

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1901.

Vol. XXX, No. 36

Calendar for Sept., 1901.

MOON'S CHANGES

Last Quarter, 5th, 9h. 27m. m.
New Moon, 13th, 5h. 18m. evg.
First Quarter, 20th, 9h. 33m. m.
Full Moon, 28th, 1h. 38m. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 Sunday	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
2 Monday	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
3 Tuesday	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
4 Wednesday	26	27	28	29	30	1	2
5 Thursday	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
6 Friday	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
7 Saturday	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
8 Sunday	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
9 Monday	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
10 Tuesday	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
11 Wednesday	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
12 Thursday	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
13 Friday	29	30	1	2	3	4	5
14 Saturday	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
15 Sunday	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
16 Monday	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
17 Tuesday	27	28	29	30	1	2	3
18 Wednesday	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
19 Thursday	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
20 Friday	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
21 Saturday	25	26	27	28	29	30	1
22 Sunday	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
23 Monday	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
24 Tuesday	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
25 Wednesday	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
26 Thursday	30	1	2	3	4	5	6
27 Friday	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
28 Saturday	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
29 Sunday	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
30 Monday	28	29	30	1	2	3	4

"Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery."

The best proof that MINARD'S LINIMENT has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is that it is EXTENSIVELY IMITATED. The imitations resemble the genuine article in appearance only. They lack the general excellence of the Genuine.

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

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

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

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

Farm for Sale!

On Bear River Line Road.

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

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

Jan. 31-1f

JAMES H. REDDIN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. CAMERON BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Special attention given to Collections MONEY TO LOAN.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY

ASSISTS - 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.

HYNDMAN & CO. Agents.

Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

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

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

Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.

JOHN McBACHERN, Agent.

FOR SALE.

The House and Lot at Head of St. Peter's Bay, lately occupied by Charles McLean, and adjoining the premises of Leacock Anderson, E.-G. This would be a good locality for a mechanic or for a boarding house. Terms easy. Apply to ENEAS A. MACDONALD, Charlottetown, April 10, 1901 ff.

A. L. FRASER, B. A. Attorney-at-Law.

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

Eneas A. Macdonald, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canada, Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Great West Life Assurance Co.

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

Going Out of the Crockery - - Business.

We will close out our entire stock of Crockery, Glassware and General Merchandise At Great Clearance Sale Prices.

Bargains in Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Lemonade Sets, Table Sets, Cups and Saucers, Parlor Lamps, Hall Lamps, Fancy Goods, Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons, &c. Many lines at half price. All at sweeping reductions. Stock must be sold at once as I am going out of the Crockery business. Book accounts must be settled at once. All the above goods will be sold for spot cash, therefore you can depend on getting bargains.

P. MONAGHAN, Queen Street.

CUSTOM Tailor-Made Clothing Is Best & Cheapest in the End.

WHY? Because we buy the best goods, and employ only Experienced Custom Tailors to make it; it is made on the premises under the supervision of Experienced Cutters. There is no house in the trade more able to sell good clothing than we are, and we invite you to inspect our stock.

Big Reductions On all Summer Suitings, Trousers, etc. Men's Furnishings In soft Front Shirts, Underclothing and all Summer Goods at cost to make room for our Fall Goods.

GORDON & McLELLAN Men's Outfitters.

WE ARE Manufacturers and Importers OF MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES

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

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

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

A Tribute to French Manners.

We English-speaking people have too long been accustomed to look upon France as a land of manners and superiority. The time has come when we can appreciate the French perfection of finish which extends, not only to high breeding in social customs, but to elegance and charity and power in language, as well as to an unapproachable arbitrariness in matters of taste. It is not by accident that French prose is the most exquisite and precise and highly perfected medium of thought that today exists. The French lightness of touch, clearness of intellect, vision and alertness and grace of movement are the outcome of a polished life in which social conventionalities have been carried to a point that grants the greatest possible freedom to the individual.

The Frenchman, more than any other civilized man today, recognizes that the community does not exist for him, but he for the community. Its social machinery is not to be diverted, or impeded, to meet his individual wants or whims. His ways are established in the common welfare, and long experience has taught him that his own well-being is to be promoted in their observance. He accepts, therefore, the little disappointments or inconveniences or juries of daily experience as incidental to himself, but not disturbing to the whole. He has no thought of crowding for his own convenience into the already full compass of the world.

He does not swear or fling the air with his complaints over the train that departed on time when he was late, or expect the order of things to be arrested to accommodate his tardiness. He recognizes the complexity of a world that existed long before he was born, and which he has neither the wisdom nor the wish materially to change. Consequently, life takes in for him a gaiety which a more strenuous community does not know, and which, with all its defects, has much to be coveted by those who have many qualities which he has not.

To us there may be a touch of admiration in his politeness, but his recognition of the fact that politeness is in itself a mark of refinement, and is by no means to be reserved as an expression only of deep personal feeling, is a sign of his sanity. To him it is that second nature which comes with appreciation of the value of established ways. And when one remembers how large a part of the intercourse of life is necessarily superficial, it is easy to see that the conventional is quite as important a proportion of the whole as is Matthew Arnold's "condemned" - D. S. Simon in the Congregationalist.

MEZZOFANTI. ANECDOTES OF THE GREATEST LINGUIST WHO EVER LIVED.

The late Cardinal Mezzofanti was undoubtedly the greatest linguist the world has ever known. In addition to more than thirty dialects, he was acquainted in various degrees with twenty-two languages. Of these he spoke with freedom and with a parity of accent, of vocabulary and of idiom, rarely obtained by foreigners, no fewer than fifty. He was, without a humble and holy prince of the Church. Unceasing was his prayer in the last days of his life. His last words were: "I am going - I am going - soon to Paradise."

Cardinal Mezzofanti was of a genial, cheerful disposition. Among other things he delighted in puns. One day, while he was speaking German with Goebel, the latter having made some allusion to his Eminence's increasing gray hairs as a "Weisshaar" (white hair) the Cardinal replied with a gentlemanly smile: "Ach, sehr gut, sehr schön, wie Weisshaar, so auch Weisshaar worden war." (Oh! would to God that, as I have become white, so I had also grown wiser.)

On one occasion when he was complimented, Cardinal Mezzofanti said: "Alas! what will all these languages avail me for the kingdom of heaven, since it is by work, not by words, that we must win our way thither."

On his elevation to the Cardinalate forty-three students of the Propaganda - all his own students - that waited upon Cardinal Mezzofanti and addressed him a series of congratulations, each in his native dialect. The Propaganda is an Apostolic seminary whose students are from every known part of the world and speak, literally, almost every known language and dialect. Among these the well-known German author Goebel says, Cardinal Mezzofanti was accustomed to go, "not as a Cardinal, but as a school-boy."

One day the vice rector of the English College, Dr. Cox, when

going to the Vatican library to visit Cardinal Mezzofanti, took with him an English family who were very desirous of being introduced to him. The gentleman introduced begged as a favor that he would tell him how many languages he could speak. After some hesitation, Mezzofanti answered: "Well, if you must know, I speak forty-five languages." "Forty-five?" replied the Englishman; "how, sir, have you possibly contrived to acquire so many?" "I cannot explain it," said Mezzofanti; "God has given me this peculiar power." This was in his comparatively early career. Later he acquired more. Cardinal Wiseman was assured by him on one occasion, that he then spoke "fifty and Bolognese."

A Wonderful Book.

This is the way in which the late Brother Anselm wrote of that great book of Thomas a Kempis, the "Imitation of Christ," which next to the Bible itself is probably the most widely-read work of a devotional character in the world.

"How, it may be asked, was the author able to compass within the covers of this slender volume so much wisdom, such a vast spiritual experience, such beautiful poetry and profound philosophy. And he has done it all with a grasp and a terseness of expression to which no translation has ever been able to do justice. It is because Thomas a Kempis is more than a pious monk picking up the experiences of the saints and the fathers who preceded him. He is one of the world-authors, and the 'Imitation' is so clearly stamped with the impress of his genius that, wherever men can read, they recognize it as a book that comes home to their business and their bosoms for all time. Go where you will you will find its silent influence working for good, and upon natures that seem least prepared to be affected by it.

