

The Charlotteville Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, RINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19, 1902

Vol. XXXI, No. 47

A Letter to the Public

The best place to buy your groceries is where you can get the best value for your money.

The Leading GROCERY

Isn't that the way you look at it? Well, if you are undecided as to just such a place, take a look in at our store, examine our stock, get our prices, and be satisfied, that you have found the place you have been looking for; then, leave your order, which will be promptly attended to.

Leslie S. McNutt & Co.
Newson's Block.

Try us for Flour

PHONE 288
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.



The Fit OF GLASSES

Is of the greatest importance—not only for comfort—but to avoid actual danger. The lenses must be accurately adjusted in every way and correctly centered. Many opticians—careful in other respects—often overlook the importance of accurate fitting. We give special attention and have frames of every size and shape on hand, enabling us to supply the correct size and style at all times.
E. W. TAYLOR,
Cameron Block, Ch'vtown.

The Place to Buy your Watches, Rings and Spectacles.

HIGH GRADE English Manure

Superphosphate of Lime, Nitrate of Soda, Sulphate of Potash, Muriate of Potash, Bone Dust, Kainit, etc.

Containing NITROGEN, PHOSPHORIC ACID and POTASH in the most soluble and available forms known. Each ingredient sold under guaranteed analysis and consequently thoroughly reliable. Sold unmixed and therefore adaptable to all crops and conditions. 25 per cent (the manufacturer's profit) cheaper than any mixed and so-called "Complete Fertilizers" on the market. The Only Fertilizer farmers can afford to use, and those who know most about artificial manures will use no other.

AULD BROS.

April 2, 1902.

This is the Time to Buy OUTSIDE SASHES

Make Your Home Comfortable.

Our Sashes are the best, our prices right. Call and leave your order or write to

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,
Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,
PEAKE'S No. 3 WHARF.

ENEAS A. MACDONALD,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian, Great West Life Assurance Co.
Office, Great George St.
Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown
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A. L. FRASER, B. A.
Attorney-at-Law.
SOURIS, P. E. ISLAND.
MONEY TO LOAN.

A. A. MCLEAN, L. B., K. C.,
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BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN

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Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool,
The Sun Fire office of London,
The Phenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn,
The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.
Combined Assets of above Companies, \$300,000,000.00.
Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.
JOHN MCBACHERN,
Agent.

Poems of Pope Leo XIII.

"The Poems, Ostrades and Incriptions of Pope Leo XIII.," including the revised compositions of his early life in chronological order, with English translation and notes, by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry, of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., have been brought out in beautiful style by the Dolphin Press, of New York and Philadelphia.

Those who know the Pope, statesman and scholar, as he is reflected in his marvellous Encyclicals, should know the poet, too, if they would truly gauge the great man whom God has given to His Church in these days of storm and stress.

The years of man's life are three-score and ten, says the Psalmist; but in the strong they are four-score years; and what is more of them is labor and sorrow.

When Joseph Pecci was twenty years of age he was a frail and sickly youth. In the book before us we find a poem in anticipation of that early grave to which he seemed foredoomed.

Haggard and wan my face, and laboring is my breath;
Languid I walk the way to dusty death.

Why shall I cheat my heart and years plenty crave
When Atropos compels the dreaded grave?

Rather my soul will speak: O Death, where is thy sting?
With gladness I await thy triumphing!

Happy the exile's feet to press the Fatherland;
Happy the storm-tossed bark to gain the strand.

This was in 1830, and more than three-score years and ten of man's allotment have since gone over his head. Moreover, it has been in the years of "labor and sorrow"—for he was nearly seventy when he came to the Chair of Peter—that he has done his greatest intellectual work.

His Encyclicals, on the chief religious, moral and social questions that concern the human race are of a virile majesty, and show forth beyond all else the strength and comprehensiveness of his genius. But his poems give the tender, pathetic and sometimes playful aspect of his many-sided nature.

