of

Crockery, Glassware and General Merchandise

At Great Clearance Sale Prices.

Bargains in Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Lemonade Sets, Table Sets, Cups and Saucers, Parlor Lamps, Hall-Lamps, Fancy Goods, Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons &c.

Many lines at half price. All at sweeping reductions. Stock must be sold at once as I am going out of the Crockery business. Book accounts must be settled at once. All the above goods will be sold for spot cash, therefore you can depend on getting bargains.

P. MONAGHAN, Queen Street.

We Are Specialists

In Our Line of Business.

We make a complete study of what men should wear and how they should be dressed.

Our Tailoring Department,

Under the management of Mr. Sixtus McLellan, has an established reputation for first-class workmanship and perfect fit second to none in the lower provinces. Every garment made here is a walking fashion plate for us. In

Our Men's Furnishing Department

WE LEAD THE VAN.

In Shirts—if you are looking for any later style, quality of price, in sizes from 12 to 17½ inch, you will find them here. Our Neckwear—patterns exclusively our own. New stock of Waterproof Coats and Umbrellas.

GORDON & McLELLAN

Men's Outfitters.

WE ARE

Manufacturers and Importers

OF

Monuments

AND

Headstones

In all kinds of Marble, All kinds of Granite, All kinds of Freestone.

We have a nice assortment of finished work on hand. See us or write us before you place your order.

CAIRNS & McFADYEN

Cairns & McLean's Old Stand, Kent Street, Charlottetown.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

"The Wizard's Knot."

There is a certain suggestion of Hell Caine's gloomy novels in the latest book from the pen of the Rev. Dr. William Barry, entitled "The Wizard's Knot." The same sense of an over-riding and malignant fate urging men and women on to destruction—a power against which it is useless to struggle—is observable in this as in the romances of the writer who has given us "The Deedster" and "The Bondman."

It is melodramatic throughout. The characters, with perhaps one exception, are "stagey." Nevertheless, it is an absorbing story, and no doubt, to some extent, it gives a fairly truthful picture of the social life of what James Yellowplush would call the "upper snickles" of Ireland in the early forties.

Weird and fantastic things are in it, as becomes a story of the land of ghost and fairy. Occasional glimpses of sweet and kindly natures are shown, but the feeling of impending tragedy which hovers over every page makes the enjoyment of such passages almost impossible.

One of the strangest things about the story is that there is no priest depicted therein. And this all the more remarkable since the principal characters are nearly all Catholics.

When one considers the intimate relation which must have existed between priest and people in the Ireland of those days, the failure to present a priest of that time—the failure, indeed, to make any allusion to the religious life of the people, whatsoever—is disappointing.

One splendid passage describing the first appearance of the dreaded potato blight which brought on the terrible famine of 1847 is well worthy of reproduction, and we may be pardoned for presenting it to our readers.

"The day shone splendidly, for it was imperial August, clad in gold tissue woven of clear sunbeams, and as the poet drove through the land, he thought himself travelling in light, so radiant were the skies, so free from every speck of damp was the air. Happy, therefore, according to the law of winged creatures, Ah, no—this translucent atmosphere hid its brightness from him. For three days Edmund had been moving southward; he was delayed by an incident most singular and unforeseen at Kilmallock where he had turned aside to dine in the mansion house of the Sarsfields with some old acquaintance; and, under such a heaven as he never had beheld, the fire of a yellow wine poured out to its extreme bounds—heat behind the horses, too broken for words, stupified as with land annam. What did his eyes announce that had such terror in it? Toils, and this only—imperial August, in cloth of gold, blissing with the summer fire, was he sickened in its presence—the Famine! For beneath an enchanted sky, while the winds blew warm, and it seemed that every flower should glow with beauty, every herb yield a sweet savor, up from the fields on both sides came to his nostrils the stench of the blight, a vivid, yet intangible putrescence, that left the air transparent, but loaded the breeze with horror. Mile after mile, behind and before, the plague spread out, revealed in the crops which stood luxuriating amid their leaves, and made the thousands of acres—the dark-green vegetation of a week ago—one mighty marsh. A foul odor of decay, unmistakable, indescribable, as of heaps already rotting. It was not a patch of leprosy here and there, not a field blasted by the side of one that flourished; the whole world, far as he could see, fast as he could travel, was an infection, searing, strangely enough, the occasional perch of oats or barley, as these rose and floated on their stalks with the puffs of wind, among the leagues and leagues of potatoes, doomed, like the people that had sown and tended them, to wither away.

"The heavy, rich, malevolent breath swept up to him, as off a battlefield. He had tasted it with lathing the year before; too well he knew it; and, as imagination fled forward, the barbing of famine, fever, death, in shapes beyond counting, but each of them gasping then his fellow, tears ran down his cheeks. That a whole nation should be laid waste, not at the trampling of wars, or in a struggle for some high banner raised over them, but because a miserable, weed-like thing had fell—!"

The book is published by the Century Company, in very fine shape, and retails for \$1.50.—S. H. Review.

New Bishop of Dunkeld.

The Episcopal consecration of the Very Rev. Canon Macfarlane, D. D., Rutherford, as Bishop of the Diocese of Dunkeld, in succession to Archbishop Smith, who was recently promoted to the See of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, took place in St. Andrew's P.O.-Cathedral, Dundee, on Wednesday, May 1st.

There was a large attendance at the ceremony, including leading dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, former colleagues of the Bishop, and clergy and members of the new Curia in the diocese.

Archbishop Smith was the consecrator. The consecration ceremony was long and elaborate, and also picturesque and striking.

The various ranks of the clergy were attired in their official robes, the dress being graded in color and complexity as the order ascended, from the simple covering of the Fathers to the ornate insignia of office of the former head of the diocese.

The presence of the Archbishop to consecrate his own successor in the chair he had so well occupied was singularly appropriate, and he was surrounded by colleagues who had long assisted him in the work of the diocese.

The proceedings began with the procession of acolytes, priests, Canon, and Bishops, those who were to take an active part in the proceedings entering the sanctuary, while the others found accommodation in the area of the building.

After the Archbishop took his seat on the faldstool in front of the high altar, the Bishop-elect was introduced to him, and Rev. Father Docherty read the Apostolic Brief.

