

THE HERALD

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JAMES McISAAC, Editor & Proprietor.

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As the end of the year is now not far off we trust those of our friends who have not yet paid their subscriptions will not delay the matter any longer.

The Patriot is quite jubilant over the outcome of the West Queens election case. It is not unlikely that our contemporary has good reason to rejoice because its friend Mr. D. A. McKinnon escaped the ordeal of the courts.

As announced in our last issue, the convention for choosing a Grit candidate for West Queen's resulted in the choice of Mr. Farquharson by a sweeping majority. But it appears that the antagonism between the rival candidates has not yet died out and that the troubled waters are still in need of a judicious application of political oil.

The Murray Harbor Election Case.

The Murray Harbor election trial of McKinnon against Bruce was concluded at Georgetown on Thursday last, when Mr. Justice Hodgson gave judgment against Bruce, with costs, and declared McKinnon entitled to the seat.

Point on the Island side up to the present time; And Whereas the Summer-Prince-Tormentine route is a practicable in winter, be it therefore resolved: That this meeting of the people of Prince County call upon the Government to despatch at an early date the steamer Stanley to Summerside, so that they may be in readiness at the close of the summer navigation, to give the Summer-Prince-Tormentine route a fair and honest trial with a view to the proper demonstration of the Cape route as a permanent short and easy means of carrying on "uninterrupted communication" as promised in the Act of Confederation.

We have already published the greater part of the evidence given in this trial and our readers will remember the scandalous conditions of things disclosed by the evidence. The revelations of bribery and corruption; of treating and booting were of an appalling character. Barrels of whiskey and whips of money were brought into the district for the purpose of influencing voters to support the Government candidate.

Western Train Arrangements.

A meeting was held at Tignish on Thursday last, for the purpose of discussing the matter of better train arrangements between Tignish and the eastern part of the Island. Edward Hackett, Esq., M. P., was called to the chair, and Mr. F. J. Buote acted as Secretary.

The Herald's Scoop-Net.

CONDUCTED BY TOM A. HAWKE.

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

(For children over 7 and childish old boys.)

DEAR CHILDREN— As it is only right that you should not be overlooked in the general hurly-burly of this wonderful and turbulent 20th century, I feel that it incumbent on me to devote a little of my spare time in an attempt to amuse and at the same time perhaps to instruct you on some of the wonderful and yet very common place things we see around us. With this object in view, I have secured the services of a great artist, whose pictures will greatly enhance the interest which I am sure you will all show in my little lessons. Here we have our first illustration.

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Why, it is a ferry-boat! This is the good ship "Southport," which plies upon the placid bosom of the Hillsborough, keeping up communication between West River and the great metropolis of Charlottetown. Is the Southport a safe boat to travel on? No! the Southport is not considered a safe boat to travel on. "Why is not the Southport safe?" I think I hear some childish asking. The reason is because she has not been inspected for many years. The Government will not have her inspected. It would cost too much money, and they would rather run the risk of drowning a lot of innocent people than do so. The Government spent so much money on elections that they have none to spare on old ferry-boats. It would be a terrible thing should the bottom drop out of the ferry-boat some day. If it does, then the bottom will drop out of the Government. When you grow up, little boys, do not vote for a bad government.

Our next illustration is taken from the work of one of the old masters. It is the Lion and the Unicorn. They are generally represented as fighting for the Crown. It is not so, however, in this instance. They have grown tired of fighting and are having a rest. This is a very inspiring and timely illustration at the present juncture. See the stern and dominant expression in the Lion's countenance. Note, if your eyesight is good, how he keeps his eye upon the Unicorn. As I before remarked this is indeed a very timely sketch, for does it not show just how affairs stand at present in South Africa? The Lion, representing the British is tired of chasing the Boers and is taking a short rest. The Boers, represented by the Unicorn, are also tired of getting chased and have got off at a safe distance and are also resting on their case. (N. B.—The Boers are out of sight.) The Unicorn is not looking out for the Lion, therefore the Lion will suddenly pounce upon him and crush him. Some people in the Union are a sarcastic grin at this modern interpretation of this fine old picture, but there will always be mockers and scoffers. This illustration is called the "Coast of Arms." The artist who drew it used only to wear a waistcoat, but after he sold the picture he bought a coat and was so well pleased with his investment that he named the picture the "Coast of Arms."

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Now we come to a fine picture of a schooner. Those of my young friends who live near the shore at once recognize this craft, and will understand that it is not trying to feel them by saying it is a battleship. It is a plain humble schooner, and in drawing it our artist has excelled himself. A good schooner is about as fast as a craft as any that carries cargo. If Sir Thomas Lipson had only used a schooner to try for the Cup—he might not have

At St. Teresa's, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. I. R. A. McDonald, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Doyle, Mr. Eoderick V. McNelis of Earscliff, to Mary Ann McDonald of St. Teresa's.

