

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1896.

Vol. XXV. No. 50

## Calendar for Dec., 1896.

MOON'S CHANGES.  
New Moon, 4th day, 1h. 38.6m. p. m.  
First Quarter, 11th day, 8h. 16.9m. p. m.  
Full Moon, 19th day, 11h. 52.9m. p. m.  
Last Quarter, 27th day, 7h. 56.2m. a. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Moon	High Water	Low Water
1 Tues	7 29 4 10	3 44	2 11	7 56
2 Wed	30	10 5 8	2 47	8 51
3 Thurs	31	19 6 32	3 37	9 44
4 Fri	32	9 7 50	4 47	10 33
5 Sat	33	9 8 59	5 50	11 21
6 Sun	34	8 9 52	7 3	12 0
7 Tues	35	8 10 33	8 20	0 7
8 Wed	36	8 11 1	9 33	0 49
9 Thurs	37	8 11 23	10 39	1 31
10 Fri	38	8 11 41	11 45	2 12
11 Sat	39	8 11 59	12 50	2 55
12 Sun	40	8 12 16	0 48	3 36
13 Tues	41	8 0 33	1 52	4 14
14 Wed	42	8 0 50	2 51	4 49
15 Thurs	43	8 1 12	4 1	5 21
16 Fri	44	8 1 31	5 5	5 50
17 Sat	45	8 2 11	6 11	6 35
18 Sun	46	8 2 55	7 14	7 19
19 Tues	47	8 3 49	8 10	8 14
20 Wed	48	8 4 52	9 10	9 14
21 Thurs	49	8 5 55	10 14	10 19
22 Fri	50	8 6 58	11 20	11 24
23 Sat	51	8 7 59	12 29	12 29
24 Sun	52	8 7 59	1 31	1 31
25 Tues	53	8 7 59	2 36	2 36
26 Wed	54	8 7 59	3 43	3 43
27 Thurs	55	8 7 59	4 51	4 51
28 Fri	56	8 7 59	6 0	6 0
29 Sat	57	8 7 59	7 10	7 10
30 Sun	58	8 7 59	8 20	8 20
31 Tues	59	8 7 59	9 30	9 30

## McMillan & Hornsby.

### Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods,

### School Books, and School Supplies of all Kinds.

**BEST ASSORTMENT OF INKS, PENS, SCRIBBLERS, FOOLSCAP, SLATES, ETC., IN CHARLOTTETOWN.**

**PRICES AWAY DOWN.**

## PICTURE FRAMING

At Short Notice.

Don't Forget the Place,

## McMILLAN & HORNSBY,

Queen Street, Charlottetown.

## MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Everybody Wants Money. We Want it in Cash or

## GOOD NOTES

—AT THE—  
**City Hardware Store,**

Wholesale and Retail.

## Hardware & Stoves

Celebrated "JEWEL" STOVES.

From now till the new year we want a **PILE OF MONEY** and have a **BIG PILE OF GOODS** to exchange for it. Sound money and sound business is what we are after. Our stock is large and well assorted, and for the balance of 1896 we will give special inducements for Cash or Good Notes. Call or write for prices and you are sure to buy. Don't forget the old

City Hardware Store, Queen Street.

**R. B. NORTON & CO.**

## FREE INSTRUCTION

### IN PENMANSHIP

Will be given to those taking my mail course in SHORTHAND, during the next three months only.

## One Year's Instruction at a Small Cost.

I want every school teacher and young man and woman throughout P. E. Island to learn shorthand and improve their handwriting. Success guaranteed. Send a 3c. stamp for circulars, specimens of writing and shorthand and testimonials as to teacher and art.

**W. H. CROSSKILL,**  
Stenographer.

## North British and Mercantile

**FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
—OF—  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.  
ESTABLISHED 1860.

Total Assets, 1891, - \$60,082,727.

Transacts every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this island during the past thirty years.

**FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent.**  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Jan. 21, 1896—17

## CLOCKS

### Cuckoo Clocks, Musical Clocks, ALARM CLOCKS.

Eight-day and thirty hour Clocks and Regulator Clocks, and Clocks of all kinds and patterns selling low. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry a specialty.

If you want to save money deal with

**G. G. JURY,**  
Watchmaker and Jeweller, North Side Queen Square, opp. P. O., Charlottetown.

## Local and Special News.

### Handsome Features.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or shallow open skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system, and impart freshness and beauty.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Colds etc.

Much heart and nerve weakness is caused by undue use of tea, coffee or tobacco; palpitation, nervousness, irritability, excitability, lack of confidence, etc.; are sure symptoms. Minard's Heart and Nerve Pills bring ready relief by steadying the nerves and regulating the heart. They are a true heart and nerve food.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

If your lung trouble is of scrofulous origin, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

### Minard's Liniment Cures distemper.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is the best, handiest, safest, sweet, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentlemen's favorite.

### SICK HEADACHE and Constipation are promptly cured by Burdock Pills. Easy to take sure in effect.

### BLOOD IS LIFE.

It is the medium which carries to every nerve, muscle, organ and fibre its nourishment and strength. If the blood is pure, rich, and healthy you will be well; if impure, diseased will soon overtake you. Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to keep you in health by making your blood rich and pure.

### Hood's PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness, etc.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

I WAS CURED OF Rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ANDREW KING, Halifax.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Lt.-Col. C. O'NEILL READ, Sussex.

I WAS CURED OF acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. S. BILLING, Markham, Ont.

### To REMOVE WORMS of all kinds from children or adults Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is a safe and sure remedy.

Ringing noises in the ears, snapping, buzzing, roaring, caused by Catarrh, all disappear with the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35c.

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a perfect cure for scrofula, that dreaded taint in the human system.

### One Laxa-Liver Pill taken each night during 30 days will cure Constipation, returning headaches and irregular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills leave no unpleasant after-effect.

### CATARH MEANS DANGER.

Because if unchecked it may lead directly to consumption. Catarrh is caused by impure blood. This fact is fully established. Therefore, it is useless to try to cure catarrh by outward applications or inhalants. The true way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, cures catarrh by its power to drive out all impurities from the blood. Thousands of people testify that they have been perfectly and permanently cured of Catarrh by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### THE BEST COUGH CURE is Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. It heals the lungs and cures Coughs and Colds.

