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It soothes every ache, every bruise, every cramp, every irritation, every lameness, every swelling everywhere. It is for INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use. It was originated in 1810, by Dr. A. Johnson, an old Family Physician. Every Mother should have it in the house.

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Parsons' Pills
Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c; five gl. Sold everywhere.

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Whenever in need of kidney treatment always be true to yourself and refuse any substitute or imitation of the original and genuine
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we can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.:—50c. per box six boxes for $2.50. To the trade—$4.00 per dozen, or three dozen at $3.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address post paid.
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There is *ease* for those far gone in consumption—not recovery—ease. There is *cure* for those not far gone.
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has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (*Ask your doctor.*) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.
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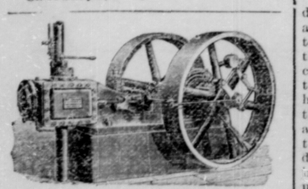

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IN DURANCE VILE.

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER I.

Some hours later, dinner being at an end, and The Blake having gone to the smoking room for his post-prandial cigar, Miss Blake goes slowly upstairs to her own pretty little sage-green boudoir.

The lamps being turned down, she finds the room rather dark as she enters it, yet still through this half light she sees a girlish figure, clad in peasant costume, as it approaches her.

"Ah you Moira?" she says, addressing the girl, who had been her maid until driven from her service by the threats of the Land League.

"Yes, Miss Patricia," says the stranger, in a pleasant tone, that still has a strain in it. "I have come to ask you for a character, and— May I shut the door, miss?" She walks slowly, leisurely to the door as she speaks and closes it; not only that, but turns the key in the lock. Then she again faces Patricia, but with what a changed demeanor!

The enforced tranquillity that had sat so heavily upon her a moment since is all gone; her eyes are wild, her lip ashen. Falling upon her knees, as though they refuse any longer to support her, she flings out her arms toward Patricia in an appeal—voiceless, indeed, but grand in the majesty of its silent eloquence.

"What is it, Moira? What is the matter" says Patricia, hurriedly.

"Murdher's the matther!" says the girl, in her soft, rich brogue and with terrible intensity. "It's in the very air ye're breathing. They say as how they'll have it out wid Misther Fitzgerald th' night, because of the help he is givin' The Blake, an' we all know by this time what that manes."

"They! Who?" asks Patricia, haughtily, with increased agitation.

"The Boys, miss. They're goin' in an hour's time—at midnight—to burn the ould castle over his head, an' then thrae him out, an' tache him a lesson he'll have no occasion to remember!' I give you their own words, miss. They'll kill him, I tell ye, as sure as ye're standin' on that spot!"

"Because he's befriended us?" says Patricia. As she says this she lifts her hand and lets it fall with a heavy sound upon her heart.

"Because he has turned a deaf ear to the three warnin's sent him, tellin' him to give ye no more help. They swore last night they'd make an example of him for disobeyin' the ordhers of the Land League. I've come, in danger of me life, to tell ye this," says the girl. "But," rising to her feet, and throwing up her head with a fine gesture of despair, "to what good? Who can save him at this last minute?"

"I can," says Miss Blake slowly.

The extreme calm of her manner reduces the girl to quietude.

"But how, asthore?" she asks, laying her hand timidly on Patricia's white gown.

"I shall go to him now, this moment," says Patricia, as quietly as though the determination has been hers for a week rather than a minute.

Moira, releasing her hold of her gown, steps backward and regards her curiously. With a rapid movement she throws the hood from her shapely head, as though half stifled for want of air, and lets all her beautiful, haggard face be distinctly seen. A passionate desire to keep down a hope that yet will rise within her breast marks her every feature.

"But who will ye get to go along wid ye, darlin'?" she says, tremulously. "I can't; for the boys are on the watch for me, an' I could never have got here to ye at all but through pretending I had a message to Mrs. Murphy below. An' even if I defied them an' went, it would only be the sure an certain ruin of all our hopes. An its a good step from this to him, an' a hard night, wid the could frost on everything. Tell me, allanna, who will ye trust to go wid ye?