At Rollo Bay West, on Tuesday, Oct. 15th, after a short illness of six days, Archibald McDougall, in the 64th year of his age, leaving a disconsolate widow, three daughters, three sons to mourn an irreparable loss. R. I. P.

At St. Roch, Tignish, on the 21st ult., Laurent Boute, aged 84 years, leaving a wife and six children. R. I. P.

At Glenfann, on the 28th ult., Ellen, wife of Jas. A. McDonald, in the 70th year of her age. May she rest in peace. Boston and San Francisco papers please copy.

In this city, on Thursday morning, Oct. 31st

You Never Hear

A man says his Christy Hat did not wear well. Well, then, why do you wear any other kind when we have just opened some thousands of New Christy's for Fall?

Prices \$1, \$2 and \$3 each. PROWSE BROS.

Jack Frost

Will be here soon, and every man will need a nice Light Overcoat for Fall. We have opened a great variety for Fall and Winter, and we are anxious to have you see them.

Prices are \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$10 and \$15. PROWSE BROS.

You Feel It

Very much if you get a nice Suit and it don't fit well. Here you cannot make this mistake because we never let a man leave our rooms with an ill fitting suit.

Prices are \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$10 and \$15. PROWSE BROS.

SEE US

PROWSE BROS.

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

Grocery Satisfaction

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

Our Tea pleases many. It will please you.

Driscoll & Hornsby, Queen Street.

HURRAH!

Hurrah for P. E. Island's Great Crockery Store. Our stock of China, Glass and Earthenware is on the market at from

10 to 33 1/3 p. c. Off

There are bargains here for every housekeeper in the Province. Special reduced prices on our immense stock of DINNER SETS and special reduced rates on everything else. Don't forget to call on

W. P. COLWILL, New Prowse Block—Opposite Post Office—Sunnyside.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The British Parliament will be opened by King Edward on January 23rd.

Seth Lew, the anti-Tammany candidate was elected Mayor of New York yesterday.

The Montreal sugar refiners have cut the price on sugar of all grades ten cents per hundred.

His Lordship, the Bishop and Rev. Dr. Morrison left here yesterday morning for Halifax to attend the funeral of Mgr. Murphy.

Mr. Hugh A. McKinnon, late of St. George, N. H., led the list in an examination in pharmacy held recently at Concord, N. H.

While crossing the railway track on Thursday, at Margitah, N. S., Mrs. James Smith and her son were struck by the train and instantly killed.

JOSEPH POPP, C. M. G., under-secretary of state, has been commissioned to write an official account of the tour in Canada of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The trial of Fred Lee Rice, the notorious bank burglar charged with the murder of Constable Boyd at Toronto, in June last, was resumed a few days ago. The prisoner positively denies shooting Boyd. He was found guilty of murder.

Mr. Hugh McDonald, contractor of the Summerside breakwater has also secured the contract for building a new railway wharf and freight sheds at Pictou. This work will employ a large number of men, and will cost about \$50,000 to complete.

The Customs receipts of the Dominion for the month of October, which ended Thursday, was \$2,648,830, an increase of \$200,894 over October of 1900. For the four months of the current fiscal year there was an increase in the Customs of \$689,803 over the same period of last year.

CATTLE shipments from Montreal to the United States the past season show a decrease of one fourteen thousand head as compared with last year. The shipments of sheep increased by twelve thousand head. The export of horses to South Africa total \$648, an increase of \$300 over last year.

The new hall on the parochial property, Palmer Road, is fast approaching completion. Externally it is a handsome building, architecturally it is 65x35 feet, two stories with dome windows. The C. M. B. A. will occupy the upper half, the public the lower. When completed the hall will cost \$1,500.

CAPTAIN Robert A. F. Montgomery, commander of the battleship Prince George of the channel squadron, has been appointed Commodore of the Newfoundland Squadron, succeeding Commodore George A. Giffard, commander of the cruiser Charybdis, who is slated for promotion, his term in Newfoundland waters having expired.

ACCORDING to Mrs. Nicholas Flood Davis, entirely erroneous reports were circulated regarding the death of her husband. She states that the deceased had neither political, domestic, financial nor business worries. Mrs. Davis is satisfied that her husband, following a fall, unbalanced his mind, causing him to do the desperate deed.

Mr. John M. Shrean, of Kinkora had his barn burned on Monday night of last week with all its contents, which consisted of fifteen tons of hay, 550 stooks of grain, a new binder, harrow, mower, steel rake and other farming implements. At the time the barn was in the middle of the field, about three quarters of a mile from the house, the fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. A bottle of kerosene was found about twenty yards away. The loss will be \$1000.

We have received from the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, a copy of a new Atlas of Western Canada containing valuable information regarding the industries and resources of our great west. The atlas is splendidly illustrated and contains views of the Legislative Buildings of every Province in the Dominion, farming scenes in the west, landscapes, etc. The maps of the different Provinces and districts of the Dominion are the very latest, and altogether the atlas is a very useful work.