### CONSTITUTION CURED.

CHERRY.—I was in very poor health for over four years; the doctor said it was consumption. Not wanting to spend too much cash I got three bottles of B. B. B. and took it regularly. I can certify that I am now in the very best of health and feel very grateful to B. B. B.

ALBERT THORPE, Montreal, Que.

### NORWAY PINE SKIN cures Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all summer-complaints and fluxes of the bowels in children and adults.

If you desire a luxurious growth of healthy hair of a natural colour, nature's crowning gift, use only Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Restorer.

AS WELL AS EVER.

Dear Sir, —After suffering for two years from acute indigestion I tried B. B. B. I took only three bottles, which made me as well as ever. I highly recommend B. B. B. to all dyspeptics.

Mrs. John White, Anshin, Man.

### MORE CURATIVE POWER

It is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the jobber and is worth more to the consumer. It has a record of cures unknown to any other preparation. It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

## Archbishop Langevin Speaks.

(Northwest Review.)

His Grace Archbishop Langevin delivered the following from the cathedral in St. Boniface, on Sunday 22.d ult. It is his official pronouncement on the so-called settlement of the school question. It was delivered in the cathedral at the high mass. Taking for his text the words: "That keep which is committed to thy trust," 1 Timothy, 6:20. His Grace said: "Such is dearly beloved brethren, the motto that I choose on the day of my consecration, and in selecting these words, I mean to indicate that I intend to devote my life to the preservation in its full integrity, of the sacred deposit which was entrusted to me, and, as you are aware, Catholic education occupies the first place in the trust committed to pastors.

"To-day is the saddest, gloomiest day of my episcopal career, it is therefore with a broken heart that I appear before you. The negotiations which have taken place between the local authorities of Winnipeg and the Federal authorities of Ottawa, have resulted in an understanding which is spoken of as a settlement of the school question. At the outset, I protest against this word settlement. A disputed question cannot be settled without the consent and agreement of both parties. We are, without doubt, the parties the most interested in the Manitoba school question. It is for us a most vital matter, a matter of conscience, a matter of life or death.

The majority which enjoys the school established in 1890 are satisfied, and we do wish to take from them anything of their rights and privileges; we ask simply to enjoy our legitimate rights as they do theirs; the possession of which has given us nearly twenty years of peace, after the Manitoba act of 1870. The minority has, moreover, obtained a favorable judgment from the Privy Council upon which they may found their claims for a restoration of the rights of which they have been deprived. But what has been the result? Instead of treating with us, negotiations have been carried on with those who have taken away our rights, and when the time came to finish the matter, it was not to us that the so-called settlement was shown, but to our worst enemies, to know if it was agreeable to them. And when the men whose programme has been the abolition of separate schools in Manitoba, and afterwards in Ontario have said, "It is well the settlement is satisfactory to us," the news has gone out that the question is settled, and the text of the settlement is given to the newspapers.

I would like to know whether the Catholic minority has authorized any man, or any set of men, to accept this pretended settlement. Allow me to tell you, my friends, that I have cherished the hope that we would receive the full and complete justice which was solemnly promised to us. We would have gladly accepted any fair arrangement; we would even have accepted any substantial concessions; although we might at the same time have retained the right to claim all our rights. But what is the position that they would impose upon us. There are items in the document, of which the first provides for a provincial law, eight others have reference to the religious instruction, and two others deal with instructions in languages other than English. A resume of the eight articles concerning religious instruction is the official proclamation of the principle of common and neutral schools. Article eight is well framed:—"No separation of the pupils by religious denominations shall take place during the secular school work." Thus it will be necessary that in the mixed centres of population, like Winnipeg, and elsewhere, the children be united in the same public schools, and it is forbidden to speak of God during the hours of secular instruction, but only after half-past three o'clock; and then a formal request of the parents or guardians of the children is necessary. Allow me to say to you at once, my friends, that the common and neutral schools have been condemned by the Church. We have the encyclicals of the Pope, and particularly that one addressed to France by the Pope Leo, XIII., "Nobilissima Gallorum Genes," and the directions of the sacred congregation of the Propaganda to the bishops of Canada, of the 16th March, 1895. No Catholic can approve of these schools unless he wishes to separate himself from the church. What do we understand by religious instruction? Is it instruction in the catechism? Yes, and more than that. The spirit of the child ought to be penetrated by the Christian seed. The catechism does not suffice for that. If, during the larger part of the day, the child only hears of secular matters, do

you think that the poor half hour will suffice to counterbalance the disastrous effect of the moral lessons. Our separated brethren in England believe in religious instruction during the classes, and, in order to avoid the divorce between religious and secular instruction, the Anglicans and others have established voluntary schools in the same manner as the Catholics. Thousands of schools in France and in the United States have been established in order to safeguard the same principle, and we, who have a right to separate schools by the constitution—shall we accept common and neutral schools? The Catholic conscience forbids it. For the rest, the details of the pretended settlement betrays the real meaning of its authors. There are minute, petty, odious provisions brought in under the pernicious pretext of respecting the liberty of the parents, but at bottom, they practically reduce to nothing the derisive homage seemingly rendered to religious instruction.

### JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

1.—One half-hour only after half-past three, and then only, can religious instruction be given by the priest, some authorized by him, or by the teachers.

2.—This can take place, too, only after a resolution of the school trustees, or upon a petition of the parents or guardians of ten children for rural schools, and of 15 children for those of towns and villages.

3.—And this religious instruction may not be given every day. (sec. 4.)

4.—Moreover, in order to have a Catholic teacher, it is necessary in the schools in towns and cities that there shall be at least 40 Catholic children in attendance, which supposes 55 on the roll; and in the village schools a minimum of 25 Catholic children in attendance, which means 40 on the roll. So that in Winnipeg and several other places we will not have Catholic teachers because the children, divided up among the different schools will not be sufficiently numerous, and I do not wish to abandon these Catholics who have always been faithful to their duty. This is not all. It is necessary, yet that there should be a petition of the parents or guardians of at least 10, 25 or 40 children, according to the school, or there will be no religious instruction and no Catholic teacher.

5.—Finally, if there are in a school both Protestant and Catholic children, and there is not accommodation sufficient to separate them for religious instruction, then the days are to be divided between each denomination; and so instead of a half hour on each day, it will be a half-hour on every second day. So may I not repeat the words of an eminent member of an English church in Winnipeg, giving them, perhaps, a more extended signification; "They take away with one hand what they give with the other."

