

The Charlotte Town Herald.

NEW SERIES.

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

Vol. XXX, No 50



ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Prof. Werman, Baltimore, Md., March 30, 1901.

After five years of my case, to be used at your discretion.

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Mortgage Sale.

To be sold by public Auction, in front of the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, in the County of King, on Saturday, the Twenty-first day of December, A. D. 1901, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Twelfth day of May, A. D. 1890, and made between Richard Cabell, in King County, in Township No. Fifty-five, in King County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, of the one part, and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian, of the other part:

All that tract, piece or parcel of land situated and being on Lot or Township No. Forty-two, in King County, in the said Island, bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the south side of Bay River, at the northeast angle of land formerly in the occupation of John Ryan, and now in the possession of James Walsh; thence south fifty degrees west to the division line of Township Numbers forty-two and fifty-five; thence east fifteen chains and fifty links; thence north fifty degrees east to the River; thence along the river to the place of commencement, containing an area of sixty-six acres of land, a little more or less.

For further particulars apply at the office of Messrs. A. McDonald, Solicitor, Great George Street, Charlottetown.

Dated this Fourteenth day of November, A. D. 1901.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN.

Nov. 20-51

Mortgages.

Calendar for Dec. 1901.

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

Beasted in Pekin for two Months by the Boxers, June-August, 1901.

(From the Journal of Mgr. Favier, Bishop of Pekin.)

TREN, September, 1901.

Our Christians have been admirable. They prayed with the greatest fervor, and devoted themselves without fearing for their lives. The messengers we sent to the Legations were in danger of their lives; many of them never returned. On the 10th of August, the last we sent sacrificed himself to go and inform Minister Fichon that we were in the last extremity. Poor young man! He was exposed alive, and the Boxers smashed his head and skin at a short distance from our establishment.

It was touching to see the Christian mothers deprive themselves of their meagre portions to feed their babies; being unable to feed them at the breast, they used bits of tin twisted in the shape of spoons to introduce the clear broth into the mouths of their children. Some thirty new babies were born among them during those two months.

One morning before Mass, one of those Christian women, who gave birth to a child during the night, cast herself at my feet saying: "Bishop, please let me have a bowl of cornmeal, so that I may be able to nourish my child at the breast." Alas! there was no more cornmeal to be got.

We had to gather the leaves of the trees, the roots of the dahlias, cannae and lilies, and boil all together into a soup to give more substance to the rations distributed every day.

Our people slept pell-mell, wherever they could, trying to shelter themselves against the shells of the Boxers, and especially against their mines. About 300 children cried from hunger and extreme heat, preventing me from sleeping. It seemed to me I was hearing the bleating of lambs awaiting the sacrifice. But the cries went on diminishing every day, as we buried 170 of those innocents.

Misery, famine, sickness, and the shelling of the Boxers, more than desolated our Christians. The number of tombs in our garden runs over four hundred. They all died as good Christians, saying: "We die for our religion, killed in hatred of our faith. We hope God will take us into His paradise."

Our Sisters have been most wonderful. No doubt the trials were more severe on them than on ourselves, yet they deprived themselves of everything for the sake of their children. With the exception of one or two whose nervous weakness accounts for their fretfulness, all made proof of manly courage. The terrible shaking occasioned by the explosion of the sea mine, liberated the Venerable Superior, Sister Jaride, sick already, and aged 78. She died happy, because God took her only after our delivery.

What about the Missioners? My Coadjutor was everywhere, watching everything, encouraging, comforting, sustaining everybody, continually exposing himself to shot and shell. The Director of the Seminary, with his young men, watched day and night on the roofs of the church, on the barricades, and on the entrenchments. Our young Chinese seminarians from France not yet ordained, replaced our military; several have been wounded, but thanks to God none died.

Our Procurator fulfilled his task to the end with astonishing self-possession, undergoing all privations with the greatest energy, notwithstanding his poor health.

Our Chinese missionaries were continually occupied in maintaining order in the house, directing the workmen, supervising the distribution of food, maintaining peace, and giving the last consolations to the dying.

I was the only one that did not do much; mostly retired in my apartment. I prayed to God, to the Blessed Virgin, to our Good Angels, to our Saints Protectors. I endeavored to be well resigned myself and inspire the others with the resignation, patience and self-possession so necessary under the circumstances.

I do not think I am exaggerating in figuring up the number of the victims of the Boxer persecution in my diocese at 15,000 in the least; fifteen thousand dead by burning, being allowed, or cast into the rivers, when a simple idolatrous prostration would have saved their lives. I do not think that two per cent. have to avoid death, committed an act of superstition, in which most certainly their hearts took no part. Not one of our missionaries has abandoned his post, notwithstanding the entreaties of the mandarins, who offered to escort and protect them. Not one has abandoned his spiritual charge.

Even at this writing (Sept. 1900) over twenty-five of them are besieged in their residences. God protect them!

At Pekin, three churches, seven large chapels, the colleges, hospitals, and the establishments of the Sisters of St. Joseph (Chinese natures), have been utterly destroyed; the cemeteries whose remains the missionaries, from Matthew Ricci to the present time (three centuries), have been violated, the monuments torn down, the relics and the coffins reduced to ashes and cast at the wind. Along the Peitang (Bishop's residence, with schools, administration, etc.) remains standing, but all shattered by the shelling of the Boxers. The R. R. D'Addone, Garrigues, Dore and Chavanne have been killed in Pekin, and in the mission districts several Chinese Priests have lost their lives.

The Vicariate contained 577 Christian communities; most of them had their chapels; hardly one-fourth of them are left. The houses of the Christians were pillaged and burned; only one in Pekin is still standing.

In a word, our ruin is nearly total. The work of forty years is annihilated, but our courage is not, and we are going to begin anew, assured of success, for 'the blood of martyrs is a seed of Christians'—unless God may wish to chastise this unfortunate China, which now for centuries has abused His grace. Let us hope He will forgive again, so many, even among the mandarins, are innocent of the horrors that have been committed. We still love, and ever will love, our poor Chinese. Pray for them and for us, and let us return thanks to the God, our God.

Some Errors of the Eye.

We all cherish the notion that our eyes can make no mistake. "Seeing is believing" is an old and respected maxim. We depend on our sight more than on any of our other senses. Civilization has dulled for us our small and hearing, and our taste and touch play but small parts in our life. The average person does not pride himself on his keenness of smell, hearing, touch, or taste, but he would be loath to admit that he could not "believe his own eyes." Notwithstanding, there are many cases, as we shall see, in which the eye shows itself to be but a poor judge of facts, incapable of telling to the mind a truthful story of what it sees.