"No one; I shall go to him alone," says Patricia, firmly, but as one in a dream. A storm of bitterest emotion is laying waste her bosom. Oh! to think how unkindly she parted from him only a few short hours ago, and now she may never see him again! She had called him a coward, yet for her sake, she finds he has secretly courted death.

"You, you!" cries Moira, sharply, though always in the suppressed tone of one possessed by fear. "No, no, dear; ye couldn't, indeed. Is there nothing else I came to ye because I thought ye might think of something a poor ignorant girl like me might forget."

"It is now five minutes to eleven," says Miss Blake, with a careful consideration of every small fact connected with the situation, and a calmness that is utterly out of keeping with her fragile figure and delicate face. "There is no time to be lost. Get me some covering quickly—my sealskin is in the wardrobe there. Make haste. I tell you, moments are precious now!" Her spirits seem to rise with the demand for them. "It is quite a comfort to find myself with a maid again," she says, with quite a merry smile.

"Don't talk to me like that!" cries Moira, passionately. "You'll hardly be at the castle before them; and it's going to yer death ye are. But ye sha'n't do it alone, I tell ye," with a reckless air. "Ye sha'n't thravel at this hour widdout a friend as long as yer own Moira is above ground. I'll go wid ye, though they killed me for it, and though Con himself swore—"

She stops abruptly.

"Go on," says Miss Blake, quietly. "Though Con, your sweetheart, swore—"

"'Twas naught, miss, indeed." The touch of native cunning that lies beneath the careless exterior of all the Irish peasantry comes into force now. It enables her to even smile, in a strong endeavor to bring the truth to bear upon her words. But, in spite of all her suing that stern damsel foils her.

"What did Con swear?" persists Miss Blake, sternly, her eyes looking he through and through. Overpowered by the hitherto unknown anger in her mistress' soft eyes, and by all the events of the night combined, the girl burst into tears.

"Ye won't bethray him, will ye darlin'?" she says, clasping her hands in an agony of fear. "I'll thrust it. I'll tell ye all. He—Con—he's the head o' them, I tell ye. There's those that are cleverer than him, an' wid a book-larnin' that never could be his, that have led him asthray (may a curse light upon them by night and by day)! Six months ago he thought only of the seedtime and the harvest, an'—an' me," with a drooping head; "but there was a spirit in him, an' they found it out an' seized upon it. He was a rare one to work their wicked wills. An' now the devil has a hould of him an' won't let him go."

"If he is seen and recognized to-night," says Miss Blake, coldly, "it will go badly with him when there is an investigation into this iniquitous work."

"I know it!" cries the girl, almost distraught with horror. "There will be, too, a sin on his sowl, an' the power of me Virgin upon him forever." She clasps her hands before her face and rocks herself to and fro. "Oh, wirra, wirra, wirrasthrue! she moans, giving way to the low but piercing cry that distinguishes the open grief of those of her class in Ireland. "The bitther hour this is to me! Con wouldn't hurt you, darlin', nor harm a hair o' my head; but what could he do wid the others if they found us out? If ye can save Misther Fitzgerald, ye will save Con too; for ye will keep him from the sheddin' o' blood and all that will come afther that."

"Get up from your knees, Moira; time is flying."

"Not till ye swear ye will not inform on Con. I'll hould ye here till ye swear it. Ye would save Misther Fitzgerald because ye love him, but ye have no thought for the poor girl who has even now risked her life (an' the life of one far dearer to her) to help ye to do it. Oh, by your own love, I pray ye, at yer feet, to have pity on mine!"

"I shall never betray you or him," says Miss Blake, solemnly. "Be assured of that. And now haste, haste!"

"You will change yer dress, dear"

"There is no time. But how shall I cover my head? That lace scarf will be warmer than a hat; twist it round me in the old way." Then she turns with feverish impatience to the door.