And are we not to thank them for these miserable crumbs they have thrown derisively at us. They are truly cynical. That alone renders the "settlement" unacceptable. The hot blood rises to the head, indignation makes the heart burst when one reads these details. These are not concessions, but odious restrictions. Formerly we had complete right to teach in French. To-day this is reduced to a moiety, and we, who were the first to come to this country, who discovered it by our ancestors, we have not more than those who came after us. We whose rights are guaranteed by constitution are put on the same footing as those who came from Iceland or from the wilds of Russia; we are not better treated than the Chinese or the Japanese. More than that, they do not permit us to teach French except as a means to learn English. Yes we wish to know English. It is necessary from every point of view. But there is nothing new in that for only to speak of St. Boniface, our little Canadian girls of the Taobe Academy learn English and speak it very correctly.

The study of English occupies in this house an important place; one cultivates it the same as French; mathematics are taught in English. We are anxious then to learn English; but we do not wish to sacrifice our rights. This pretended compromise does not guarantee to us our French books; we are to have mixed books, half French, half English, some Protestant, some atheistic, perhaps, like the manual of Paul Bert, which they will translate in part for us. What would permit us to hold that they would not do it. Do we not know them and are we not in their hands. They say that the French language is safeguarded, and a public man has dared to write the following words in a Montreal journal; "Those who would refuse to help to put in operation the amendments which the Greenway cabinet has consented to make would commit a criminal

act." Such words make my blood run cold as bishop and as French Canadian. I protest that they make game of nationality. Are we, yes or no, Catholics before all and our faith is the best safeguard of our national liberties? We ought to be Catholics first and Canadians after. Now our faith is outraged, our religious rights sacrificed, and while in fact French, we are not accorded anything but that which is given to any new comer. We will obtain more afterwards, perhaps you will say; moreover, the circumstances are changed. This is true, circumstances change, but principles do not, and who is there that promises you that you will obtain more in the future? No, do not insult our misfortune. Let no one seek to play with conscience, and the sacred sentiment of nationality. I protest against this abuse of sacred things. Our poverty is not a reason for insulting our misery, for it will never force us to accept a shameful compromise. We wish in the first place, the control of our schools; secondly Catholic school districts everywhere; thirdly, our Catholic histories and reading books at the least; fourthly, our Catholic inspectors; fifthly, competent Catholic teachers instructed by us; sixthly, our taxes and exemption from taxes from other schools. The remedial bill gave us all that in principle. Opposition was made to it because it did not give enough; but what has been given us in its place? Not one of our sacred rights, not a single one. As British subjects we have appealed to Her Majesty who has accorded us a favorable judgment. As the Apostle Paul says to us: "Ad tribunum Caesaris sto," we stand on this judgment. As Catholics we have the Pope and the Episcopate to direct our consciences, and neither of this so-called settlement. But will they say to us that we are in distress and that already 51 schools are closed. It is true that 51 school districts are without schools, out of these 51, fifteen are not able to have one because they have never been opened, or because there are not enough children to open one. Out of the 36 schools which remain 10 will be opened in a few days, and as for the 26 others they will all be opened if we can get the necessary assistance. Up to the present I have made no strenuous efforts because I expected from time to time an equitable settlement of this matter. Now that is over, and I take control of the schools. I am not a man of one party. I am free of all attachment. I am Archbishop in order to safeguard the interests of souls, and do not think I shall compromise a sacred cause for miserable party interests. God keep me from such misfortune! I have taken for my motto: "Depositi custodi!" and I ought to suffer everything rather than abandon it. I yielded the spirit of Mgr. Provencher and that of Mgr. Teache would have the right to appear before me, and say: "Bishop, thou hast betrayed thy mandate, you have forfeited honor and duty." If I yielded, I would not any longer have the right to have carried before me the Arch-Episcopal Cross, this symbol of suffering and justice. But no, with the help of God, I shall remain firm before the tempter and you recall the words of Jesus Maccabeus, "Potius mori quam foedari"—rather to die than be dishonored. Be faithful to your flag. Do not separate from the clergy. To-day no one has a right to be neutral. It is necessary by your conduct, by your words, by your acts, to show that you are with your Archbishop, and who is not with us is against us. Allow me to hope my brethren that it not in vain that you have so often assured me of your filial obedience and that you know how to remember your promises. Moreover life is too short to forget our most sacred duties. Let us put our selves in presence of our eternity and let us not now as we would wish we had acted when the hour of death arrives. I bless you all.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

for the Feast of Doctor to be chanted in his honor, and in the Franciscan Order it is the Mass of a Doctor in Medio Ecclesiae which is said on the Feast of Saint Anthony, June 13th, so that Father Leonard is only seeking for the extension of this privilege to the entire Church.

Saint Anthony was declared by Saint Francis to be the first master of theology in the Franciscan Order, and his tongue miraculously preserved, is the ever living witness of his teaching.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Aix, Bayonne, Digne, Mans, Leiniger, Molins, Pamiers, Perpignan, Sainte Olande, Sic, Pance, and the Abbot of Mellary, as well as six other Bishops, have given their approval to Father Leonard's project.

Since 1876, when his first "departure" ceremony took place in the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians at Turin, the Salesian Fathers' field of action in foreign lands has become so extensive as to render a repetition of that ceremony necessary every year. As a consequence there took place also this year that beautiful and impressive ceremony. In the afternoon of the 31st ult., of all Saints, twenty nuns and thirty young missionary priests, clerics and catechists, assembled in the sanctuary of Our Lady Help of Christians to undertake God's blessing or their implorations and recite the customary prayers before the setting out for foreign parts. Their respective destinations are Patagonia, Uruguay, Paraguay, the Argentine Republic, Venezuela, Columbia, the United States, North and South Africa.

For the purpose of marking in a religious way the opening of the new century, the plan of a vast pilgrimage to Rome is gradually being formed.

of this project is Count Aquaderni, and his idea is that in the presence of a concourse of people from all parts of the world, met together in the noblest temple of Christianity, the twentieth century be solemnly consecrated to our Lord. This purpose of consecration has already received the blessing and encouragement of the Holy Father in a brief addressed by him to Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna.

A very neat reply was recently made by an English Catholic clergyman to the charge brought by the Anglican bishop of St. Asaph, in Wales, against the Holy See, which that dignitary accused of having condemned vernacular versions of the Bible. The clergyman in question answered this accusation by saying that it was not vernacular versions, but vernacular perversions, of Holy Writ that Rome condemned.