We see everything, in short, by the light of experience alone. New-born babies, while they have eyes, see not. The eye is a camera pure and simple, and, until its impressions can be developed in the consciousness, what it sees means nothing. The baby first learns to distinguish light from darkness; then it learns to recognize its mother, then its father; then it learns, perhaps, to distinguish some bright color, red, it may be; then it learns to discriminate between near and far objects. It looks at the nearest house down the street, and takes it to be of about the size of the Noah's ark, for so it appears to be. Later it goes to that house and discovers that it is as big as its own house, which now at a distance, in turn, looks smaller. Gradually it makes its way from the known to the unknown, using its own experiences as stepping-stones. The eye knows no such thing as size or distance in the abstract and apart from reasoning, but knowing one by experience, it can make a sure estimate of the other.

The average woman can not judge how much a foot is within several inches, but she can estimate a yard very closely, while with the average man the case is reversed. If some one asked you which was the longer, a horse's head from the tip of his ears to the end of his nose, or an ordinary flour barrel, you would naturally say the barrel, though the horse's head is the longer. The eye is very easily deceived if it is called on to pass judgment on something that has not been brought home to it by experience. The landlubber at sea greatly underestimates the distance of passing ships, having no familiar landmarks with which to make comparisons. Truthful men under oath in court

King's Evil

That is Scrofula. No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality. Consumption is commonly its counterpart. There is an acute form of King's Evil, which is known by so many signs, such as glandular tumours, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rheumatism, oedema, wasting and general debility.

Children of J. W. McEwen, Woodstock, Ont., had scrofula some ten bad they could not attend school for three months. When different kinds of medicines had been used to no purpose whatever, these sufferers were cured, according to Mr. McEwen's voluntary testimony, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla which has effected the most wonderful and permanent cures of scrofula in old and young.

Addressing a party of English pilgrims at the Vatican the other day, His Holiness said: "Before

Why is ROYAL Baking Powder better than any other?

Because in its mammoth works a corps of chemical experts is constantly employed to test every ingredient and supervise every process of manufacture to insure a product absolutely pure, wholesome and perfect in every respect.

The most wholesome food and the most digestible food are made with Royal Baking Powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

often disagree widely as to observed facts, and no doubt with perfect honesty. We will not distrust our eyes though no doubt they deceive us oftener than we realize.

There should be an element of illusion in every picture, and the true artist is one who knows how to make allowances for this. So also in architecture. Measurements of the finest buildings left us by the ancients show us conclusively that the skillful architects of those old times understood perfectly about the illusive effects of lines on the eye, for they so designed their buildings as to counteract such defects of vision. The walls, instead of being vertical, lean in; tall windows are wider at the top than at the bottom; columns swell in the middle instead of being straight; the top lines of the buildings, instead of being strictly horizontal, are considerably higher in the middle, and so on. Without doubt much of the beauty of these classic buildings was due to the recognition of such principles in their construction. Modern architects generally ignore everything of this kind and build strictly by the square, level and plumb-line. There are fine buildings in every city that have been made to suffer in this way, for, though really well built, their walls appear to lean outward, or their cornices to sag in the middle, and so forth.—St. Nicholas.

The weather on All Saints' day at Vienna was mild and bright, consequently enormous crowds proceeded to the different cemeteries, 150,000 persons being conveyed to the general cemetery alone, while 3,000 carriages and cars were counted at the gates. The electric trams took 15,000 passengers in 205 trains of two cars each; horse-drawn trams also ran all day. As not nearly sufficient cars were provided, the scenes at starting and returning, especially between 5 and 6 in the evening, were turbulent, and even dangerous. The town railway sent 174 trains at ten minutes' interval. Never were the cemeteries so lavishly adorned with flowers and lights as on this year's All Saints' festival, many tombs being buried beneath banks of flowers. In the processions devoted to the graves of famous men are many fine marble monuments.

Though attacking her religious orders at home, official France, in the conditions she has just laid down to the Sultan, poses as defending her religious interests abroad, says the Paris correspondent of the "London Catholic Times." The irony of her situation was apparent. M. de Lanesan, the Minister of Marine, has just made it more so by choosing the present moment for proposing to do away with all religious practice in the French navy. It was thought that he had done his worst in this direction by abolishing the time-honored ceremonial of Good Friday on board. M. de Lanesan's latest attempt aims at nothing less than destroying to the extent of the possible the deep-rooted religious faith of the majority of French seamen. In his circular of January 11 of this year his aims remained covert. He has made these aims clearer in the report he has just drawn up and addressed to the President of the Republic. Henceforth no Mass on board for French seamen, and consequently no need of any chaplains. And so with the various other rules relative to religion on board which attract the attention of the religion-hating Minister. He does away with them all, even to the one which stipulates for fitting honors being rendered to the Blessed Sacrament when borne as viaticum to a dying seaman. And all this in the name of religious liberty!

A curious incident occurred the other day in France at one of the Carthusian monasteries, which has, of course, been abandoned. The father prior, out of consideration for two of the oldest members of the community, whose ages are 95 and 80 respectively, and in order to spare them the fatigues of a long journey and the bitterness of the exile at the end of it, had endeavored to make arrangements that these two venerable men should be received into the hospice of St. Julien. The reply he received was that one father might possibly be received, two could not, as two would look like a community and so bring the place into difficulties.

parting with you today we would give you this counsel as a souvenir to take away with you, something that you can treasure up, that will prove useful to you and to your fellow-countrymen. Have a great love for the study of your religion; make yourselves well acquainted with the truths of faith, that you may be able to give an account of them to those who are outside the fold. For we feel convinced that if the English people only knew what the Church teaches, prejudices would in a great measure disappear, and an important step would have been taken towards the attainment of that reunion which we all desire."

How much the political orators would give to be always sure of a respectful hearing as the humblest priest when he turns to his congregation to preach to them. It is one of the greatest opportunities obtainable in this world—that of the Catholic preacher when he sees before him (as every parish priest sees once a week at least) a crowd of people ready to hang upon his lips and to give his words unobstructed entrance into their minds. Many a politician, many with the labor of making people listen to him, would give five years of his life for a few such opportunities. We have sometimes heard the orator offered in all respect and friendliness (and any one realizes that a criticism made in the presence of a grand opportunity is too often but poorly appreciated. Of course there are some people everywhere who are looking for a chance to criticize a priest or his sermon; but it is not with those we are concerned. We speak of those who are quietly sorry when a priest does not try to do his best with such opportunities; and it is to be feared that such have many occasions for regret of this kind. Lucky is the man who, being in the pulpit, can feel as though he were in the paws, and realize how great is the longing of the Catholic people, not for eloquence, not for rhetoric, but for plain, homely, sound, thoughtful sermons, and how great their appreciation of them when they hear them. A priest is removed apart from his people in so many respects that it would be marvellous indeed if he could fully realize their wishes. We think if priests could mingle with their congregations as cave-dwellers sometimes, after mass, they would not be scandalized, but perhaps benefited by something of what they would hear said. We repeat, we do not refer to criticism in the objectionable sense of the word; but all the correct ideas of what preaching ought to be are not in the pulpit. Some of the most valuable of them are in the pews.—Casket.