It is beyond us to comment on the beauty of the poems in their original Latin and Italian. Every one knows that the Pope is a rare classical scholar and a lover of the great Italian poets, especially of Dante. The Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., in Rome some years ago, with the late Charles A. Dana, obtained for the latter a special audience with Pope Leo XIII. The conversation turned on Dante, and suddenly this white, frail, shadowy old man took up the word and recited page after page of his beloved poet with resonant voice and glowing eyes.

As Father Henry says in his brief foreword: "To the educated man who still retains some interest in the classic rhythms of his collegiate study, such a volume should appeal with special force, as it furnishes a pleasing illustration of modern themes dressed out in the diction of Virgil and Horace."

The poems have been fortunate in their translator, himself a true poet, who has Englished them with a singular fidelity to the spirit and manner of the originals.

The first poem in the book was composed by its illustrious author when he was a child of twelve in the Jesuit college at Viterbo. It is in honor of the Provincial Vincenzo Pavani. The character, written in his early twenties, are ingenious and musical.

When the illustrious author was Bishop of Prese, he took pleasure in writing poems, in honor of those among his priests, or the religious under his care, who were distinguished for the virtues of their state. Here is his fatherly praise of a most worthy subject, Santo Petrazzini, parish priest of Ramazzano, who died in 1865, noted for his piety and his charity to the poor:

iam Hayes Ward, editor of the Independent, and by Catholics not a few. Francis Thompson, in England, the Very Rev. William Byrne, D. D., V. G., of Boston, and the Rev. J. F. Quirk, S. J.; the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., and the Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J., among the rest.

It is interesting, however, to note Father Henry's translations. They do not suffer in comparison with the best we have named. Take this dainty bit from the Epistle to Fabrice Rufus:

Seek neatness first; although the board be spare,
Be every dish and napkin bright and fair.

And be thy vintage purest of the pure,
To warm the heart and prove a pleasant lure

That shall both friends and wholesome mirth ensue,
Be frugal, here, however, nor decline

To put a frequent water to your wine.
O crystal drops that heaven from ocean lifts

To shower on earth the best of nature's gifts!
Select for home-made bread the choicest wheat,

And have in plenty all the goodly meat
Of fowl, and lamb, and ox (but first be sure

They're tender!) now with plenteous garniture
Of spice and pickle play the epicure!

Next have the beakers foaming to the brim
With milk no thrifty maid hath dared to skim;

No draught than this more wholesome shall assuage
The thirst of childhood or declining age,

Let golden honey be thy daintier fare;
Of Hybla's nectar take a scantier share.

Be thy fresh eggs the talk of all the town—
Hard-boiled or soft, or fried to a savory brown,

Or poached, or dropped, or sipped raw from the shell,
Or done in ways too numerous to tell.

Add herbs and salads to the feast—
Whatso
May in suburban gardens freely grow.

Bring forth the clustered fruitage of the vine,
Plucked where the clambering tendrils intertwine.

Have plums and pears—the bursting panners crown
With red-checked apples laughing gaily down,

And, last, delicious fragrance of the East!
With cups of steaming Mocha crown the feast,

But taste the amber with a lingering lip—
No hasty draught! 'twas made for gods to sip!

Here are a few stanzas from Father Henry's spirited translation of the "Ode":

O Godless laws, count up your gains;
What truth remains?
A shrineless justice, lo! it stands
On shifting sands!

Hark ye the new hierophant
Of science, chant
His song to Nature's soulless clod
As to a god!

And yet man's birthright from on high
He will deny,
And search to find a single root
For Man and Brute

There are poetical paraphrases of certain Psalms, poems in honor of Leo's sainted predecessors in the See of Perugia, hymns to the Blessed Virgin, including a group of poems of rare beauty on the Rosary; graceful poetic compliment to favored friends, poems inspired by the incidents of his own life, or by family bereavements. His poem on the death of his brother Joseph Cardinal Pecci takes the form of a greeting to the departed to himself, exhorting him to new labors for the faith and sorrow for his sins. His response is touching in its humility:

Yes, while the spirit rules these weary limbs,
Shall I, with sighs heaved from my inmost heart,
And bitter tears, strive to undo my guilt;

But thou, secure and blest with heavenly light,
Look on me bowed with years, broken on with cares;
And from thy sky behold thy brother here,

So long oppressed with tempest, all so long
Waried with storm and stress and battling waves!