Dr. Doane, the eccentric Episcopal Bishop of Albany, showed himself lamentably behind the time and antiquated in speaking in his annual address last week of Papal infallibility as a "new dogma." More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since that dogma was defined, and belief in it is as old as Christianity itself.

From Paris comes word that a lady who had hitherto belonged to the Ritualistic section of the Anglican Church was recently received into the Catholic Church at St. Joseph's, No. 50, Avenue Hoche, by one of Passionist Fathers.

Mr. John Rains, a well-known Manchester physician and formerly a leading light among Freemasons, has been received into the Church by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

## Nervous

People often wonder why their nerves are so weak, why they get tired so easily; why they start at every slight but sudden sound; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and nervous

## Dyspepsia

The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood which is continually feeding the nerves upon refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. In such condition opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich, red blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the One True Blood Purifier. 41 per bottle. Prepared only by C. E. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills: easy to take, easy to operate. 35c.

## Saint Anthony of Padua.

The Very Reverend Father Leonard d'Argentan, Franciscan Guardian of the Convent of the Rue de Pateux, Paris, is organizing a movement to obtain from Pope Leo XIII. the title of Doctor of the Church and Father of the Poor for Saint Anthony.

The claims of Saint Anthony for the rank of Doctor are indisputable. Gregory IX. ordered the Antiphon



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Canadian Gazette of the 2nd inst. asserts that inquiries made in the highest quarters failed to disclose any intention on the part of the Duke and Duchess of York to pay a visit to Canada in 1897, as has been stated and widely published that they would do.

At the department of trade and commerce, Ottawa, a large number of replies have been received from boards of trade to the departmental communication asking for suggestions by which the trade could be promoted. When these suggestions have been collated they will make a somewhat lengthy list.

MIRACLES TO-DAY

William M. White of Portage Cove, attacked by the Tortoise of Rheumatism, is quickly relieved and Permanently Cured by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure.

"I was a martyr to acute rheumatism for years. All the known remedies and best doctors were given a trial, but nothing ever gave me any permanent relief until I obtained your great South American Rheumatic Cure. It has done so much for me that I gladly give my testimony, that other sufferers from the agonies of rheumatism may take my advice and try this great remedy. I am satisfied it will cure them as it has me." Sold by

GEO. E. HUGHES.

Advices from St. John's, Nfld., of the 2nd inst. say that negotiations have been concluded whereby the colony buys out the Newfoundland railway company which operates fifty-seven miles of road from St. John's, meeting the transatlantic road at Whitehorse, which latter road is 460 miles and is virtually controlled at present by the smaller one. The deal ends a series of costly law suits between the colony and the railroad company.

The United States and Hayti Telegraph and Cable Company, having laid a cable direct from New York to Hayti, is now open for business to all South American points. This cable gives the Canadian Pacific railway's telegraph, Postal Railway Telegraph Cable Co., and Commercial Cable Co., a more direct connection with all points in South America which has heretofore been monopolized by the Western Union Co. via Florida. The service was inaugurated this morning with a substantial reduction in rates.

IMPORTANT STORE NEWS.

You Want to and Ought to Know What's Here.

When you cease hearing of alterations in our store you will know we have stopped growing. But we are still growing, and this store is too lively a place to stay still for long.

OUR NEW FUR ROOM

Is the last big change we have made. You've probably never seen so big a stock or so handsome a variety of Furs for men, women and children. On one rod alone there are over a thousand dollars worth of Women's Stylish Capes, Jackets, etc.

- THE PRICES MARK THEM Men's Fur Coats, guaranteed quality, \$15.00 Ladies' Fur Jackets, guaranteed quality, \$20.00 Ladies' Fur Capes, stylish, serviceable, \$7.00 Black Cloth Jackets, new style, warm and pretty, \$2.50

WE'VE WHAT YOU WANT AT WHAT YOU WANT IT.

- 1,500 yards Flannelette, worth 16c., very handsome for dresses, etc., 12c. 2,000 yards Flannelette, worth 12c., very wide, strong and pretty, 9c. Cream Flannelette, the usual 6c. quality. How is it made for the price? Stylish double width flaky Dress Stuffs, 20c. Pretty Dress Trimmings in a great variety of colors, 5c. Ladies' Trimmed Walking Hats, black and colors, 40c. Children's Wool Tams, worth up to 40c each, 20c. Silk Veiling, in a large variety of patterns, 10c. MORE PRICES MARK THEM Ladies' Feather Boas, only about 20 dozen left, 15c. Men's Heavy Braces, many worth up to 50c., 19c. Men's very heavy Lindens and Drawers, marvellous value, 50c. Ladies' stylish Jerseys, black, Cardinal and navy, \$1.00 Children's heavy Ulsters, just the thing for little ones, \$1.00 A marvellous bargain in Grey Flannel, don't miss it, 15c. Ladies' All Wool new black Cashmere Gloves, 13c. Large size Blankets. This is our third case of them, 98c. Our wonderful All Wool French Black Cashmere. Don't miss this, it is a wonder, 50c. White Warp, Blue Warp. We don't guarantee that the price may not go up. Buy now, 10c.

- LOOK HERE LOOK HERE Wholesale and Retail. The right place to Buy Your Supplies is here. BEER BROS.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Dr. Leander S. Jameson was released on last Wednesday night at 10 o'clock from Holloway jail, London, in compliance with the order of the home secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley. Dr. Jameson underwent a serious operation in the jail on Nov. 10, and the release was ordered on medical grounds. He was sentenced to fifteen months imprisonment on July 28 last on a charge of violating the neutrality laws of the South American republic at the head of the Jameson raid.

Two Gloucester fishermen were brought to New York by the S.S. Dresden, who were picked up in mid-ocean, after being adrift in an open boat through bitterly cold weather, without food and drink for five days and four nights. They are Patrick Foley and Joshua E. Foye, of the little fishing schooner Florence of Gloucester. They lost sight of their vessel last Saturday morning while engaged in trawling, and when taken on board the Dresden last Wednesday afternoon, were in a pitiable condition. Their hands, feet and faces were frost bitten and they were almost crazed from hunger and thirst. They lost their caps in a storm and were beaten back by the wind after having rowed half way to Nova Scotia.