"Thus, we read how a Moorish prince shows a missionary, visiting him, a Turkish version of the book, and tells him that he prizes it above all others in his possession.

"Again, the book has always been a consoler in tribulation. Louis XVI, when in prison, found great comfort in its pages, and read them day and night. Li Harpe, in his love and admiration for what in his day was considered elegant literature, thought the book beneath his notice, even as the Humanists before him had regarded St. Paul. But Li Harpe comes to grief, and, imprisoned in the Luxembourg, meets with it, and, opening it at random, reads: 'Behold, here I am; thou hast called me. Thy tears and the desire of thy soul, thy humiliation and contrition of heart have inclined and brought me to thee.' These touching words seemed to come directly out of the mouth of the Consoiler Himself. It was like an apparition. He says: 'I fell on my face and wept freely.' Ever after the 'Imitation' was one of Li Harpe's most cherished books."

America is not the only country wherein the "wandering Willies" who peddle objects of piety find Catholics gullible and easy to "work." The Review has many times cautioned its readers against the pious swindlers who hoodwink Catholics into buying tawdry books, pictures, statues, etc., at exorbitant prices. In New Zealand also it seems, Catholics are all too willing to be deceived by these traveling agents. The New Zealand Tablet writes of them as follows: "Some people are victimized through their ignorance, some through their affections, others through their passions, still others through their conceit - fancying themselves more innocent than their neighbors. But it seems to be reserved to Catholics to be 'got at' through their spirit of piety. Religion, in this case, is used for the advancement of sordid ends. The guilty parties are, for the most part, wandering nuisances armed with novels of devotion and rubbishy books in glaring bindings. We are reminded of this by an esteemed clerical friend who assures us that the vendors of some high-priced, garish, and unnecessary religious trumpery against whom

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old. It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful. It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected.

M. J. McDonald, Francon, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and builds up the whole system.

See the full particulars. Price 50 cents.

we have already cautioned our readers, are again on their rounds, and moreover, that they are victimizing innocent Catholics in this Colony to just as merry a tune as if our warnings were never uttered and the heart burnings of a few years ago were quite forgotten. But 'twas ever thus. Oily-tongued, smooth spoken rogues with a real or artificial "brogue" and a cheap affectation of piety sneak into Catholic homes - and especially Irish Catholic homes - display cheap and gaudy rubbish that is made to catch the fancy of incautious house-mothers or their better halves, and succeed in committing them to "sign" for a purchase at prices that spell rank extortion, if not downright swindling. We have over and over again raised our voice in urgent warning against such wandering agents; but to some extent we seem to have been speaking to the wilderness. Like Poor Richard's audience, our readers hear our advice for the moment, say it is good, and forthwith proceed to set it at defiance."

Reports of the exodus of religious communities from France continue to multiply. Many of the novices of the Jesuits will, it is said, be sent to Holland, no new establishment being created. Jersey, Syria and Egypt will also receive Jesuit exiles. Other orders are said to have purchased buildings in Belgium. Father Martin, general of the Jesuits, has passed through Paris on his way to Germany, where he hopes that the members of the society will be allowed to reside with distinguished Catholic families, who have asked for them as resident professors and chaplains.

The death took place at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, recently of the Rev. Francis Timony, Catholic chaplain to the corps of Australian Bushrangers who have lately been serving in the South African war. Father Timony, who was a native of County Fermanagh, Ireland, went to Sydney fifteen years ago.

"We have but to dig beneath our feet," says the "London Catholic Times," "to discover that England of the past was a Catholic land closely united to the Holy See. Of this the results of the excavations at St. Augustine's Abbey Field give a remarkable illustration. The excavations have revealed the ruins of the chapel of St. Pancras, believed to have been built by St. Augustine, and the general plan of the abbey Church of SS. Peter and Paul, in which St. Augustine and many of his successors were buried. In front of an altar were found the remains of an abbot, and it is conjectured that the altar may have been dedicated to St. Richard and that the bones are those of W. (1099), the second Norman abbot. In a chapel to the east of the main church was discovered the body of Abbot John Dygon, who died in 1509. On the head was a large leaden pointed mitre, and the contents of the grave included a leaden chalice and paten and two finger rings. The use of lead in these sacred articles as Mr. Rutledge observes, points to the great poverty of the monks in the time of Henry VII. It seems to us that a good Catholic archaeological society for England would render excellent service in bringing home to all classes what was the faith of their fathers."

Mgr. Isard, late Bishop of Ancecy, who died a few days since at the age of eighty-one, was a conspicuous figure in connection with the politico-ecclésiastical controversies of the last twenty years in France.

A circular sent by the Holy See to the French Bishops simultaneously with that sent to the religious orders has just been made public. It explicitly states the external episcopal rights over the external or parochial operations of the religious orders are respected, the direct dependence of the latter on the Holy See cannot be impaired. The exemption of the regulars from episcopal control is to remain intact.

Cardinal Sarto, patriarch of Venice, the other day celebrated Mass in a chapel which has been erected on the summit of the Grappa overlooking Bassano, 2,000 metres above the level of the sea.

The degree of doctor of philosophy was conferred the other day at the University of Bonn on the Rev. Michael Sheehan, of Maynooth College. At his examination Dr. Sheehan presented the following subjects: Greek, Latin and Sanskrit. He likewise presented, and has since published, a Latin treatise on the authenticity of the "Teche," ascribed to Isocrates. The doctor is a native of the city of Waterford, but for some years past his family has resided at Dungarvan.

That brave hearts beat under the priest's cassock and the humbly seckloth of the monk is a fact so universally known and so often proved that it requires no further confirmation. But Catholics, especially in a country such as Italy, where the ministers of their religion are systematically reviled and insulted by cowardly palamitators, have every reason to be proud of the frequency with which the liberal press is forced to record noble deeds performed by those very men which it so often and unjustly accuses of effeminacy and faint-heartedness. In fact, we find two instances of priestly pluck recorded in one day. August 7, a priest rescued a young anarchist named Defabianis who had attempted to commit suicide in the River Sesia, at Verelli, and a Capuchin, Father Joseph Lupu, bravely plunged into the sea at Termini Imerese, in Sicily, and saved a woman from drowning, nearly perishing himself in the attempt, as he was not an expert swimmer.

The French War Office have at last put an end to the scandal which has lasted for over one hundred years of the Pope's palace at Avignon being used as a military barracks. The damage which has been done to this priceless building by the blind piety followed to the present day is well nigh incalculable. The noblest halls have been spoilt by walls and partitions and very few efforts seem to have been made to preserve this jewel of mediæval architecture from the vandalism of the soldiers quartered within its walls. Of the interior decorations of the palace very little remains, but it is hoped that some of the carved woodwork may be found under coatings of plaster. When the palace has been restored, it will be opened to the public and kept as a museum.

Cardinal Vaughan has just opened a Catholic blind asylum, erected at a cost of £15,000, at West Dorby, near Liverpool.

The Pittsburg Observer defends the theory that Catholics summer schools should be places for sociality rather than institutions of learning. It says: "The name of the Catholic summer school should be changed to recreation resorts. Grown people are not attracted by the idea of going to school, but they are glad to go where they are sure to meet fellow-Catholics of refinement out on vacation. And if those places bring about one Catholic marriage a year that prevents two mixed marriages they will do more good than if they instruct everyone of their visitors in Transcendentalism, Modern Novels and Novelists, and the doctrines of Buddha."

If you see it in the daily papers and it is an item about the Pope or the cardinals or the Church generally, whether it is news or editorial, assume at once that it is not so. This is the only safe rule. Apropos of this, here is what the Catholic Advance has to say: "A large Chicago paper announced, recently, as a feature of its coming Sunday issue, 'One day spent with Pope Leo.' Pope Leo is generally too busy a man to spend one whole day in visiting with a newspaper correspondent. Perhaps it was a female correspondent, and she took her sewing and stayed to supper. It does sound so reasonable, doesn't it?"