The Bishop-elect was then interrogated regarding the tenets of the Church, took the oath, and made an act of faith on each of the great mysteries and doctrines of the Church.

This was followed by the reading of the Mass by the Bishop-elect, and when the litany of the Saints had been sung, the consecrator placed the Book of Gospels on the shoulders of the new Bishop, to signify that, although he was to govern, he must be subject to the law of the Gospel.

The Bishop then laid hands on him and offered up prayers, and after the chalice had been bound round his head, and the anointing completed, he received the crozier and ring and emblematic gifts, and finally the mitre was placed on his head, and he was led to the throne, where he took his seat.

Bishop Maguire, who preached the sermon, took for the subject of his discourse the text, "And the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul."

The ceremony concluded with the "Te Deum," during the singing of which the new Bishop passed round the church and blessed the kneeling people.—Exchange.

Interesting Happenings

The World Over.

The new Church of St. Francis at Valencia, which has been erected over the tomb of Don Bosco and recently opened by Cardinal Richelmy, is one of the most handsome of modern Italian ecclesiastical edifices and forms a fitting memorial to the sainted founder of the Salesians. The style selected for the edifice is Romanesque and the design is that of Father E. Vespignani, Salesian. In the afternoon of the day of the opening over thirty thousand people, mostly from Turin, flocked to pay a visit to the tomb of Don Bosco.

Cardinal Vaughan and his household (says a London daily) are leaving Archbishop's House, Westminster, for their new residence in Ambrosden avenue, Ashley Gardens, S. W. The new residence has been erected east of the new cathedral and in direct communication with it. The cathedral, the diocesan hall and the house form one continuous pile of buildings of about 550 feet in length, occupying the whole length of Ambrosden avenue. The cost of the diocesan hall and house is close upon £40,000. Cardinal Vaughan hoped that the opening ceremony of Westminster Cathedral would take place this summer, but circumstances, architectural and constructive, have caused the postponement of the great event until 1902.

The procession of the Holy Blood in Bruges on the first Monday after the 3rd of May is an event of his toric interest. The ancient city of the 6th ultimo was gay with flags and bunting. The streets were full of strangers and religious of various orders were conspicuous. Owing to the rain there was some doubt as to whether the procession would take place, but between 12 and 1 o'clock it cleared sufficiently for it to start, and a truly magnificent sight it was, the costumes being gorgeous and rich in the extreme.

Richards' Headache Cure,

by mail, 10 cents.

It was two miles long.

Surrounded by the clergy, monks, with lights and incense borne under a purple canopy by nobles, the precious relic, followed in copes and mitres by their Graces the Bishop of Bruges and the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who subsequently carried it, the high concourse of 10,000 people profoundly kneeling with uncovered heads, to the altar which had been erected in the Place de Bourg, whence Solemn Benediction was given to the assembled throng. The music throughout was beautifully rendered, and the sight at the close, when the big triumphal bell of Bruges was tolling and the immense crowd prostrate, was one never to be forgotten. The Holy Blood was given to the Count of Flandres Thierry d'Alsace by the King of Jerusalem in June, 1147, because of his bravery during the second Crusade. He returned to Bruges, accompanied by Leonis, abbot of St. Bertin, in 1150 and gave it as a gift to his beloved city of Bruges. Up till the year 1325 the blood liquefied and bubbled every Friday. It then ceased, but recommenced in 1388, when the Bishop of Ancone placed the phial in a new reliquary decorated at its extremities with golden crowns and angel, in which the relic is still kept. The reliquary is superbly ornamented with diamonds and other gems and reposes in a chapel adjoining the Town Hall specially constructed for the purpose.

His Royal Highness the R. V. Prince Max of Saxony,

formerly attached to the Catholic German mission in White chapel, London, has lately published "A Defense of the Moral Theology of St. Alphonsus Liguori" in reply to a virulent attack of certain Herr Grassmann. So popular is the Prince's pamphlet that it has already reached the sixth edition. It is published at Nurnberg. Most probably it will be translated into English before long.

The "London Saturday Review,"

dealing with the anti-clerical agitation in France, Spain and Portugal, says it is "an artificially got up demonstration organized by a certain brotherhood which, although styling itself Masonic, is not in any way connected with any of the lodges in this country." The agitation was worked through a section of the press controlled by the lodge. "In this they evidently obeyed an inspiration emanating from the Grand Orient of Paris, where the eventual suppression of the regular clergy and the secularization of education was already being worked up into an anti-clerical crusade."

The writer in the "Review" has read a vast number of the Spanish and Portuguese papers concerned in the agitation, and he avers that he has not found "therein one single definite charge brought against any member, male or female, or any monastery or convent either in Spain or Portugal."

Speaking of the state of religion in France, Bishop Corbett, of Sale, on his return to Australia after his recent visit to that country and Italy, said that there were everywhere evidence of deep religious fervor, notwithstanding the efforts of the Freemason and infidel parties in the Legislature. A characteristic instance of the attitude of the civil authorities towards the Church was mentioned by Dr. Corbett. At Rheims preparations were made for the annual procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of the city. The Mayor sent an order to the Cardinal Archbishop prohibiting the procession. The Cardinal ignored the order and the procession took place. It was, however, stopped on the way by a government official, who said he had been sent by the Mayor to order the procession to be disbanded. The Cardinal calmly thanked the messenger for the intimation and the procession went on its usual course without further interruption. Legal proceedings were afterwards taken to vindicate the law, and the Cardinal was fined one franc for disobeying the order of the Mayor. Public opinion, however, supported the Cardinal in his action, which was regarded as a victory over the infidel party.

Dyspepsia

From foreign words meaning bad cook, has come rather to signify bad stomach, the most common cause of the disease is a predisposing want of vigor and tone in that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. The sufferer certainly do not live to eat, they sometimes wonder if they should eat at all.

W. A. August, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years, and Peter K. Geary, Eau Claire, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines prescribed. They were completely cured, as others have been, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

according to their own statements voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's.

