

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1899.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 34

Calendar for August, 1899.

MOON'S PHASES.
New Moon, 6th, 7h. 35m. a. m.
First Quarter, 14th, 7h. 42m. a. m.
Full Moon, 21st, 6h. 33m. a. m.
Last Quarter, 27th, 7h. 45m. p. m.

Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Water
1 Tuesday	5:27	8:04	10:13	6:51
2 Wednesday	5:29	8:04	10:40	6:40
3 Thursday	5:31	8:03	11:08	6:29
4 Friday	5:33	8:02	11:36	6:18
5 Saturday	5:35	8:01	12:04	6:07
6 Sunday	5:37	8:00	12:32	5:56
7 Monday	5:39	7:59	1:00	5:45
8 Tuesday	5:41	7:58	1:28	5:34
9 Wednesday	5:43	7:57	1:56	5:23
10 Thursday	5:45	7:56	2:24	5:12
11 Friday	5:47	7:55	2:52	5:01
12 Saturday	5:49	7:54	3:20	4:50
13 Sunday	5:51	7:53	3:48	4:39
14 Monday	5:53	7:52	4:16	4:28
15 Tuesday	5:55	7:51	4:44	4:17
16 Wednesday	5:57	7:50	5:12	4:06
17 Thursday	5:59	7:49	5:40	3:55
18 Friday	6:01	7:48	6:08	3:44
19 Saturday	6:03	7:47	6:36	3:33
20 Sunday	6:05	7:46	7:04	3:22
21 Monday	6:07	7:45	7:32	3:11
22 Tuesday	6:09	7:44	8:00	3:00
23 Wednesday	6:11	7:43	8:28	2:49
24 Thursday	6:13	7:42	8:56	2:38
25 Friday	6:15	7:41	9:24	2:27
26 Saturday	6:17	7:40	9:52	2:16
27 Sunday	6:19	7:39	10:20	2:05
28 Monday	6:21	7:38	10:48	1:54
29 Tuesday	6:23	7:37	11:16	1:43
30 Wednesday	6:25	7:36	11:44	1:32
31 Thursday	6:27	7:35	12:12	1:21



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Old and New Ideas in Catholic Art.

There is a great deal going on in the construction and decoration of churches in Massachusetts that is worthy of profound study by votaries of the art of architecture, sculpture and decoration. The new school of Catholic architects and decorators in that vicinity have studied under the ablest masters in Europe and America, and are devoting themselves to the work of building up a distinctive school of architecture. Its central idea is to incorporate ecclesiastical traditions with the most recent improvements in engineering and construction. This observation does not apply to Boston. In that city comparatively little is being done in church building, and all the existing churches, with three exceptions, are monuments of the ignorance and stupidity of the architects who inflicted them on the builders. This statement is true of Protestant as well as Catholic churches. Even that wonder of Boston, Trinity Episcopal Church is in its good parts a slavish copy of several features of Catholic churches in the south of France, and its original parts are all faulty from the standpoint of art, the interior exceeding anything else in the city in ugliness and tawdry vulgarity. The Catholic Cathedral of that diocese is by long odds the ugliest cathedral ever rear'd by man, and its exterior is vulgarized by hideous statues of Columbus, which the city of Boston very properly rejected when it was offered for the decoration of a municipal park. Art stopped short in the ecclesiastical buildings of Boston, but in the suburbs and the principal cities of its State a great deal of creditable work has been done by the progressive school of artists. One of the finest examples of the new school is the beautiful chapel at St. John's Seminary, which is by Architects Maginnis, Walsh & Sullivan, carrying out the ideas of M. J. Abbe Hogan. The structure is noble, dignified and harmonious in every detail, reminding the observer of the thought of Von Der Gheyan, that "architecture is frozen music." Mr. Charles D. Maginnis, the senior architect, is widely known, perhaps better in Europe than at home, as the first pen and ink artist of our time.

Another architect of the modern school in Boston is Mr. William H. McGinty, a well-known contributor on art subjects to "The Catholic World," who works in both standard schools of Catholic architecture, Gothic and Romanesque, but whose latest work is really all in a novel and attractive development of Romanesque, as exemplified in the new Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, Beverly, Mass., and in Father Twomey's new church in Newton, Mass. The acoustic properties of churches built in accordance with the plans followed in these churches leave nothing to be desired. A clergyman standing in the sanctuary can make himself heard distinctly at the end of the nave without raising his voice higher than the conversational tone adopted in his study. Both churches are larger than certain existing types of churches in which the priest cannot make himself heard without raising his voice to the highest possible point of power. One notably good point in churches built recently is the use of electric lighting effects in the vaults and on walls, which do away with the sprawling and vulgar masses of brass called chandeliers and brackets. The new lighting fixtures are set within beautifully decorated plastic canopies and establiatare, and the glare of the electric lamps is tempered by discs or stalactites of ground or opalescent glass. Great attention is being paid to the correct treatment and decoration of the sanctuaries, wherein every line and motif has warrant for its use in Catholic symbolism. A remarkable sign of the times is the great popularity of Catholic artists in literary and scientific circles in New England, wherein the old-time prejudices against the Catholic Irish has fled forever. The shrewd and educated New Englanders of the Puritan race have discovered that there is an art sense in the Irish Celt which has fructified in many of the finest public and private buildings in New England, and these acute New Englanders, whose ancestors regarded the coming of the plague of Jews that descended upon Egypt, now flatter themselves with the thought that it is the peculiar air of culture which exists in Boston that has made the representative Catholic Irish artist of today. However that may be, the fact is patent to all that much of the beauty which adorns New England in the form of buildings is the fruit of the art sense of the Celt. A priest who recently built a beautiful church not far from Boston tells that as soon as a local paper printed an illustration of the church which he proposed to build, a number of wealthy Protestant citizens sent in checks for generous amounts. In the summer season, when the town is filled with tourists, the Protestant inhabitants carry their friends to this church, where, as a general thing, one of the curates is kept busy showing the interior of the church, the vestments and ecclesiastical vessels to visitors. Their motive may only be that of "art for art's sake," but impressions thus derived may in the end be productive of something far higher. Thus "the work goes bravely on." Standard and Times.

A Minister's Brave Words.