"They have another big police scandal in New York," says the Western Watchman. "The great-est difficulty police boards experience in the discharge of their important duties is the keeping of crooks off the force. They manage to break in in spite of the most strenuous efforts to eliminate them. If all Catholics on the force were obliged to show certificates of weekly attendance at Mass and of Eucharist duty fulfilled, there would be no Catholic crooks wearing a star. If you find a Catholic officer who never goes to church or confession, you may safely put him down as crooked."

The "London Daily Chronicle" says: "There are on our planet four English-speaking Cardinals in all. Of the four the American Cardinal is decidedly the least formal and formidable in manner and attitude. He is the only Cardinal in all history, one may safely assert, who has ever been caught seated in the chair of a weighing machine in a station on our underground railway." To this the "London Catholic Times" adds: "We are inclined to think that Cardinal Logue's manner and attitude is quite as wanting in formidableness and formality."

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11th, 1901. SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 A YEAR, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY JAMES MCISAAC, Editor & Proprietor.

We wish to remind those subscribers who have not remitted their current year's subscription, that they are expected to do so without delay.

ELSWHERE in this issue will be seen the account of the attempted assassination of the President of the United States. As usual the would-be-assassin proclaims himself an anarchist. Is there no way in which these human fiends, who masquerade under the name of anarchists can be suppressed? If they are allowed to go on the life of no law-abiding citizen will be safe. The attempt on the life of President McKinley was the most cowardly that could be thought of; it was the act of a masked assassin. Whether the President lives or not the perpetrator of the murderous deed should be dealt with to the utmost rigor of the law. This is the third of the Presidents of the United States to become the victim of the assassin's weapon.

A DESPATCH from Montreal to the grit newspapers states that Manager Russell, of the I. C. R., who is in that city announces that M. Clergue has failed to deliver the steel rails in August, which his contract made with Blair just before the last Dominion general election, calls for. Hence the I. C. R. has purchased in England, (so he says) 15,000 tons of 80 pound rails to be laid between New Glasgow and Canso. When the Clergue contract was being discussed in parliament, it was admitted that Mr. Clergue was not in a position to make the rails contracted for, and some surprise was expressed that the Government should expect it. As a matter of fact, we presume, when all is known, it will be found that Mr. Clergue is buying these 15,000 tons of rails, and will pocket the difference between what his contract specifies and what rails can now be purchased for. Of course, he may have to "divvy" with the Machine, but that is one of the ways whereby the machine is kept oiled.—Halifax Herald.

THE Legislature of Nova Scotia has been dissolved and a general election proclaimed. Nominations take place on the 25th of September inst., and Oct. 2nd will be polling day. Certainly the notice served on the people is not long; but is a way our Grit friends have of doing things when they have the power. The Grits have been in power in Nova Scotia now for about nineteen years. At the last general election in 1897, the opposition only elected three members so that the Government may be said to have had things their own way. Premier Murray has issued a lengthy manifesto in which he dwells upon the alleged good qualities of his administration and the plethoric condition of the Provincial exchequer. There is no doubt the Government have plenty money, as they receive enormous amounts in coal royalties, and during the past winter they received over six hundred thousand dollars from the Dominion Government, as a refund for money spent on certain railway lines. With all this money our Grit friends in Nova Scotia are in a position to do some enormous boondoggling and they may be depended upon to do it. They are announcing railway deals and other projects by which they hope to hoodwink the electorate into granting them a release of power. We shall see.

THERE were sixteen deaths in St. John's, N. B., during last week.

THE close season for oysters has been extended in P. E. Island and New Brunswick for a period of eight days, till September 24th.

THE schooner Polar Star, 76 tons, of Richibucto, N. B., lumber laden for Sydney, ran ashore off Tryon Shoals early on Sunday morning. As soon as she struck the bar she capsized and filled and part of the deckload drifted away. The crew escaped. There is no insurance on cargo or schooner. Boat's tug has been engaged in trying to tow off the schooner.

THE latest thing in the germ theory and also the destruction of mosquitoes comes from Newark, New Jersey, where the city bacteriologist has evolved an interesting scheme. He is working on the theory that there is some germ disease which is peculiarly fatal to the mosquito, and if he can discover and isolate the germ he will inoculate with it as many of the pests as he can capture and send them on their mission of infecting the tribe.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

SHOT TWICE BY A TRACHEROUS ANARCHIST AT BUFFALO, ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON.—HE MAY RECOVER.

The world in general was shocked to hear of the attempted assassination of President McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, on Friday afternoon. The deed was one of the most cowardly ever attempted in the history of public assemblages. The following press despatches give full particulars:— BUFFALO, Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot twice by an assassin as he stood in the Temple of Music at the Pan American Exposition this afternoon. The shots were fired by Leon Czolgosz, of Detroit, who says that he is an anarchist, and has "only done his duty." The attempted assassination took place in the presence of 3,000 persons who had crowded into the Temple of Music, while 10,000 others stood outside the Temple, waiting for a chance to enter and shake hands with the President. The first bullet struck the President in the chest, deflected from the sternum to the right, and travelled beneath the skin to a point directly below the right nipple. The second bullet penetrated the abdomen.—Only a superficial wound was caused by the first bullet, and within five minutes after the physicians reached the President it had been removed. The second bullet was not found. An operation was performed on the President at the emergency hospital, Exposition grounds, at 6 o'clock, by Dr. Matthew D. Mann, Dr. John Parmeter, and Dr. Mynter. The President's abdomen was opened, but the bullet was not found. Drainage tubes were inserted, the incision was sewed up, and at 7.45 o'clock the President was removed to the home of John G. Milburn, at Delaware avenue and Ferry street. The doctors stated after the operation that they were hopeful, and that while the wound caused by the second shot was serious, it was not necessarily fatal. The man who did the shooting was seized immediately by the detectives. He offered no resistance, and at first refused to give any information about himself.

THE RECEPTION WAS A PUBLIC ONE.

The reception to the president was one to which the general public had invited. President John G. Milburn, of the exposition, had introduced the president to the great crowd at the temple, and men, women and children came forward for a personal greeting. Among those in line was the assassin, whose right hand was wrapped in a handkerchief. Folded in the handkerchief was the revolver he was to use. A little girl was led up by her father, and the president looked after her and smiled and waved his hand in a pleasant farewell. Next in line came the assassin. As the president turned to the right again, bringing his right hand about in the characteristic attitude in which he extends it while receiving, he thrust out both his hands, brushed aside the president's extended hand, and brought the revolver, hidden in the handkerchief, up against the president's chest, and at the same instant pulled the trigger. The first bullet entered too high for the purpose of the assassin, who fired again as soon as his finger would move the trigger. On receiving the first shot President McKinley had lifted himself on his toes with something of a gasp. His movement caused the second shot to enter the abdomen. With the second shot the President doubled slightly forward and then sank back. Detective Geary caught the President in his arms, and President Milburn helped to support him.

The would-be assassin made no attempt to escape. He stood still for a couple of seconds watching the effect of his shots before the officers awoke to a realization of a terrible event. Then they sprang upon him. The assassin was thrown heavily to the ground beneath the weight of assault, and his arms were pinioned. Once more erect and in the firm grip of Foster and Ireland, the assassin shouted: "I AM AN ANARCHIST AND ONLY DID MY DUTY."

Then they led him away to a side room. Supported by Detective Geary and President Milburn, and surrounded by Secretary George B. Cortelyou and half a dozen exposition officials, the President was assisted to a chair. His face was very white, but he made no outcry, and sank back with one hand holding his abdomen and the other fumbling at his breast. His eyes were open and he was clearly conscious of all that had transpired. He looked up into President Milburn's face and gasped, "Cortelyou."

The President's secretary bent over him. "Cortelyou," said the president, "My wife, be careful about her. Don't let her know."

Moved by pain, he writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of his would-be murderer who lay on the floor, helpless beneath the blows of the guards. The President raised his right hand and placed it on the shoulder of his secretary. "Let no one hurt him," he said, and then sank back in the chair while the guards carried the assassin away.