The strength of his family affection is reflected also in his special devotion to the Holy Father and to

Jesus as the Child of Nazareth: Whose childhood crowned domestic love
With glories caught from heaven.

The sweet sympathy with youth and love—reminding one of the same trait in St. Francis de Sales—appears in the "Epithalamium," written for Alphonse Sterbini and Julia Pizzirani on their nuptials in 1897. We give entire:

Two hearts—twin altars—claim
A single love-lit flame:
You ask me whence it came?

Kindred in heart and soul—
Love silent on them stole
And gaid complete control!

Sweeter its victory,
When virtue's laws decree
Inviolate loyalty!

At Mary's shrine they bow,
A mutual truth to vow
In love made holier now.

What more? I end my lay,
Heaven's choicest gifts to pray
On this, their wedding day!

Another revelation of human sympathy is in the Pope's poem to his old-time comrades of the A. C. Society, on the occasion of its bicentenary. It is the greeting of "Neander Heraclius"—the name given young Pecci on his admittance to the Academy in 1832. The Society, founded in 1830, was an echo of the Renaissance, and lovers of the classics will find the spirit of that great movement in the poem.

Of the inscriptions written by the Holy Father, the first is for the tomb of his mother, Anne Prosper, Countess Pecci, whom he eulogizes as "a mother to the poor, most devoted to her children, a martyr of the olden piety, a model of domestic virtue, provident and generous."

The last, written in 1883, is on the life he shall lead in his pontificate:

For the rest of my mortal life I at firmly resolved by offering daily the Victim of propitiation, to cleave more closely to God; and with watchful and ever-growing zeal, to labor for the salvation of the souls of men. Forward, then, Leo, strive, strive to surmount with courage whatsoever obstacle; to endure with patience whatsoever trials; fear not; your life is nearly run; renounce and spurn all that is perishable, aspire to the heights; press forward with constant longing towards thy heavenly Fatherland.

Father Henry's "Notes" contain personal information and criticism which add greatly to the interest of the poems; and fittingly round out the ingenious and pathetic self-disclosure of the humble, generous and tender heart which companions the great brain of Leo XIII.

Real Happiness.

"What Constitutes Real Happiness," is the subject which Mr. Bourke Cookran, with a good deal of wisdom and insight, expounds in a New York paper.

"What is Happiness?" he asks. "Is it fame?"

"Some wise men hold that fame is posthumous and notoriety contemporaneous. * * * To be gazed at in a street car or in a public conveyance soon palls upon the mind; from being a source of satisfaction it becomes a source of embarrassment. The prominence which has cost a life-time of industry and self-denial can be forfeited in a moment by an ill-considered act or a maladroit expression.

"Is power happiness? * * * Ask the possessor of it, and he will tell you that it is an obstacle to all contentment. * * * Is knowledge happiness? The utmost that a life devoted to study can hope to accomplish is to discover the fountain of knowledge; not one of us can ever hope to lake his thirst at it.

"Is wealth happiness? Look at those who possess it and tell me if you think they are a happy race. * * * I have heard of jolly beggars, but no one has ever heard of jolly millionaires. * * * The cripple sometimes smiles on the bed to which he is chained. . . . It is natural for a workman to sing while the object of his labor assumes a form in which it will be at once the monument of his industry and the source of his wages, as it is for a mother to sing over the cradle of the child she has borne. . . . But who ever heard of a millionaire singing a comic song or whistling a merry tune as he clips coupons in a subterranean cell? From a somewhat extensive observation of life I can say with perfect sincerity that exists nowhere except among the idle rich. . . . Happiness consists, not in our possession, but in ourselves, not in what we have but what we are. . . ."

"Whether it be drink which causes poverty or poverty which causes drink, it is terribly clear how close the bond is between the fell evils," says the Pittsburg Catholic, "and how together they work themselves out in disease and crime, insanity and death."