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival in London Sir Thomas Lipton drove out to his suburban residence, at South Gate, to an assemblage of friends and neighbors from all about two miles from the house with a band, unannounced, the horses and the carriage home. Responding to an address of welcome presented on behalf of the village of South Gate, he had hoped to drink from the cup in Southgate, but it had stuck in spite of the jerk he had given it. "I mean to lift it yet," he said in concluding his speech of thanks.

In St. Dunstan's Cathedral on Friday last, Feast of All Saints, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. G. Gauthier, assisted by Rev. Dr. Monaghan, as deacon and Rev. Father Johnston, as sub-deacon. A splendid and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Sinotti of St. Dunstan's College, Qu St. George, East of all Saints, Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated by his Lordship, the Bishop, assisted by Rev. Dr. Curran, as arch-deacon, Rev. P. G. Gauthier and Rev. Dr. Monaghan as deacons of office and Rev. Father Johnston as sub-deacon. After the Mass a lecture was sung and then the absolution was given by his Lordship.

On Monday evening of last week, Rev. R. B. McDonald of Rustico delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture on "The Passion Play" in the St. John's Hall, Indian River. The Rev. lecturer's graphic and eloquent description of the scenes and incidents of his time and the history of the great drama of the country where it is performed made a lasting impression on all who heard him. In addition to the pastor of Indian River, Very Rev. Mgr. Gillis, the clergy present included his Lordship Bishop McDonald, Rev. Dr. Curran, D. C. McLean, D. C. McDonald, and J. J. McDonald.

In addition to the lectures there was a short musical programme and a sale of tickets. The proceeds, a hundred dollars go to the building fund of the new church.

As the result of a Hallow E'en celebration at Peggwash, N. S., Charles McAnlay of that town is dead. McAnlay, with a number of others who had been drinking, got into an altercation, and whether purposely or accidentally, he was stabbed in the arm, nearly severing the limb above the elbow. The shock from the hemorrhage was more than the three local medical men could overcome, and Monday died at five Friday afternoon. John A. McCarty, has been arrested charged with the killing of McAnlay. He is a married man of about 35. There appear to have been quarrels for some time between McAnlay and McCarty, but it is impossible to confirm this.

A LAD named Hurry, 14 years of age, entered the dry goods store of John McLeod & Co., one day last week and walked over to the till and abstracted the sum of \$22 without being noticed. On his way out he bought a comb. Mr. McLeod missed the money shortly after the boy had gone out and notified the police. Sgt. Doyle afterwards arrested the boy, who denied having taken the money. He really owned up, however, and said he had given some of the money to another boy named Steele. He then produced \$48.45 from under a seat of a wagon in his father's stable. Young Steele when found gave up \$2.25, saying he had spent 25 cents. Hurry had asked Steele to change a \$5.00 bill and would give him half, if Steele changed it, and kept the \$2.50. Hurry was also charged with having entered the store of W. H. Fredrickson on the Malpeque Road's company with another lad and stealing from the till some \$ or 9 dollars in cash. Part of this money was also found on Hurry's clothing. The magistrate on Thursday from the evidence taken in the Police Court, ordered Hurry to be sent up for trial in the Supreme Court.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Col. Don, Remount Officer, has shipped 6,400 horses from Canada to South Africa, and will forward 800 more next month and a similar number in January.

ABOUT ten o'clock Friday night a distinct earthquake shock was felt at Lowell, Mass. The disturbance lasted several seconds. Crosey was broken in several parts of the city.

We tender our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Roderick V. Molins in the auspicious event chronicled in another column and wish them many prosperous and happy years of married life.

JAMES Henry Lewis was indicted Friday at Toronto for manslaughter. Lewis is a Christian Scientist, and his child died from diphtheria. The Crown alleges the mother was negligent in not seeking proper medical attention.

The contract for the new Prowse Bros. & Crowell block, Sydney, has been awarded to Schurman, Lefargy & Clarke, whose tender was the lowest. The contract price is upwards of \$20,000. The erection of the building will begin immediately.

READ the advertisement of D. A. Bruce in this issue. You will be wanting a warm overcoat now and if you want a good article at a satisfactory price try D. A. He is also offering great bargains in men's underwear and blankets. He suits everybody.

HALIFAX has lost another of her sons in the South African War. The victim this time is John E. Pemberton, son of Thomas Pemberton of that city. He was a sergeant in the Canadian scouts, and was only 29 years old. He was over 180 lbs. and was a specimen of manhood. He was formerly a member of Bonanza's band and afterwards joined the Canadian Scouts under "Gat" Howard, where he gained a reputation for daring and bravery. His death occurred on Sunday, Oct. 27th in an affair at Esposabroeken.