An ambulance from the exposition hospital was summoned immediately, and the President, still conscious, sank upon the stretcher. Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn rode with him in the ambulance, and in nine minutes after the shooting the president was awaiting the arrival of surgeons, who had been summoned from all parts of the city and by special train from Niagara Falls. The President continued conscious and conversed with Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn on his way to the hospital.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have been the cause of trouble to the exposition." Three thoughts had found expression with the President—first, that the news should be kept from his wife; second, that the assassin should not be harmed; and, third, regret that the tragedy might hurt the exposition. The news that the President had been shot passed across the exposition grounds, and the crowd around the temple grew until it counted 50,000 people.

This big crowd followed the ambulance respectfully to the hospital and

then divided itself into two parts, one anxious to learn the conditions of the President and to catch every rumor that came from the hospital, the other eager to find the assassin and to punish him. It is certain that if the officials had not used remarkable diligence in taking the assassin out of the way of the crowd he would have been mobbed and beaten to death. The assassin had been carried into a side room at the northwest corner of the temple. There he was searched, but nothing was found upon him except a letter relating to kidnapping. The officers washed the blood from his face and asked him who he was, and why he had tried to kill the President. He made no answer at first, but finally gave the name of "Nieman."

Under cross examination by detectives, the assassin admitted that his name was Leo Czolgosz. He came here from Cleveland a week ago and hired a room from John Nowak, a saloon-keeper at 1078 Broadway. He says he had no intention of assassinating the President until this morning.

When the news was telephoned to the home of President Milburn, where Mrs. McKinley was resting, immediate steps were taken to spare her the shock of a premature statement of the occurrence before the true condition of the President should be ascertained. Guards were stationed and one permitted to approach the home.

When it was decided to remove the President from the Exposition hospital to the Milburn residence the news was broken to Mrs. McKinley. She bore the shock remarkably well.

FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL GRIGGS, in discussing at Patterson, N. J., the shooting of President McKinley, said: "I warned him against this very thing time and time again. I asked him for the country's sake if not for his own, to have a body guard with him when he went out. He refused. He laughed at me. He insisted on going about almost as freely as if he was not liable to attack. He insisted that the American people were too intelligent and too loyal to their country to do any harm to their Chief Executive. He had supreme confidence in the people. He was right, perhaps, but the irresponsible individual has done what I feared."

The would-be-assassin is 28 years of age. He stands 5 feet 9 inches high, weighs 160 pounds, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, smooth face, regular features and a prominent nose. He speaks very good English and has claimed to come from Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit, but has told so many stories that his home is still a matter of conjecture.

At latest accounts not an unfavorable opinion has appeared in the President's case. The improvement goes on steadily and the danger from peritonitis, blood-poisoning or other complications is now believed to have almost entirely passed. It is believed that President will not be able to move before three weeks. It is now believed that Emma Goldman and other Anarchists in Patterson, N. J., hatched the plot to kill President McKinley.

Columbia Will Defend the Cup

The yacht races for the America's Cup began on the 21st of this month. After carefully weighing the relative merits of the Columbia and the Constitution in the light of 18 finished races which the boats have sailed this season, the challenge committee of the New York club, at a meeting on board the flagship on Friday, decided that the Constitution was so much of an unknown quantity, and that the America's cup would be safer by being defended by the Columbia. The formal notice of the committee's decision is as follows:—

"At a meeting of the committee on challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron held on the flagship at 11.30 a.m. to-day, the Columbia was selected to represent the New York club. (Sgd.) J. V. R. ODDIE, Secretary."

The decision of the committee was no surprise to those who had been watching the both boats during the season, although it was disappointing to say the least to the syndicate headed by Mr. Belmont, which built the Constitution, and especially so to Mr. W. Butler Duncan, who has managed the boat most faithfully since her keel was laid last winter. The committee, however, felt that they should look at the problem from all sides, not only as to the merits of the two boats, but as to the mode of the handling, and they came to but one conclusion, and that was the Columbia. All the members of the committee were present with the exception of Mr. J. P. Morgan.

The new challenger, Shamrock II, although she met with hard luck in the first trial races seems to have developed marvelous qualities and is thought to be the hardest proposition that the Americans have yet had to tackle. Many of the New York "sports" are betting heavy money on the Shamrock. Sir Thomas Lipton has shown in every way that he is a true sportsman and his pick deserves success. An interesting feature of the situation is the future of the Constitution. Mr. August Belmont endured the rejection of the boat of which he is the principal owner, with philosophical fortitude. He will keep her in commission so that if any accident should befall the Columbia, she will be ready to fill the gap.

The Renewal of a Strain

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

The Herald's Scoop-Net.

CONDUCTED BY TOM A. HAWK.

Looks as if there would be war in the United States now, because they will have to guard against "a-sexy-nation" in future.

The Government expects that the troops during the royal review in Toronto, at the visit of the Duke will be able to live on 25c a day. Poor beggars! This is the worst yet since the days of "Emergency Rations."

The mushroom season is upon us again, and now people will be wondering how they are going to tell mushrooms from toadstools. Easiest thing in the world. Just eat 'em; if they're toadstools you'll need a stomach pump, if you feel all right you've got hold of the real thing.

A thief was recently brought before the magistrate for stealing a bag of coal. When asked what he had done it for he said: "Oh, I just for a joke."

He was then asked how far he had carried it. "Two miles," he replied. "That was carrying the joke too far," replied the magistrate. "Sixty days."

"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pick-pocket to his fellow-prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

"And I," said the forger, on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself. "And I," said the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town."

Chicago has planted an apple orchard in one of its public parks and a special squad of policemen known as the "orchard squad" will watch the trees. And some small boy in the future, knocked out by green apples, will parody Burns' dying words and say: "Don't let the orchard squad fire over my grave."—Etc.

Mark Twain is said to have recently sent the following letter to Andrew Carnegie:—

"Mr. Dear Carnegie: I see by the papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn book; it costs six shillings. If you send this hymn book I will bless you, God will bless you, and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly, "MARK TWAIN."

"P. S.—Don't send me the hymn book; send me the six shillings."

An orator in Missouri got off the following: "We live in a land of high mountains and high taxes, low wages, big crooked streets and crooked statements, big lakes and big strikes, big drinks and big pumpkins, big men with big heads, silver streams that gubel in the mountain, and plow politicians that gamble in the night, roaring cataraacts and roaring orators, fast horses and fast young men, sharp lawyers, sharp financiers and sharp-nosed gossips, fertile plains that lie like sheets of water, and thousands of newspapers that lie like thunder."

Here is a curiously in the shape of a Latin sentence: "Dator appo terat oparorax," which means, "The snow will wear away the wheels; I come from labor." This sentence was read back several times for letter and word for word, but by taking the first letter of each word and then the first word, and the second letter of each word will give the second word, and so on throughout. Even this is not all, for the above process can be carried on by commencing at the end of the sentence with an equally true result. It is said that a medieval monk spent his whole life composing it.

In the general hubbub about the visit to Canada of the Duke of Cornwall and York a person is apt to forget who is his distinguished guest. That's easily answered: He is the Duke of Cornwall and York, King Edward VII., who is the son of Victoria the First, who was a niece of William the Fourth, who was brother of George the Fourth, who was son of George the Second, who was son of George the First, who was cousin of Anne, who was sister-in-law of William the Third, who was son-in-law of James the Second, who was brother of Charles the Second, who was the son of Charles the First, who was the son of Henry the First, who was the cousin of Elizabeth the First, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Eighth, who was the son of Henry the Seventh, who was the cousin of Richard the Third, who was the uncle of Edward the Fifth, who was the son of Edward the Fourth, who was the cousin of Henry the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Fourth, who was the cousin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third, who was the son of Edward the First, who was the son of Henry the Third, who was the son of Henry the Second, who was the brother of Richard the First, who was the son of William the Conqueror. If you go to Halifax or St. John to see him don't forget who he is.