The Review of St. Louis, commenting on the saying "that religion is good enough for women," remarks: "The assertion that religion is good for women only, is very uncomplimentary either for the ladies or for the gentlemen. For the ladies, if you hold religion to be false and thereby imply that falsehood is enough for women; for the gentlemen, if you consider religion to be true; for then the declaration means, Let the men go to hell!"

This view of the coal strike situation, from the new century, is worthy of note: "The strike in the anthracite coal fields has been of immense advantage to the public. This appears to be an absurd paradox. It is not. The coal strike has had an educational value of immeasurable importance, because it has made all men, even the most apathetic, think on economic questions. The vital movements growing out of this widely popular agitation and unrest must be guided and illumined by the Church."

"When looking for a surgeon to operate upon his crippled child," says the Michigan Catholic, "millionaire Armour could find him only in Austria, one of the most Catholic countries in Europe. Mr. Armour had spent a fortune in the treatment of his little daughter, and spared no expense in securing the best medical talent. He found it at the University of Vienna in the person of Dr. Lorenz, who came over the sea to effect the cure of the crippled child. Strange, how behind the times these Catholic countries are!"

The Benedictine Abbey of Montecassino, situated on an almost inaccessible hill overlooking the road from Rome to Naples, is one of the most important and historically interesting religious houses in Italy. As it possesses a priceless collection of medieval manuscripts and one of the finest libraries in the world, the Abbot of Montecassino is invariably chosen from among the most learned members of the order. Very Rev. Father Bonazzi, who filled the post for several years, having recently been appointed to the archiepiscopal See of Benevento, left vacant by the death of Cardinal Dall'Olio, a worthy successor has just been elected in the person of the Very Rev. Father Sylvius De Stefano, who will be installed as Lord Abbot of Montecassino with the usual impressive ceremonial.

An interesting and instructive item of information appeared in the newspapers last week, says the London Catholic Times, which shows how different is the attitude adopted by the Emperor William towards Catholicism from that adopted by the head of the French Republic. His Majesty, whilst staying at Cudion, his estate in West Prussia, paid a visit to the Bishop of Ermland at Fraunberg. The Emperor wore the Pilgrim's Cross of the Holy Sepulchre and the medal of St. Benedict. He lunched with the Bishop and talked admiringly of the wonderful health and strength of the Pope and promised to send the Bishop a new portrait of himself in place of the one he possessed. He also inspected a plaster relief of Our Lady and the Divine Child which he has recently presented to the Bishop. It is thus by acts of courtesy and kindness to all orders in his dominion that the Emperor has endeavored himself to his subjects of all persuasions. One might imagine that his Majesty was himself a Catholic, or that the majority of his subjects were. Turn now to France. In that country the overwhelming numbers of the population are, nominally at least, Catholic, yet the State is infidel, the President dare not mention the name of God in a public speech, the army and navy are deprived of religious consolation, the monks and nuns persecuted and driven abroad, the Bishops strangled, the clergy clubbed and the little children deprived of a Christian education. What must German Catholics think of France?

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't want to eat your food as it is. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what fails to digest is wasted. Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it right after the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. STONER, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19, 1902.
SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 A YEAR.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
JAMES McISAAC,
Editor & Proprietor

A special meeting of the city council was held on Monday evening last, when the question of exempting the plant and property of the Dominion Packing Company was considered.

The writs for the by-elections in the Cardigan and West River districts have been issued. Nominations are to take place on Tuesday December 2nd, and polling one week later.

The meeting in Morell Hall on Wednesday evening last, 12th inst., was very small. The weather was extremely disagreeable and it was hardly to be expected that people from any distance could attend.

A Change of Attitude.

The Leader of the Government and the Government organ have, within the last few days, more than once declared that no agreement has been entered into for the guaranteeing of the bonds of the Dominion Packing Company.

In further discussing the guarantee business the Patriot says this "ghost has been laid, and well laid too." This is surely an extraordinary change of attitude on the guarantee question, by the Government and their organ.

Mr. R. N. Cox was pleased to hear so much information on the question. The people were not against the company; but he did not consider there should be any necessity for the guarantee.

