

BABY'S OWN SOAP

He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

Beware of Imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.

White's Caramels and Snowflake

Chocolates

Can be had at any following first class store

T. J. Morris
D. L. Hooper
W. Pickard & Co.
W. A. Hutcheson
W. F. Carter
Stewart & Gates
Sanderson & Co.
J. D. McLeod & R. H. Mason,

No Flies on our Bcys' at the Front!

Keep them away from the folks at home.

Order screen doors and windows now.

A. Duchemin & Co

P. E. I. Door and Sash Factory.

Gilt Edge

The famous Laundry Soap unequalled in cleansing properties, harmless to the finest fabric. For sale by all leading Groceries.

McKINNON & McNEVIN

WHOLESALE AGENTS.
JAY 19, 441.

In Souvenir

Goods we have a large assortment of Buckels, Brooches, Pins, Tea and Coffee Spoons.

C H TAYLOR

Jeweler & Optician,
Sunnyside, Queen Square.

FOR SALE OR TOILET

That nicely situated residence, with out buildings, on the Malpeque Road, one mile from Post office, with 9 or 32 acres of land, as desired.

Apply to **J. T. PEARDON.**

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

"But I have promised it shall be written, and I will keep the oath my father made me swear, as I have kept the other oath he wrung from me three years ago. The task of writing his confession has been hard and sore, but to write my own will be far harder. My father looks upon his bodily sufferings as his punishment; but no punishment which could be given me on earth could relieve me from the load of guilt which has been secretly and slowly killing me since I met that one glance of Gabriel Myddelton's, while the judge pronounced upon him the sentence of death. My father almost seems to feel that he is pardoned for his share in this vile deed; I wish I dared to hope that when I stand upon that awful threshold of the door of death, I might feel that I, too, am pardoned. The weight of guilt has borne me down and isolated me among my fellow-creatures, and it will weigh me down and isolate me to the end.

"I have very little to add to my father's confession. What I told at the trial about Mr. Myddelton's assuming a disguise at our cottage was true in every particular. What I did not tell, was his confession to us, so honestly given, and which my father has related. He threw himself upon our mercy, and we betrayed him, and swore away his life. That thought stings me, even now, with a pain worse than death!

"It was an unnatural and unencouraged thought of mine, but I should have said, up to the day of that trial, that I would have laid down my life for Gabriel Myddelton. Then I proved its falseness by laying his life waste instead, and my fear of my father's threats and anger, and my submission to his command of obedience, are no excuse for me.

"I heard the sentence of death passed upon him. Through three heavy days and wakeful nights, I pictured him within those walls, a convicted felon, and I thought my life had burned itself out in the passion of that anguish, and that my doom was sealed as certainly as his.

"I had a lover then who was warden in the Kinbury jail, and though I had never listened to him before, I listened now, for one plan and resolution had filled my mind. If he would save Gabriel Myddelton's life—so I told him—I would be his wife when he chose. Ah! surely that was the least that I could do for the man whose name we had blighted, and whose life we had laid away.

"We helped each other, and until the last moment came, no other thought was allowed to either of us. It was no new thing to me to lie awake at night and think of Gabriel Myddelton, but it was new to him, though I was proud to feel that no sense of either fear or honor would turn him from my will.

"The day and the hour came at last, and though my face was white as death that morning when I rose, I felt more nearly happy than I had felt since that night when Gabriel Myddelton's confidence in us had been so vilely abused.

"My husband—he was my husband on the following day—hired for me a large, low dog-cart, closed at the back, and a feet but very quiet-looking pony. In this cart I drove myself alone into Kinbury, and, calling a boy who stood in the yard of the jail (a boy brought there by my husband for this especial purpose, though he looked to be only idling there), gave the pony into his charge. He stood steadily at its head, his back to the door and to the vehicle, and I passed in with the order my husband had obtained for me, and was admitted by himself into the condemned cell. What could be feared from me, when it was so well known that I had done most of all to bring the criminal to that cell?

"I wore two shawls and two dresses exactly the same, one concealed below the other, and under my skirt I had secured a bonnet, veil and gloves, precisely the same as those I wore myself.

"My husband had been for days cleverly acting his part, and his fellow-officials now knew him to be thoroughly imbued with a disgust for old Myddelton's murderer, and a demonstratively staunch belief in the justice of his sentence. So it was that no breath of suspicion attached to either of us, and permission was readily granted me to see Gabriel Myddelton, on the plea that I had lived near him all my life, and we had been children together.

"By skilful means, my husband attracted the turnkeys as far as possible from the passage to the cell, though of course they stayed where they could see me walk back to the dog-cart. I passed out and then passed back again into the cell.

"'Forgotten something,' muttered my husband, turning carelessly away, 'but at any rate I'm glad she is going. Poor lass! How bitterly she cries! Well, he was lord of the manor, you see, on which she has lived all her life.'

"It was as I seemed to pass from the cell, that my husband, by a great effort, kept the attention of the men engrossed by describing and illustrating very elaborately the breaking of the window through which the murderer had passed into Abbotsmoor. Then, after a few minutes, a sudden recollection struck him, and he turned sharply round.

"'Of course you are watching,' he said, suspiciously, to one of the men.

"'Of course,' was the answer, though the man's eyes could not have done double duty. 'I've seen her pass backward and forward two or three times, but she is back to the cell now, and you had better go, for her time is up.'

"They watched my husband pass into the cell, and then led me out, crying still. They watched him help me to my seat in the dog-cart, and give me the reins, and asked me if I feared to go alone. They all spoke kindly to me, and stood to watch me drive away—alone—as I had come.