Sussex Exhibition Races

Sussex will again hold a five days exhibition this year, lasting from Monday, Sept. 30th, to Friday, October 4th. This enterprising town is succeeding in building up a reputation for holding one of the best exhibitions in the Province, and the fact that there will be no exhibition in St. John this year has caused the Sussex people to make greater efforts than ever before. The races, which have hitherto been a strong feature of this exhibition, will this year be better than ever, \$1,200 in purses being put by the management. There will be two days racing, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 1st and 2nd. On Tuesday, October 1st, will be the 2.30 class trot, purse \$300; free-for-all, \$300. On Wednesday, October 2nd, will be the 2.30 class, purse \$250; free-for-all trot, purse \$250. The Sussex track was never in better condition, and the time there last year shows it to be one of the fastest tracks in the Maritime Provinces, Brazilian having made his mark of 2.19 on it. The liberal purse hung out by the management coupled with the reputation Sussex has earned for good, clean, honest racing, should ensure the best races of the season at Sussex on October 1st and 2nd.

DIED

At St. Peter's Bay, on the 29th of July, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. Christina McKenna, widow of the late John McKenna, of the 17th ult. James Peelan, in the 77th year of his age, R.I.P.

At Summersville, on the 26th ult., Isabella Shee, upwards of 90 years of age, R.I.P.

At Baldwin's Road, Lot 62, on the 26th ult., Thomas Corcoran, aged 82 years, leaving six sons and two daughters. R.I.P.

At Point DeRoche, on the 27th ult., Francis A. McCormack, aged 31 years. May his soul rest in peace.

In this City on the 5th inst., Ellen J. eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McIosie, aged 10 years. R. I. P.

Obituary.

Died at Head St. Peter's Bay, on Friday August 23rd, Hilary McIsaac Esq. aged 83 years. Mr. McIsaac was the last survivor of six brothers, sons of the late Donald McIsaac, who was one of the early settlers of St. Peter's, having immigrated from Scotland when quite young with his parents. Deceased was born at the old homestead, St. Peter's, and here he spent his whole life, with the exception of a few brief sojourns to the neighboring Provinces and Newfoundland. In early life, he, in company with his brother and other associates, engaged in ship-building to some extent. He acquired an excellent farm adjoining the old homestead and was a prosperous and progressive agriculturist. For some years before his death he held the office of Collector of Customs for the port of St. Peter's, and was for many years a Justice of the Peace and a Commissioner for receiving the probate of wills. He was a loyal and fervent Liberal-Conservative, and represented his native district in the Provincial Legislature, as a colleague of the present Chief Justice from 1873 to 1879. In 1833 he married Sophia McDonald, of Little Pond, who died about seven years ago. Of this union were born six children, four sons and two daughters. Up to about fifteen years ago he had enjoyed excellent health; but he was then attacked by a severe illness. From this he recovered entirely, but was never afterwards so robust as formerly. In May last a general breaking up of the system set in, and although not suffering much pain he gradually sank until the end came. He was able to be up for a while daily until within a day or two of his death and was quite conscious and cheerful. His four eldest daughters are married and settled within easy reach; his eldest son is settled in the homestead and two other sons are in British Columbia. The youngest son and youngest daughter, who had been in London, were both home during his last illness and at the time of his death. He received the last Sacraments devoutly and met death fortified with all the rites of his church. All his children with the exception of the two in British Columbia were about him, from time to time as the end approached. His funeral took place on Sunday August 25th, and was very largely attended, over one hundred carriages being in the procession. People of all denominations joined in the last and tribute to the memory of a man who was widely known and highly respected during life. As a citizen, a neighbor, a friend and a parent he was an exemplary man and was held in the highest esteem by all with whom he was acquainted. In the absence of the pastor, the funeral service was performed by Rev. Father McNally, of Morrell, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott. After the sad rites his remains were laid beside those of his deceased wife, there to await the final resurrection. Request in pace.

Died at Baldwin's Road, Lot 62, Monday, Aug. 26th, Thomas Corcoran, at the advanced age of 84 years. The deceased was a native of Mooney, in Kilkenny, Ireland. He came to Charlottetown in 1840, and about two years after he settled on Baldwin's Road. He married Ellen Harvey, of Cove Head Road, who preceded him to the grave two years ago, and leaves six sons and two daughters to mourn the loss of an affectionate father. During their lifetime he had to endure many of the hardships of the early settlers, but by honesty, industry and sobriety, they overcame all the difficulties in their way, and had the satisfaction of a comfortable home in their old days, and the pleasure of seeing most of their family comfortably settled near them. He had been in failing health for the last few months and his death was not unexpected. The large concourse of people who followed the remains to their last earthly resting place, "St. Teresa," attests the esteem in which the deceased was held. R. I. P.

Died at his residence, Morrell Rear, on Saturday, 17th August, James Phelan, in the 77th year of his age. Deceased, who was one of the most prominent and successful farmers of King's County was for twenty-five years Post-Master of Morrell Rear, and was a faithful, efficient and obliging official. On Monday his remains, followed by a large concourse of friends and neighbors, were conveyed to St. Joseph's Church, where a solemn mass was offered by the pastor, Rev. A. McNally, and thence to the cemetery, where the last sad rites were performed, and his body laid to rest in the family plot. May his soul rest in peace.

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Meet Me at the Always Busy Store.

TRUNKS!

The quality, style and finish of our Trunks will be evident to everyone who looks at them. While they look well they are thoroughly up-to-date in every respect, strong too, they are doubly strengthened in every place where it is required.

Want a Trunk?

Come right here \$2.10 to \$12

You Never Hear

A man say 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?

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.

These Overcoats are all right, cut right and made right. Fitable kind—warm Overcoats—bad for the doctor but good for you.

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. We don't have to, because we have Twenty-five Thousand Dollars worth of Clothing to fit him from.

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.

Driscoll & Hornsby, Queen Street.

10 to 33 1/3 p. c. Off!

for 30 days

BIG BARGAINS

FOR EVERYBODY. This is a genuine slaughter Sale of Crockery.

W. P. COLWILL, Sunnyside : : : Charlottetown.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to hold a regatta in Charlottetown harbor, shortly. It is hoped that it will materialize.

JULES VERNE, the celebrated French writer of fiction has become totally blind. His eyesight had been failing for some time.

THE Duke of York has called to Ottawa that he wants the Canadian programme cut down, as it is altogether too elaborate and exacting.

FOREST fires are raging in Newfoundland, threatening large lumbering districts. Twenty-three houses have been destroyed at White Bay.

W. P. COLWILL offers his entire stock of crockery from 10 to 33 1/3 per cent off regular price. Come quick and get first choice. Sale will continue 30 days.

ATTENTION is called to the ad. in another column of W. P. Colwill, who will sell for the next 30 days his entire stock of crockery at 10 to 33 1/3 per cent discount.

TOWNS, of Australia, in the sculling championship of the world, at Rat Portage, Ont., on Monday, easily defeated Gaudaur, the Canadian champion, by five lengths.

MR. S. THOMPSON, of Montreal, succeeds the late Mr. John A. Sutherland as mechanical foreman of the Hillsborough bridge construction. Mr. Houston of Waterbury, N. Y., has been appointed engineer of the dredge.

THE Royal yacht Ophir with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall on board sailed from St. Vincent on Friday for Quebec. She is escorted by the warships Diadem and Niobe. The Ophir is expected to arrive at Quebec on the 16th inst.

SATURDAY the City schools held their annual Field Day at the Athletic grounds. The Queen Square School boys were victorious in nearly all the events scoring 116 points to 98 by West Kent Street School, and winning the trophy.

A. J. BOWER of Truro and Byron Bower of Yarmouth, N. S., discovered a very rich lead recently at Kennington, Yarmouth county. The quartz fairly glistens with the yellow metal. They have taken up areas, and will organize a large company to develop the claim.

THE residence of Mr. Sylvain F. Gallant, of Leoville, Prince Co., was completely destroyed by fire last Friday. A child that was sleeping upstairs was rescued only in time by Mr. Gallant. The fire occurred in the middle of the day and it is not known how it started. The loss is a heavy one to Mr. Gallant, there being no insurance.

MARTIN ALMON, of George's River, C. B., who was injured in the Harwood train wreck near Wainwright, a few weeks ago, has retained counsel and will bring action against the C. P. R. for damages. He alleges the accident was due to negligence of the railway officials. Mr. Almon narrowly escaped being killed and as it was he was very severely injured.