"Ye can't go in yer slippers, Miss Patricia. Let me get you your strong boots," says Moira, pressing her young mistress into a chair and drawing off the slippers in question, as she has done many a time and oft before this. As the first dainty foot, clad in its silken stocking, lies in her palm, she breaks into tears afresh.

"Oh, the purty little foot of ye!" she says. "How will it ever carry ye this night through the frozen grasses? An' to think of yer going, yer 'lone, on such an errand!" Stooping, she presses her lips with passionate fondness to the arch of the beautiful instep.

"Cry when I am gone, if you must," says Patricia, vehemently, "but help me now. There don't fasten all the buttons. I can run just as well if you do only every second one. Now!"

She springs to her feet, with fire in her eyes and an elasticity in every nerve of her delicate frame.

"Run down quietly to the kitchen," she says to the pale, frightened girl beside her. "But first take those tell-tale tears from your eyes, and that terrified expression from your mouth. I shall get out of the library window, lest the hall door be watched. For you—say something merry or careless to Mrs. Murphy on going through the kitchen. Remember all—all," with emphasis, "depends upon you assuming a total want of concern. Laugh if you can, I dare say they will be on the lookout for you at the backdoor, if not, at least show a calmness that will pass for indifference. And now good-by!"

She had meant to let the girl go so, but suddenly she turns and lays her hands upon her shoulders.

"If—if I should not come home ever again," she says hurriedly, "I leave it to you to tell my father that I went on this mission to-night as much for love of him and his honor as for love of—the other!"

The confession contained in her last two words, thus wrung from her for the first time, brings a soft, faint blush to her pale cheeks.

"Tell him (my father) I weighed it all carefully; that I knew we could raise no help for such a cause among our disloyal tenants, and that before we could have summoned the police or the marines from Clonbree the mischief would have been done, and the old castle of the Fitzgeralds and its owner past all help; and that I forbore to tell him of my determination lest he should strive to keep me from doing a duty that there is no one else to do. Now go, for the last moment has indeed come."

She glances uneasily at the tiny clock upon her mantelpiece.

Moira draws her hood over her head Something in the agony of her face pierces even through the unnatural calm of Patricia's manner and touches her to present life.

"Be comforted; all may go well," she says, going up to her and laying her hand upon her arm.

"I am sending ye to yer death," says Moira, heavily.

"Nay, you have given me my one chance of life," returns her mistress, quickly. In a moment (and for only a moment) they are in each other's arms, have kissed each other, all distinctions of grade forgotten in the intensity of the hour, and then Moira is gone, and Patricia, creeping noiselessly downstairs to the library, drops from its low window to the ground, and runs with light, fleet footsteps in the desired direction.

CHATPER II.

Miss Blake has taken a little by-path leading from Ardrish straight through the now deserted woods to the castle of Coolmeen—a tiny, unfrequented pathway, known only to her and another. Not once does she slip or stumble, though the ground is treacherous by light of the two days' frost that covers it, not once does she lose heart, but, young and strong and agile as she is, in spite of her slender frame, flies straight as an arrow from its bow, to the rescue of him she loves.

In the loneliness and darkness of the hour, flying ever onward, with fear lighting in her breast for mastery over hope, she acknowledges to herself for the first time that she does indeed love Owen Fitzgerald; that he, and he alone of all the world, is the one man for her.

How lone seems the night; how full of ghastly terrors! Now a rustle in the shrubs on her right hand makes her blood run cold, and now a fancied whisper brings a frightened sob to her throat. And now at last, at last the lights of Coolmeen fall upon her straining eyes. Encouraged by them to fresh exertions, she runs as though Hecate herself were at her heels, never drawing breath until she stops where a graveled walk separates the grass on which she stands from the grass opposite, beneath the library windows.

Cautiously she crosses this walk, and presently stands before a large bow-window. The moon coming languidly now from behind a heavy cloud, lights the panes of these windows into sparks and stars of light.