The meeting of the Cheese Board on Friday was not largely attended. There were about a dozen sellers present. The buyers were Messrs. E. Spillet, A. J. Biffin and Geo. E. Anil. The following quotations were posted: Montreal, lower prices including butter; London, market dull; Eastern, \$2 to \$2 1/2; Western, 9 to 9 1/2; Brockville, \$2 to \$2 1/2; London, 46 to 47; The above quoted was Abram's Village, \$9; Dunstaffnage, 80; General, 300; Haselbrook, 250; Hillsboro, 150; Kensington, 100; Lakerville, 287; New Perth, 200; Red Point, 108; Stanley Bridge, 450; Vernon River, 250; Willshire, 300; Kinkora, 150; Dunk River, 450; East River, 80. The best offer was \$20 by Mr. George E. Anil but this was not accepted by any of the sellers. The next meeting will be held on Nov. 12th, when all the cheese makers on the Island will be present.

Rev. Mgr. Murphy of Halifax, died early on Monday morning last in the 88th year of his age. Deceased was a native of Cork, Ireland, where he was born in 1814. He was educated at All Hallows College, Dublin, at the Sulpician Seminary, Montreal, and was ordained to the priesthood in Halifax, by Archbishop Connolly in 1847. He was attached to St. Mary's parish since his ordination. At one time he was a professor and president of St. Mary's College. He was a secretary to his uncle Archbishop Hannan and also to Archbishop Connolly. He subsequently became Vicar-General of the diocese and on the death of Mgr. Power in 1887 he became Vicar-General of the Cathedral. He was given the degree of D. D. on the occasion of his silver jubilee in 1892. About three years ago was created a domestic prelate by the Pope. Mr. Murphy was well known in this city having made several visits here in company with the Archbishop. R. I. P.

Obituary. In our obituary column today will be found notice of the death of Esten, beloved wife of Mr. James A. McDonald, who departed this life at her home at Glenfannan Lot 58, on Monday night Oct. 28th. Deceased, who was in her 70th year at the time of her death was the eldest daughter of the late James and Ellen McDonald of Apple Valley, Lot 37. At the time of her death she was 70 years of age. She was married to Mr. McDonald in her twenty-second year; so that she and her husband lived happily together for nearly fifty-four years. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. McDonald took up their residence at Glenfannan in the same house in which she lived during all her married life and in which she died. It is said to have been the first frame house erected in Fort Augustus parish. She was a veritable help mate to her husband and by their untiring industry, their sterling integrity and exemplary lives they prospered and surrounded themselves with comforts. In their splendid home they dispensed at all times a generous hospitality. Deceased was the mother of eleven children, of whom four died in infancy. Her son, Father Damien, a young and holy priest died about ten years ago at the age of twenty-four years. Three sons and three daughters remain. One son, James A. McDonald, has been in California and the West for the past eight or nine years. Another son is settled in the old homestead and one on an adjoining farm. The youngest is Mrs. Norman McIntyre, Millicote; another is Mrs. Alexander McDonald, Glenfannan, and the third Miss Catherine Margaret is at home. Mrs. McDonald had been ill for about six months but had been confined to bed only three weeks. The cause of her illness of the stomach was the disease from which she suffered. Despite the best of medical skill and the most tender nursing she gradually sank until the end came. The funeral took place at the parish church, Fort Augustus, on Thursday last and was largely attended. The high Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. John J. McDonald and Rev. P. McLean, St. Andrews, assisted the pastor of Indian River, our sympathy to the grief-stricken husband and other members of the family in their bereavement. R. I. P.

The Prices. There was a good attendance at the market yesterday. The supply of pork was the largest yet this season. In the afternoon it had dropped to 22c. Oats were worth from 27 to 35c, potatoes 22 to 28, turnips 11 to 12, straw \$2.50 to \$2.00 and hay \$9.50 to \$10.00 per cwt. Following is the price list:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Butter, Beef, Pork, Calf, Ducks, Eggs, Potatoes, Oats, Hay, and Sheep.

The Royal Yacht Ophir with the escorting fleet anchored off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, on Thursday. The reception given to the Duke and Duchess was grand. During the first night out from St. John's, while steaming about the cruiser Diadem which warned the Ophir and the squadron changed its course and reduced speed. The searchlights showed a pale green mass one hundred feet wide, with about forty feet above the water. The Ophir's passage was tempestuous and ended in a gale.

The Most Nutritious.

EPPS'S COCOA

Prepared from the finest selected Cocoa, and distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of flavour, Superior quality, and highly Nutritive properties. Sold in quarter pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

Breakfast—Supper. Oct. 2, 1901—201

The Prince Edward Island "Art School"

IS NOW OPEN FOR THE WINTER SESSION. Every Night from 7.30 to 9.30, Saturday excepted. Subjects Taught. Monday—Free Hand Drawing. Tuesday—Modelling. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Carving.

Terms. Children (from 10 to 15) \$3.00 per month. Adults (from 15 up) \$5.00 per month. For further particulars apply to ANT. VINCENT, Principal.