JOHN FLYNN of the Greater New York Irish Athletic Association, placed another marvellous performance to his credit last week at the club's sports in Celtic Park. The champion hurled the sixteen pound hammer the hitherto unaccomplished distance of 171 feet 9 inches. He displaced by two feet and five inches the best previous world's mark, his own.

The handsome R. R. Island horse Park wood, had a narrow escape from being seriously if not fatally burned, at the Amherst Railway station one day last week. The floor of the box car which was to convey him to Point du Chene was covered with straw, and shortly after being loaded in to the car the animal became restless and began to paw. In this way he lighted some matches which happened to be on the floor. The straw was set on fire and began to blaze up rapidly. Several persons standing near noticed the smoke. They rushed to the car and quickly extinguished the flames before serious damage was done. The horse was considerably alarmed. Had the accident occurred after the train had started the animal would no doubt have been seriously, if not fatally injured.

The electric storm of Sunday morning was particularly severe in sections of King's County and was followed by fatal results. The house of Mr. Malcolm J. McLean, of Little Sands, was struck by the lightning, between six and seven o'clock, and Mr. McLean who was standing in his doorway, looking out at the storm, was instantly killed. His wife, mother and family were in the house at the time, but they escaped; the man beneath his wife's feet being partly destroyed. Part of the side of the house was torn away. The children sleeping in a bedroom had a miraculous escape, the room being badly shattered around them. The neighbors and friends of the gett, stricken wife and family have been doing all in their power for their comfort, and have put the house in habitable condition. The calamity is a particularly sad one and Mrs. McLean and family have the sympathy of all.

GENE JACOBS, the 11-year-old daughter of Edward Jacobs, St. Louis avenue, Quebec, is the possessor of a Newfoundland dog that crows like a rooster. It is a curious phenomenon every morning by its peculiar sounds. Bove, as the animal is called, was raised from puppyhood with a large Brahma rooster that was given little Gene by her father's groom. The dog and chicken at first showed a marked antipathy for each other. They fought and scratched at every opportunity. One day, however, they patched up their difference and became fast friends. That was about a year ago, and since then they have been inseparable companions, sleeping and eating together and deriving mutual enjoyment from the same parents. Eight months ago the Jacobs family were surprised at hearing Bove utter a crow that sounded exactly like that of Danny, the rooster. After that the dog continued its crowing with morning regularity. Danny opens up the programme and is followed by Bove. Their crows are in the same pitch and it is impossible to tell them apart. Experts in "dogdom" have investigated the phenomenon and examined Bove's larynx. They found the dog's vocal organs like those of all other dogs, and are mystified at its peculiar power. Danny formerly roosted in an apple tree, but as his friendship for Bove increased he abandoned his lofty perch and now takes up his nightly abode in the dog's kennel.

Eymenael.

(Boston Globe, Aug. 12.)

At 9 o'clock this morning a nuptial Mass was celebrated in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, Union Park Street, during which Miss Pansy McLellan and Mr. James E. McIntyre, both of this city, were united in marriage by Rev. Father Thomas E. McCoy, of the Cathedral. The chapel was well filled with friends and relations of the young couple, and the altar was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Miss McLellan was gowned in a brown travelling suit with hat to match, and was attended by Miss Flora E. McDonald, as bridesmaid. The best man was Mr. Joseph A. McDonald. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at No. 7 Union Park Street, to a large number. The young couple leave in the afternoon on their honeymoon trip, which includes a tour of New Brunswick and P. E. Island. They will reside in the city after their return.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

SULTAN CROSS AT BRITAIN.

The Turkish Ambassador has been instructed to inform Great Britain that the action of the commander of a British warship in the Persian Gulf, in preventing the Turkish corvette Schob from entering Koweyt is incompatible with friendly relations. The British side of the controversy is that the Schob was trying to land Turkish troops on the territory of a Sheikh who is independent of Turkey.

DESTRUCTIVE WIND STORM.

The most destructive storm ever known in Western Nebraska struck the town of Benkelman last Wednesday night. The wind had the force of a tornado. The United Presbyterian church was completely demolished, many families and animals blown away and houses partly wrecked. No lives were lost so far as known, as people saw the storm clouds approaching and took refuge in cellars.

CROKER WILL SETTLE IN ENGLAND.

Richard Croker, the reputed ruler of New York city, is now in England, and has made plain his purposes in regard to the end of his career. In an interview he said that his fondness for rural England is one of the strongest of his likes, and he hopes certainly to settle down at a country seat in one of the picturesque counties. The gratification of such a desire is dependent entirely upon the possession of wealth, and as there is no doubt as to the solidity of Mr. Croker's financial standing it may be considered a certainty that when the turmoil of politics in New York no longer demands his presence he will quit America for the quieter life of an English squire.

CANADIANS WIN AT SEA GIRT.

The Canadian and American riflemen held a long session on the State Trial Range at Sea Girt, N. J., Thursday in the contest for the American Centennial Palma trophy, emblematic of the world's championship and the Canadians won by a margin of 28 points. The conditions of the contest called for the use of the national arm of the country represented by the teams, so that it was practically a duel between the American Krag and the English Lee-Enfield weapons. The match was shot in three stages, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. In the first stage the visiting team led by a margin of 7 points, their scores aggregating 533, as against 526 for the home team. On the 900 yard range each team made 519 points, the Canadians still leading by 7 points. On the thousand yards the Canadians scored 471 and the Americans 450. Final score—Canada 1,523; America 1,494. The next contest for the Palma trophy will take place in Canada in accordance with the rules giving the disposition of the prize.

TURKEY AND FRANCE.

Last week, when the relations of France and Turkey were so badly strained, the situation attracted as much attention outside of France as it did inside. There were English, for example, who wondered what might happen if the two countries got at each other—not as regards Turkey, but as regards England. But France herself was wonderfully quiet, for the simple reason that she knew she would not have to fight and she did not want to. Turkey was clearly in the wrong. The particular matter of dispute was a quay at Constantinople which French citizens had built, and for which they could not get their pay. Finally, and after much negotiation, the Sultan pledged his word that the amount claimed—about eight millions of dollars—would be available at a certain fixed date. The date came, but the money did not. Instead, there were new propositions for a different agreement from that first made. Then the French ambassador sternly said good-bye to the Father of the Faithful. Between two ordinary nations this would have meant war. She might have brought on the 'crisis' which all Europe fears. However, the Sultan was not ready for a crisis. He found a new way of settling or procrastinating. Probably the French negotiators will get their hard cash; Turkey will make a new loan, and the European crisis is for a time postponed. In the meantime the promptitude of the French administration has proved very popular in Paris, for it brought a satisfactory result without a war.

LINES

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE RALPH MCCORMACK, OF CABLE ROAD, P. E. ISLAND.

He died far off in a foreign land, It makes my heart feel sore To think that we shall never see Ralph's bright face any more.

Long years ago we used to rove And play in child-like glee, But those glad days of childish plays No more shall ever be.

Thy tomb is sealed with our tears, And though we cannot see Thy face, we'll think upon thee there And weep and pray for thee. ANTHONY MCCORMACK.

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

The Prices.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Butter, Beef, Pork, etc.

Canadian Pacific.

The Toronto Exhibition! Aug. 26 to Sept 7, 1901.

One Fare for the Round Trip. Going AUG. 27th to SEPT. 3rd. Return to SEPT. 12th, 1901.

From Charlottetown, \$24.05.

Going AUG. 30th and SEPT. 2nd. Return to SEPT. 12th, 1901.

From Charlottetown, \$20.05.

Only One Night on the Road to Toronto & Buffalo

If you travel by the CANADIAN PACIFIC.

All tickets to Buffalo good to stop over at Toronto.

Try our personally conducted Excursions to the Great Pan-American on Sept. 17th and Oct. 15th.

Call on nearest Ticket Agent or write to

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

A. A. McLEAN, L. B., O. C., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of John P. Sullivan, late of Head St. Peter's Bay, King's County, Merchant, deceased, intestate, and all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to him at the office of McLeod, Morson & McQuarrie, Solicitors, Charlottetown, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to enforce the same.