Last week a freight train of thirty cars, loaded with lumber and shingles, going west, got beyond control on a heavy grade, east of the Mullen Tunnel, near Helena, Mont., on the Northern Pacific road and ran away. Twenty-six cars were scattered along a distance of eight miles, where the Edward Jarbeau, head brakeman, was thrown down an embankment with several cars and was killed. Fireman Young jumped and escaped with a broken collar-bone, several scalp wounds and other injuries. Engineer J. Flynn's leg was broken besides internal injuries. Conductor John McKean's thigh is broken, his back wrenched and his shoulder thrown out of joint. It is the worst wreck ever known on the Northern Pacific railway in the point of damage to track and rolling stock.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dr. Leander S. Jameson was released on last Wednesday night at 10 o'clock from Holloway jail, London, in compliance with the order of the home secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley. Dr. Jameson underwent a serious operation in the jail on Nov. 10, and the release was ordered on medical grounds. He was sentenced to fifteen months imprisonment on July 28 last on a charge of violating the neutrality laws of the South American republic at the head of the Jameson raid.

The latest analysis of product of Cape Broyle, Nfld., gold claims show them to be less valuable than supposed. One English syndicate has withdrawn from working their claim.

We commence to-day the publication of an excellent story entitled "The Children of the School Settlement." We feel sure our readers will find it most interesting, and in every way a first-class serial.

It is confidently asserted in Toronto and Ottawa, that Hon. J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the House of Commons, will be the next Liberal Governor of Ontario. Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick's term expires in May.

OWING to thick vapor, the Princess was detained at Pictou on Wednesday night last. She returned Thursday forenoon and afterwards made the round trip to Pictou and back, returning about 9 o'clock.

A VERY disastrous fire occurred at Ottawa last Thursday morning. The largest dry goods house in the city, C. Ross & Co., was totally destroyed, causing heavy damages to other firms. Loss about \$400,000.

We publish in this issue an article on the "School Settlement," from the Montreal Gazette. This is a moderate and fair view of the question, from a Protestant point of view, and is well worthy of perusal.

A JACKMAN, Mr. correspondent reports that Mr. John Gregory, of Charlottetown, had his leg and arm fractured by the falling of a tree in the lumberwoods a few days ago. He is doing well under the doctor's care.—Ez.

For the first time in the history of Montreal, every man employed on the police force has been given notice to quit at the end of the year. Naturally a great many will be re-engaged, but the portends important changes in the force.

It is understood that the Boston and Marine Railway Company has ordered bonds for \$200,000 of 4 per cent. stock from the Dominion Company this year, and it has been sufficiently satisfactory to warrant the continuation of its use.

The Government has purchased all the rights and property of the Newfoundland Railway Co., for \$1,778,000. Payment will be made in Government debentures bearing interest of 3 per cent. The road is to come under government control after New Year's.

Mr. FROAN, M.P. of the Imperial House of Commons, representing the Hudson steamship interests, was in Ottawa the other day, and in an interview with the Premier, with the object of ascertaining the intention of the Government regarding the fast Atlantic service.

It is reported that a cold wave of extreme severity is prevailing throughout England, and several deaths among others from exposure to the weather are reported. Many of the streams, lakes, ponds, etc., are frozen over with ice of sufficient thickness to permit skating, which is being generally indulged in.

The annual dinner of the Canada club took place at the Allison Tavern, London, last Wednesday evening. There were sixty guests present, and Sir Donald Smith, the Canadian high commissioner, presided. The principal guests were Lord Selkirk and Sir John A. Macdonald, the Premier, the Canadian minister of the Pacific cable commission, Richard Doherty, the lieutenant governor of Ontario, Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, and Hon. A. R. Angus, formerly Minister of Agriculture.

Dr. McPHAIL, professor of bacteriology at Bishop's College, has been authorized by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries to proceed to England to complete his researches in the famous pathological laboratories of London into the matter of the blackening of lobsters. The Minister is satisfied with Dr. McPhail's discovery of the cause of the blackening and the remedy therefor, but before announcing it to the public he had thought it well to encourage Dr. McPhail to proceed his researches further.

The aged widow of Angus McLean, who lived with her little granddaughter in a small house at Melville, was burned to death a few days ago. It seems that the little girl went for water, and upon her return, discovered smoking from the door of the house. She alarmed the neighbors, and the fire was extinguished. But the poor old woman perished in the flames, most of her clothing having been burned to cinders. It is supposed that in the absence of the little girl, Mrs. McLean, who was blind, went too near the stove and her clothing took fire.—Ez.

A MIDDLE-AGED man named Michael DeCourcy was brought to the city Thursday from Mount Stewart and placed in the Hospital for the Insane. DeCourcy's case is a very sad one. His wife and three of his children died some time ago, and two of his children are very ill of consumption at the present time. DeCourcy has been suffering very greatly for about a month past, and on Monday he became violent. He got possession of an axe with which he was fabled he would do some harm, and it required the united efforts of several men to take the weapon from him.

Between Life and Death For 25 Years, Says Mrs. J. D. Stoddard of Ansbury Park, N. J., and Two Bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure For Heart Restored the Lost Treasure.

For twenty five years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease, palpitation, dizziness and severe headaches. I saw Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, and determined to try it. Two bottles have done wonders for me. The dizziness and palpitation are gone, the headaches have disappeared. I never cease telling my friends the wonderful benefit this great cure has been to me, and I cheerfully recommend it to any and every one.

SOLD BY GEO. E. HUGHES.

I CAN'T SLEEP.

The daily wail of thousands of humanity who have suffered from the effects of a bad cold or influenza, and who find it impossible to get any rest, is a most distressing one. I was greatly troubled with general nervous debility, nervousness and sleeplessness. I tried a number of cures and consulted best physicians without any benefit. It was finally advised to give South American Nervine a trial. I had heard of some great cures by it. I took it, got relief from my sufferings, and after using one bottle sweet sleep came upon me. I slept like a child. Six bottles have completely cured me.

SOLD BY GEO. E. HUGHES.

HEALTH'S PARADISE

Regained After Twenty Years Torture From the Dread Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, by the Use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Done For Him

I was a martyr to catarrh for twenty years—tried every known remedy, but got little or no relief. Was troubled with constant dropping in the throat, terrible nervousness, and general debility. I was induced to give Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a trial, and the relief was instantaneous. I persisted in its use, and to-day I am a cured man, and I can only express my gratitude to the author of this great cure for his kind and merciful treatment.

SOLD BY GEO. E. HUGHES.

Dreadful Tragedy at Dundas.