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Books For the Holidays

Boys' Own
Girls' Own
Young England
Chums
Chatterbox
Our Darlings
The Prize
Sunday at Home
Leisure Hour
Henty and Ballantyne Books for Boys
Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymn Books
Beautiful new Binding in all the Poets
"The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker
"The Eternal City," by Hall Caine
"The Crisis," by Weston Churchill
A few copies of last year's Girls' and Boys' Annuals at bargain prices.

Haszard
—AND—
Moore,
Sunnyside Bookstore.

Christmas Suggestions.

For a Lady.
A nice oak or ash Secretary is almost a necessity. At the prices we ask they cease to be a luxury. Beauties at \$7.85, \$8.95, \$10 and \$11.85.

For a Gentleman.
One of our Morris Chairs would be "just the thing." Comfortable to read or smoke in for the long winter evenings—nothing better.

We Have
A large variety of Clobber and Rattan Chairs & fancy Tables any one of which would make a useful present. Call and have a look through our stock.

Goods bought new will be stored if necessary until Xmas. Call early and secure best choice.

John Newson

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The House and Lot at Head of St. Peter's Bay, lately occupied by Charles McLean, and adjoining the premises of Lestock Anderson, Esq. This is a good locality for a mechanic or for a boarding house. Terms easy. Apply to
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Tourist Sleepers—Travel in Comfort.
Tourist Sleepers leave Montreal every Thursday at 9.30 a. m., through without change to
VANCOUVER, B. C.,
Carrying passengers for all points en route.

For rates to all points in the Canadian North West, British Columbia and Pacific Coast points, and to
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Nov 21, 1892-13

THE HERALD

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

The Vacant Cabinet Seat.

The vacancy in the Dominion Cabinet caused by the resignation of Sir Louis Davies, consequent upon his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada, has not yet been filled, although it has lasted for a considerable length of time and the names of different members and would-be members of Parliament have been mentioned in connection therewith. It will be remembered that one of the pleas put forward by the friends of Mr. Farquharson in support of his candidature for West Queen's was that he was of cabinet rank and in succeeding Sir Louis Davies as the representative of the riding, he would also be taken into the Government as his successor in the ministry. It is safe to assume that no one, except those anxious to receive or willing to be received, ever seriously entertained the notion that Mr. Farquharson would be given a portfolio in the Laurier Government; but the contention served his purpose in helping to boom him for the nomination. Since he was chosen as the Grit candidate for West Queen's little or nothing has been heard of his prospective portfolio. That is just what has been expected. There is a Maritime Province man, however, whose name has been very emphatically mentioned in connection with the vacant portfolio, who, indeed, is said to have entered Dominion politics with the understanding that he would have the option of the first cabinet vacancy. This man is Mr. Emmerson, of New Brunswick. He was Leader of the Government in his own province and resigned the Premiership in order to contest Westmoreland for the House of Commons in opposition to Mr. Powell. He was elected, and it was generally expected he would not be long without receiving the reward due his sacrifice of the Premiership. His advent to Dominion politics was heralded with a great flourish of trumpets, and great expectations regarding his oratorical ability took shape in the minds of his fellow Grit members at the Capital. But when Mr. Emmerson had delivered himself of his first oration in the House of Commons his political stock had greatly depreciated in value, and his erstwhile admirers were very much disappointed. Since then his chances of preferment are said to have gradually faded until they have almost reached the vanishing point. However this may be, certain it is that the Government organs have of late more than once intimated that a western man would be taken into the Cabinet, and something has just happened in British Columbia that seems to clothe these prognostications with a very strong coloring of probability. The seat of Col. Prior, one of the Conservative members for Victoria, has been declared vacant by the courts, in consequence of some improper practices by agents, and this circumstance seems likely to be used by the Government as a bait to capture a seat in the west. Referring to this matter the St. John Globe, a strong Grit paper, has the following:
"Mr. Prior's enforced retirement may have some general effect on public affairs. There is a vacant seat in the Cabinet—a seat which some New Brunswick papers, apparently with little foundation, declared was to be given to Mr. Emmerson. The British Columbian members have been some time pressing that a seat be given to one of their number. They have urged upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier that as compared with his predecessors he stands in an apparently unfriendly attitude to their province in not giving it representation in the Cabinet; and they have strongly pointed out that large as the Cabinet is, it contains only one member from constituencies west of Ontario. These representations cannot but influence the Premier's mind and conduct. Probably notwithstanding the representations which were made to Sir Wilfrid there would have been some difficulty in taking from the far West one that would fairly suit all the others; but by Mr. Prior's enforced vacation of his seat for Victoria city, there is a new condition. Mr. Templeman, who is now in the Senate, would more amply represent British Columbia and Liberal interests and feelings than anyone hitherto available. With a position in the Cabinet he could easily carry the seat against Mr. Prior or any other Conservative; and his appointment therefore would satisfy British Columbian aspirations."
This will hardly be pleasant reading for Mr. Emmerson, how-

ever shrewd it may appear on the part of the Government. Sir Wilfrid's delay in naming Sir Louis' successor would seem to have been in anticipation of the vacancy in Victoria. This circumstance enables the Government to bring the pressure of a cabinet position upon a Conservative seat; all the same it is rather rough on Mr. Emmerson and those who had undertaken to boom him.

The Price of an Escape.

(St. John Sun.)

The exchequer court is asked to decide how much the people of Canada shall pay to Mackenzie and Mann for the damages sustained by the contractors in connection with the Yukon contract. The claim is for \$302,717 with interest. The claimants ask for a large amount, but the above sum only is included in the reference. The grounds for this action are easy to understand. A few days before parliament met in 1898, the government, moved thereto by Mr. Sifton, made a contract with Mackenzie and Mann for the construction of a narrow gauge railway or tramway from a point on the Stickeen river to one of the tributaries of the Yukon, a distance of over 250 miles. This tramway was represented to be a route to Klondike gold fields, though it would not now be so considered. It is now about as easy to get to Dawson as it would be to reach the nearest end of the Stickeen railway, and much easier to reach Dawson from the coast than it would be to journey thither from the other end of the proposed tramway. But by Mr. Sifton's remarkable contract, for it is fair to say that Mr. Blair had nothing to do with it, the contractors were to receive four million acres, or six thousand square miles, of gold lands, to be selected by themselves in alternate square mile blocks on any creeks or gold districts that might be discovered. They were also to be freed from half the royalty paid by the owners of other claims. This was a rather startling price to pay for the proposed tramway and protests went to Ottawa from all over the country, especially from the working miners in the Yukon gold fields. The contract, which was given without tender and without publicity, was made subject to ratification by parliament, but by arrangement with Mr. Sifton the contractors took their chances and began work. Opposition to the astounding contract soon developed on both sides of the house. A number of government supporters refused to vote for it, and several went so far as to vote against it. But it was forced through the commons. The senate however, refused ratification and the work stopped. It was said at first that the bill might be re-introduced the next year, but long before twelve months the government was only too glad to get rid of the scheme, for by that time the Stickeen route was altogether abandoned as a road to the Yukon. The contractors are now pressing their claims for money expended on the scheme. In the meantime another company has opened a railway, which begins on the coast, instead of a hundred miles up a river that cannot be navigated, and at the Yukon end delivers the traveller much nearer to the gold fields than the Stickeen tramway could. Not a foot of land nor a dollar or subsidy was given to this company, which is making large profits from the enterprise. If the fare by this White Pass railway were double what it is people going to Dawson would pay it rather than be transported over the long and perilous Stickeen route free of charge.