Mr. James McIsaac said he was pleased to hear the Premier announce that no contract had been entered into, and trusted this statement and this condition of things would be adhered to.

On Thursday evening a large meeting of the inhabitants of Marshfield assembled in the hall at that place to discuss the guarantee question.

He did not believe that they would be able to do that which they had promised and on last Friday before he left for Halifax Mr. Pearson, the promoter of the company, thought they would "paddle their own canoe" and not require the guarantee.

Senator Ferguson delivered an admirable speech in opposition to the principle of guaranteeing such bonds as those in question and in condemnation of the conduct of the Government in the matter.

Mr. Horace Hazard and Mr. H. J. Palmer, M. L. A., both spoke strongly against the guarantee of the company's bonds by the Government.

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MEET ME AT THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE
New Fall & Winter Jackets at STANLEY BROS.
New Coats
Black, Grey, Fawn, Brown and Green,
Splendid Jackets Those.
Stanley Bros.

NOTICE.
At West St. Peter's, on Tuesday, Oct. 28th, Alexander McAdam, son of Mr. Donald McAdam, aged 23 years, Mr. McAdam had been living with his uncle, Mr. Andrew A. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Father McLellan, P. E. May his soul rest in peace.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Tourist Cars
EVERY THURSDAY
FROM MONTREAL.
Every TUESDAY and SATURDAY from NORTH BAY.

Auction Sale.
There will be sold by public Auction, in front of the Court House in South, on Friday, the 15th day of December next A. D. 1902, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.

NOTICE.
I will be at Head St. Peter's Bay from now up to December 1st. Parties indebted to me by Book Account, Note of Hand or otherwise, will find it convenient to take advantage of the opportunity, as after that date all bills unsettled will have to be paid in Charlottetown.

NOTICE.
An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold.

Weeks & Co.
Headquarters for Men's Underwear.
Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear
We endorse every word of the above, and if it shrinks come and we will give you back your money.

Heavy All Wool
Ribbed in all colors, splendid stuff to wear, heavy and warm.
Special value at \$1.00 PER SUIT.

Weeks' Underwear
Is Cheapest and Best.
Heavy All Wool Stanfield's make Sweaters, in Black, Red, Navy, etc.

Men's Cardigans
Select English Stock just opened in the best grades only, from \$1.15 to \$3.50 each.

Men's Sweaters
Heavy All Wool Stanfield's make Sweaters, in Black, Red, Navy, etc. Also many other makes from 75c to \$1.25 each.

What about your Winter Gloves.
We have a great stock worthy of your attention. Every good kind is new and our prices are low.

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF B. HERDER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

(Reproduced from the Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

Soon after noon, accordingly, uncle and I started for the town, leading Frith's pony by a bridle rein to Anne's ride back. Uncle Remy told us we should probably find her at Windsor's rooms in the Strand, and there in fact she was. I was shocked at her appearance, she looked so pale and haggard. As soon as she saw uncle and me, she began to sob and accost herself in a manner that would have melted a heart of stone, lamenting bitterly her rashness in contracting a marriage upon which her grandmother would not bestow a parental blessing.

We tried to console her with our sympathy, which is oftentimes the best, the only consolation that can be given. Uncle Remy was kindness itself, soothing and petting her like a child; finally we prevailed upon her to dress herself, and ride back with us to Woxindon. On passing through St. Giles we halted at the "Blue Boar," for Anne knew that her husband was there with his friends; in fact they were just coming out of the hostelry when we drew bridle under the oaks.

My betrothed was the first to greet me, and he basted up to greet me. Then he called Babington; it was impossible not to observe the reluctance with which the latter came towards us, on perceiving that I was there. But I kissed my hand to him, and when he began in rather a shameful manner to stammer some words of apology, I invited him to come with us to Woxindon. He declined, alleging more important engagements, but said he hoped on the morrow, or the day after, to make his excuses in person to Mistress Bellamy, if I would say a kind word for him in the interval. I was not sorry, for I preferred that the meeting with Anne should be got over first, especially as Miss Cecil was there. So Anne took leave of her husband, and rode on, accompanied by my dear Windsor, who gave as a reason for joining our party that he had a communication to present to make to Uncle Remy. I need not say that I made no effort to dissuade him from coming.