Last year the Roman Pontifical Academy of Archaeology offered a gold medal to the writer of the best essay on the Edict of Milan, issued by the Emperor Constantine in March 313, restoring all forfeited civil and religious rights to the Christians and securing them full and equal toleration throughout the Empire. The prize, the gift of the Pope, has just been awarded to the German archaeologist, Rev. Messrs Schmyder and Kirsch, formerly chaplains in the German Hospice at Rome. Mgr. Kirsch is well known throughout Europe as an able exponent of archaeology and patristic literature.

At Monza, on the site of the regicide which deprived her of all—of husband, of throne, of queenly state—there will be erected, according to the desire and at the expense of Queen Margaret of Italy, an expiatory chapel with a monumental cross, flanked by the figures of Pity and of Sorrow. The monument will be erected after the designs of the architect Oant Saconi, whose huge monument to Victor Emmanuel II. will, when it is finished, out-top all the buildings of modern Rome and of the sculptor Fogliani. The first stone will be placed in position on the 29th of July, the first anniversary of King Humbert's assassination. A chaplain of the royal household will be appointed permanently to this expiatory chapel.

By the death of Able Verreau, founder and principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal, Canada, has lost an eminent Catholic educator. He was doubtless the most prominent of French-Canadian educationists. Forty-four years ago he founded the Jacques Cartier school, which under his management has turned out hundreds of teachers and professional men around Montreal. Deceased was a clever writer and a conscientious historian.

The A. G. Maria finds no fault with the love of legitimate fame—at least it considers the feeling defensible even in a clergyman. "Bat," says our esteemed contemporary, "the insatiable thirst for newspaper notoriety that apparently actuates a good many of our revered separated brethren is an unmitigated evil, pure and simple. In order to behold their names figuring in the glaring headlines of the daily paper, some of them do not scruple to degrade their pulpits by the utterance of the most extravagant theories of faith and morals, the most reprehensible appeals to sensationalism. Let the Rev. Dr. S. and so tickle the ears of his congregation with some unheard-of paradox, and his fame spreads all over the land. His name and paradox are found in all the papers from Bangor to Oakland; and he complacently strokes his chin, congratulating himself on the stir he has made and the improved chances of his getting a call to a better-paying pulpit."

"There are few Catholics," says the Catholic Mirror, "who have not been called upon to answer, at one time or another, some query of a Protestant friend with reference to some doctrine taught or alleged to be taught within the Catholic Church. The exact meaning of papal infallibility and the distinction which our separated brethren frequently fail to draw between infallibility and impeccability are the root of much misunderstanding which Catholics are often called upon to remove. Too often, alas! they are unable to give the explanations eagerly sought, and the inquirer is disappointed in his quest for truth. A Catholic layman should certainly be sufficiently acquainted with his religion to answer the questions and refute the objections which the lay Protestant may bring, and yet many are not so well informed on doctrinal points."

It is peculiarly pleasant at a time when such bitter opposition is offered to the religious orders on the continent of Europe to notice the testimony borne by juries at the Paris Exhibition to the work of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Not only had the Brothers the highest awards for education in the first class, but they also had prizes in many other classes. Their agricultural institute at Beauvais was marked out for special honor, and their school for deaf mutes obtained silver and fourteen bronze medals, besides many "honorable mentions" for their labors in the schools against which the new bill is directed. The French Government knows well enough the value of the work done by the members of the religious orders, but they are, like all politicians, at the command of the mob, and organize the opportunities best.

TO-DAY!!

Better get the little things you need for to-morrow than wait until to-morrow and wish you had, because then you might not get them.

Men's Neckwear.

A large variety of Colorings at 10c. to 75c. You'll find the right thing here at the right price for it.

Men's Shirts, Colored

Some new ones with the wide strip so fashionable and pretty, very good to wear too, 75c. and \$1 each. We've the best \$1 White Shirt in Canada.

Men's Suspenders.

Every pair guaranteed to stand any ordinary strain. If they break we cheerfully give you a new pair. We've a very large range to choose from.

Men's Gloves.

All that's fashionable you'll find in our Glove Stock—Kid they are, not sheepskin. Price \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Every pair guaranteed fully.

Men's Underwear.

Summer Goods are being picked up now, and you'll find our stock very complete, ranging from 50c. the suit to \$3.50 the suit.

PROWSE BROS.

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

"We treat you white, wherever you may hail from."

Grocery Satisfaction

In this store means something more than simply LOW PRICES. It means strictly high-class goods—the guaranteed kinds. It means prompt attention, quick delivery. It stands for all you can possibly expect, from the best Grocery Store you ever heard of.

Everything guaranteed to be the best of its kind.

Our Tea pleases many. It will please you.

Driscoll & Hornsby,
Queen Street.

WATCHES.

WALTHAM

WATCHES ARE UNEXCELLED FOR TIME-KEEPING.

RINGS

WEDDING—Carved band and a fine variety of gem set.

Spectacles and Eyeglasses

With lenses fitted to each eye separately and correctly and with regard to STYLE and COMFORT.

Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Reading Glasses, Microscopes and Telescopes.

SILVER TABLE WARE.

Cruets, Cake Baskets and Plates, Carving Sets, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Baking and Butter Dishes, etc., etc.

Mail orders promptly and carefully filled.

E. W. TAYLOR,

Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

OTTAWA'S population, by the census, is slightly under 60,000.

PROF. HANDEL, the distinguished mineralogist, has been appointed Dominion Inspector of Mines.

The steamer Minto arrived here Friday morning, and will be fitted up for the Governor-General's tour. She leaves on July 1st and will be due at Quebec on the 10th.

The grave of Sir John A. McDonald in the Charlevoix cemetery, Kingston, Ont., was decorated Thursday morning by the Kingston Conservative Association and McDonald Club.

An Ottawa despatch says that George Conroy has been appointed light keeper at St. Andrew's Point, and Colin Steele has been appointed light keeper at Panmure Island.

At the closing exercises at the School for the Blind at Halifax, Vernon Jones, of Pownal, took first prize for music, and Frank McDonald, of Charlottetown, second in literature.

The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered in St. Dunstan's Cathedral on Thursday—Corpus Christi—by His Lordship Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, to 145 children, 79 boys and 70 girls.