There are some fourteen vacancies in the membership of the Dominion House of Commons, and Ottawa advices indicate the bye elections for these seats will not likely be held before the middle of January. But there is one exception, a falsification of the Government's declared principle of holding bye elections simultaneously. The exception is York N. B., where the polling is to be held on the 28th inst. It will be remembered that Mr. Gibson, Grit, was opposed by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Conservative. Gibson was elected; but Mr. McLeod entered a protest on the ground of corrupt practices. He pursued his case in court till Gibson threw up the sponge and was unseated. The same candidates are in the field again.

A GREAT many more men presented themselves at Charlottetown, for enrollment in the third South African contingent than could be accepted. Of the twelve accepted, seven have already seen service in the first or second contingent, and two have served a year at Halifax. Good!

MUCH inconvenience is experienced these days in consequence of the break in the telegraph cable across the Straits. No telegraphic news reaches here or goes from here except by the steamers. Efforts are making to discover the break and it is to be hoped it may be discovered and mended without much further delay.

The Herald's Scoop-Net.

CONDUCTED BY TOM A. HAWKE.

Getting ready for Christmas!

The girl who is named Daisy frequently has a hard time living up to it.

People of Canada are using more postal cards. So the country postmasters are kept in light reading matter.

"Court the fresh air day and night," says a medical exchange. That's good advice for the girls, but if you are a young man you had better contribute the fresh breeze.

The Governor General may as well resign before Premier Farquharson pushes him out of his job. The Premier seems to think his method of doing business is modelled after an improved Code, eh?

The telegraph cable is broken between the Island and the mainland. The Patriot announces that it got its telegram by wireless. That's nothing new.

The Guardian published the picture of Sir Walter Scott last week and called it Robert Burns. What's Scott to be done, has Scott to be done, is probably the best hole.—Montreal Herald.

Here is a Georgia boy's composition on Indian summer: "Injun summer is the best season of the year, 'cept swimmin' time. The days are so still you kin hear dad swearin' two miles off, as well as every lick ma hits him with the broomstick. The reason it is called Injun summer is because they 'trot no Injuns in it 'cept them bad sees when he comes home from the store with 2 gallons of apple brandy an' says he reckons he knows who 's boss of the household, an' no woman on earth can rule him. Let us all be thankful for Injun summer, an' be good till after Christmas."

An Alabama man returned to life just as they were lowering him into the grave. This may not be escaping by the skin of the teeth, but it's getting out of a pretty bad hole.—Montreal Herald.

Matthews Blair, who lives in a shack below the village, when he learned of the accident, pushed off in his punt to the scene of the accident to which Miss Snowball directed him, and there he found Creelman in the water clinging to the ice. Blair had just succeeded in getting Creelman into the boat when Treagold skated up. They searched for the other two members of the party, but without any success and reluctantly had to leave the scene to convey to the shore Mr. Creelman, who was benumbed with cold and almost unrecognizable after his immersion of twenty minutes. At Blair's house he was stripped of his clothing and put in blankets, and about 9 o'clock was so far recovered that he could be removed to the city. He is in pretty bad shape. His hands were badly lacerated by contact with the ice.

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Harper pulled off his gaiters and his coat and plunged into the water where we were struggling. In trying to lift Miss Blair I sank myself. In coming up I struck my head against the ice and I had to break it with my hands. There was no sign of Miss Blair or Harper.

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Miss Bessie Blair and Mr. H. Creelman, of the Imperial Bank, were skating together. A short distance ahead were Miss Blair and Mr. Treagold, Mr. H. A. Harper and Miss Snowball, a daughter of Senator Snowball, who is a guest at Mr. Blair's, were skating behind Mr. Creelman and Miss Bessie Blair.

Harper and Miss Snowball heard a cry and saw them breaking through the ice. Harper, however, did not wait an instant. Telling Miss Snowball to skate to Gattineau Point for help, he threw off his coat and gaiters and without a moment's hesitation plunged into the water to the rescue. Creelman said that before Harper could reach them he (Creelman) made an effort to lift Miss Bessie on the ice, but with the weight of her soddened clothing could not succeed. Creelman sank in the attempt, and on rising found Miss Blair under the ice. He smashed it with his hands and, clinging to the thin sheet as best he could, looking round he could not see a trace of either Harper or Miss Blair. Both had gone down.

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Matthews Blair, who lives in a shack below the village, when he learned of the accident, pushed off in his punt to the scene of the accident to which Miss Snowball directed him, and there he found Creelman in the water clinging to the ice. Blair had just succeeded in getting Creelman into the boat when Treagold skated up. They searched for the other two members of the party, but without any success and reluctantly had to leave the scene to convey to the shore Mr. Creelman, who was benumbed with cold and almost unrecognizable after his immersion of twenty minutes. At Blair's house he was stripped of his clothing and put in blankets, and about 9 o'clock was so far recovered that he could be removed to the city. He is in pretty bad shape. His hands were badly lacerated by contact with the ice.

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THE ARMY MULE.

Let others sing of the noble horse, High-stepping, brave and gay, Who prances proudly o'er the course In its patrician way; A humbler figure claims our song, A victim of misrule— The poor, oppressed, yet tough and strong American army mule.

The long-eared mule, Missouri mule, The halting, biting, Kicking, fighting, Rough and rusty, Tried and trusty, Tough old army mule.

He's no prize beauty, and besides, He wasn't made for show; The most inside his leathery hide Is gristlier than iron; But warring nations wait until He comes across the sea Before their armies come to kill The bloomin' enemy.

He's ugly, churlish, crabbed, grim, And cross and sullen, yet He's won his crown of martyrdom A thousand times, you bet!

That tough old mule, Missouri mule, That haw-hawing, Kicking/jawing, Bocking, biting, Swearing, fighting, Ugly, rancorous, Rude, cantankerous, Old muck-eaten, Weather-beaten, Measley piebald, Glistening eyeballed, Grouchy, grumpy, Rope-tailed, dumpy, Darned old mule, Missouri mule, American army mule.