ARTISTIC WORK! OF ALL KINDS

In Bronze, Marble, Wood, etc., is also done with the greatest care. Statues and Busts a Specialty. ANTOINE VINCENT, Art Studio, Queen St., Charlottetown, P. E. I. Box 262.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Tourist Sleepers—Travel in Comfort. Tourist Sleepers leave Montreal every Thursday at 9:30 a. m., through without change to VANCOUVER, B. C., carrying passengers for all points en route. For rates to all points in the Canadian North West, British Columbia and Pacific Coast points, and to CALIFORNIA, Via British Columbia or via Chicago, also to all other United States points, write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Smart Fall Coats!

The swellest and smartest coats are here, made of the most stylish cloths, the neatness and elegance of style, workmanship and finish, denoting the Work of only Expert Tailors.

Furs! Furs!

We are showing an excellent range of Furs to select from. Persian Lamb, Astrakan, Grey Lamb, Electric Seal, Sable, Mink.

Every Skin Guaranteed.

Weeks & Co

The Fashionable Millinery Leaders. Wholesale & Retail. Blatchford's Calf Meal. THE ONLY PERFECT MILK SUBSTITUTE.

Blatchford's Calf Meal.

Calves can be raised on Blatchford's Calf Meal from a day old quite as successfully and more cheaply than on new milk. For sale, retail by all country merchants, and wholesale by AULD BROS., Charlottetown, Telephone No. 28.

AND Boot Shoe Sale

We find we are too short of room in our new premises to continue our Boot and Shoe department.

We Will Sell Out! All our Stock of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

At 25 to 50 per cent discount. Job lots, broken sizes, at less than half price. Rubber goods at cost. We want the room and we will let the goods go at prices that will clear them quick.

J. B. McDonald & Co.

Where worth and low prices meet.



Suits.

WE KEEP Right to the Front

Tailoring Trade;

But we do not charge high prices for our Goods—just enough to make you feel satisfied that you are getting the best value in town. JOHN McLEOD & CO., Merchant Tailor.

The Prohibition Act

Ain't effecting us a bit. The people are drinking harder than ever. They must be, for our sales are increasing every month. We don't fear the inspectors. The more inspectors that visit us the better we like it. We invite every one who likes a cup of good TEA to become an inspector of the quality of our

"EUREKA" BLEND.

Temperance advocates will also find in it a mild and pleasant beverage. So many of our customers are acting as informers (we mean acquainting their friends of the good qualities of this Tea) that our sales are increasing on it continually.

Price 25c. per Pound.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF General Groceries

Which, like our "Eureka" Tea, will stand inspection. We buy the best quality of everything we handle, having found from a long experience that it pays in the end to do so. Though having to sell at a smaller profit we hold our old customers and gain new ones; for a satisfied customer is the best advertisement a merchant can have.

We buy Eggs, Butter and Wool. We are agents for Mill View Carding Mills. R. F. MADDIGAN & Co Lower Queen St., Charlottetown. Telephone No. 28

Found At Last.

A Liver Pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not gripe. Lax-Liver Pills possess these qualities, and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick Headache, etc.

A PRIEST'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH THOMP. Thou Brother Priest, who weightless less The measure of our sinfulness Than the far terms of our desire, Touch Thou my life to fire.

Visit my heart with any pain That turneth to my people's gain; Brother Thou knowest all I need To be their priest indeed.

Let them not suffer any loss For sin of mine; and every cross Thou layest on them, let them bear Only the lighter share.

If they have sinned, yet lay Thy hand On me who at Thine altar stand. Ah! Thou who tending this poor vine, Tread out the grapes, and all the wine Be theirs—and Thine.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

PART II.

OFF TO RUSSIA.

Blandine looked with loving eyes on the holy images. She venerated them in her heart, because they spoke to her of our Lord and His Blessed Mother. She did not know whether to kneel before the shrine or not, but she took out her beads, knelt on the floor and recited a decade of the Rosary, while Daria was praying.

"It's no use," said Daria, rising, a look of deep dejection on her honest face. "It's no use! neither Our Lady of Ksar, nor our Iberian Mother answers me. Does she listen to you, barushnaya?"

"Our Lady of Betharram is very good to me," said Blandine. "That is a new name to me. One of yours, I suppose. Barina told me you had been brought up among B'n'ski Ostoliki. But she says you'll forget all about them when you go to Smolnoe."

Blandine heard, but made no answer. "If you could get something for me from Our Lady of—what did you call her, barushnaya?" "Betharram," said Blandine. "Yes, Betharram! I would burn a candle for her. I don't see why I shouldn't. I burned a candle to the devil at Ksar."

Blandine was horrified. She drew away from Daria with a look of pain and fear on her face, that was a great contrast to the sweet winning look she had worn thus far. Daria noticed it at once, and hastened to explain.

"Why, every one does it there. There is our Divine Lord in the garden, and the evil one tempting Him; and one puts big candles before our Lord, and a little one before the bad one, that he may not hurt us. He has plenty of power, you know, barushnaya."