"And so the tale was told next day, by others who had seen me. I had driven away alone, as I had come. How were they to know that Gabriel Myddelton, dressed exactly as I had been, lay hidden in the back of the low, old-fashioned vehicle? That in that going to and fro, between the dog-cart and the cell, there had been one time when my husband's energies were put to their severest test, while a female figure, (weeping bitterly) had passed out and slipped into that waiting cavity. It was just one minute afterward that my husband fetched me, and helped me to my seat.

"I had a fresh disguise in the gig, and in that Gabriel Myddelton parted with me, when I had driven him as far as I dared to venture on the high-road to Liverpool.

"Not until late at night was the danger missed, and then he was safe. My husband knew a man in Liverpool who earned his livelihood by helping those who strove to get abroad in secret, and he had been prepared and bribed. So we heard from him of Gabriel Myddelton's departure for America. Since then no tidings have reached me, and now I know that they never will. I feel that after my death it will be too late for this confession to benefit any one, yet I dare not make it known before.

"This is the declaration which I have sworn to make, and to enclose with that which my father has dictated to me in this, his mortal, illness, and which he has charged me to make public when I feel my own death drawing near. I must, he says, confirm its truth upon oath, and leave it with a trusty person.

"My husband is dead, my father dying; my little one seems following them. What trusty person can be near me at the end? So I have a feeling that some day I shall destroy these papers with my own hand. But I have written the whole truth, as my Father in Heaven is my witness, and this is my signature.

"MARGARET TERRIT.

"Signed this fifth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four."

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CHAPTER XXXV.

For a few minutes after Royden had finished reading, he sat like one in a dream; then he slowly rose, and folded the two papers, placing them carefully in the breast pocket of the coat which he had worn all night over his evening dress. Then buttoning it, to guard as safely as he could the precious documents, he went softly into the farther room, and, looking down for the last time upon the dead face, gave one backward glance along the marred life whose secrets had now been disclosed to him.

A step in the outer room aroused him; gently laying the sheet back over the worn, calm face, he went out to meet the woman who was now at liberty to take his place. A few minutes they talked there; and Royden waited, as if his time were of little value. But when all had been said, and he had left the gloomy house, he glanced up at the clock on St. Paul's and hailed a passing hearse.

som, as if his life depended upon speed. "To the great Western station," he said, in his quick, clear tones. "A sovereign if you do in within fifteen minutes."

Out of the hubbub of the city, the man took the quiet, unfrequented streets; the horse sped on with its inevitably unsteady perseverance, and Royden was in time for the 2.40 train to Langham Junction.

All through the journey he sat quite still in his corner of the carriage, his thoughts intensely busy, while his heart was full of gratitude and rejoicing.

"To see her face when I show her these," he murmured to himself; "to think of the truth lying here at last in my hand!"

So he was thinking—picturing the brightening of one pale face at the tidings which he bore—when the train stopped at Langham Junction, and he stepped hastily down upon the platform.

"Where for, sir?"

"On to Westleigh by the 6.30."

Just in his cool, natural tones, Royden answered the question; yet, as he did so, he glanced across to where the Westleigh trains were wont to start with an intense anxiety.

"The Westleigh train left half an hour ago, sir."

(To be continued.)

Dodd's Kidney Pills

are the only medicine that will cure Diabetes. Like Bright's Disease this disease was incurable until Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Doctors themselves confess that without Dodd's Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Diabetes

is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

JUNE

MAGAZINES

AT

Haszard & Moore

SUNNYSIDE.

Dividend Notice

Merchants Bank of P. E. Island.

CHARLOTTETOWN, May 31, 1900

Notice is hereby given that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of this bank has been declared, payable at its Banking house on and after July 1st, 1900.

The transfer books will be closed from the 13th June to the 3rd July next, both days inclusive.

By order of Board. **J. M. DAVISON,** Cashier.

Hay For Sale.

About 25 tons of pressed hay. Apply to the office or to **S. R. Jenkins,** Upton North River.

DR. GORDON ALLEY

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

(Graduate McGill University)

Office and Residence—Dorchester Street
Office Hours—9 to 10, a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8, p. m.
Prompt attention to country calls.

FIT FOR A PRINCE

A. G. Thomson & Co's

Royal Blend

Scotch Whisky.

1900 SEED TIME 1900

Buy your seed at Le Page's old stand and save money.

We have a large selection of clovers, timothy, vetches, peas, White Russian, Manitoba hard and Island wheats.

Spring Tooth Harrows

and all kinds of farm implements.

W. GRANT & CO

LePage's Old Stand, Queen Street.

Is to Your Interest

To see our men's and boy's clothing.

Our sales are larger in clothing than for years.

The reason, we are selling good fitting well-made suits for about 20 per cent lower than current prices. Do yourself justice.

You can save enough on a suit of clothes to buy a Hat and a pair Boots.

J. B. MACDONALD & CO

Where Worth and Low Prices Meet.

Teck True Economy

In buying your boots here. The prices are very modest, the style correct, the quality perfect. This season's styles are quick sellers. That's because they've caught the fancy on popular prices at

McQUAID'S,

LOWER QUEEN STREET

Great Sale of Crockery, Glassware and Groceries.

Big Discounts for 30 Days.

All our present stock will be closed out at big reductions—below some prices:—

\$3.00	Tea Sets now	\$1.95	per set
75 cent	Glass Table Sets now	50 cents	
40 "	" " " " "	25 "	
24 "	" " " " "	20 "	
90 "	Large Lamps	50 "	
50 "	" " " " "	30 "	
\$1.50	Lemonade Sets	90 "	
1.50	China Berry Sets	1.20	
50 "	Glass " " "	35 "	
30 "	" " " " "	20 "	

Also a lot of odd crockery selling at Half Price.

P. MONAGHAN, Upper Queen Street