—Chicago Tribune.

The pupils of Prince Street School gave a pleasing exhibition of rare curiosities in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Friday afternoon. Tom A. Hawke inspected them all, and found that they were good, but still there were a few things missing from the collection which he would give a lot to see; for instance:

A paring of nail from the finger of scorn, A glove from the hand of fate, A shoe once worn by the foot of a tree, And a piece of a nickel plate.

Some butter made from the cream of a joke, The whiskers from Nature's face; A shingle off the temple of fame, And a rein from the human race.

A hat torn off the head of a street, A tooth from the mouth of a brook, A curl clipped from the brow of a bill, And a fish caught with Sandy Hook.

A feather pulled from a mountain's crest, And some out of fancy's wings, A hinged that came from the Golden Gate, And some pieces of Sulphur Springs.

The pig that ate from the trough of the sea, The lid of a box on the ear, The dog that gave the bark of a tree, And a necklace of beads on bears.

The knives that go with the forks of the road, And a lash from a needle's eye, A few recaptured mosquito bills, And the wings of a long, foul fly.

The hair that grew on the tail of a kite, Also on a cabbage head, A leaf that fell from a family tree, And a sheet from a river's bed.

Of all these things I have often thought, But none of them I have seen, The showman who can collect them all, Must greater than Barnum be!

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

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

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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?

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

Jack Frost

Will be here soon, and every man will need a nice Light Overcoat for Fall.

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

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.

SEE US PROWSE BROS.

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

Grocery Satisfaction

In this store means something more than simply LOW PRICES. It means strictly high-class goods—the guaranteed kinds.

Our Tea pleases many. It will please you.

Driscoll & Hornsby, Queen Street.

DON'T

You pay high prices for CROCKERY when

YOU

Can get CROCKERY of the VERY BEST QUALITY at the very lowest prices at W. P. COLWILL'S. If you

DO

Not believe this, come and prove it. We carry on business on an extensive plan, and are thus enabled to make prices to suit the purchaser.

IT

Will pay intending purchasers to call and examine our stock of NEW DINNER SETS.

W. P. COLWILL, Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The amount spent for war supplies in Canada since the outbreak of the South African war totals \$20,000,000.

Tax Sanford Company, of Hamilton, Ont., has received an order for 1,300 uniforms for the third contingent. They must be ready by Jan. 1st.

The schooner Monitor will be released from quarantine tomorrow, and will be given clearance papers from this port after which she will proceed to Sydney for coal.

The P. E. Island schooner Harvest Home was driven ashore at Centreville, C. B. during the storm of Wednesday night but was successfully floated the next evening.

The concert and social held at Bayfield recently was a decided success. The sum of \$83.00 was the amount realized, which goes toward completing the interior of the hall at that place.

The population of the province of Quebec is 1,645,572, as compared with 1,488,035 ten years ago. The French Canadian population of the province is 1,307,980, as against 1,180,346 in 1891.

The committee in charge of the Whalen monument fund has given out a statement in which it is shown that the amount in the Bank of Nova Scotia on special deposit is \$434.65, cash on hand \$70, amount subscribed on call, \$355.

The firm of Messrs. J. O. Arsenault, Son & Co., Wellington, have assigned and are compelled to ask their creditors for a compromise. They offer fifteen cents on the dollar cash or twenty cents in one and two years.

The smallpox patient of the schooner Robin Hood was taken to the Marine Hospital at Keppoch on Monday. He is almost recovered and appears to be in excellent spirits.

The schooner "St. Anne de Beaumont" from Sydney to Souris with coal sprang a leak during the storm of Wednesday night and had to be beached at Murray Harbor. The crew had great difficulty in reaching the shore.

The S. S. La Grand Duchesse which formerly ran between Boston, Halifax and Charlottetown has been sold to the Savannah Steamship company to run between Savannah and New York.

It will do your heart good to call at S. F. Barbeau's new Art Parlor, on Queen St. opposite J. D. McLeod & Co., and see his display of Portraits from stotypes, groups, and other photos to life size and life like.

In the cheese competition arranged by the Provincial Government which concluded on Thursday, Messrs. Spillies, Biffin and Inspector Morrow the judges awarded the prizes.

AN awful calamity occurred at East Folly Mountain, near Truro, N. S., on Thursday last. Robert Campbell had been out on his return found that his house containing his three young children had been entirely consumed by fire.

ANOTHER sad fatality has occurred in connection with the Hillsboro Bridge construction. The victim this time is Ambrose Atkins night watchman of the derrick snow and caisson situated near Southport.

THE Canadian Mounted Rifles is the name decided upon for the third contingent. The enrollment of recruits took place at the Drill Shed on Monday.

Nelson T. Brown, R. C. R. James S. Walker, James Matheson, Walter Lane, Wm. C. Cook, LeRoy Harris, Wm. Ferguson, C. Battery and Howard's Scouts.

Two of these, McCabe and Burrows have each served a year with the Royal Canadian Regiment at Halifax. The men were tested in riding and marksmanship and did excellently especially in shooting.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leaves no bad after effects whatever.

Jas. Paton & Co's Christmas Display.

For the past few years James Paton & Co. have been making a specialty of Xmas goods and this year the display will be far ahead of anything previously shown.

There are sixteen large booths in all; each very neatly constructed and tastefully covered with white and edged with green spruce. While these booths are in every way beautiful and attractive, it must not be supposed that they are gotten up merely for the sake of being a fad.

Now a word about the store under normal conditions, and the obliging salesladies and salesmen. As you enter the door on the left you come to the ladies dress goods department.

This department is superintended by Mr. McQuaid assisted by Miss Ross. Next to that again is the glove department. The person who cannot find gloves to fit them in this department must have mighty big hands.

AN awful calamity occurred at East Folly Mountain, near Truro, N. S., on Thursday last. Robert Campbell had been out on his return found that his house containing his three young children had been entirely consumed by fire.

Obituary. On Friday morning, Nov. 29th, Lucina S. Macdonald, beloved wife of James B. Macdonald, of West St. Peters, passed away peacefully from this world of trouble to reap the reward of a life well spent.

Among the members of the family circle left to mourn are her brothers the Rev. D. J. G. Macdonald of St. Georges, and R. F. Macdonald of Souris. She was a daughter of the late lamented R. G. Macdonald, shipbuilder, of Piquet.

The funeral from West St. Peters to St. Andrew's church on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 1st, was the largest that took place in that part of the country for years.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

After returning to their hall Sunday from the funeral of their late Brother James Curran, the B. I. S., unanimously adopted the following resolution.

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty God in His omnipotent designs to remove from our ranks our late Brother James Curran. And whereas, by the death this society has lost an esteemed member; therefore resolved that we place on record our heartfelt regret at the loss we have sustained, and also tender our sincere condolences to his bereaved parents.