The long summer day was drawing to a close when we reached the beach at the cross roads. There, sure enough, sat our dear old grandmother by the wayside, Uncle Remy standing beside her. I will not describe the scene that followed; the pardon which Anne besought on was willingly granted; and as the stars came out one by one in the deepening twilight, it seemed as if the angels in heaven who rejoice over the return of the repentant sinner, once more sang their song: Peace on earth to men of good will!

As we proceeded slowly homeward, Windsor informed Uncle Remy that his object in coming that evening was to tell him that an excellent opportunity had unexpectedly presented itself to get poor Uncle Robert out of the Clink. He explained Bill Bell's proposal to us, and we clasped our hands with delight, exclaiming: "This is indeed a special interposition of Providence!" Then we in our turn told him about Lord Barghley's daughter and Frith, and how Father Weston thought the sooner they could cross seas the better. If Uncle Robert were set free, the same vessel could carry them to France, and thus, as Uncle Remy said, we could kill two birds with one stone.

"I have another suggestion to make," Windsor said. "How would it be if my sweetheart were to accompany the fugitives. As I have already told you, I shall have to leave England within the next month, for an indefinite time, and I could then join Mary in Brussels or Cologne."

After a few moments consideration Uncle Remy replied that he saw no objection to this scheme. I opposed it, however, saying I could not bear to leave grandmother. But Windsor urged that sooner or later the parting must come, as I had promised to be his wife, and it was only a question of a few weeks. He gave such good reasons for my departure, that I was obliged to consent, although with a heavy heart, and on the condition that my grandmother's approval was gained.

We agreed not to mention the subject until after supper, for which we found the table already spread when we reached the house. As soon as thanks were returned, Windsor expounded his scheme. Grandmother, who had the greatest confidence in Father Weston's judgment, left to him the responsibility of deciding what it was best to do. The good Father asked several questions; presently, after a short prayer for divine guidance, he pronounced in favor of the plan. It was then arranged that Windsor should immediately return to London and get everything

in readiness to receive the fugitives in his house in the Strand. Uncle Remy meanwhile was to escort us through the wood to Putney, where we knew a fisherman, in whose boat he had often gone out on the river at night, harpooning fish by torchlight. In this boat he would row us to the riversteps at the end of Windsor's garden, where my betrothed would await us between one and two in the morning, before daybreak, that is.

This was no sooner said than done; for there was no time to be lost. I hurriedly put together a few things; grandmother gave Frith and me her blessings, holding us clasped in a fond embrace. The farewells were heartrending; we had to tear ourselves away. Frith enjoined upon Anne to take good care of his pony saying when the Queen was dead we should come back, as the child Jesus did when Herod was no more.

"Yes, children," said grandmother, "think of the flight into Egypt, and take for your companions Jesus, Mary and Joseph. May God and His good angels be with you!"

Again Uncle Remy warned us that time pressed; once more I embraced my grandmother and sister, and then the gates closed behind us. I turned to take one last look at Woxindon whose towers stood out darkly against the star lit sky, before the trees of the wood we were entering, shut it out from sight. How bitter was my grief at that moment! May I not hope that God in his mercy will grant, that those who thus left house and home for His name's sake, will be received by Him into everlasting dwellings?

Scarcely a word was spoken as we rode through the wood; even little Frith was silent. When we drew near Putney, Father Weston parted from us as his course lay upon the river to Henley. We found the boat moored by the riverside, and Uncle Remy succeeded in making it loose. He made Miss Cecil and me crouch down in the bottom of the boat, while Frith took the rudder-stirrings steering by uncle's directions. Not a syllable was uttered as we shot rapidly down the stream, aided by the current. We made it our aim to keep as much as possible in the middle of the river, and thus could scarcely distinguish anything on the banks. But as we passed Westminster, the moon came out from behind a cloud, and lit up the outlines of the Abbey. By its light Uncle Remy descried a barge moored a short distance ahead of us, which he rightly divined to be that of the river watch. He begged Miss Cecil and me to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat and over our prostrate forms he threw a dragnet, which was in the skiff. A few moments later a challenge rang out; uncle answered it. Almost immediately a boat came up alongside of us. "Any priests on board?" a gruff voice demanded.