Mr. DAVID GARNHUR, while at work piling lumber in the yard of the P. E. Island Railway on Saturday, had the misfortune to have his leg broken near the ankle. The accident was caused by the pile falling on his leg.

Eighty thousand salmon trout fry arrived here from Ottawa Thursday night, and were deposited in Keele's Lake, Lot 49, Wisner's Pond and the Orwell River. About 50,000 were also deposited in Morell River Friday night.

An Ottawa despatch announces that Sir Wilfred has been invited to accompany the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall upon their tour through Canada. The Premier will accept the invitation. This will probably prevent his proposed visit to the Yukon this summer.

MESSRS. WESTLAKE BROS., the well-known photographers of this city, are now located at Alberton, where they will remain for six weeks. Their representative, who is selling the coupons for the reduced rates, is also visiting HENRY subscribers in the interest of this paper.

WALTER JONES, of Pownal, P. E. Island, won first place in several athletic events at Acadia University, and succeeded in winning the silver medal with 19 points. He threw the 16-pound hammer 112 feet, 2 1/2 inches, establishing a new maritime record. It takes the Island boys.

The three story brick building occupied by Progress and The Freeman, St. John, N. B., were gutted by fire Tuesday night of last week. The loss to both papers is heavy. The building was insured for \$2,000, there was \$5,200 on the Record Progress, \$3,000 on the general Progress plant, and \$500 on the Freeman plant.

PRESIDENTS of all Canadian universities have been invited to attend the millennial anniversary of King Alfred the Great, which is to be held in England the latter part of this month. Alfred died on the 28th of October, 901, at the age of 52, and was buried at Winchester, at which place the opening celebration will be held on the 22nd inst.

The greatest gathering of Canadian troops since confederation will take place at Toronto during the visit of the Duke of Cornwall. The government instead of having a number of reviews in different places, will make the military festival of the trip an attraction at one point only and Toronto is the chosen city. Not less than ten thousand men will be assembled.

H. M. S. OPHIR, with the Duke and Duchess of York on board, will be escorted to Quebec by no less than ten English frigates, and there is also a report that other foreign warships will be in port at the time. The Ophir will be moored at a buoy in the river opposite the Queen's wharf, and will have two anchors out, the anchors to be brought here from Halifax. —Quebec Chronicle.

JONAS MOXHAM, son of A. J. Moxham, General Manager of the Dominion Iron and Steel Works was instantly killed at the Steel Works at Sydney last Wednesday afternoon. He tried to jump on a descending train, missed his footing and slipped underneath the wheels of the car which ran over his neck. Death was instantaneous. The deceased was twenty-six years of age and married. He was general superintendent of the construction works. His father is now in New York.

A handsome stone monument was recently placed in Notre Dame Cemetery, Ottawa, in the memory of the late W. C. DesBrisay, by friends in P. E. Island and Ottawa. The monument is a simple structure and bears the following simple inscription: "To the memory of William C. DesBrisay, born at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, 21st September, 1851; died at Ottawa, 6th February, 1900. This stone is erected by those who mourn the loss in him of a dear friend. Requiescat in pace."

A bad drowning accident occurred at East Point, on Monday night of last week, the unfortunate man being Arthur Arbing, of this city and James Beaton, of East Point. They were returning in a boat from a visit to some friends and when off Sturge's lobster factory a small strack the boat capsizing her, with the above-named men and result. The bodies were recovered on Thursday. Beaton was a son of James J. Beaton, of East Point and Arbing, of David Arbing, Charlottetown. His body was brought to the city for burial.

The summer time table came into effect on the P. E. I. R. on Monday last. The express train in standard time now leaves Charlottetown at 7.30, connecting with the Northumberland. It also connects at the Royal Junction with the train from the east, which leaves Georgetown at 6.45 a. m., and arrives at 4.10 a. m. The express from the west leaves Summerside on the arrival of the boat at 6.35 p. m., and reaches here at 8.45 p. m. The Tignish train leaves at 8 o'clock, and arrives at Summerside at 9.15, connecting with the boat, which on the arrival of the boat, turns reaching Tignish at 9.55 p. m. Passengers can go from Tignish to Souris and vice versa, by making connections at the Royal Junction.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Two inches of snow fell at Brandon, Manitoba last Thursday. No frost.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, at noon of Monday. They were given a most enthusiastic reception.

A GRAND tea will be held at Kinkora on June 27th in aid of the new church now nearing completion. Every one should make a point of attending. Advertisement with particulars will appear in our next issue.

THE Militia Department at Ottawa confirms the special cable from England that the Imperial Government declined with thanks the offer of a further cavalry force from Canada. The proposal was to send five hundred men.

ON Sunday next the corner stone of the new St. Mary's Church, Souris, will be laid with solemn and appropriate ceremonies. His Lordship the Bishop will officiate, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion will be pronounced. It is expected that the attendance of priests and laity will be very large.

Two miners at Springhill, N. S., were entombed by falling stone on Friday in the old Aberdeen mine at that place. They were rescued alive, but in an almost exhausted condition, at four o'clock Sunday morning, by about sixty of their comrades, who began the work of rescue as soon as the accident occurred.

The final results of the medical faculty at McGill were announced Saturday night. Among the winners were the following: Passes for M. D. degree, T. F. Bayfield and J. J. Drake, Charlottetown; J. Bruce, Moncton. Honors—C. H. Dalton, Tignish; J. E. Fleming, Rustico; W. MacNeill, Kensington; E. J. Malhally, Souris; A. S. Simpson, Bayview.

ARCHIBALD RUSSELL, of Conception Bay, Nfld., was instantly killed on Saturday evening at the construction works of the open earth furnace of the Steel Company, at Sydney, by the falling of a block and striking him on the head. It is estimated that over one hundred and fifty persons have been killed and injured at the works of the Steel Company since they began operations.

The schooner Canadian sank in St. Mary's, Nfld., on Monday. She struck a rock off the bay, Sunday night, and sank. She was a new schooner of 115 tons, launched at Lunenburg this spring and owned by Charles Smith, Daniel Melner and others. She was insured for \$4,000 in the Maritime Insurance Company and there were \$1,000 on outfit in the Fishermen's Marine. The crew escaped.