We are pleased to see in pamphlet form the much-discussed sermon of the Rev. Henry M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, on "Our Philippine Missionary Work." This discourse can not be too widely circulated; it is the kind of reading that our people need, especially the imperilists and expansionists. Mr. Simmons is an honest man, one who does not court popularity; therefore he deserves a hearing. If he were not an honest man he would have hesitated to speak right out in meetings, as he did. After quoting Admiral Dewey's forgotten telegram, dated June 21, 1898, in which he expressed the opinion that the Filipinos are far superior to the Cubans in intelligence and more capable of self-government, Mr. Simmons remarks that a people whom we praised so highly when we were fighting their enemies can not possibly have been wholly changed in becoming enemies of our own. They were noble patriots then, engaged in an unequal struggle with the unspeskable Spaniard, whose tyranny and cruelty we could not too strongly condemn. And we provided them with arms to fight their ancient foes, so generous was our sympathy. Now they are rebels, entirely incompetent for self-government, treacherous, inhuman—the savages! Like other representative Americans, Mr. Simmons considers our war with the Filipinos anything but a "war of humanity"; and he is of opinion that we ought to have a better reason for continuing in a wrong course than that of having begun it. Many others of the clergy—professional followers of the Prince of Peace, but ardent advocates of war—would seem to argue in this way: We annexed Hawaii when the opportunity presented itself; therefore we should hold on to the Philippines, so as not to be inconsistent. We have slaughtered a goodly number of those natives; therefore we ought to keep on slaughtering them, in order to restore peace and establish order. Of course the Filipino claim that they are fighting for liberty—confining their contest for self-government; but they are deluded. The fathers of their homes and villages and "the graves where their heroes lie buried," will undoubtedly be in the course of time. And as soon as they have submitted to the yoke they can have the open Bible. That will be their recompense for the loss of freedom. Mr. Simmons can be caustic when he likes. Let us quote his reference to the future missionaries that will flock to the Philippines as soon as the engines of war have prepared the way for the Gospel of peace. "They will teach in the name of Jesus that His words, 'Blessed are the merciful,' and His command to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, are infallible words from heaven itself. I hope the Filipinos may in time accept this teaching, and may 'forgive' us for having smitten them with such slaughter. I hope that the missionaries, after having sufficiently taught their various creeds, will emphasize that divine Gospel of peace, mercy and love, which the war has so outrageously denied; and that the ministers at home, amid their doctrinal and denominational teaching, will give that Gospel an occasional sermon. I ardently hope that the genuine religion of Jesus Christ will in time fill all beatitudes, as the waters fill the sea; and that it may yet come to be acceptable in Christendom also, heard from every pulpit and believed in every pew. It is an admitted fact that war distorts the moral vision and confounds the distinctions of right and wrong. It seems to be equally true also that men who call themselves ministers of the Gospel are as much disposed as most other men to lose sight of its teachings. The ultimate triumph of Christianity over irreligion may be long delayed; however, it will come in spite of preachers who favor war and of theologians who forget God.—Ave Maria.

There is no crime so horrible, no vice so foul as to prevent a minute account of it being published. Reporters display almost incredible enterprise and ingenuity in endeavoring to excel each other in minuteness of disgusting and shameful details. The most debasing and inhuman crimes are advertised in the conspicuous columns, the most shameful libels against our Church and faith are frequently perpetrated by bigoted and prejudiced authors and editors. Then there are the miserable, sensational and illustrated sheets of the yellow cover variety, as they are called, compared with which the yellow fever, cholera and small-pox are as nothing, and yet there is no quarantine against them.

The demand which exists for such garbage speaks badly for the moral sense and intellectual training of those who read them. If we wish to preserve our minds pure and our souls in the state of grace, we must make it a firm and steady principle of one's duty never to touch them. It is the mission of the Catholic press to stem this tide of sin and corruption that bids fair to inundate the land to keep back error from acquiring a set of established right over the souls of men; in a word, to impede the definite triumph of ungodliness and prevent injuries from gaining a complete victory. For these reasons principally we call upon the clergy and laity of this extensive province to aid us all they can in building up and supporting a Catholic journal. Let the clergy act as agents to introduce the 'Sentinel' into every Catholic home. Let them, from time to time, speak from the pulpit of the importance of the Catholic press. Let the laity, the fathers and mothers of families encourage this great good work by becoming subscribers of the paper, and with united and courageous effort the 'Catholic Sentinel' will grow in power and influence and take its place in the foremost ranks of Catholic journalism."

Writing in the Forum for August on "Domestic Service: The Responsibility of Employer," Mary Roberts Smith, who holds that housekeepers are themselves largely to blame for many of the faults which they condemn in their domestic servants, thus describes one injustice to which the domestic is subjected:—

"It is one of the most extraordinary inconsistencies of a democratic society that the dressmaker, the milliner, the showwoman may demand a certain respectful treatment, while the waitress and the cook must accept the treatment accorded only to menials. Much of this is explained by the traditions of feudal servility, from which nearly all classes of labor, except household service, have been emancipated. A deeper cause, however, is the liking of human nature to command its inferiors. Women especially do not want intelligent equals to serve them; they want an inferior, a subordinate—a servant, not an employee. Compare the attitude of the business man toward an employee, and the attitude of the mistress toward the servant. Because there is this indefinable social stigma attaching to service, intelligent, self-respecting women shun it, its social stigma increases. Cause and effect are reciprocal. The fact of social inferiority is expressed in many petty ways,—by the use of the Christian name, by the requirement of livery when not on duty, by a servile manner, and more than all, by the social isolation. Every other class has its amusements, every other girl her opportunity for suitable marriage; but the maid-servant must go out-of-doors to be entertained or to be courted. Some of this is due to the low social standard of domestic as a class; but much more of it is to be attributed to the notions of the mistress. The social ban extends to every stratum of society; the petty tradesman will marry a sewing-girl, a shop-girl, a tailor's, but not a 'hired' girl; the working girl's clubs admit all kinds of respectable women to their membership except the domestic. Socially, the domestic is tabooed, ignored, slighted by every class except the day laborer."—S. H. Revue.

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While the growth of the Church has also been in a great measure steady and solid and in keeping with her surroundings, yet the Catholics have not wielded the influence their number and intelligence should warrant, owing in a great measure to the want of a more forcible and fearless exponent of the doctrines, rights and privileges of the Church. Of all human powers that of the press is eminently fitted to render this service. The 'Catholic Sentinel' has it in true, solid form for more than a quarter of a century like a faithful old guard at the post of duty, but it has not been able to perform its mission as successfully as it might, owing to a want of more generous support. Few, if any, have an adequate idea of the amount of time, thought, labor and expense required to maintain a paper, and fewer still realize and appreciate the loss that the abandonment of such an organ would mean to the cause of the Church in this portion of the Lord's vineyard. Hitherto also the poverty of Catholics and their apparent unconsciousness of the value of such a power have left them much in the background. What, in our opinion, is most needed in this regard is a courageous, liberal and concerted action. From a want of these essentials for success, the Catholic press has suffered throughout these United States, and it is not surprising that certain papers particularly have for the same reason been timid and weak. Give the press the support it deserves, and it will prove to be a great and powerful factor for the good which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time.