"I am afraid to hear his name," said Blandine. "I am afraid too," said Daria. "I have good reason to hate him, for sending that heathen to us, to turn the head of our good Barina. She has her moulded to her will, so that the house is no longer her own. Mamselle is the Mistress—Mamselle must have all the cream!"

Blandine did not know whether she ought to be glad or not, when bed time came, and she found that she was to be in the bright airy room, near her aunt, and under Daria's care. Daria had leaped another triumph, one well-merited, for she was devoted in spite of her cunning, which was not cunning at all, but transparent as daylight to her mistress, who comprehended well enough that her true devotion could always be counted upon.

Daria saw the cloud on the bright little face, and dimly understood that she was the cause of it. She pushed her head to think how she could dispel it. She looked upon Blandine, as she lay in her bed, and thought that the orphan was to be sent away from the great splendid house, where she might be so happy, grieved her sorely. She bent a while over the child, who lay on her pillow, with wide open eyes, from which she had been careful to shade the night lamp.

Then she went from Blandine's bedside, to push forward the little advantage she had gained. "You will be sending a blessing out of your house, Barina; you will be robbing yourself if you let her go. Never did I see such a one. My heart is in my mouth, when I look on her sweet face, just like the face of an angel. What do you care for the atre, and operas, and ballets now? Sure you have had enough of them! Barina, look here! Am I not the last of your serfs? Didn't all the

rest take their freedom, and their land, and their money, your land, Barina, and your money, and go from you? Only Daria, 'foolish Daria,' they called her, remained at her lady's footstool, and it is Daria who asks her lady to be good to herself, to rid herself of strangers and vampires, who care only for her money and her feast."

"Hush, Daria! It is too late. You forget there is a contract. If she break it, well and good!"

"She break it? She'll never break it, because you let her trample upon you. You take her rudeness and open disdain, as if you were the stranger in the place, and she the mistress."

"I cannot stoop to retaliate, Daria. I am a noble!"

"That's not being noble, Barina, to let yourself be robbed as you are. Who rules the place? Who rules your people now, Barina?"

"I rule them from to-day. Daria! You will see. You have one proof!"

"What proof?" asked Daria. "I see none."

"The child lying here, near me. She was ready to break out again, when I proposed to give her the white room."

"Now God be praised!" and with that joyful cry Daria threw herself at the feet of her mistress, and kissed them, as she had done, while she and all hers were bond slaves.

"But she must go, Daria; the little one, I mean. I have entered her for Smolnoe. I must let her see the family, who brought her from the Pyrenees, one of these days. The sooner the better. Some return must be made to those who cared for her here, too. The steward will attend to that. Then I must see our friends who leave for the North. Some of them will accept the charge of Sacha, and convey her safely. But there is one thing that troubles me sorely."

"What is that, Barina?"

"The child's father. We know nothing of him. There is not a scrap of writing to tell us who or what he was. She has no name, Daria: my Sacha's child has no name!"

Daria pondered a little while. "Barina, listen to me! You have the child, and such a child that any other would go wild over. Have you looked well at her? Why, she is like one of the images in the holy shrine. I never saw such a one before. If I could tell you what I heard and saw to-day, you'd not believe me, Barina. Keep her close to you, my lady, since God has sent her to you."

"She has no name, Daria!"

"Give her her grandmother's name, your own name. Is there anything nobler than a Vallinski? Who'll sneer at her, if you once call her your own?"

"True, Daria, it can be done; and the papers may be found."

"Papers or no papers, you'd never see another like her; so keep her fast, if you wish the blessing to abide that has come to your hearth."

So, partly to please Daria, and chiefly because Blandine charmed and pleased her, the princess resolved to call her by her own name, which was also that of Blandine's maternal grandfather, though the connection between the house of the Great Vallinski and that of the princess was very distant indeed.

"Yes, Daria, I believe you are right. We will let her have one interview with the persons who brought her to Paris, and then make a Vallinski and a real Travoslavinia of her."

"But 'man proposes and God disposes.'"

"Oh, that man she married afterwards. There was no one else. He seized her in his arms, carried her to a cab, then to the nearest hospital. That was the beginning of their acquaintance. When she came to herself she begged him to keep her secret. It seems he had been in love with her from the day he first saw her, though she never so much as looked at him. But he gained her confidence, her heart perhaps. Her pride was boundless; perhaps she married to break off all connection with Russia. The daughter of such a father, she would have died rather than let her sorrows be known, or become the subject of pity in the circles in which she had shone. No wonder she died. In the nature of things she could not survive such disappointment. You tell me you know nothing of her manner of life off there in the Pyrenees? That is a pity. She must have left traces of her stay there. It will be hard to find a suitable match for her daughter without paternal pedigree. But her grandfather's name will cover much."

Though Margaret's sympathy was keen, her interest sincere and deep in that poor young girl's fate, she was hugging for a sight of Blandine's face. She was anxious to know how she had passed the long intervening hours since they parted. Her thoughts wandered when the story ended.

Profiting by that little pause in the torrent of words, she asked, "Has our little girl been at all troublesome?"