The steamer James Swift, of the Rideau Lakes Navigation Company, took fire Saturday night at her berth in the canal basin at Ottawa. One of her crew, fireman Robert Ireland, of Marriestown, near Kingston, was burned to death and four others, John Miller, of Newboro; Thomas Sykes, of Seely's Bay; Richard Dunn, of Brookville, and in hospital suffering from a severe scorching. They only escaped by jumping into the dock.

SUNDAY last being the Sunday within the Feast of Corpus Christi, solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Dunstan's Cathedral. Rev. Dr. Monaghan was celebrant, Rev. Father Johnston deacon, and Rev. Father Campbell sub-deacon. After Mass a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. His Lordship the Bishop carried the monstrance, and was assisted by the priests already named and Dr. Morrison. After the procession Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

We have received from J. E. Wood, Esq., Manager and Secretary of the Nova Scotia Exhibition a copy of the Prize List for the Exhibition, which will take place at Halifax from Sept. 14th to the 21st. The premium list in the departments of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, butter, fruit, flowers and fisheries has undergone considerable change from last year, the effect of which is the increase of prize offerings and the better distribution of premiums. Copies of the prize list may be had by dropping a post card to Mr. J. E. Wood, at Halifax.

On Thursday last, Feast of Corpus Christi, the children of St. Dunstan's parish, who had been preparing for some weeks, received their First Communion in the Cathedral. In the afternoon, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to one hundred and forty-five children, boys and girls. The Sacrament was administered by His Lordship, Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, who was here on a visit at the time. Before administering the Sacrament his Lordship preached an appropriate and forcible sermon on the nature and effects of Confirmation. The learned discourse of the venerable Bishop was listened to with great attention. His Lordship, Bishop McDonald was present in the Sanctuary and Rev. Dr. Morrison, Rev. Father McDonald, of Antigonish, and Rev. Dr. Monaghan assisted Bishop Cameron in the ceremonies. Rev. Father Johnston, who had instructed the boys in the reception of the Holy Eucharist and Confirmation, had charge of them and directed their movements to and from the altar railing. The girls were in charge of the Sisters of the Convents.

The Windsor Tribune of recent date contains the following paragraph: "In another column will be found an article in the Halifax Herald referring to the firm's horse race at the last tournament, which was won by the Windsor team in time which made them not only the champions of Nova Scotia, but of the world." The Windsor horse race team, begging the Tribune's pardon, are not the champions of the world. This honor belongs to Charlottetown, and it was won in the tournament of 1892 by the following team: James McEboch (captain and couple); Frank Greenha (hydrant man); Adolphe Gaudet, Dan McDonald, George Gaudin, J. H. Wonnacott, Joseph Hennessy, Thomas Ronaghan, John McKenna, Daniel McLaren. Their time was 2:37 2/5, and this fact is duly recorded in the New York Clipper, which declares them champions of the world. The competition which the Windsor men won took place in 1886, and their time was 2:40. The conditions of the two teams were the same, but while Windsor had 12 men in 1886, Charlottetown had but 10 men in 1892—and their average weight would not exceed 140 lbs. Credit to whom credit is due. Charlottetown has the championship and will defend it with bull dog tenacity in the coming tournament.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY makes the statement positively that he will not accept a nomination for a third term.

It is said that about 25 per cent of the young men who presented themselves for entrance examination at the United States military academy at West Point were found physically disqualified, mainly on account of weak eyes.

The largest train ever hauled on the Northern Pacific was moved from Jamestown to Fargo the other day, and consisted of 125 box cars, five of which were loaded. The train which was over a mile in length being hauled by one locomotive.

PHILIP COVLE, aged 16 years, employed in the machine shop of the P. E. I. Railway, while running across the yard outside the roundhouse, tripped over the railway track, breaking his wrist in two places and bruising his face severely. Medical aid was summoned and he is now doing well.

The strike situation at Sydney is unchanged. The painters are still out. The dispute is as far removed as ever from a settlement. The bricklayers held a meeting Friday night only to decide on continuing to hold out. The painters will likely start a union shop shortly. The strike is beginning to have a bad effect on business and trade in the town.

An Ottawa despatch says: Lady Minto is interested in erecting memorial tablets over the graves of Canadian soldiers who have fallen in South Africa. Her Excellency has heard from Lord Roberts that the graves are now located and identified, but he expresses the opinion that it may not be advisable to take any further steps until the close of the war. It is Her Excellency's intention at a later period to appeal to the Canadian public for funds to carry out the patriotic scheme outlined above. Each grave will have a tablet, and the relatives of the soldiers buried therein will be asked individually to choose their own inscription. Arrangements will be made for the care of the graves in perpetuity.

The June sitting of the Supreme Court opened in Summerside yesterday. Chief Justice Sullivan presiding. Attorney General Arthur Peters, Prothonary W. A. Weeks, Attorney W. S. Stewart, Charlottetown, and George Tweedy, Alberton, are in attendance. The Grand Jury empaneled as follows: John A. Sharp, Foreman. David Thompson, Charles Donli, Albert Williams, John Noonan, Nelson Clark, Isaac Lowther, John T. Wright, Thomas Hodgson, John Silliker, Nelson Hooper, Thomas Gaudet, Joseph Locke, Ingham S. Wright, Wm. Calbeck, Lawrence Doyle, Hiram Howatt, L. U. Fowler, Jas. Ramsay, Solomon Hillson, Joseph Calbeck, Donald Darrach. There is only one criminal case before the Court, viz.: that against Stanislaus Gallan for an indecent assault. The Attorney General read the petition and application of John Laddow Sharp to be admitted to study law. The following absconded debtors' suits were disposed of: Joseph C. Wilkinson vs. Donald D. McPhee. Judgment for plaintiff \$39.07. Mr. Johnson for plaintiff. Wm. Bernard vs. Charles Bernard vs. J. J. Dunlop. Judgment for plaintiff, \$48.50. Mr. Neil McLeod for plaintiff. John M. Clarke vs. George Gould; judgment for plaintiff, \$68.25. Mr. Neil McLeod for plaintiff. Charles D. Frost and another vs. John T. Carroll; judgment for plaintiff, \$81.08. George Tweedy for plaintiff. Bernard vs. J. J. Dunlop; judgment for plaintiff, \$87.27. Neil McQuarrie for plaintiff.