A horrible murder occurred at Dundas on Saturday last of which the Examiner gives the following details: Margaret Mackenzie, about fifty-five years of age, was brutally hacked to death at Dundas on Saturday last, and died from her injuries Sunday afternoon. Her slayer, a young man named Archibald Macgowan, is insane, and was Monday evening brought to the city and placed in the Hospital for the Insane. Miss Mackenzie was housekeeper for Dundas and Johnathan Matheson, living at Dundas. Macgowan was a stonemason, but there did not seem to be anything very notable in his demeanor excepting that when at the house he seemed melancholy and morose. But this feeling seemed to wear off when he was in company.

It is stated that on Friday evening Macgowan attended a meeting of the Good Templars Lodge, where he acted in the capacity of sentinel. On Saturday morning he complained of a severe pain in the head. Subsequently he began to talk incoherently, and spoke of getting a bicycle and going to Boston and South Africa. Leaving home he went to John K. McLean, a grocer at Albion Cross, about a mile distant. Mr. McLean noticed that there was something the matter with Macgowan, and asked him what it was. Macgowan did not answer, and left the store immediately. Mr. McLean and James Morrison left the store shortly after Macgowan, and followed in the direction he had taken as they did not think he was in a fit state to be at large. Hugh McLean, a neighbor of Macgowan, also set out after the young man. Matheson's house was about twenty chains from McLean's store. 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Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont.

"MOTHER DOES THE ANGEL HEAR?"

PHINK, IN CATHOLIC REGISTER.

"I know I have heard them speak child, And I know that they spoke to me With my mother's arms around me, While I sat on my mother's knee."

"Their voice was low and sweet child, Its tone was full of love; I did not think then 'twas the angels, But only some children above."

"And I was happy then dear, No care, no sorrow I knew, And my mother loved and taught me, My simple lessons then so few."

"But the years rolled on space child, And the angel voices ceased, I had grown up in years dear, God, and His angels, I tried to please."

"Then, child, life's bright -days grew fewer, Life's sunny smile seemed to fade, Life was not what I had thought it, Sunshine always, never the shade."

"Ah, child, my life was lonely, Sorrow's school was now my home; Day by day, I learned its lessons, Day by day, I grew sad and lone."

"You were my life's sole joy child, You helped me bear my grief; Your merry chatter cheered me, And gave my sad heart relief."

"Then I was carried back to childhood, To those sweet days of yore, For I seemed to hear again dear, Loving voices I had heard before."

"Yes, child 'twas the voice of the angels, They had watched me all these years, I could hear them whisper softly, And they bade me dry my tears."

"I had always loved the angels, They had been my dearest friends, And now they came as messengers, Bringing the grace, and strength God sends."

"All seemed changed to me then dear, The bright happy days had fled; And I'd think of my merry childhood, Till bitter tears were shed."

"For my loved one was taken from me, You remember your father dear, And the smile that is gone from among us."

"And the voice you no longer hear, I can't hear that heavy sorrow, It was almost too hard to bear; But I called on the God of love child, He my sorrow seemed to share."

"He taught me the lesson of patience, That lesson so hard to learn; He bade me bow to His will child, And He soothed my anguish and pain."

"And I meekly knelt before Him, And I said 'Thy will be done'; His love and pity I craved child, Human sympathy, I wished for none."

"They cheered my lonely heart child, With their messages of love; They comforted and consoled, They bade me look above."

"And so, child, life seemed brighter, My sad heart happier grew; I cared for nothing now dear, But to bear what my sorrow was few."

"Have I made you weep? my darling, Ah! dry those foolish tears, For I only told my story, To show you that 'angel bears'."

"To show you how vain are life's pleasures, How vain is its fleeting show; To help you trust God and His angels, And yield to life's pleasures slow."

"God loveth those best whom He trieth With sorrows and griefs unstay'd, And He never forsakes those darling Who have striven, suffered and pray'd."

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 6.

PHILOMENA,

—OR—

A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST,

—BY—

J. M. CAVE.

(First published in the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Published in the HERALD with the permission of the author and the publishers of the "Messenger.")

In an old castle in the loveliest part of Poland, there was festivity on the eleventh of August in the year 18—, for on that day, had been given to the noble owners a little daughter, and they were rejoicing at the gift of God. The castle was the possession of the Counts of Pawlowski, and though the family had suffered much from Russian injustice and oppression, the last scion of that noble and ancient race had still a goodly heritage. Before the birth of her little daughter the Countess had said, that should Providence give her a son, he should be called "Stanislaus"; if a daughter, she was to be called "Mary"; but as the good gift came on the feast of a saint venerated throughout Poland, both the Countess and her husband, agreed that the little one should be given the sweet name of "Philomena."

"May she have the faith and courage of that child-martyr," said the pious mother. "We need not fear that any tyrant will wish to oppress her, laughed the Count, 'at least for a good many years to come; and by that time we may have our own again.'"

"We must dedicate her to the Blessed Virgin," said the Countess. "She will be her first protection." So little Philomena was early dedicated to the Blessed Mother, and for the few years that Madame de Pawlowski was spared to watch over her child, she was unwearingly in her devotion and in her applications for the spiritual welfare of the little one so soon to be left motherless.

The Count himself was scarcely less interested than his wife, at that time, in watching the progress of the child's development. Debarred from action by the troubled state of his country, and closely watched by the police authorities, as were all noble and wealthy Poles at that time, his life seemed to have no other object than the care of his beloved invalid wife and infant daughter. For their sakes he became, unhappily for them and for himself, less patriotic than he should have been.

To preserve his fortune for their sake was his primary object, and for this purpose he allowed himself a certain degree of intimacy and familiarity with the ruling authorities. Though he did not pay court to the despottish, and remained as practical a Catholic as his prudence, or his fears, permitted, yet he accepted the invitations of the invaders of his country, and was seen at their wine and card-parties.

The means he took to avert one danger drew down another, indefinitely worse and sadder. A passion for cards grew insensibly upon him. It is well known what inveterate gamblers the Russian officers are, from the humblest rank to the very highest. They play for big stakes when they can, and for low ones when they must; ready money failing, they wager lands and goods, the possible reversion of estates, their rights and claims, actual and prospective. But why do I say Russian officers? The passion is in the Russian blood, from the porter or "dvornik" at the gate, who gambles on the draught-board, or "dvorik" at the table, who gambles on the draught-board, or rudely out, in the bench where he sits in leisure hours, with any chance companion or passer-by, to the grand-duke on the steps of the throne. Many a proud noble has won and lost not only lands and gold, but wife and children, at the gaming table.