Therefore resolved that these resolutions be inscribed in the minute books of the society, and that a copy hereof be sent to the family of the deceased, also to the Press for publication. Ch'town Dec. 9th, 1901.

At the regular monthly meeting of the B. I. S. on Monday evening, Dec. 2nd, 1901, the following resolution was adopted: Whereas it hath pleased our Heavenly Father to visit the home of our worthy Brother James Edmonds and take therefrom a kind and loving mother. Therefore resolved that this society place on record an expression of deep and sincere sympathy for Brother Edmonds and the other members of the bereaved family on the loss which they have sustained in the removal from life's activities of their beloved mother.

115 Black Oil Coats (double), a splendid coat for farmers and others who are a good deal exposed to the cold weather, long and medium, price \$2.00 and \$2.25, for sale at McDonald & Co's.

In South Africa.

The largest captures of Boers made in many months occurred on Thursday when three columns secured an aggregate of 250 prisoners. Gen. Bruce Hamilton, near Ermelo, Major Dawkins in the Waterbury district and Gen. Methuen in Northwest Transvaal rounded up three laagers with only a few casualties on either side.

We challenge any store in P. E. Island to show you a better variety of Men's Underclothing at lower prices. Come and see J. B. McDonald & Co's.

Our Saskatchewan Buffalo Coats are the real thing to keep you warm when driving. See them—J. B. McDonald & Co.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers. GUARANTEED PURE. 100

Smart Fall Coats!

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

Work of only Expert Tailors.

Furs! Furs!

We are showing an excellent range of Furs to select from.

- Fur Coats, Fur Capes, Fur Collars, Fur Ruffs, Fur Jackets, Fur Muffs, Persian Lamb, Astrakan, Grey Lamb, Electric Seal, Sable, Mink

In fact everything to be found in a First-class Fur Store.

Every Skin Guaranteed.

Weeks & Co

The Fashionable Millinery Leaders.

Wholesale & Retail.

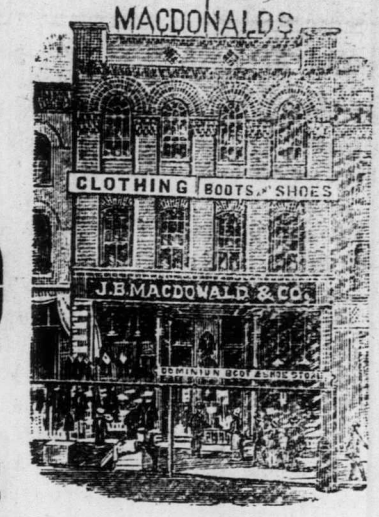
Blatchford's Calf Meal.

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 wholesale by AULD BROS. Charlottetown.

DECEMBER Great Clothing Sale



Men's Beaver Overcoats

Men's Nap Overcoats, Men's fine Melton Overcoats, Men's Heavy Tweed Overcoats, Men's Heavy Frieze Ulsters, Boys' and Youths' Overcoats and Ulsters.

300 Men's Suits from \$3 to \$12.50. 500 pairs Men's Pants from 90c. to \$4.50.

J. B. McDonald & Co.

Cheapest Clothing Store on P. E. Island.

"Art School" IS NOW OPEN FOR THE WINTER SESSION

Subjects Taught. Monday—Free Hand Drawing. Tuesday—Modelling. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Carving.

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

ARTISTIC WORK! OF ALL KINDS

In Brocade, Marble, Wood, etc., is also done with the greatest care. Statues and Busts a Specialty. ANTOINE VINCENT, Principal. All Art Studio, Queen St., Ch'town, P. E. I. Box 263.

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.

Christmas Groceries

The time for buying your Supplies for Christmas Is drawing near,

And a question that very often arises is, where to buy them? We answer—If you want Goods of reliable quality at reasonable prices, then favor us with your order. We do not aim to sell CHEAP goods, but endeavor to handle a reliable quality at fair prices.

Raisins & Currants. "Eureka" Tea.

We have received our fall stock of new Fruits, which are choice and cheaper than last season's.

Spices, Essences, etc. Cranberries. American Oil.

We handle only the best American Oil. Only One Dollar per can. R. F. MADDIGAN & Co. Lower Queen St., Charlottetown. Telephone No. 28

Found At Last.

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

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."

BY DENIS MCCARTHY.

Of all the woes a poet bears (And they are not a few); Of all his troubles and his cares, His fit of feeling blue, The phrase, "Respectfully declined With thanks," beats all the pack, And he has trouble on his mind What time his stuff comes back.

Ah, yes, there's trouble on his mind That few can understand, Except the fellows of his kind Far scattered through the land; They know what fills his life with woe, And paints the future black, For they have often felt just so, When their own stuff came back.

Full oft at peace with all the earth, The bard awakes at morn, His heart is filled with joyous mirth, No grief he feels, or scorn; But comes a ring, the postman's there, With letter-laden pack, And, oh, the poet's deep despair! He gets his poems back.

How proudly does he feel when he Has labored hard, and made Some verse for which he hopes to be Quite handsomely repaid.

How thrills he when he sends it off— But, bitter blow, alas! How madly does he rail and scold When that like it comes back.

Don't talk of other people's woes, Not one of them compares With what the struggling poet knows, And grimly grins and bears. Let fate set everything amiss From now till doomsday's crack, There is no grief as great as this— To get his poems back.

Perhaps beyond the pearly gates, Where bards (and saints) abound, And where no feud of "usual rates," No editor, is found, In bliss he will forget the pain That keeps him on the rack, And best of all, he'll ne'er again Receive his poems back.

Oh, you, to whom these lines are sent! Oh man of shares and paste! In vain the time on them I spent, If made not to your taste; They may be limpy here and there, And something may be lack, Yet kindly heed the poet's pray'r, And do not send them back.

—Life.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

PART II.

The visit of the widow to the charity fete had been the sole purpose of learning the truth of falsehood of the rumors. She had heard that the princess was so fond of her adopted daughter that she took her about with her. She might, in that case, see for herself what the gossip was worth. Better even than that night, was the amazing condescension of the Donzelli, in taking her, of all the world, to take the evitable part of hostess on that occasion, under the shield of the absent princess. Not slow to push the advantage so unexpectedly gained, though content to remain that day modestly within the booth, and leave the ceremonial part of the duties to her companion, she called the next morning on her new friend, Mlle. Donzelli turned no deaf ear to the temptress. Seeing her present position imminent, she was willing to risk something for her rich prospect held out to her.

When it became clear that the princess would never rally from that lethargy, a letter was written in her name relieving the Blanks of their charge. It reached them at Berlin, where they were making a short halt on their way to the North. It was a shock to them, and certainly nothing but the express command of the princess would have induced them to let Blandine go under the circumstances. But how could they hesitate to respect the assurance "that it was the will of the Princess Vallinski that Mlle. Sacha should be given into the keeping of her grandmother, Mme. Karloff Vallinski?" The writer of this mandate had been the confidential companion and friend of the princess, her amanuensis and woman of business for many years; they had no right to question her authority.