"I will summon her now. She is to have a rare pleasure this morning. I am to take her to a children's matinee at the house of one of my friends."

The footman in cloak and cape now made his appearance. Touching his high hat, he signified that the carriage was ready.

"I ran for Mademoiselle, Feodor." Feodor stepped aside to allow Mademoiselle to enter. She passed him, bearing her ladyship's wrap, gloves and fan.

"Is Mademoiselle Alexandrine ready?"

A few days later Margaret was invited to meet the Princess Vallinski. How eagerly she looked forward to the hour fixed for the interview! It sounded at last. The footman takes her card, and hardly has he borne the name announced than she hears the rustle of silken garments, followed by the dash and patter of many little feet. Another moment and the princess is holding out her hand, in cordial greeting, while her pugs in mad frolic rush round and round, and insist upon having a share in the meeting. Margaret's eyes vainly seek the face she long beholds. But the affability, the cordiality of the princess, is more like that of an old friend than a new acquaintance. Between the welcome she has fairly ended, and the two ladies are seated, a huge tray is brought in and placed near them, while on a marble console at their side a great silver samovar is already steaming socially.

"Ab, what a lovely child that is!" suddenly exclaims the princess. "Yes, yes; a lovely child! And though only god-mother to her mother, I shall see that she makes a great match. Her mother,—ah, there was a beauty! A beauty that men raved about, my dear! Sacha, my god-daughter, had no equal for beauty, for wit, for grace. Men raved about her, while she disdained them; and all for the sake of a beggar. He was a noble, of course; but still a beggar, completely without fortune! For his sake she forfeited her inheritance, refused many offers, gave up everything and came to Paris to study art. She was an artist to the tips of her fingers, full of talent, but would have a diploma, would gain fame for her lover's sake. While she was gaining it here in Paris, he, the student lover, became implicated in plots. Condemned without hope to Siberia! The judge's daughter is in love with him. The judge says: 'Marry, and live in peace.' And, will you believe it, my dear? he accepted the conditions,—was pardoned,—married the judge's daughter! But she recovered, my dear; and married, as you know, some foreigner; no one knows whom. It seems she was happy, though a cripple."

"A cripple, Margaret's sympathy was intensified.

"Yes, yes; before her marriage! Only think of it! She had gotten over her madness, or despair in some degree, and had resumed her painting; when, while at work one day, mounted on a tall ladder, copying a famous picture, she heard voices that made the blood mount to her head. She looked down and saw, my dear, the faithless wretch, who had married to save himself from exile, laughing and coquetting with his young bride, her old schoolmate. After a time, someone in the next room hears a fall; and Sacha, my poor beautiful Sacha, is found lying in a heap, all broken, on the marble floor. No wonder you weep, my dear."

"And who cared for her in that extremity?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, that man she married afterwards. There was no one else. He seized her in his arms, carried her to a cab, then to the nearest hospital. That was the beginning of their acquaintance. When she came to herself she begged him to keep her secret. It seems he had been in love with her from the day he first saw her, though she never so much as looked at him. But he gained her confidence, her heart perhaps. Her pride was boundless; perhaps she married to break off all connection with Russia. The daughter of such a father, she would have died rather than let her sorrows be known, or become the subject of pity in the circles in which she had shone. No wonder she died. In the nature of things she could not survive such disappointment. You tell me you know nothing of her manner of life off there in the Pyrenees? That is a pity. She must have left traces of her stay there. It will be hard to find a suitable match for her daughter without paternal pedigree. But her grandfather's name will cover much."

Though Margaret's sympathy was keen, her interest sincere and deep in that poor young girl's fate, she was hugging for a sight of Blandine's face. She was anxious to know how she had passed the long intervening hours since they parted. Her thoughts wandered when the story ended.

Profiting by that little pause in the torrent of words, she asked, "Has our little girl been at all troublesome?"

"I will summon her now. She is to have a rare pleasure this morning. I am to take her to a children's matinee at the house of one of my friends."

The footman in cloak and cape now made his appearance. Touching his high hat, he signified that the carriage was ready.

"I ran for Mademoiselle, Feodor." Feodor stepped aside to allow Mademoiselle to enter. She passed him, bearing her ladyship's wrap, gloves and fan.

"Is Mademoiselle Alexandrine ready?"

"She is coming, princess." Preceded by a maid, Blandine was ushered into the presence of the two ladies.

"Madame is satisfied?"

The princess was critically scrutinizing the little girl; she was not easily satisfied, but at length she declared—

A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. B. Heath, 39 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont.

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strength, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists."

"Very good! Excellent! What say you, my dear?" this last to Margaret.