To Be Removed.
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Nothing can be good for everything. Doing one thing well brings success.
Doan's Pills do one thing well. They are for sick kidneys. They cure backache and all kidney ills.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.
A Pucky Deed in the Transvaal.

The officers of the Veterinary Department, hardworking and useful as they are, do not often get a chance of distinguishing themselves in the field. It is therefore a pleasure to record an act of magnificent pluck performed by a veterinary captain. The incident occurred during the march of the 21st Brigade to Hoopstadt, in the north-west corner of the Orange River Colony, about eight miles south of the River Vaal. Camp had been pitched for the night, and half an hour later it was found necessary to send a few shells across the Vaal. The horses of the 39th Battery, which were grazing, alarmed at the noise, started off towards their former grazing ground. Away they went at full speed, with a few officers and gunners hurrying after them. In the excitement of the chase it was not noticed that the enemy were close by until they opened fire from the thick mimosa shrubs. Veterinary Captain Gerald H. Farrell, who had joined in the chase, saw that the Boers were bent on capturing the

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

horses, and determined to save the animals if he could. The pursuing gunners were unarmed, having left the camp hurriedly, and Captain Farrell only had with him a Mauser pistol and ten rounds. At great risk he managed to prevent the enemy from rounding off the horses. The Boers rode at him, whereupon he dismounted and let them have his solitary ten rounds. Then he leapt on to his horse and tried to ride off. But he had barely gone a few yards when his charger was shot under him, and the Boers closed in upon him. There he stood by the side of his dead horse clad in a short-sleeved jersey, breeches and putties, his helmet on the ground. He had fired his last shot, and, indeed, had even lost his pistol, for he had dropped it when his horse rolled over him. To get away was hopeless, and there he waited for the Boers to come up, hoping that in the meantime the horses had been saved. The foremost Boer—a low type, hideous to look at—rode up on a brown horse, and levelled his rifle at Captain Farrell's head, telling him to say his prayers as his time had come. Farrell gave himself up as lost, but brave to the last, made no appeal to the Boer for mercy, and calmly waited for the bullet that was to end his days. But before the Boer could fire another round up and ordered the first to lower his rifle. Boer No. 1 reluctantly obeyed, and by this time Captain Farrell found himself surrounded by some twelve or fifteen Boers. He was, of course, taken prisoner, and was ordered to follow the Boers. Eventually he managed to escape and find his way back to camp. —London Graphic.

The Prices.

Butter, (fresh).....	0.22 to 0.28
Butter (old).....	0.20 to 0.22
Beef (small) per lb.....	0.08 to 0.10
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Ducks.....	0.50 to 0.70
Eggs, per doz.....	0.11 to 0.12
Fowls.....	0.35 to 0.50
Geese.....	0.60 to 0.80
Hay, per 100 lbs.....	0.6 to 0.8
Lamb.....	0.07 to 0.07
Lamb (qr.).....	0.50 to 0.70
Mutton, per lb.....	0.05 to 0.07
Oats.....	0.80 to 0.91
Oatmeal (per owl).....	2.00 to 2.25
Potatoes (buyers price).....	0.18 to 0.18
Pork (small).....	0.8 to 0.12
Sheepskins.....	0.60 to 0.65
Turpins.....	0.18 to 0.20

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING
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BREAFAST SUPPER
Oct. 24, 1900—304

THE LIFE OF
Mother Mary Baptist Russell
Pioneer Sister of Mercy in California.

"It is charmingly written; there are no long and tiresome disquisitions about abstract subjects, not even descriptions of scenery; but a gentle narrative half conversational and broken by anecdotes, which reveal more than the most laborious biographical details. Father Russell, too, has given largely of his sister's letters, and nothing reveals character so well as these silent tell-tales. A large number of readers will be interested, too, in the letters that passed between Mother Baptist and her distinguished brothers, whilst many more, particularly priests who studied at Maynooth during her great presidency, will be interested in the collateral notices of Dr. Charles William Russell, and will be glad to have in their possession a photograph of the well-known face and features. The book is well produced, and enriched with nearly thirty photographs of places and persons of more than ordinary interest to Irishmen and Catholics." —The Cork Examiner.

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APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.
27 & 29 West 16th Street, New York City.

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Manager to take charge of the Province for a well established Old Line Life Insurance Company. Liberal salary and commission to an experienced man. Address in confidence.
The HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
May 21-21 Toronto, Ont.

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THE ONLY PERFECT MILK SUBSTITUTE.

Calves can be raised on Blatchford's Calf Meal from a day old quite as successfully and more cheaply than on new milk.

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AULD BROS.
Charlottetown.

We Got a Bargain of
500
Men's & Boys' Suits

At tremendous reduction from a manufacturer to clear the lot. We did so and now we will sell the same at a tremendous reduction from regular prices.

\$5.00 Suits for \$3.35
7.00 Suits for 4.50
8.00 Suits for 5.00
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Lot Boys' Suits half price. If you wish to save big money buy your Suits from us, in Serges, Tweeds and fine Worsteds.

J. B. McDonald & Co.,
The best value in Clothing for men and boys.

Suits.

WE KEEP
Right to the Front
—IN THE—
Tailoring Trade;

But we do not charge high prices for our Goods—just enough to make you feel satisfied that you are getting the best value in town.

Tweed & Worsted Suits
FROM \$14 UP.

JOHN McLEOD & CO.,
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SEEDS! SEEDS!

Spring is here again and you will want the usual supply of seeds. Don't forget when in town to call and get our prices. You will find them as low as the lowest. We carry a large stock of the following seeds:—

WHEAT—W. Russian and Fife. Timothy, Clovers, Peas, Corn, Vetches, Oats, Barley, Turnip, Mangels, Carrots, Parsnips, Cabbage, etc., also a full line of Garden and Flower Seeds.