The Catholic press of to-day must according to the third Plenary Council of Baltimore be thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying, not one that will be, while Catholic in name and pretense, non-Catholic in tone and spirit, disrespectful to constituted authority or biting and uncharitable to Catholic brethren. It is not necessary for this reason, however, that it should be a prayer-book, but should deal with all subjects, secular, political, religious. Without being offensive, it should be firm, fearless and aggressive, if need be. Error is bold and aggressive; truth should be not less so. But all this will be only words in the air unless it can be brought home to every Catholic in this great Northwest. There can be no question now but that we can build up and support such a paper. The former friends of the 'Sentinel' will still be loyal to it, and now in the broad field open to it, with new life in its pages and fresh vigor and energy in its management it will grow in usefulness and power.

Aside from the reasons already mentioned for the necessity of a generous support of the Catholic press, we might well add that our people are passionately given to reading. They must have something to read. They will accept the good if they know it and it is offered to them; otherwise they will accept the bad, which is always at hand. There is no lack of books, periodicals and newspapers of countless variety, but how many of them are fit to be read; how many, on the contrary, are not positively bad and pernicious and

The Catholic Press.

At a meeting held in Portland, Oregon, on occasion of the installa-

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MARK WRIGHT & CO.—COFFINS, CASKETS, AND ALL FUNERAL GOODS

An Ottawa Despatch Says:—Some days before Parliament prorogued and when Senator Bellerose's death was known to be fast approaching, it was settled that his successor in the Senate would be Raymond Prefontaine, M. P., of Montreal.

TOLEDO, ONT. Mr. Lewis Johnston of this place was taken down with Rheumatism, had two doctors in attendance, was getting no better. Three days after he started taking Milburn's Rheumatic Pills he was out of bed and in one week was well and able to go about.

REGULAR ACTION of the bowels is necessary to health. LAXA LIVER PILLS are the best occasional cathartic for family or general use. Price 25c. Any drugist.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures all pain in man or beast; for sprains, cuts, bruises, callous lumps, swellings, inflammation, rheumatism and neuralgia it is a specific.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

KLONDYKE KING FALLEN. A special of the 11th lost to the Chicago Times-Herald from San Francisco says: Alexander McDonald, king of the Klondyke, has fallen. His liabilities are about \$8,000,000. His assets are of uncertain value. After knowing for twenty years what it is to be a millionaire many times over, he has shouldered his pick and, without complaining has started again as a poor miner, leaving his bride in Dawson, with a score of creditors, for whose benefit all his interests, both mining and trading, have been assigned. In his formal declaration of insolvency, filed at Dawson, July 29, McDonald states his liabilities to be approximately \$6,000,000, while there is no way of fully comparing his assets, as his investments are largely of problematical value. As they will have to be sacrificed, McDonald says there will not be enough to go around, although he believed their ultimate value will prove \$20,000,000 at least. He is not at all dispirited by his sudden change of fortune; indeed, he appears relieved. His bride is an English girl almost twenty years his junior.

That aching head can be instantly relieved by taking one of MILBURN'S STERLING HEADACHE POWDERS. 1 powder 5c., 3 for 10c., 10 for 25c.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The American cricketers won the international match at Toronto, 225 to 891.

A LONDON despatch says the peasants of Basarabia, Southern Russia, are dying of famine in scores.

LATE advices say that 500 persons lost their lives at Ponce, Porto Rico, during the recent hurricane.

SENATOR BELLEROSE of Quebec is dead at the age of 78. This makes the fourth vacancy in the Dominion Senate.

OUR readers will please remember that the "Great Eastern Tea" takes place at Grosbeak on Tuesday next the 22nd inst.

The Sydney Hotel, at Sydney, C. B. has been sold for \$31,000. It cost \$40,000, but was sold a few years ago for \$18,000.

Ex-Mayor Vanwart, of Fredericton, N. B., had life insurance to the extent of \$101,000 of which \$50,000 goes to his widow.

ADVICES from Victoria, say that terrible destruction has been done by a hurricane of Australia. Four ships foundered and over fifty lives were lost.

The other "Great Eastern Tea Party" takes place at Head St. Peter's Bay on Monday next the 21st inst. The advertisement will be found in this days Herald.

THE steamship Anna Moore from Barry arrived at St. John's B. yesterday. The captain reported that when passing Sable Island he saw a four masted ship ashore.

GREAT COMORO ISLAND, a French possession on the west coast of Africa in the Indian Ocean. The police commissary has been assassinated and the government's residence has been besieged.

THE French schooner Paruboto was sunk in collision on Sunday off Lowestoft, England, by the steamer Hercules. Seven persons were drowned. The steamer rescued the remainder of the crew.

A DESPATCH says the Dublin Nation announces that the Pope has appointed Cardinal Legue, Primate of Ireland, Apostolic Delegate for the purpose of presiding at a National Synod of Irish Bishops to be held in 1900.

CENEFARIANS are becoming very common nowadays. To-day Mrs. Amy Bilsard of McDonald's Point, Queen's County, N. B., celebrates her 107th birthday. Her relatives have been planning a big celebration in honor of the event.

ADVICES from Bombay say that preparations are about completed for the despatch of 12,000 troops to South Africa. A number of transports are in readiness in Indian waters and in the event of war the troops will be embarked simultaneously there and at Calcutta.

THE mystery of the robbery of \$92,000 from Nelson's Bank at Winnipeg between Sept. 28th and October 4th has at last been solved. John W. Anderson, former junior clerk in the bank is now in goal charged with the crime. The money has been recovered and is now in safe custody. The mystery was solved by P. Davis, who claims to be connected with a private detective agency in Chicago. Davis accused Anderson's friendship and through this succeeded in working from him an admission of his guilt. The stolen money was found buried in the ground just outside the city. Anderson comes from Hastings, Ont., and is about 22 years old. By his clever work Davis gets a reward of ten thousand dollars offered for the recovery of the stolen money.