"She is not her grandmother," said Mr. Blank. "We might take exception on that plea, but it would only raise a storm about our ears. There is no alternative but to obey these instructions." He handed back Mlle. Donzelli's letter to his wife, who took it and went away with an expression of real sorrow on her kind face. The pain of parting with the little orphan was still within her heart, and its shadow on her brow, when she was startled by a

whop that made the air resound. In the twinkling of an eye she heard the wild rush of her children from the classroom, and cries of "Uncle John! Uncle John!" In vain the governess had tried to restrain them, when from a window one of the elder boys had seen the beloved "Uncle John" spring from his carriage and run up the hotel stairs.

"I feel like shouting with them," said Miss Mackintosh, the governess. "The bonnie bairns, it does one's heart good to hear them!" "And whom are they welcoming in such a fashion," asks her cousin, who has only lately arrived in Germany and happened to be with her for a day. "Their uncle, it seems?" "Nay, no more than you, or I. Only a connection of our leddy; but the bonniest young laird that ever trod the green. Look, there he is smiling at you! The mistress keeps the picture always in the classroom, so that if any of the youngsters get troublesome or lazy it brings them round only to look at the smiling face of Uncle John. It is worth all the penalties in the world, to look at that likeness."

The face that looked from the canvas was the very face that had so pleased little Blandine on the heights of Betharram; the face of "St John of the Cross," as she still called him in her thoughts.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," counts Uncle John, when he has succeeded in extricating himself from strangling arms. "Only six! I was wont one more. Are we not seven?"

Mr. Blank made a jocosely reply, but his wife did not smile. She guessed at once that he referred to Blandine as the seventh, and shook her head sadly.

Uncle John's face became very grave in an instant. As soon as he could bribe the youngsters to let him go, he joined their parents, impatient to learn the cause of Madame Blank's grave look. When he did, he was even graver than that good woman.

"I know nothing of gambling," he said, after a pause, "absolutely nothing! And yet nothing remains but to try a game with that past-mistress of the art. It is indeed the story of the 'Lamb and the Wolf.' But I think I can answer for it, that the lamb shall not be devoured in this case, neither shall it loose its fleece, if I can help it."

"You are ever ready to take up arms for the weak, cousin John," said Mrs. Blank. "But I hope you will allow me to be with you in this case, as far as I can go. The child appeals to me almost as strongly as if she were my own." The sequel will show how far their efforts were successful.

Karloff never before sheltered a lovelier or more innocent guest than it is now entertaining in the person of Blandine of Betharram. Blandine is lost, as it were, in the depths of the Samara woods, in the great wilderness of the Russian Steppes. Her promise to mamma Margaret, and the Care of Betharram is not forgotten. She goes through the whole Rosary faithfully, day after day, and it still seems as if each day was the very first, so deep is the feeling each mystery arouses. She makes the Way of the Cross, holding the little aloft she has fashioned cross-wise, as reverently as if they had come from the Holy Land. And each station is indicated by some secret of her own, a twisted branch, a heap of pebbles, a moss-grown stone, a turning in the path. Her memory recalls almost word for word the prayers of the Manual of Betharram, that she read so often,

Kick a dog and he bites you. He bites you and you kick him. The more you kick the more he bites and the more he bites the more you kick. Each makes the other worse. A thin body makes thin blood. Thin blood makes a thin body. Each makes the other worse. If there is going to be a change the help must come from outside. Scott's Emulsion is the right help. It breaks up such a combination. First it sets the stomach right. Then it enriches the blood. That strengthens the body and it begins to grow new flesh. A strong body makes rich blood and rich blood makes a strong body. Each makes the other better. This is the way Scott's Emulsion puts the thin body on its feet. Now it can get along by itself. No need of medicine.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, TORONTO CANADA. Price 25c. at all druggists.

and with such intense feeling to her blind mother. She paves the walks with Litanies as she goes up and down them, sometimes by herself, though never out of sight of her companions and their governesses. The companions race and romp, and quarrel with their companions, the dogs, while leaving her to herself now and then. She has been told to call them cousins. They are a boy and a girl, a nephew and niece, they tell her, of Mr. Barde.

It was long before Blandine knew much about Mr. Barde, nothing in fact save that her "cousin," called him "Uncle Charles." Every day Mr. Barde bid the sunny southern breeze cleared for his sole use from noon till sunset. There he walked or reclined in a great deep arm chair, his head covered with an immense queer-shaped bonnet and further protected from the sun and air by an umbrella fastened to his chair when he reclined, or carried by an attendant when he walked. Although Blandine asked no questions, she found that here, also, were plenty who, like Daria, though less faithful, thought that the sooner a thing was known the better. She had to hear, whether she willed it or not, that Uncle Charles had once been tutor to the Karloff boys. He was a handsome, clever gentleman, and useful to Madame when her second husband, the great Vallinski, died. So useful was he that he became manager of all her affairs. Finally they decided to marry, and they married. But this must be kept a secret from the Emperor, for the law would deprive Madame of her pension, were it known she had married again. In Russia, widows must be widows indeed, to retain their pension. Most likely the Emperor thought little and cared less for the doings of this widow. But so it was, Madame remained a Karloff Vallinski instead of proclaiming herself to the world as Madame Charles Barde. Years passed, Madame and her husband travelled together sometimes. Then Madame travelled alone, and Uncle Charles remained, for good and all, at Karloff with his nephew and niece, who had lived somewhere in Germany or Switzerland, till the girl was three or four and the boy about two. Sophie Barde was now a pale, sickly looking girl of nearly twelve. The boy, a lad of eight or nine, an irresponsible little being, half-witted and mischievous. His real name was Ferdinand, but because of his noisy ways he had been surnamed 'Rattle.' A Rattle he was, with a difference. He was noisy without being shaken, without being interfered with.

The children's day invariably began with riot and noise around the breakfast table. Sophie loved to incite her brother to annoy the governess, for no other object than her own amusement, and the possibility of retarding lessons. She too often succeeded in spite of the example of her cousins, who did her best to keep order and quiet. What a contrast was here to the quiet of the Convent Hall, or the love and peace and regularity of her life at the English Villa, where the dear Blandines were emulating each other in acts of kindness! Malice in practice, she had never seen before. In quiet hours Blandine worked hard at her books. She had to work hard to conquer the Russian language, and to overtake Sophie in music. She gives all her intelligence, all her good will, all her time, to study. The weak lad, who could not make her angry or spiteful, clings to her, and ere long she is left to be his sole companion and nurse, when, as is constantly the case, neither governess nor nurse can do anything with him. The weak girl who serves her, and profits by her at every step in their studies, still teases and torments her. Madame Karloff, Vallinski, whom she calls "amnt," as she was instructed to do, and as do her cousins, avoids her, never shows her good will or ill will. She simply ignores her. "I will marry her off early," she sometimes says to herself, "her good looks will be her dowry." Or again, "I will keep her here till Sophie is of age and the estate divided—nothing goes to her." Of this assertion she had no proof at all, for the "Great Vallinski" had left no positive will on record to that effect. His widow had published the statement abroad so freely, it had become an accepted fact. No question being raised during the life time of her step-daughter, she felt herself secure on that head.