"Not a man alive, save this lad and myself," was the reply.

"What have you got there in the bottom of the boat?"

"Nets, as you may see if you care

Proverbs

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.



We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.

to look."

"Well, well, give us a trifle, and we will let you pass."

Uncle handed over a gratuity; then he plied the oars vigorously and we glided swiftly onward. I heard the Westminster clock strike one; about a quarter of an hour later we stopped at the steps on the river bank. As soon as the boat was made fast, I heard Windsor's voice asking where the ladies were? Uncle bade him to be silent; then he drew aside the dity, unavoursy nets, and helped Miss Cecil and me to get up. A thick bank of clouds had come upon before the moon, so that it was very dark on the river; in a space of a few moments we were safe indoors.

We found Tichbourne awaiting us. Some light refreshments were laid out on a table and some mullied wine was prepared for us, of which we were very glad on coming in from the chilly night air.

Windsor had given up his room and helped old Barbara to get it ready for us girls, while a bed had been made up for Frith in Tichbourne's bed-chamber. There Uncle Remy left us, for he had to take the boat he had borrowed back to the Putney, but he promised, if possible, to come again in the evening, as the next night was to be that of our flight.

We then returned to rest, old Barbara showing us to our room, and very civilly offering her services to undress us. This however we declined, as we preferred to be alone.

The whole of the next day we kept ourselves carefully out of sight, much to the vexation of little Frith, who peeped longingly between the half closed shutters, now at the street and now on the river. The confinement was however less irksome to him than it otherwise would have been, on account of the weather, for the rain fell steadily all day long. When I complained to Windsor at having such horrible weather for our flight, he said, we could not be thankful enough for it. On such a night as this the Thames was as safe as the Rhine, and the sentries on the Clink did not stir from their boxes. Had their been intervals of moonlight as there were yesternight, the venture would have been too hazardous to be attempted, and we need not fear a wetting, for Bill Bell would provide us with tarred capes and cloaks.

After supper we lay down for a brief rest. I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was startled by a knock at the door, warning us that it was time to start. Uncle Remy had come, bringing all manner of affectionate messages from Woxindon, where nothing had occurred since our departure. We were soon attired in oilskin cloaks, with sailor's hats on our heads, and such comical figures did we cut in this disguise, that, for all our grief and anguish of heart, we could not refrain from laughing at one another.

Just as the bell of St. Paul's tolled out the hours of midnight, the boatman's boy came to tell us his father was ready. We bade our host farewell; I promised to write to Windsor as soon as we reached Dunkirk. One last kiss, one last embrace, and out we went into the dark night and fast falling rain.

We two girls and Frith took our place in the bottom of the light skiff which our conductor had chosen for this expedition; the seats were reserved for the rowers, and the boatman's boy, a sharp youngster, took the rudder-stirrings. The necessity of preserving absolute silence having been duly impressed on us, we pushed off in the name of God, and drifted down alongside the bank until the frowning walls of the Clink were discernible through the gloom. The footsteps of the patrol going his rounds were audible, we waited in breathless suspense until they had passed; then finding ourselves unobserved, with a few quick strokes of the oars, the skiff was brought close under the walls, below the fourth window.

Again we waited and listened; no sound was to be heard but the pattering of the rain and the rush of the water as it flowed past. Then up got Bill Bell, and taking a dark lantern from under the seat, opened it, and threw a ray of light on the roof of the prison, lowering it gradually till it shone full on one of the windows just under the eaves. A figure appeared at the window, removing one by one the iron bars which had been filed through. As the light fell upon his countenance, I recognized Uncle Robert. I could hardly repress a scream, when I saw him secure a rope to the bottom of the iron bars throw the end down to us, and then clamber out through the aperture. Our men drew in the rope and held it tightly; the lantern was closed, and in a few moments, during which I held my breath in terrified apprehension, the prisoner slid down the rope and let himself noisily into the boat. We shook his hand with out a word. The men resumed their seats, and taking up the oars, put off from the bank.