RECAPS of the hurricane sweeping the West India Islands show that great damage to crops has been caused. Buildings have been blown down and many vessels wrecked, and it is feared that the total loss of life will be appalling. The storm is increasing in violence and a rapidly falling barometer presages the wildest storm. Telegraphic communication with some of the islands is interrupted. The hurricane is the fiercest in many years. The record of destruction by storms thus far reported is as follows: Porto Rico—100 lives lost; \$500,000 worth of property lost. Turin Island—damage slight. Montserrat—100 lives lost and island devastated and many homeless. Guadalupe—damage enormous; coffee and cocoa crops ruined and two villages wiped out. Nevad—21 persons killed. St. Kitts—damage slight. St. Croix and St. Thomas—damage slight. Antigua—damage very heavy.

THOUSANDS of people attended the opening day's races of the World's Bicycle Meet in Montreal on Thursday last. The one mile amateur championship was won by Tom Summerhill of England, the half-mile professional by Charles McCarty of Ottawa and the half-mile amateur by Lester Wilson, Pittsburg, Pa. The Butler Bros. lowered the world's record for the two mile tandem, doing the distance in 4:47 3-5, the previous record being 4:01 3-5. The Butlers won the five mile tandem. The hundred kilometers amateur championship of the world was won by John A. Nelson of Chicago, in 2 hours, 4 minutes, 13 1-5 seconds. Major Taylor, the colored wonder, won the one mile professional in an exciting fashion with Butler of Cambridge second and Angus McLeod third. The time was three minutes and three seconds. The two mile amateur was won by James Moran of Chelsea, with James Caldwell of Glasgow second. It was a close finish. Time: 4 minutes, 29 2-5 seconds. On Friday, Goodson, Australia, won the five mile amateur handicap. Two new world's records were made. First Butler in the first heat of the five mile professional handicap broke the world's record by doing five miles in ten minutes, 44 3-5 seconds. James Drury, Montreal, paced by a motor cycle lowered the Canadian amateur record for the one mile by doing the distance in 1 minute, 45 4-5 seconds. During the third trial heat for the five mile amateur handicap, Louis Large of Charlottetown, was thrown from his wheel and badly injured. The team race on Saturday for the International Shield was won by the United States. Major Taylor of Boston, won the two mile professional race, defeating Tom Butler and Charles McCarty. The five mile tandem was won by Fred Hooper and John Aneston, who broke all previous records, in ten minutes and 14 1-5 seconds. Wilson Coleman, of Boston, won the five mile handicap professional. Carl Peabody of Chicago, won the special one mile race for the Columbus Trophy. The sixty-two mile race was won by Harry Gibson of Cincinnati.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Ex-Judge Palmer of St. John, N. B., is dead.

The mail bag which was missed after leaving the Post Office at Souris, some time ago, and which was said to contain \$1000 belonging to Mr. Tidmarsh was found on Saturday last by Mr. Warren Clark, in Morow's field, with the side ripped open and the contents gone. The field is about midway between the Post Office and Knight's wharf where the steamer docked.

The Paris police have seized the Dreyfus newspaper office and the house of Mr. Andre De Buffet representative of the Duke of Orleans was searched and a number of papers seized. Mr. Maillard of the Petit Parisien staff has been arrested. Emily Crawford in her review of the situation says France is divided into two hostile forces and that the battle has begun in real earnest. The first few days of the Dreyfus court martial were but skirmishing. The arrest of Paul Deroulede and twenty-three of his Bonapartist allies betokened the gathering of the storm.

THE Paris papers condemn the Labori outrage. The Journal Des Debats says: "The revolver shot is bound to be the end and one morning a civil war will rage in Paris." Paris correspondents of the London papers of yesterday say: "The news of the shooting of Labori sent a new thrill of horror abroad. In the bloody drama public feeling in Paris is wrought up to an intense pitch by the intelligence and nobody knows what public man will next be the object of the assassin's murderous knife or revolver." The London Times correspondent at Rennes refers to the shooting of M. Labori as "a prodigious drama," and says that it knocks the bottom out of the Dreyfus defence as if the fact had intended to prevent the prisoner's release.

A TERRIBLE sensation has been caused at Rennes, France, where the second Dreyfus trial is going on. While M. Labori, principal counsel for Dreyfus was coming from his residence to the Court on Monday he was ambushed by two men, one of whom fired a shot that struck him in the back. The murderers were but a couple of yards behind their victim, so the bullet struck fair. Two or three laborers on their way to work saw the crime, but the assassins fled. The bullet penetrated the fifth or sixth vertebra. The doctors are reticent as to the outcome, but think he will live. The affair made a deep impression on the court martial. It is believed the murderer chose Monday for the deed because it was known that Labori intended to crush Mercier in his cross-examination. Demange, the associate counsel, was not prepared, and so Mercier got off easily. Ex-President Casimir Perier denied some of Mercier's exaggerations; Cavalgno and Nonatoux gave evidence and the Court adjourned till to-day.

THE following is a list of the men who left by the S. S. Stanley yesterday morning for Pitouen en route to the old country to bring the new winter steamer Minto to this port. They take passage at Halifax by the Danmars of the Furness Line and sail from Halifax on the 19th inst. Capt. Allan Finlayson, Charlottetown; 2nd Officer, John McPherson, Charlottetown; 2nd. Capt. Alex. McLeod, Orwell; 1st Engineer, (contractors will supply); 2nd Herbert Clarke, Charlottetown; 3rd, H. B. Stewart, J. A. Stewart, and Harry Pinette; Cook, Thomas McDevitt, Calcutta; Storekeeper, Wilbert Large, Charlottetown; Oiler 1—John Fraasman, do.; No. 2—George S. Taylor, do.; Fireman No. 1—John M. Broughman, Pt. Prim; No. 2—Leo McKinnon, West River; No. 3—James McCallum, Souris; No. 4—John McPherson, O'Leary; No. 5—John N. Cunningham; Seaman—Wm. O'Neill, Carleton; Trevor Waller, Charlottetown; Angus Blue, Little Sands; Daniel McKenzie, Wood Islands B. and; E. L. Mallet, Summerside; Boaz Perry, Alberton; Carpenter—Peter Morrison, Gasparus.

A Maine Mystery. There are no new developments in the Steison Pond mystery. The bodies of the three men were found in the Steison Pond on Saturday with indications of foul play. Part of a bottle of liquor was found in the flat-bottomed boat in which the men went fishing. The boat was not over 700 yds. from the shore. Dr. E. B. Sanger went from Bangor to make an autopsy. The inquest was begun at Bangor Saturday and was continued on Monday. Arthur, Sergeant of Steison was in company with the young man while fishing on Friday afternoon, and returned Saturday morning reporting that his associate had been drowned.