Margaret made no answer to the question, but drew as near as she could to her darling. Bending over Blandine she lifted her sweet face and kissed her forehead. The touch was balm to the child's heart. Encased for the first time in such unusual garb, short skirts reaching barely to her knees, a profusion of lace and ribbons, long gloves, white satin shoes, and with her abundant tresses falling loose and waving around her shoulders, she hardly recognized herself as Blandine of Betharram, the little convent maid. Her eyes were feasting themselves on the dear face she loved, while trying to look brave and cheerful. But the restraint in which she found herself, was almost more than she could bear. Only love, unselfish love gave her strength to resist the inclination that urged her to defy custom and throw her arms about Margaret's neck. But the princess no doubt guessed something of the child's trouble.

"Say an revoir, Sacha; and let Mademoiselle take you to the carriage."

Margaret bent over her once more, and whispered, while tenderly kissing the wistful face, "God bless my own darling Blandine!"

(To be continued.)

The Royal Month and the Royal Disease.

Sudden changes of weather are especially trying, and probably to none more so than to the scrofulous and consumptive. The progress of scrofula during a normal October is commonly great. We never think of scrofula—its bunches, cutaneous eruptions, and wasting of the bodily substance—without thinking of the great good many sufferers from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cure of this one disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world. There is probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merit in more homes than one, in arresting and completely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative,—consumption.

Collector—Mr. Trager, will you subscribe toward the decoration of the soldiers' graves?

Mr. Trager—No, sir? The men whose graves I want to decorate ain't dead yet.

BADDER, June 11, 1897. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for NEURALGIA. It relieves at once.

A. S. McDONALD.

Dunleigh—There's nothing cranky about Mr. Synnex; he's a man of sense, he is!

Marichan—Flattering! Dunleigh—Not a bit. Folks had been saying that smoking cigarettes weakened the intellect. I asked Mr. Synnex, and he told me to keep right on; it couldn't possibly have any effect on me.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

13 Running Sores.

Mr. Stephen Wasscott, Freeport, N.S., gives the following experience with Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months; finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time from my knees to the top of my foot. All the medicines I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B. When one-half the bottle was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."

LAXA LIVER PILLS

work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and indigestion and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c. at all druggists.

A Terrible Cough.

If people would only treat coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer home desolations.

The severest coughs and colds, bronchitis and croup, and the first stages of consumption, yield readily to this powerful, lung-healing remedy.

Read what Mrs. Thos. Carter, Northport, Ont., says: "I caught a severe cold, which settled on my throat and lungs, so that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I also had a terrible cough which my friends thought would send me to my grave. I tried different remedies but all failed to do me any good until I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and the contents of one bottle completely cured me."

"You'll have to excuse my dolly," said the little four-year-old, with great dignity. "She's indisposed."

"What is the matter with her, Kitty?" asked the visitor with a show of friendly interest and sympathy. "She's lost all the sawdust out of her stomach," replied Kitty, "part of her leg is gone, she's got nervous prostration, and can't wink her eyes."

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

Driver—Waiter, this chop is very small.

Waiter (a raw hand)—Yes sir; but you'll find it will take a good while to eat it.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

She—I do wish you would give up smoking, John.

He—I will do nothing of the kind. I intend to smoke as long as I live.

She—Yes, and after that you will begin to blazz.

For Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Rheumatism, Siff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bites of Insects, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Haged's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

Mrs. Wanterby.—Really, you must excuse the appearance of our home. It's so dirty and so upset.

Mrs. Kauler.—Why, it seems to me to be just the same as ever.

If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own cathartic.

The Teacher.—But all trees do not bear fruit! In what way are the others useful?

Pupil.—The're good to climb.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leaves no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's Price 10 and 25 cents. All dealers.

Brown.—I'm going home now, doctor, and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take?

Dr. Woodberry Mann.—Take a car.

British Troop Oil Liniment is unsurpassed by any liniment on the market to-day. It is composed of healing, soothing and cleansing vegetable oils and extracts. It is put up in large bottles for the small price of 25 cents.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Business Men's Backs.

Too much rush and bustle, work and worry lead to the loss of the average business man. Kidney trouble is the result of the failure to filter the poisons from the blood properly. Urinary troubles, general weakness and backache. Doan's Kidney Pills are the natural result. A man can't afford to business properly if his back aches—no use trying.

Only one sure remedy that never fails—DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Take a hint from business men who have used them. "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at the Medical Hall here, for rheumatism and pain in the small of my back, with which I have been afflicted for the past six years. They did me so much good that I heartily recommend them as an excellent medicine for rheumatic troubles and backache." CHAS. C. FRIZZ, dealer in agricultural implements, Orillia, Ont. Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache, lame or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, gleet, in the urine, too frequent risings at night, rheumatism, and weakness of the kidneys in children and old people. Remember the name, Doan's, and refuse all others. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Our blue Beaver Cloth Coat for \$8.50, you will find equal to coats for which \$9.00 to \$10.00 has been paid.

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Now that the long fall evenings are here you have to light your lamps early, and if you do not have good Kerosene Oil you have very poor satisfaction. Cheap low grade oil not only smokes and darkens the Lamp Chimnies, but it also creates a very disagreeable odor in the room.

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