We now breathed freely, imagining all fear of discovery was past. Suddenly a warden, probably the one whom the boatman had bribed, anxious to avert suspicion from himself, raised the cry: "Turn out the guard! a prisoner has escaped! Help!"

(To be continued.)



Are a True Heart Tonic. Nerve Food and Blood Purifier. They build up and renew all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body, and restore perfect health and vigor to the entire system.

After ALL. We take our share of fretting, Of grieving and forgetting; The paths are often rough and steep, and needless feet may fall; But yet the days are cheery, And night brings rest when weary, And somehow this old planet is a good world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble, The joys are more than double, The brave surpass the cowards, and the leal are like a wall To guard their dearest ever; To fail the feeblest never; And somehow this old world remains a bright world after all.

There's always love that's caring, And shielding and forbearing, Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep our hearts in thrall; There's home to share together In calm or stormy weather, And while the hearth-flame burns it is a good world after all.

The lip of children's voices, The chance of happy choices, The bugle sounds of hope and faith through fogs and mists that call; The heaven that stretches o'er us, The better days before us, They all combine to make this earth a good world, after all.

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25 cents.

Historic sayings.—To err is human; to get caught, stupid! "Reform does not begin at home." "O Poetry! Thy name is often indigestion!" "He laughs at scratches who never felt the vaccine virus."

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above fact can be verified by writing to him, to the parish priest or any of his neighbors. A. COTE, Merchant, St. Isidore, Que., May 12th, 1898.

"Dear me, John," called the cobbler's wife, "are you never going to stop work?" "It's most 12 o'clock." "What's the difference?" answered the busy man of the last. "It's never too late to mend."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. Lady.—Here is a penny. Now what are you going to do with it? Weary Waggles.—Ah, mum, I'll be ter submit dat question to de board or directors ov de "Copper Trust." It wouldn't do ter dump all dis metal ontar de market at once widout considerin' de probable consequences.

Milburn's Sertling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from any cause whatever. Price 10c. and 25c.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Mrs. A. Lethbridge, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down by such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and diarrhoea; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. A try using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, I found my health fully restored, and I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."



Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A faithful colored servant had recommended a friend to take charge of her mistress's delicate little girl. "Don you think, Sally," asked the anxious mother, "that I could trust Aunt Ellen with the entire care of the baby?"

"Law, yes, ma'am! I len knows all 'bout chillun. She's done buried six."

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

"I heard him call you 'Dookie,'" announced the small brother. "Well, what of it?" demanded his sister defiantly.

"Ob, nothin' much," answered the small brother. "I was only thinkin' maybe it's because of the way you walk; but it ain't very nice of him."

Used internally Hagyard's Oil cures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Croup, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

Old Gentleman (to James, whom he had recently promoted from the farm to be his body-guard.—James, go up to my study, and in the third drawer from the top, you will see—James.—Cigars, sir? Old Gentleman.—Yes. How did you find them? James.—Very good, sir!

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE Without regular action of the bowels. Laxative Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

An English Author Wrote. "No shade, no shine, no fruit, no flowers, no leaves,—November!" Many Americans would add no freedom from catarrh, which is so aggravated during this month that it becomes troublesome. There is abundant proof that catarrh is a constitutional disease. It is related to scrofula and consumption, being one of wasting diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla has shown that what is capable of eradicating scrofula, completely cures catarrh and taken in time prevents consumption. We cannot see how any sufferer can put off taking this medicine, in view of the widely published record of its radical and permanent cures. It is undoubtedly America's Greatest Medicine for America's Greatest Disease—Catarrh.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe. A WARNING TO BACKACHE SUFFERERS. Backache may strike you at any time. Comes when you least expect it. Comes as a warning from the kidneys.

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