Anxious mothers find DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP the best medicine to expel worms. Children like—worms don't.

DIED. In this city on the 4th inst. Margaret, nee, lowered the world's record for the 50 years, leaving two sons and one daughter to mourn their loss. May her soul rest in peace.

At Morel, on Aug 13th, after a short illness, Margaret Callaghan, widow of the late Thomas Callaghan, Montague Cross, in the 44th year of her age. May she rest in peace.

The energetic Committee in charge are determined to make this the very best Tea Party of the season. Admission to Grounds and Tea 25 cents.

Railway fares from Stations, Souris to Rollo Bay and return as follows: Souris.....25 cts. Harmony.....25 cts. New Zealand... 15 cts. Bear River.....10 cts.

Carriages will be in attendance at Rollo Bay Station to convey passengers for the Columbus Trophy.

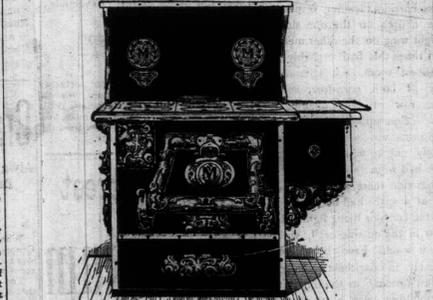
By ORDER OF COMMITTEE Grosbeak, Aug. 9, 1899—21

Weeks AND Co JULY SALE.

All our Blouses, Muslins, Straw Hats and Trimmed Millinery Marked down to clear ROOM WANTED FOR New Fall Goods

Now on order, and the above must go. Special prices in other departments. Harvest Gloves Just Received. Wool taken in exchange or cash. Highest price paid at

WEEKS & CO'S, The Peoples' Store, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.



STEEL STOVES! STEEL RANGES. \$30 UP.

GUARANTEE—These Stoves are guaranteed perfect in workmanship and construction, substantial and durable. The oven works quick. Saves one third to one-half the fuel used by other stoves. All parts are guaranteed against warping.

DODD & ROGERS. USE EDDY'S BRUSHES

The Most DURABLE on the Market. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Midsummer Clearing Sale AT

J. B. McDONALD & CO. Commencing July 18th and will continue for 30 days.

\$7,000 worth Boots and Shoes, 25 to 50 per cent discount. Women's Oxford Shoes, fine quality 50c pair. Women's slippers 10c. a pair. \$5000 worth Men's and Boy's Clothing, 25 to 50 per cent discount. Men's Underclothing, white and colored Shirts, Collars, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Braces, 25 p. c. discount. A lot of men's 4 ply Linen Collars, slightly soiled, new shapes, for 7 cents each. Fifty pieces print Cottons, Grey Cotton, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Linings, Dress goods, 25 p. c. discount.

Nothing reserved—all must be cleared. Come and get goods at your own price—at J. B. McDONALD & CO. Leaders in Low Prices.

Did you Bring in that Wool yet?

If not it will pay you to read this. When you bring Wool to the Model Store we allow you the highest price, cash or trade. If you take trade we sell you the goods at lowest cash prices. Now if you haven't brought it in yet do so at once. You can get anything you want at the MODEL STORE.

Our Tweeds, Our Tweeds.

We have them all patterns, all colors, all weights, all prices. If you don't want Tweeds we have a grand line of Serges and Worsted.

Our Boots, Our Boots.

One of the strong points of the Model Store is that you are not limited to one or two lines to select from. So it is in our Boot department. We can sell you anything you need from a Strong Brogan or Plow Boot to the finest Cal or Dongola Shoe.

Ready - Made Clothing.

You may as well dress well and comfortably as not. It does not cost any more when your clothier understands his business, and what we do not know about clothing is not worth knowing. We keep the famous TIGER BRAND CLOTHING, It has no equal for Stylish Finish or Wear. Costs no more than the ordinary kinds. See that your clothing is labelled TIGER BRAND.

R. H. RAMSAY & CO., The Outfitters MODEL STORE

Is My Store A BUSY STORE?

Well, Just Drop in and See

We had a busy month last month, and AUGUST will be a busier month.

We have Snaps for you. Yes, Snaps for YOU.

\$1,500 worth of manufacturer's Samples bought at almost half price, to be sold accordingly this month. "No two alike" of anything in the lot. We have no space here to enumerate.

THE GREAT WHITE WEAR SALE

Of modern times now in full swing. No better goods made. No smaller prices asked. This sale continues during August.

CORSET COVERS, 19 cents	DRAWERS, 1.50 cents
" " 29 "	Better Goods have never been offered you at above prices.
" " 39 "	WHITE SHIRTS, 39 cents
" " 42 "	" " 65 "
" " 58 "	" " 95 "
" " 75 "	" " 1.00 "
" " 95 "	" " 1.15 "
" " 1.25 "	" " 1.60 "
They're handsome; they're cheap.	NIGHT DRESSES, 65 "
DRAWERS, 25 cents	" " 95 "
" " 48 "	" " 1.10 "
" " 55 "	" " 1.35 "
" " 65 "	" " 1.55 "
" " 69 "	" " 1.30 "
" " 85 "	" " 2.00 "
" " 95 "	VISIT THIS STORE.

BLOUSES. FOR THE BABY.

Everything that a Baby wears we keep in stock. If nice goods and low prices count, "My Store" will be a busy spot during August.

Wool Taken. FURS.

Seems rather early to show Furs, but early as it is, we have received our first shipment, including all the newest things in Neckwear, Collarettes, Capes. Fur-lined Capes, etc.

"My Store"—Charlottetown's Modern Dry Goods Store.

SENTNER, McLEOD & CO. Children's Carriages.

We have been entirely out of Carriages for the past three weeks, but have just received a new supply. As the season is nearly over, we will close this lot out at

Bargain Prices. Mark Wright & Co., Ltd. HOME MAKERS.

The Great Eastern Tea Party! ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

In aid of the New Church at Grosbeak will be held at the Church Grounds, Admission to Grounds and Tea 25 cents. Railway fares from Stations, Souris to Rollo Bay and return as follows: Souris.....25 cts. Harmony.....25 cts. New Zealand... 15 cts. Bear River.....10 cts. Carriages will be in attendance at Rollo Bay Station to convey passengers for the Columbus Trophy. By ORDER OF COMMITTEE Grosbeak, Aug. 9, 1899—21

A Victim to the Seal of Confession.