It seemed as if Blandine of Betharram had nothing at all to count upon in this world. Separated by law (for Madame had obtained legal possession of her) from those who would have led her by pleasant ways, what has she to expect? What claim can she put forth to the world around her, for support or sympathy? None at all. And yet, the little circle of which Uncle John and good Marie Blank are the centre, has been uniting in her interests. They know how she is passing her days and nights. They see her efforts, and are eager to come to her aid. But to accomplish this, they must have a friend within the citadel. The friend without, their present informant, sees no possibility of effecting this; for every human being, admitted to Karloff, must be devoted to the will of its mistress. Neither Charles Barde nor his nephew or niece count for anything. They are as much and as

A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

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

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 39 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont. "Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time. "These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations. "They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them. "Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

closely watched as Blandine herself. But the Lord chooses his own time, as well as his own instruments. Who could have foreseen that that accidental meeting on the Hill of Betharram was to be the potent factor in two destinies? Yet so it is. Where neither Margaret nor Antony could find a way to reach the object of their solicitude, the instrument succeeded. After two years of fruitless but steady effort, there is, at length, a friend within the gates. Madame Blank suggested the idea that was to accomplish what seemed a forlorn hope.

"If that poor victim (meaning Mr. Barde), could be rescued and made independent, would he not become the best defender of our captive?" Uncle John sprang up. "Cousin Zenie, you have let in, not only daylight, but a flood of sunshine. How blind of me not to have remembered him before! he was once tutor to Graff Z, whom you know well, and who is the best of good fellows. He will write to Barde, get him interested in a confidential servant whom he wishes to retain, but who must be kept from temptation and under good guard till his master returns from a long journey. His salary will be paid, nothing demanded for his services, save the assurance that he will be returned to his master when claimed. "You do not mean that you would part with Gregory?" "Temporarily, and for such a purpose, certainly. He would fit the place to a nicety. He would write to his master in the far East, his master would transmit the letters to Father Dacre, who could communicate them to his family; while, under the eye of Gregory, Blandine would be safe.

"You call her Blandine. Why?" Uncle John frankly told of his first meeting, of his friendship for Father Dacre, of the anguish of Madame Margaret at the separation from her adopted daughter. Uncle John created not a little jealousy, it must be confessed, even in the good hearts of the Blanks, by his enthusiastic praise of Blandine. "It is a case of love at first sight, Zenie," said Mr. Blank to his wife. "If you are building any hopes on the prospect of one day seeing your eldest daughter mistress of the old Grand Cross, or the wife of young John of Bethlehem, I warn you to prepare for disappointment."

(To be continued.)

The Christmas Dinner.

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, it will not be far for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for any to do that let us hope so for the sake of the cook! The disease dyspepsia indicates a bad stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures dyspepsia, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

"At this point," said the narrator, "she broke down and wept scalding tears." "My goodness," exclaimed the listener, "she must have boiled over with rage."

If you want to get a supply of first-class Tea for winter use go to Beer & Goff's.

Go to Beer & Goff's for the best grade of American Keroseene Oil at the lowest cash price.

13 Running Sores.

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

A Terrible Cough.



If people would only treat coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer homes desolate. The severest coughs and colds, bronchitis and croup, and the first stages of consumption, yield readily to this powerful, lung-healing remedy. Read what Mrs. Thos. Carter, Northport, Ont., says: "I caught a severe cold, which settled on my throat and lungs, so that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I also had a terrible cough which my friends thought would send me to my grave. I tried different remedies but all failed to do me any good until I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and the contents of one bottle completely cured me."

MISCELLANEOUS.

My wife is the most exacting woman I ever saw. "In what way?" "She's got to the point now where I have to let her know that I know that she is managing me, or she isn't satisfied."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. "This wireless telegraphy reminds me of a groundless quarrel."

What possible connection is there between the two?" "It's practically having words over nothing."

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

Visitor.—Charlie, your father is calling you. Charlie.—Yes; I hear him, but he is calling "Charlie." I don't have to go till he yells "Charles."

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best. Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont. Joseph Snow, Norway, Me. Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.

Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S. Pierre Landry, senr., Pokemouche, N. B. Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

"Young man," said the fortune teller going into a trance, "I can see you in the near future with an airship." "Make it an heirship to a million, can't you?" eagerly exclaimed Ardup, slipping another half dollar into her hand.

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

"So," concluded the advanced woman, after expounding for thirty minutes her objections to men in general for the benefit of the gentleman next her at dinner, "you see I am quite plain." "Yes," answered the horrid man, "I see you are," and the advanced woman was so sorry that she ate two courses without saying a word.

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

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

Business Men's Backs.

Too much rush and haste, work and worry fall to the lot of the average business man. Kidney trouble, general languor and pain in the back are the natural results. A man can't attend to business properly if his back aches—no use trying. Only one sure remedy that never fails—DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Take a hint from business men who have used them: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at the Medical Hall here, for rheumatism and pains in the small of my back, with which I have been afflicted for the past six years. They did me so much good that I heartily recommend them as an excellent medicine for rheumatic troubles and backache." CHARLES C. PULZER, dealer in agricultural implements, Orillia, Ont. Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache, lumbago or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, sediment in the urine, too frequent urination at night, rheumatism, and weakness of the kidneys in children and old people. Remember the name, Doan's, and refuse all others. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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

New Tea!

Our new Seasons Teas are now in stock and we are offering some extra good values. We have one very nice blend Tea put up in metal quarter-chests (containing 21 pounds each). This is a nice sized package for family use and is a FIRST-CLASS TEA. We have a new

CEYLON TEA

that we offering in lots of 5 pounds and upwards for 18 cents per pound.

BEER & GOFF

THOUSANDS

New Books

Henty's, Kingston's and Ballentyne's Books for boys. Annie S. Swan's, Bessie, Mildred, Elsie and Pansy Books for girls.

High Class Works of Fiction by celebrated Authors. The Poets, an immense stock, in all styles of bindings. Bibles, Testaments, Song Books in variety.

Books for everybody. Prices to suit everybody.

Geo. Carter & Co.

Booksellers & Stationers.

! SAY!

If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of

BOOTS or SHOES

or anything else in the FOOTWEAR

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