RELIABLE GROCERIES

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"EUREKA" BLEND TEA

If you have never tried this Tea it will pay you to do so; our sales on it are increasing every month. It is one of the best teas sold at 25c. per lb in this Province

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We have a full supply of Whiting, Pearline, Gold Dust, Glue, Soaps, Brushes, Brooms, etc.

FREE DELIVERY.—Telephone No. 28.

R. F. MADDIGAN & Co
Lower Queen St., Charlottetown.

Turn the Rascals Out

We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, bad blood, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., interfering the human system.

THE LOST PYX.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

Some say the spot is banned; that the pillar Cross-and-Hand Attests to a deed of hell;

That ancient valefolk tell. Ere Cernel's abbey ceased hereabout - there dwelt a priest,

In later life sub-prior Of the brotherhood there, whose bones are now bare

In the field that was Cernel choir. One night in his sell at the foot of you dell

The priest heard a frequent cry: "Go, father, in haste to the cot on the waste,

And shrieve a man waiting to die." Said the priest in a shout to the caller without,

"The night howls, the tree trunks bow: One may barely by day track so rugged a way,

And can I, then, do so now?" No further word from the dark was heard,

And the priest moved never a limb; And he slept and dreamed; till a Visage seemed

To frown from heaven at him. In a sweat he rose; and the storm shrieked shrill,

And smote as in savage joy; While High-Stoy trees twanged to Bub-Down Hill,

And Bub-Down to High-Stoy. There seemed not a holy thing in bail,

Nor a shape of light or love, From the abbey north of Blackmore vale

To the abbey south thereof. Yet he plodded thence through the dark immense,

And with many a stumbling stride Through cove and briar-climbed night and nigher

To the cot and the sick man's side. When he would have unslung the vessels upbuing

To his arm in the steep ascent, He made loud moan; the pyx was gone

Of the Blessed Sacrament. Then in dolor and dread he beat his head;

"No earthly prize or pelf Is the thing I've lost in tempest tossed,

But the Body of Christ himself!" He thought of the Visage his dream revealed,

And turned toward whence he came, Hands groping the ground along foot-track and field,

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

The beautiful dream holds the sleeper long. The watchers gaze in wonder on the transfigured face.

The look of anguish, and pain, and premature old age it wore, has given place to softness, sweetness, peace.

The look of a child about the mouth, the soft breathing of an innocent sleeper, the restful look of a happy mind in sweet repose.

Sister Noella stands transfixed. She holds up a warning finger, as Blandine stirs in the corner, where she sits waiting for orders. O, what a change!

Youthful, beautiful, has that face suddenly become. The smile upon the lips tells of holy thoughts.

"Dream on!"—the nun says to herself—"Dream on! good angels guard thee! Thy soul must once have been very beautiful."

And Margaret dreams on. Ere long she smiles again, a happier smile, for it is she, Margaret, herself and none other, who now strips the altar and unveils the tabernacle, leaving them unadorned for a brief space.

It is she, who kneels and says, "No flowers, dear Lord, no lights, nothing but the heart of little Margaret." And it is Margaret and none other who speedily brings back fairer flowers, and brighter lights, and richer veil, arranging all with loving skill, till the effect is wondrously beautiful, and when all is done little Margaret kneels again and again lays her young heart at the royal wounded feet of Him whom her young soul loveth so dearly.

By and by the sleeper sighs, a mournful sigh, a wail. Sister Noella, watching every change in the beautiful face, cannot restrain her tears, and little Blandine chokes back her sobs and comes to kneel close by the sufferer's bed.

"Good angels abide with, defend her," prays the weeping Sister. And Margaret dreams on. The altar and the tabernacle are still beautiful, but the long sigh heralded a change.

The dreamer's face loses its expression of childlike innocence, it ages a little. The smile of rapture and innocent worship fades slowly. It seems now as if she had ceased to breathe.

The change has come. The child is a grown woman, and surely this is not the convent garden in which she stands! Some one has led her almost by force from that dear chapel, and she sighs and turns again and again to catch a glimpse of the convent walls as they hurry her away.

Another and a deep sigh, and the dreamer sleeps more heavily for a little while. Then she stirs restlessly. She is again in white, crowned with flowers, not lilies but roses, and she is very beautiful. She catches her own reflection in a long mirror, and she sees that she is very beautiful, and she smiles a smile of triumph and satisfaction.

The nun buries her face in her hands. She is reading the story of the dreamer's life. She sees the world in all her thoughts, reads every transition of the mobile features. Triumph and pride and joy seem to be there for a brief moment, and then the face falls again, care-lined, drawn, aged.

And now begins a great struggle. The dreamer is trying to escape from something or someone. After a long battle she falls into a state of exhaustion that nearly wrecks her life. For days and nights the fever rages.

Faithful Sister Noella still keeping alive the faint spark of life left her, that it may burn, if only for one hour, for her God, before going out forever.

"Her soul, dear Lord! her soul, for his sake," is the prayer of the holy nun. "Spare her soul for his sake, and do with me as Thou wilt."

"Pray, dear Blandine," urges still the grey nun. "I am always praying for the dear lady," is the soft answer.

"Dear lady," repeats Sister Noella, taking up the familiar appellation, as she bends anxiously over the sleeper. Ah, who had ever been dearer than that blind woman now struggling in the grasp of death, and such a death!

So far not one gleam of Christian hope to brighten the dark road she is now fast approaching. O, how will it be when that soul shall lie naked before the eyes of the Almighty!

"No, no! Not this! Not this," had been Margaret's cry when blindness fell upon her. And now the grey nun is lifting the same cry: "No, no, dear Lord, not this! O, not this unprepared death! Take her if thou wilt, but give her time to make her peace with Thee. Save her soul, O dear Lord! Save her immortal soul from perdition, even though the flesh perish!"

But for this she must be aroused from the lethargy that is seising her. The weight that holds her spirit in bondage must be shaken off. "Margaret! Margaret! Look up! Try to speak my name, say, 'Jesus have mercy upon me,'" pleads the nun, while she essays to hold the emblem of man's salvation in the feeble fingers.

ter Noella, as she sprinkles the sick woman and the bed, and all the place around with holy water. "She is in torment! pray, Blandine, pray!"