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

Published with the permission of Mr. B. Herder, publisher and book-seller, St. Louis, Mo.

(Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued)

"80 hundred-franc notes is 8,000 francs; 50 twenty-franc notes is 1,000 francs; that makes 9,000 francs in notes, 75 gold Napoleons added to it makes 10,500 francs; 215 five-franc pieces, 1,075 francs more, and 425 francs in smaller coins. Altogether the 12,000 franc (480) which are to be given over to Mrs. Blanchard. Upon my word 'tis a goodly sum! I never had so much in my keeping before."

Thereupon the good priest began to count some of the rolls of silver over again, and as he worked was he in this occupation, that he failed to hear a knock at the door. On it being repeated rather loudly, he started and called out, "Come in," in rather a frightened tone. In came the sacristan, and when he saw all the money on the table he made an attempt to conceal his astonishment. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, as he ran his eyes greedily over the little heap of bank notes, the glittering gold coins, and the various pieces of silver money. "I beg your pardon, Father, but I really had no idea your reverence was so rich."

"Not a penny of this belongs to me," answered the priest, by no means well pleased that the sacristan, of all people, should find him engaged in counting a large sum of money. He mistrusted the man, certainly his antecedents were not such as inspire confidence. He was an unprepossessing looking fellow, of average height and powerful build, not more than forty years of age, although he might have been taken for ten years older. There was a bold, bad look in his dark eyes, and his moustache, twisted upwards at the ends gave him a somewhat rakish appearance. A broad scar passing over the upper part of his nose and left cheek, did not add to the attractiveness of his countenance. In fact it would not have been easy to find anyone more unsuitable in appearance for the office he held. Albert Loser—such was his name—was a native of Lorraine, and had served in a company of Franciscans during the Franco-German war on the French side, and as he was wont to boast, had shot down not a few Prussians in cold blood. After the war was over, in reward for his exploits in the field, he received a medal, with a right to have a situation provided for him in the civil service. Several posts had been given him in succession, but his irregular conduct and neglect of duty generally led to his dismissal within a short space of time. His only recommendation, or rather claim on his country, was the brave conduct of his face, which he alleged to be the work of a Prussian Hussar during a skirmish. In the course of his wandering he had come about a year ago to Provence, and by his gift tongue had ingratiated himself with the Mayor, who happened to be looking out for a sacristan, and offered the vacant post to the "hero of many battles." Loser accepted it on trial; "I never could tolerate priests," he said to the Mayor, "but beggars must not be choosers." Nothing better having presented itself since, he had kept the situation, thanks to the favor he had found with the Mayor, although he had given the priest grave cause for dissatisfaction. It will be readily imagined that the appearance upon the scene of such a man as this was rather disconcerting for Father Montmoulin, who remarked the covetous look in his eyes as they rested upon the gold. It flashed through his mind in an instant that he was all alone in the rambling, old-fashioned building with this man whom he knew to be unscrupulous, not a soul being within call. Involuntarily he started to his feet and stood between Loser and the table whereon the money lay, placing his hand on a chair, as the only weapon of defence within reach, and repeating in a determined manner: "This money does not belong to me, it had been collected by St. Joseph's Guild, and is intended for the building of a new hospital. Mrs. Blanchard is coming to fetch it tomorrow or the next day."

You need not be alarmed, your reverence," rejoined Loser with a mocking smile, for he guessed the good priest's thoughts. "I shall not take you for one of the accused Prussians, whose game I stopped—all is fair in war, and for the sake of one's country. There is not a more harmless man in creation in time of peace. I cannot say so to a gony upon my honor. And as this money is for the sick and needy, I will not ask so much as a penny of it. And do you think I would dream myself to fish one of those pretty bank notes—all of a hundred francs, I believe—either by fair means or foul? No, Father, I would not have evened you with such a rash judgment! But it will come of your mistaken idea that only your pious folk have any idea of honor. It is quite true that I have not been to the Sacristan for twenty years or more, and don't mean to neither, in spite of your reverence's fine sermon about confession, yet none shall say that Albert Loser is not an honest man!" And as he uttered these words in tones of righteous indignation, striking his breast in a theatrical manner, he was busy plotting a scheme which was diametrically opposed to the virtues he claimed for himself. The simple-minded priest only thought at the moment how he could best get the man to his duties. "I am very sorry, my good fellow," he said, "if I judged you somewhat harshly; but just tell me, how can one expect a man to be very conscientious who has neglected to fulfill his bounden duty towards God and his own immortal soul for twenty or five and twenty years?" Qui sibi nequam, cui bonas? Will a man who is his own enemy be a friend to others?" "Well, well, Father, one would think you had preached enough for today! Who knows if there really is a God, and if there is, whether he troubles himself about such insignificant creatures as you and me. And as for immortal soul, science has long since shown that we have nothing of the sort. But I did not come here to discuss these matters with you, Father. Of course God exists for you, and you must have an immortal soul, it belongs to your profession."

"You forget yourself strangely, Loser!" interrupted the clergyman, reproving with difficulty the just anger he felt at this godless way of talking. "What did you come to ask me?" "Ah, true! The sight of all this wealth for the Church and the poor put my own business out of my mind," Loser replied. "I wanted to go for a holiday till next Saturday. You can get along quite well without me in the week. I should like to go to Marseilles, where a friend of mine has heard of a situation which I think will suit me better than being a sacristan. Where have I put his letter to?" he continued, feeling in his pockets. "Never mind about showing me the letter," answered the Priest, while the man was still fumbling in his pockets. "Go to Marseilles by all means, and I hope you will meet with something desirable. I will bring the Angelus myself, I am generally up before you are. Old Susan can open and shut the Church; leave the key on the kitchen table when you are going?" "I shall start tonight. I can easily catch the last train from Aix. I am much obliged to you for giving me leave of absence. And may I venture, seeing your Reverence is a flash of cash just now, to ask for a little loan—a mere trifle—one of the hundred franc notes I see there."

"I have already told you that this money is not mine to dispose of. And if it were, it is quite against morale to lend you money."