Dated this sixth day of June, 1901. DANIEL SINNOTT, Administrator, &c. July 15—3mo.

GREAT ALTERATION SALE

NOW ON AT

Weeks & Co's

Our whole stock thrown on the market at

25 to 33 1-3

PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

Hundreds of customers have already shared in the bargains we are offering. Bargains for hundreds more.

All Dress Goods 25 p. c. off

All Cloths 25 "

All Trimmings 25 "

All Silk 25 "

Ladies' Whitewear 30 "

Dress Muslins 33 1/2 "

Blouses 33 1/2 "

All Millinery 33 1/2 p. c. off

Gents' Straws 33 1/2 "

Gents' Furnishings 25 "

Corsets 25 "

Belts 33 1/2 "

Table Linen 25 "

Sheeting, etc., 25 "

All Staple Goods at Clearing Prices.

Sale for Cash Only

Weeks & Co

Wholesale and Retail. The People's Store.

Blatchford's Calf Meal.

THE ONLY PERFECT MILK SUBSTITUTE.

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

For sale, retail, by all country merchants, and whole sale by

AULD BROS. Charlottetown.

Removal Sale!

In September we move to the building adjoining Norton's Hardware Store (Our old Stand.) We don't want to have to move much of our present stock. In order to make a quick clearance will give the following discounts:

- Boots and Shoes 25 to 50 per cent. discount. Ready-made Clothing 25 to 50 p. c. discount. Underclothing, Shirts, Collars and Ties 25 to 50 per cent. discount. Hats and Caps 25 to 50 per cent. discount. Cloths and Cottonades 25 per cent. discount. Clark's Spools, 200 yards, 4 cents each.

Nothing Reserved.

This is the Best Chance of the Season. buy quick.

J. B. McDonald & Co.

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.

Tweed & Worsted Suits

FROM \$14 UP.

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 Valley Carding Mills.

R. F. MADDIGAN & Co

Lower Queen St., Charlottetown.

Telephone No. 28

Good Health is Impossible without regular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liter Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

DAYS GONE BY.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The apple in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye; The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail, As he piped across the meadow sweet as any nightingale; When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky, And my happy heart brimmed over in the days gone by. In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tipped By the honeysuckle's tangles, where the water-lilies dripped, And the ripple of the river lipped the moss along the brink, Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink, And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry, And the splashing of the swimmer in the days gone by. O, the days gone by! Oh the days gone by, The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye; The childish faith in fairies and Aladdin's magic ring, The simple, soft reposing, glad belief in everything; When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh, In the elden, golden glory of the days gone by. —From "Poems of Childhood."

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE. (American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.) (Continued.)

She had a great lump constantly in her throat when she was near Sister Noelle, till she learned that the farewell to her would only be for a short time, that Sister Noelle was going to England ere long to open a house of her Order. But all that was said for Blandine in quitting her old Betharram was summed up in her name—Blandine of Betharram. Was she not falling in a promise, to separate herself from that place and from her dear sisters, the white-capped, grey-gowned little maids, whose model she was, without suspecting it? She told Father St. Etienne, her confessor, about this fear and about her promise to be always the child of our Lady of Betharram. The good priest assured her that she could go without failing in a duty or breaking a promise. He showed her that she was yet too young to give or promise anything in her own name, not even herself, as she was not yet of age to have any right over herself; that she, by being faithful in love and in truth, might still be "Blandine of our Lady of Betharram," which was even a more precious name than the simple Blandine of Betharram. And Father St. Etienne brought her to see how easy it would be for that good Mother to make her a Blandine, or a Sister of Charity, or Fille de la Sagesse, as the daughters of Blessed Trignac de Montfort are called there. She had only to be docile, faithful in word and deed, and leave the future to her Superior and His Blessed Mother. "But Betharram," still pleaded the little girl. "Perhaps I shall never see it again, and I promised to belong to our Lady of Betharram." She looked at the altar, at the statue she so loved. The priest understood; he read the heart of the innocent little one. To Blandine that beautiful image stood as a real, a most sacred reality. Through the marble she had seen the heart of the Mother of Jesus, had felt its love for her, and had given her own pure young heart irrevocably in return. Our Lady of Betharram herself it was, that bound that little creature to chapel and Calvary, and well and fountain, to Christ beneath His Cross, to Christ bound to the pillar; to Sister Noelle, and the Blandines one and all. In giving up our Lady of Betharram, that statue, that altar, was not that giving up everything for Blandine? If she gave that up, how could she be Blandine of Betharram? "She will go with you, dear child, said the priest, laying his venerable hand upon her head. "She will go with you wherever you go; wherever you are, only invoke our Lady by the name you love, the name by which she has sealed you as her very own, the name of 'Our Lady of Betharram,' and she will be with you. Will you remember this, my child?" "Yes, Father!" "And will you promise me, not under pain of sin, not to promise me to try to remember in every danger, in every temptation, in every pain or difficulty, to call upon that name? Can you promise this?" "Yes, Father, I promise." "And I promise to pray for you,

and to remember you by the name you love, Blandine of Betharram. Here I had almost forgotten it. Here is something that will help you to remember." He blessed her, placed in her hands a medal, bearing on one side an image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, on the other that of our Lady of Betharram. "It was left with me for you by one for whom you performed an errand, not long ago. Do you remember seeking me for a stranger one morning?" "St. John of the Cross," said Blandine, and her face brightened at the recollection of the kind voice, the merry smile, the beaming countenance of her hillside acquaintance. "O yes, Father, I remember St. John of the Cross very well!" "Pray for him, my child." "Is he ill, Father?" timidly asked Blandine. "No, my child, not at all; but he is trying to do the Lord's work under great difficulties. Prayers will help him." "I will not forget, Father." "God bless you, my child! God bless you, Blandine of Betharram." Another touch of the consecrated hand upon her bowed head, another "Remember to call upon our Lady of Betharram, especially in temptation," and the venerable priest passed into the sanctuary, leaving Blandine to take a last farewell of the chapel and the altar. It will be easier now, for she feels she will always be what she now is, Blandine, child of our Lady of Betharram, since the holy priest of God has promised to pray for her by that name. She kisses the medal, she has never seen one half so beautiful, though Lourdes and Betharram are rich in beautiful medals. She is even joyful, smiling as she hurries to show her new treasure to Mamma Marguerite. Yes, truly she feels that our Lady of Betharram is going with her! Their last morning on Calvary. Glorious sunrise on the fair hill. Sunshine and deep shade are mingled. The freshness of the early morning, the warmth of the rising sun, the pleasant air that stirs the leaves, are all there for the blind woman, for she sees not what even little Blandine does not fail to see, the most glorious panoramas of cloud mountains, that are being scattered, levelled one by one, by the still invisible king of day. What a sight is sunrise on the hill of Betharram? But in any case Margaret would have been hardly sensible of the terrestrial aspect of to-day. She is on a real Calvary, she is really following the Lamb. She sees Him; she is inescapably to sight else, save His Mother. She wishes this set to be the last of her life. She wishes to be one of the landmarks of her life. Heaven and earth seem very near together to Margaret to-day. The Way of the Cross is like a real ladder of Jacob; her whole soul is ascending heavenward by it. And Blandine is thinking not of sorrow of parting now, since she sees how happy is her blind mamma, in the spiritual visions given her to see. She is praying for the intentions she has been asked to pray for, out of a spirit of obedience. What she is yet too young to understand, is the true spirit of heavenly love, the greatest of the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

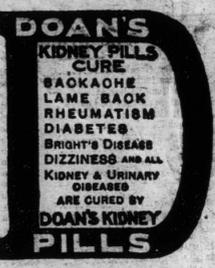
Oil for the Children.

Give them oil—cod-liver oil. It's curious to see the result. Give it to the peevish, fretful child, and he laughs. Give it to the pale, anemic child, and his face becomes rosy and full of health. Take a flat-chested child, or a child that has stopped growing, give him the oil, and he will grow big and strong like the rest. This is not a new scheme. It has been done for years. Of course you must use the right oil. Scott's Emulsion is the one. Scott's Emulsion neither looks nor tastes like oil because we are so careful in making it pleasant to take. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont., and all druggists. Canada.