And Blandine prays, and the priest, on his knees, close by the bed, prays, for he sees what the ailing woman sees, and he is battling for her soul.

Suddenly Margaret speaks. She appears to be answering one close beside her. She beholds the form of her who left her the dire heritage that defies the walls of the apartments; the poison that drugged her senses and held her back from God.

And the vision bids her look upon them. Margaret's eyes roll around the room as if reading the ominous titles, while the finger of the phantom is pointing to them and telling her, that, till the last leaf shall be consumed, she burns in hell-fire. And Margaret's fever-orested lips try to form the words after her, "Barn them! burn them!"

But to sound comes from the parched throat. The struggle is dreadful to look upon. The priest of God can only pray, and the nun can only pray and sprinkle the holy water, and moisten the dry lips from time to time, and from time to time cool the heated brow.

Ab, the saintly, tireless nun! How she fights for that perishing soul! And little Blandine, too, ceases not to supplicate her dear Lady of Betharram for the "dear lady."

Now the sufferer makes a convulsive movement, tries to throw off the coverlet and tears open the garment at her throat. She is suffering. Sister Noella aids the feeble, fevered hands, and Blandine whispers: "Perhaps she wants a crucifix."

The child never thinks that anyone can be without that safeguard, and she adds, "Please give her mine."

But Margaret is not dreaming of a crucifix. To her feverish fancy has suddenly appeared the letter with its five great seals and she is feeling for it. It is there, clinging damp with perspiration to her breast.

Sister Noella, who has more than once felt and touched a package of paper, has forbidden to remove it, lest in a moment like this the sick woman might miss it, and be anxious. She places it now in the groping hands that cannot hold it. It falls upon the counterpane, while Margaret sinks once more into a state of quietude from utter exhaustion.

This is the crisis. If she wakes from that trance there will be a little hope. The faithful watcher keeps up the battle, till the breathing becomes easier. She then takes up the letter, and is about to transfer it to a place of safety, when the bold characters of the address catch her attention. They were so large and clearly formed that it is impossible not to see the name, "Margaret Moore Dunroby."

The sister reads again. She links here eyes deceive her. No, it is no illusion! And it is all she can do not to exclaim aloud: "Margaret Dunroby!" She only murmurs "O my God!" as she bends over the sick woman and scans her sleepy face.

Sister Noella had been indeed praying till now, for the soul in danger. But now she pours out all her heart in prayer for the life. Little could the sleeper guess why she is now tended with such refinement of care, prayed over with such intense yearning, watched with such ceaseless solicitude.

She little guesses whose hand moistens her lips, whose voice charms away the evil spirit that laugh mockingly at her and repeat names that make her shudder even in her feverish dreams, though she has been vain and proud to quote them and to dwell upon their fascinating language.

Little does Margaret Dunroby guess whose prayers are keeping alive the faint spark of life left her, that it may burn, if only for one hour, for her God, before going out forever.

"Her soul, dear Lord! her soul, for his sake," is the prayer of the holy nun. "Spare her soul for his sake, and do with me as Thou wilt."

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The priest is going away, after a long night of such effort as he had never, or rarely, been called upon to do, to gain a soul. His face wears an expression of keen sorrow. He



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Dear Sirs,—I write to say that I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with excellent results. Last spring my daughter got all run down and was very thin and weak.

Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B., and by the time she had finished them the spots and boil disappeared and she has got strong and fleshy again.

I consider B.B.B. the best blood medicine known. MRS. I. DAVIDSON.

shakes his head, claps his thin hands, almost weeps at the pitiful sight. Sister Noella turns towards him with one more appeal. He sees her face strangely convulsed. She holds up the holy water in supplication, while she murmurs: O, pray on, father, pray on! She must not die thus! She is dear to one of mine. Pray! Save her! Call back her spirit for his sake and mine."

"You know her, then?" "Yes, yes. She must be saved, I knew her." They kneel together once more.

Little Blandine, who has been lying prone upon the floor, crucifix in hand, praying, weeping, softly draws near. "Sister, may I go up the Calvary?"

"The Sister nods assent. The child flies as if wings had been given her. A mute appeal before the Tabernacle, eyes welling over with tears fixed a few minutes on the Divine Child and loving Mother, and she hastens out. Only stopping to draw off shoes and stockings, she begins to make her way up the Calvary, as she has done so often, in processions, and especially on that one great day, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, when she has followed the bearers of the great Christ of Betharram. Every step of Blandine's way of the Cross to-day is such a prayer of faint and love to Our Lady of Betharram, that the mother heart of Mary cannot resist.

The flame of life flickers and trembles in Margaret's breast. It rises and falls many a time while the nun is doing her best to keep it alight, while the priest is saying Mass, offering for her the Holy Sacrifice, the highest, holiest, safest resource for suffering souls, for the living and the dying, and while little Blandine, her feet bleeding from knocks, and the sharp stones she might have avoided had not her eyes been so full of tears, mounts up and up to the Chapel of the Resurrection on the summit of the mountain, and there makes a solemn promise to Our Lady of Betharram to be forever her own faithful little servant, if "the dear lady will only ask Jesus to come to her."

"If she will only ask Him, He will come, Sister says, and if He comes He will cure her." Blessed confidence of childhood and innocence! (To be continued.)

Life. The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to arise a feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overpowered by them—to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abounding. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

Magazine Editor.—But, my dear madame, I have merely attempted to give you, in the kindest spirit, a few hints on metre and construction.

"Well, I wouldn't have such a mean disposition as you have for a thousand dollars."

Richards' Headache Cure 12 doses, 10 cts.



ARE A SURE CURE FOR

Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Energy, Brain Fog, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Loss of Memory, Melancholia, Listlessness, After Effects of La Grippe, Palpitation of the Heart, Anemia, General Debility, and all troubles arising from a run-down system.

They will build you up, make rich red blood and give you vim and energy. Price, 50c. per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at drug-gists, or will be sent on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS. Major Crust—So you refuse me, Miss Fondant?

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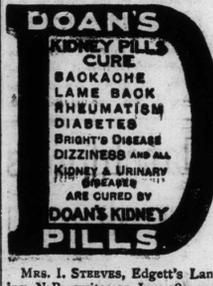
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