"Well, if you consider me a thief—" "It is quite against my rule, and that is enough. But if a small gratuity out of my own pocket will be of service to you—and the priest held out a five-franc piece to the man, for the sake of getting rid of him. "I will accept it as my well-earned due," answered Loser, as he slipped the coin into his waistcoat pocket. "I will not take it as an alms. I am not a beggar. Besides I shall soon be out of my financial difficulties. I expect a legacy, an aunt in Lorraine, quite a rich woman, is said to be dying. I wish your reverence good day!" and with a low bow, and another greedy glance at the money on the table, he took his departure. "Thank heaven that hateful man is gone," exclaimed Father Montmoulin, with a sigh of relief. "I must confess I am right glad that he is going away tonight. I should hardly feel it safe to pass the night alone with him in this desolate old house, now that he has discovered how large a sum I have in my keeping. Heaven forgive me if I do him wrong, but the man seems to me most untrustworthy. He is quite capable of making a feat of going away and coming back secretly to night. My best plan will be to take the money to the Mayor. Besides it might give an opportunity of getting on more friendly terms with that good gentleman; hitherto he has always sided against me."

Wills thus soliloquizing, Father Montmoulin wrapped up the money, after counting it again hastily, in one of his large red and white cotton handkerchiefs, and deposited it for the time being in the drawer of his desk. Just as he was taking the key out of the lock, the clear merry tones of a boyish voice were heard through the open window. Looking out, the worthy priest saw his mother with his sister's two children in the act of crossing the courtyard. "Is that really your mother, he ex-

claimed, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Here I am, as you see, Francis, and I hope I find you well and happy," was the answer that came up from below; the children adding their greetings. But their uncle leaving the door of his room open behind him, was already hastening along the dimly lighted corridor to the stairs, which led down into what was formerly the cloisters. He met his mother just as she reached the archway which connected the outer building with what in by-gone days was the enclosure. He welcomed her and embraced her affectionately; then, drawing her out of the dark passage into the daylight, he scanned her features anxiously, for it was some months since he saw her, and he had heard from his sister that she had several times been unwell. "Last winter has not improved my appearance, has it?" she said cheerily. "I have not grown younger; look what ugly wrinkles have made their appearance, and my hair has turned quite white."

"I think your white hair is very becoming to you and as for the wrinkles we will see if we cannot smooth them out, and give you round rosy cheeks again," rejoined the young priest. "I have good news for you, he continued. In a few weeks time we will have your room fitted up for you beautifully. At present my funds are rather low. But come upstairs now, we must have an extra strong cup of tea in your honor. Look here, Charles, run down to the baker's, will you, 'he third shop in the village street, and fetch two or three rolls and a dozen sweet cakes. Here is some money. Now, Julia, you must see if you can help make the coffee."

"Oh, I can make coffee all alone, and good coffee too," answered the girl, while her brother scampered off to the baker's in high glee. If only Susan had left enough coffee ready ground," she added. She ran lightly upstairs, for having been at Ste. Victoire before, she knew very well about the old convent, only pausing for a moment to listen to her grandmother's injunction not to open an apron, and be sure not to soil her Sunday frock. Father Montmoulin, meanwhile conducted his mother with a somewhat more sober step to his room. Little did he suspect that, while the scene we have described was being enacted below, Loser was still spying about his room, lurking in the dark angles of the corridor. It is necessary to explain that the old convent, built on a ledge of rock, formed three sides of a quadrangle; the church on the left, and a corresponding wing on the right, being connected by a wide facade. The front of the building, two stories high, looked down into the valley where the village lay. The priest occupied a good sized room in the angle where the two corridors leading respectively to the church on the one side and to the right wing on the other met. In former times this had probably been the Abbess' room, as it commanded a view of both corridors, and the double row of cells opening into them. Communicating with this sitting room was a small bedroom the only one to which access could not be had from the corridor. On the other side there was no adjoining room, as a space had been left to allow of the corridor being lighted by a window in the outside wall, without which it would have been almost completely in darkness. Opposite the priest's rooms, in the inner angle of the building, was a small apartment separating the row of cells; it was very dark, as the window was small, but there was a door on either side leading to the two wings. In this room, probably once the kitchen of the good pastor's simple meals; the kitchen of the convent being a spacious apartment with a vaulted roof on the ground floor. To this little kitchen Loser had betaken himself on quitting the priest's presence. He made a critical survey of the narrow, ill-lighted chamber, with its twofold means of exit. When, in obedience to the priest's directions, he laid his bunch of keys on the table, he pulled open the drawer, and began to examine its contents. Amongst these was a sharp carving knife, with the initials F. M. engraved on a silver plate let into the handle; this he took up, and felt the edge with his finger. "That is by no means blunt," he said to himself, then holding it like a dagger, he made a swift lunge with it in the air, before replacing it in the drawer, which he closed. "We shall not want that," he muttered, "though it might be the shortest way. No, no, I hate bloody work."

At that moment he heard Father Montmoulin calling from the window to his friends below, and immediately afterwards saw him hasten downstairs. Taking for granted that the exchange of greetings would occupy some time, Loser ventured to go back to the priest's room. "Confound it!" he exclaimed, "he has put all the chink away! Hullo there, the key is left in the desk, let us have a look inside." "Po! my word there is the whole blessed lot, wrapped up neatly in a handkerchief quite handy to take away. Shall I do this office for him?" The man's hand was already on the

parcel but prudence prevailed. "He would find it out to-night, and the police would arrest me. Do not be a fool old fellow, you shall have the pelf, but one must not be precipitate." He withdrew his hand reluctantly, and locked the desk. "I will take the key," he added, "it may come in handy. If he misses it, he will only think he mislaid it in his hurry." Loser had only time to slip the key into his waistcoat pocket, to give a glance at the bedroom beyond, and dart back into the kitchen, before Julia's footsteps were heard approaching as she ran singing up the stairs. To avoid being seen went out by one of the side doors into the adjoining corridor, where a winding staircase enabled him to reach his own quarters, the porter's lodge at the principal entrance. He locked himself in to avoid being disturbed while he was concocting his plans, and getting all in readiness. About a quarter of an hour later he emerged from his room dressed for a journey, with hat and stick, and a small travelling bag slung round his shoulders. He fastened the door behind him, taking with him the ponderous, old-fashioned key. We will follow him for a short distance before returning to Father Montmoulin and his unexpected visitor.