Little Philomena was only five years of age when her devoted mother died, leaving her to the sole care and guardianship of her father, never suspecting the fatal passion that was taking such hold upon him, as to render him, if not oblivious, at least in a measure insensible, to other things. A great deal had been lost even then, that she knew nothing of. But so far it was the Count's own private fortune that suffered. After his wife's death there was no restraint upon his movements. He went out oftener, remained days and nights in Warsaw, with his favorite hawk working at his own undoing. A French lady, who had been his late wife's governess, was engaged to take charge of little Philomena. A noble and conscientious woman she was, but she was not to be trusted.

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Philomena was very lovely. Her hair was wavy and soft as silk; her eyes dark blue, large and limpid; her features regular; and her expression exceedingly sweet and gentle. Her baby training at her mother's knee, had made her a prodigy of infantile sweetness and grace. Her natural intelligence was great, even remarkable, and to develop in an easy task. At the age of fourteen she spoke five languages, and wrote fairly well French, English and Polish. The other two, Italian and German, she would perfect later. Indeed her ardor for all her studies was so great, that he had to be moderate, for the sake of her health.

No one interfered with the rule of her governess. Mile. de Joncourt engaged teachers and professors for the sciences that she felt herself incapable of teaching perfectly, that nothing should be wanting to fit her pupil for the very highest station in life, as her birth entitled her to take rank with the best. Philomena's favorite study was music, and she became a great proficient in that art.

While Mile. de Joncourt was thus bringing to perfection this rare flower, she was not and could not be ignorant, that the Count was not interested as he should have been, in his daughter's progress. She saw him rarely, and had no means of knowing how or where he passed his time. That he was in high favor with the Russian officers she knew; but not being a pole she did not resent that fact for her own sake, though she mourned for this proof of degeneracy in one so well-born and richly endowed in mind and person. She knew that the Count's early career had been full of brilliant promises; that at his fortune and good looks were the theme of society at the time when he wooed and won his young bride.

What caused the grievous change, she asked herself? How one day growing evil passion had corrupted and then killed all God's good gifts in him, she could not know.

They had no society at the castle after the death of the Countess, and would have none, save of course, the card and dinner parties from which ladies were excluded, till Philomena should be of age. Before that time she would have to study two years in France, to receive the finishing touches to her music, and other accomplishments. Mile. de Joncourt fondly hoped that, when her pupil should have reached the age of eighteen or nineteen, her father would seek her companionship, and by that means, perhaps, be withdrawn from company, which, she vaguely feared, was doing him harm. But when Philomena was only fifteen, the Count suddenly decided that the time had come for sending her to France to finish her education.

Mile. de Joncourt would of course accompany her, and remain with her in the place she, herself, chose to select. This decision was received by the governess as a proof that the Count wished his daughter to complete her studies at an earlier age than that usually fixed on, or than she herself had dared to hope for, and she set out with all her belongings.

Now the one passion of Philomena's young life was adoration for her father, Her mother's memory she tenderly cherished, but her father was the light of her eyes. To see him smile, she would willingly suffer any pain, to win a glance of approval from him she would exhaust her strength over studies in which he took even the slightest interest. She was pious from her cradle, and her prayers were all for him.

If she bore this separation calmly, or without outburst before him, it was only to spare his feelings. In her own room, or with Mile. de Joncourt she gave way to a passion of tears and grief that nearly unfitted her for the journey; though she had had very little of his care, had seen him rarely, and for a few brief moments; yet she felt that to be even in the same country with him was a consolation. Judge then, with what ardor she set about her studies for his sake when once established in France. She gave much of her time to music, was a pupil of Chopin, and before long, one of his best.

But the two years lengthened into four, giving Philomena ample time to perfect herself in other things as well as music, before she was recalled. Happily for Philomena, she did not know that her return was arranged then, not because her father longed to see her, but because he needed her, or rather her signature, to certain documents, whereby he might obtain more money for the gaming table.

The means he took to avert one danger drew down another, indefinitely worse and sadder. A passion for cards grew insensibly upon him. It is well known what inveterate gamblers the Russian officers are, from the humblest rank to the very highest. They play for big stakes when they can, and for low ones when they must; ready money failing, they wager lands and goods, the possible reversion of estates, their rights and claims, actual and prospective. But why do I say Russian officers? The passion is in the Russian blood, from the porter or "dvornik" at the gate, who gambles on the draught-board, or "dvorik" at the table, who gambles on the draught-board, or rudely out, in the bench where he sits in leisure hours, with any chance companion or passer-by, to the grand-duke on the steps of the throne. Many a proud noble has won and lost not only lands and gold, but wife and children, at the gaming table.

Philomena was to see the home of her ancestors no more. Never more was she to enter the room, so sacredly guarded, wherein her mother had died the death of a saint; never more to kneel by the grave wherein her mortal remains lay, waiting for the resurrection. She was never again to hear the birds sing in the early morning or quiet evening; never again would she kneel in the twilight hour beside that loved tomb, to pray for the mother she had lost and the father she had hardly ever known. How she had loved the joyous organ in the chapel, long since closed for worship by the General who had played for and won it, from her unhappy father.

Ah, how Philomena loved that grand old park; its stately firs; its graceful poplars; its ancient oak and the murmur of the breeze in the waving willows by the rushing brook. Alas, it was hers no longer. She came back to a far distant estate that had belonged to her mother and was now hers. It was a beautiful estate, too. There was a fine old mansion, extensive park, luxurious surrounding within and without.

Not knowing her father's loss, she came joyfully, hopefully, to the home of her mother's girlhood, thinking it to be all kindness on her father's part that she should go there to meet and receive him "in her own home." With what alacrity she set about preparing it for him. With what zeal did poor Mile. de Joncourt work to adorn the best rooms for his reception. Ah, these were happy days! Happy days of anticipation, and perhaps the first she had known since her mother died.

In due time the Count arrived, and to her amazement not young, not handsome, not proudly erect as she had left him, only four years before. A changed man, indeed, outwardly, but inwardly devoured by the same evil power. He came not alone. A gentleman of distinguished bearing, courtly manners and exceeding suavity of voice and air, came with him. "He is my best friend," whispered the Count to his daughter, "try to like him a little, for my sake."