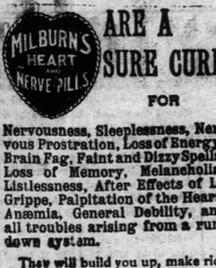
"You tempt my curiosity more than my appetite, but I must eat something or starve. This has been a day!" The speaker groaned. "What can the authorities be thinking of to allow a swarm of diseased beggars to be carried through the country like that for, I don't know. It's a murderous shame! If they must bow, and white and swing their horrible bodies, like Chinese idols, why, let them do it, but not on the king's highway, for public exhibition. My God! It destroys all pity in a man's heart to see the well-fed and well-dressed saunter about among those rotten heaps, muttering pious things and turning up the whites of their eyes, instead of putting their hands in their silk-lined pockets. And those superior gentlemen in red dog-skin gloves and Poles and Rodford coats, with their elegant shoulderstraps, putting their aristocratic shoulders under the disgusting burdens, when they would give half a crown to a poor fellow out of work to do it instead, because they couldn't get a chance to show off, to parade their ostentatious charity. Oh, Nan, by heaven, if I were ever don't take my advice, and be quick about it. Come! make ready, we must fly this place! Come, Rand, for God's sake, no hesitation now!" "Sit down! I try to forget them. We're not here for that sort of thing." "What the deuce are we here for? Blandine? I know!" "We're here because it's our way. The nearest and most direct road to do the work I promised to do." "Well, you seem to rule the roost. I've nothing more to say, Nan!" "You have something to do, Rand, and now do it. But, that we may the sooner get away from this hole and shake the dust of this place, the varmin and the fleas, off our feet. O the fleas! The fleas! Who can bear them and not go mad, is strong indeed!" "Well, to business!" The chicken was tough, but they were hungry and had strong teeth, these two Bohemians, as they called themselves. But their language and manners were a strange compound of cockney and modern French. There are worse specimens of French and English, however, than these two travellers, so little enchanted with the good town of Lourdes, so do not fear them, kind reader. "It wasn't so bad after all!" "What wasn't so bad?" "Why, the fowl, the unfeathered fowl!" "It was fine! Have another like it to-morrow, plenty of hard-boiled eggs, some ham and sandwiches, and I need not give you items, Nan, you know too well what's the best thing for our next picnic. Who knows, we may eat a wild goose on the banks of the Nava, a month hence!" "Not with me, Rand. You'll eat neither wild goose nor tame goose ever again there with me." "You'll change your mind when we get the money. There's no place like that for living well, my good Nanny!" "O Rand, it breaks my heart to hear you rave like that! When you wouldn't keep the house and land that might have been a happy home for us both forever! And now you're talking of wild geese and spending money there again. You have no memory, Rand Clouth, not enough to last you five minutes, without a tramp." "You have lost your wits, Nan!" "No, Rand, I have not lost my wits, and it's well for you and me that I haven't. On the contrary, I have found something." "Something good, I hope! Let's have a look!" Nan arose and drew forth a parcel from some hiding place. She held it up without speaking. "Well, that's not your find. The gentleman I chum with gave it into my care. I'm to keep it for him till we meet again. What are you looking like that for?" "I'd tell you why, Rand, and you listen and take warning. The 'fine gentlemen,' as you call him, that's so liberal with his promises, and so fond of employing 'in honest men,' as he calls you, but he means a fool when he says 'honest man,' brought that parcel to get you into trouble. I'll be bound it contains stolen goods. But you, Rand Clouth, are no thief, and your sister Nan is no receiver of stolen goods. We're honest if we do tramp sometimes. And if we have to tramp, Rand, you know the reason. Now listen to me, these goods must not be found with you, nor in my box. I shall take them to the authorities before I sleep to-night." "I think you're crazy, Nan. By the—"

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE BACKACHE, LAME BACK, RHEUMATISM, DIABETES, BRONCHITIS, DIZZINESS AND ALL KIDNEY & URINARY DISEASES ARE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Mrs. I. STEVENS, Edgett's Landing, N.B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: "In the fall of 1899 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I could scarcely get up out of a chair and it gave me great pain to move about. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and was completely cured. I have not been troubled with it since." That fine gentleman London pick pocket, this affair of ours? "Yes, I did! What then?" "He'll give you away. You'll be in jail this time to-morrow, if you don't take my advice, and be quick about it. Come! make ready, we must fly this place! Come, Rand, for God's sake, no hesitation now!" Rand arose. His face was very flushed. The heat of the little-garret, the hot sun, and the fumes of the wine had been too much for his brain. Though ordinarily temperate, he was soon overcome by wine. "Listen to me," he said, "to me, and mind Nan, sister or no sister, you can't make me go back on a friend. I'll tie ye there, hand and foot, I swear, if you make a step from this room. That gentleman you wag your tongue so freely about, is as fine a gentleman as ever trod ground, and I'll be hanged, and see you hanged, before I'll break my word to him, or to any man alive!" Nan saw that it would be useless to oppose violence by violence. She let him rave on a little longer, then arose. "No, you don't!" He sprang up like a tiger, and placed himself between her and the door. "You hide where you are, till I give you leave to go elsewhere." "At least let me tidy up the room. You forget the merchant you're to expect at this hour!" He fixed his eyes upon her, suspiciously, and took care to keep himself between her and the only door of exit as she arranged the room, and put everything in order. She had barely completed the work when a step sounded on the stairs. Rand had dozed a little, but he sprang up. He was almost himself again. (To be continued.) I was cured of Rheumatism Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ANDREW KING. Halifax. I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Lt. Col. C. CREW BRAD. Sussex. I was cured of acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. B. BILLING. Marlham, Ont. "No, sir, my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter!" broke in the young ardent. "I want her to be my wife!" Picking the Nose is a common symptom of worms in children. Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Lyell's Pleasant Worm Syrup. It is simple, safe and effective. Price 25 cents. "Quite polite, isn't he?" "I should say so! He is so polished that he can't tell the plain, unvarnished truth." Richards' Headache Cure 12 doses, 10 cts. He—Do you think my moustache becoming? She (meditatively)—Well, it may be coming, but it hasn't come yet. Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. Silicis.—It is a beautiful thing to see a young girl growing into womanhood. Cynicus.—That's right. So many of them seem to want to grow into manhood.



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MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS ARE A SURE CURE FOR Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, Faints and Dizzy Spells, Loss of Memory, Melancholia, Listlessness, After Effects of La Grippe, Palpitation of the Heart, Anæmia, General Debility, and all troubles arising from a run-down system. They will build you up, make rich red blood and give you vim and energy. Price, 50c. per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. A cornet-player in a local orchestra, a native of the Fatherland, recently got into trouble: innocently and unexpectedly. "Let's have that over again," requested the conductor, surprised at hearing a note that was not on the score. The note was sounded again. "What are you playing?" he asked at last. "I am playing vos vos on de paper," said the musician. "I play vat is before me." "Let's have a look." The part was handed to the conductor. "Why, you idiot," he roared, "can't you see that this is a dead fly?" "I don't care," was the reply, "he was zere, and I played him." A poor Irishman on his deathbed was consoled by a friend by the commonplace reflection that "we must all die once." "Why, dear, now!" cried the sick man, "and isn't it that what vexes me? If I could die a half a dozen times I would not mind it for this wast." There is no form of kidney trouble, from a backache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, use Doan's Pills. Tramp—I'd like to borrow a medical almanac, mum. Housekeeper—What for? Tramp—I want ter see wot th' doctors recommend for an empty feeling in the stomach. Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, bark and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scurfy sore. Hostess—And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie? Willie (who has asked for the second piece)—No, ma'am. Hostess—Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here? Willie (confidently)—Oh, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie, you know. Hagyard's Yellow oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, etc. Price 25 cents.

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B.B.B. FOR THE BLOOD Cresswell, March 28, 1901. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs,—I write to say that I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with excellent results. Last spring my daughter got all run down and was very thin and weak. Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B. and by the time she had finished them the spots and boil disappeared and she has got strong and fleshy again. I consider B.B.B. the best blood medicine known. MRS. I. DAVIDSON.



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