He first turned his steps in the direction of the "Golden Rose," a village inn, which at this time of the year was generally pretty full of a Sunday afternoon. To-day there was not an empty yard, and the worthy landlord, Duddy Carillon, as he was familiarly called, with his black velvet skull cap and white apron, had enough to do clogging in and out among his guests, ministering to their anxious wants. The room was full of smoke, and pipes were being eagerly disencased, glasses after glasses of sherry, or of the red wine of the country was being consumed. "Who comes now? Why our Sacristan to be sure!" exclaimed the host, as Loser made his appearance in the doorway. "Not overcooled yet by our good Pastor's sermon this morning. But I see you have a travelling bag, where are you off to now?" "I am off to Marseilles by the last train," Loser answered, raising his voice so as to be heard by all present. "I have come in for a small legacy in Lorraine, an old aunt of mine has just died, awfully rich old woman. Of course the priests have grabbed the principal part of her property, for the poor old soul was one of your pious sort. However, she has had the sense to leave a trifle to her godless nephew, somewhere about a couple of thousand pounds. Now those devils of Prussians, who have not forgot to be the brave Franciscans who carried their outfit at Barle-Duc, and blew up a bridge at Fontenay under their very noses, will not give up the money to me. I must get legal advice, and perhaps I shall not be back until next Sunday, if they are slow about it." (To be continued.)

Queen Street Emporium. W. Grant & Co., Importers and dealers, keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of the best groceries which they sell at lowest prices. Flour, Tea, Coffee, Kerosene Oil, Fish, etc. etc., SEED! SEEDS! SEEDS! A splendid selection of all kinds of clovers, timothy, peas, vetches, imported seed wheat, garden seeds, wholesale and retail. FARMING IMPLEMENTS! Having bought the entire stock of Frank Beales at LE PAGES OLD STAND, we are now prepared to supply all kinds of Farming Implements. We are also agents for the celebrated McLaughlin Carriage Co., and the Deering Harvesting Co. We have always on hand a full line of ploughs, harrows, cultivators, etc. Repairs of all kinds. Washing machines, wringers, and wringer repairs. All these goods are offered at the lowest prices. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. W. Grant & Co. Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 26, 1899.

A TERRIBLE TIME!

A Port Hope Lady Undergoes a trying experience, from which she is at last freed by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. F. J. ARMSTRONG, one of Port Hope's best known citizens, speaks as follows:—"My wife has had a terrible time with her heart for the last fifteen months. The pains were intense, and she had a smothering feeling together with shortness of breath, weakness and general debility. Medicine seemed to do her no good, and we had about given up trying when she started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They have freed her up wonderfully. She is stronger to-day than she has been for months, thanks to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I am sure there can be no better remedy from their remarkable effects in Mrs. Armstrong's case."

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a Lady? Boy—That's what the gov'nor told me to do, mum. "Told you to whistle?" "Yes, mum. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

In the summer-time running sores and chaps are hard to keep sweet and clean. Bathe them with Burdock Blood Bitters and they will be free from odor. Take this remedy internally and soon healthy flesh will supplant the decaying tissue.

Mr. Chas. Johnston, Bear River, U. S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, and after taking three bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely cured."

SICK HEADACHE—that base of many a woman's life is quickly cured by Laxa-Liver Pills. They are adapted to the system of the most delicate and never cause any griping, weakening or sickening.

One LAXA-LIVER PILL every night for thirty days makes a complete cure of biliousness and constipation. That is—just 25c. to be cured.

Who comes now? Why our Sacristan to be sure!" exclaimed the host, as Loser made his appearance in the doorway. "Not overcooled yet by our good Pastor's sermon this morning. But I see you have a travelling bag, where are you off to now?"

"I am off to Marseilles by the last train," Loser answered, raising his voice so as to be heard by all present. "I have come in for a small legacy in Lorraine, an old aunt of mine has just died, awfully rich old woman. Of course the priests have grabbed the principal part of her property, for the poor old soul was one of your pious sort. However, she has had the sense to leave a trifle to her godless nephew, somewhere about a couple of thousand pounds. Now those devils of Prussians, who have not forgot to be the brave Franciscans who carried their outfit at Barle-Duc, and blew up a bridge at Fontenay under their very noses, will not give up the money to me. I must get legal advice, and perhaps I shall not be back until next Sunday, if they are slow about it."

(To be continued.)

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too. You don't want an untried something that may help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly, just as it does set two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Colchester, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

HAMMOCKS!

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

Tea Party Supplies

The season for tea parties will soon be here, and as usual we are prepared to meet it with a well assorted stock of the very best Groceries. We keep everything that is required in the baking line, and our prices are right. When in want of Pastry, Flour, Raisins, Currants, Peels, Spices, Flavorings, Icing Sugar, etc., go to

W. Grant & Co. BEER & GOFF. GROCERS.

Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

For twenty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collina, Kings Co., N. B., says: "I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I only used three bottles and now I am well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend E. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders, and as a family medicine."

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Well, Pat, do you think the Columbia is going to beat the Shamrock?" "Oh diinnaw. But av he does win O'm around O'll break his head."

Minard's Liniment is the best.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures sprains, bruises, sore wounds, cuts, frost-bites, chilblains, stings of insects, burns, sores, contusions, etc. Price 25c.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP is a safe, and reliable, worm expeller. Acts equally well on children or adults. Be sure you get Low's.

"Two little boys of mine were troubled with worms. They would wake in the night and vomit and sometimes were quite feverish. I got a bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup which gave them complete relief from their trouble."—Mrs. Wm. Mercel, Teeterville, Ont.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

I was cured of painful Goutte by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BYARD MCMULLIN. Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. W. W. JOHNSON. Watah, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. H. BAILEY. Parkdale, Ont.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE. Here is the proof—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from all rheum.

"When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure. "After 25 years of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

HAMMOCKS!

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

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Wool!

Wool!

We buy Wool and pay the Highest Price in Cash Or Exchange for any Goods in our Store.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Of our own make is the best in fit, workmanship and style.

Oxford Woolen Mills Depot

D. A. BRUCE, AGENT.

Thirteen Tons Paris Green

IMPORTED THIS SEASON BERGERS IN TINS AND PAPERS. Fennell & Chandler. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer.

Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is sold to effect a sale and make something out of you.

We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

Cairns & McFadyen.

June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

EPSS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and Nutritive Properties. Specialty grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPSS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPSS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST SUPPER EPSS'S COCOA O. & B. 1893-94

A. A. McLEAN, LL. B., Q. C. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. 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. E. I. Agency, Charlottetown. F. W. HYNDMAN, Agent. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

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SCROFULA thin blood, weak lungs and paleness. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold. SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them in summer as in winter. It is creamy looking and pleasant tasting. Price, 50c. and \$1.00 all druggists.