What would not Philomena have done for his sake! Weeks passed. Were they happy or the reverse? In after years Philomena could never say. In them the poor child had had one wish, one prayer; to renew her father's youth, to restore his health, to bring a smile to his eyes and his lips, a smile from the heart, instead of the cold and cynical smile that so often wrung her soul.

She partially succeeded—at what a price—by yielding to his entreaties to receive the addresses of "his best friend," and to become his wife. There came an hour when her love for her father was to be sorely tried indeed. Her private fortune had to be made known, and all its details settled, before the betrothal should take place.

The estate with all its dependencies, that had belonged to her mother, was now her own, absolutely. Now it was that her father found courage to tell her that his own fortune was wholly gone; that he was henceforth to be dependent on her. Philomena had suffered herself to be wooed, and promised to please him. If she had given any part of her heart to the suitor he had declared to be "his best friend" it was for his sake; for love of him. But even now she could not, would not, admit even to herself, that in anything he could be wrong. If his fortune was gone, surely it was through no fault of his. How many great fortunes had she not seen or heard of crumbling away before the invader's march. Estates changing owners in a few hours, and by the stroke of a pen, or one word of imperial command.

How could she spare him future care? One way only remained, and that was to give up his feeble and absolutely all that was hers. She was of age, she could do as she liked. To decide was to act. Kneeling at his feet, she besought him to take all that was hers, saying "that she could live on his bounty, but that he must never be dependent upon her."

Alas, with what a gleam of joy did the unhappy gambler gloat over the documents she laid in his hands. Hardly taking time to thank her he hurried away to complete the work of destiny. It was soon done, and he held the last of all their possessions in his trembling hands. When all was done he sent for her to come to his study. Joyfully she embraced him, and with full heart thanked her God for the change she thought she saw in him.

Certainly he was looking a little more like his former self. His eyes were brighter, clearer, his air less depressed, and his whole manner, rejoiced her of the noble life he used to wear before "misfortune" had subdued him. "Philomena," he said, "you have been a good daughter to me, and I, alas, have done nothing for you."

"To whom do I owe this much-lauded education I am so proud of, the thought of making his old age happy and peaceful. To whom do I owe these so many and so brilliant accomplishments?" She knelt beside him, her eyes dewy with sweet tears, thinking nothing of herself at all the while, as the thought of making his old age happy and peaceful. "To whom do I owe these so many and so brilliant accomplishments?" She knelt beside him, her eyes dewy with sweet tears, thinking nothing of herself at all the while, as the thought of making his old age happy and peaceful.

The Count bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. He was pondering in what words he should tell her that he had entered the room, and taken his departure. "May I know why, papa?" she asked, a slight quiver in her voice. "Yes," he wished that everything should be settled absolutely upon you. That I should be excluded from an interest in it. Would you have wished this, my child?" Philomena went away to the room that had been her mother's and put away, as well as she could, by force of prayer, the cup that she had begun to hope might contain happiness for her. Her pain was quite swallowed up in the assurance that she had done right in securing her father's happiness and welfare.

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Her pain was quite swallowed up in the assurance that she had done right in securing her father's happiness and welfare. She was only too happy to minister to him and the joy of being beside him compensated richly for all else. This joy was to be of short duration. The Count could not resign himself to home life, and even her devotion and attention began to weary him. He craved the excitement of the gaming table, and under the pressure of business, quitting her.

A few brief months of quiet passed; then a hasty message was brought to Mile. de Joncourt, that the Count de Pawlowski is ill; bring his daughter to the Hotel de l'Europe at Warsaw.

They found the Count convalescent, installed in fine apartments and waiting their arrival impatiently. Philomena had been instructed to bring all her jewels and her wardrobe with her as they were not to return to the castle. Her father had met with another "misfortune." What boots it to tell of the miserable days that followed.

Life was now to be begun again, and under what changed circumstances. Philomena and her father had the brilliant education would have to be put to profitable use. As for Mile. de Joncourt he would have to seek another situation.

Now it was that Philomena showed courage. For herself she willingly gave up all, and her joy would have been to retire from the world and enter a convent, as she was advised to do by a relative who would give him advice to the gambler and his daughter; but she felt that she must work for her unfortunate father. Where was he to find a home? He showed no desire to settle down in any quiet spot, and try to live for her as she would fain live for him. He spoke of old friends in foreign countries whom he could visit indefinitely. The money for the journey might be obtained by the sale of Philomena's jewels and her rich wardrobe which would be henceforth useless. Mile. de Joncourt rebelled a little at this suggestion, but was overruled, and the proceeds of the sale of these articles was handed over dutifully by Philomena to her father. Soon after he announced that he was going to visit a relative who would, no doubt, come to their assistance; in the meantime he would leave her in the care of friends who were soon going to St. Petersburg, where it was decided to settle, with a view of obtaining lessons in music. These friends would kindly entertain her till he found some diplomatic appointment, or won fortune in some other way, when lessons would no longer be needed.

How Philomena pitied and admired him for bearing such terrible reverses so bravely! It was for her sake, she thought. (To be continued.)

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KING BRUCE OF SCOTLAND Flung himself down in a lonely mood to think. Had he lived in this day he would not have found it necessary to think long in order to tell the best place to get his suits and overcoats made, for he would go at once to D. A. Bruce's, high class goods, high class workmanship, and the best fitting garments to be had on P. E. I. at away down prices. New hats now opening. D. A. BRUCE, Canada's Famous Tailoring Establishment. Charlottetown, May 6, 1896.

GENTLEMEN: Your attention for one moment, please. We are sure you like to wear good fitting clothes, and be it either a business or dress suit, you want it to look as if it was made for you and not for some other fellow. This we can do. We have this season turned out the best ever done in Charlottetown, as many of the best dressed men in this city will testify to, and at prices to suit all. Give us a trial order and be convinced that this is true. This is the season to provide yourself with a well-fitting Warm Overcoat to protect you against the colds of winter. We are the men to furnish you with the best article in this line AT THE LOWEST PRICE. Our stock of Overcoatings is immense, and of the greatest variety. Our stock of MEN'S FURNISHINGS is the largest we have ever shown. For number, variety, elegance and low prices, our stock of ties cannot be beaten in this city. In Shirts and Underclothing we take the lead. No trouble to show goods. Come in and see our stock. JOHN MacLeod & Co. TAILORS AND FURNISHERS, 207 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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