Trying one of the sashes, she finds it yields beneath her touch, and with a low murmur of relief she throws it up and steps lightly into the room. "Out of one library window, in at another," she says to herself, with a grim smile at her own conceit.

The lamps within are lighting. Fastening the window carefully, she hurriedly closes and bars the shutters. Then, tired and a little exhausted from her run, she flings off her sealskin coat, and knows a faint subdued pleasure in the chill of her bare arms and the white coldness of her clinging gown.

She is just meditating upon the most orthodox fashion of making her presence in his house known to the master of it, when the door is thrown open and he himself enters.

Seeing him, all at once such a sense of security overcomes her that, losing sight of the courage that hitherto has sustained and upheld her, she sways forward, and would have fallen but that he catches her in his arms.

"My darling, you here! What has happened?" cries he, in great agitation. "What has brought you here at such an hour?"

"To bring you home with me," she whispers, with difficulty, her heart beating against his. Then she conquers the faintness, and, raising herself from his embrace, sinks into a chair.

(To be Continued.)

PLEASANT VIEW HOUSE.

WHICH has been thoroughly renovated and has been enlarged by the addition of a large wing, will be open for the reception of guests after June 20th.
The Proprietor again solicits the patronage of all who desire to spend their vacation at a first class summer resort.
MATTHEW SMITH,
Proprietor,
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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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Passengers leaving Charlottetown on Saturday, Monday and Thursday mornings via Pictou, make close connection at Halifax with S. S. Halifax sailing Saturday midnight and with SS OLIVETTE sailing every Tuesday and Friday at 8 a.m.
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We have lately received a nice assortment of
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COURT LADIES MUST NOT SMOKE

The Imperative Order of the New Czarina of Russia.

Russia's young empress has created consternation at the court of St. Petersburg by discountenancing the use of tobacco by the ladies with whom she is brought into contact. She is credited with the observation that a cigarette in the mouth of a woman is as bad as an oath in that of a man, and has requested that neither her ladies in waiting nor yet the ladies of the court should approach her as long as there is the slightest aroma of tobacco about their clothes or about their persons. Now, nearly every member of the imperial family, and in natural consequence well nigh every lady in court and in society at St. Petersburg, is addicted to the use and even abuse of cigarettes, the Grand Duchess Vladmir being conspicuous among the number.

The widowed czarina, like her sisters, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Cumberland, never favored the use of tobacco by ladies, but in spite of all the influence which she wielded over her husband, Alexander III., she did not venture openly to object to it on the part of the members of her court. That the young empress should have had the courage to do so constitutes a proof not only that her influence over her husband is of a predominant nature, but also that she will not hesitate to use it for the execution of her ideas, irrespective of any prejudices or obstacles that she may encounter.

There is only one other sovereign in Europe who manifests a similar aversion to tobacco, namely, Queen Victoria, who has been known to cause her private secretary, the late Gen. Sir Henry Ponsonby, to address letters to her various Cabinet Ministers complaining of the aroma of tobacco with which the official documents and state papers submitted to her for signature were impregnated. The Prince of Wales is always miserable when he stays at Windsor with his mother, on account of his not being permitted to smoke, and the one reason why he leases a mansion every summer at Ascot for the race week at an expense of $20,000 or $30,000 merely for the few days is that Her Majesty declines to permit him to use the castle for the time unless he promises that there shall be no smoking on the part of himself, his friends or his attendants.

Information from reliable sources has been received by officials at Havana that great dissatisfaction exists among white insurgents in consequence of the selection of Cabreco, a negro, to succeed to the command of the late Jose Maceo.

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LOST—On the 15th July, inst. on or near Queen Street, five dollars in notes. The finder will be well rewarded by leaving at Beer & Goff's store.

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The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., Ltd, Montreal

Laboratory of Inland Revenue,
Office of Official Analyst,
Montreal, April 8th, 1895.
"I hereby certify that I have drawn, by my own hand, ten samples of the ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO'S EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from ten lots of about 150 barrels each. I have analysed same, and find them uniformly to contain:
99 53/100 to 100 per cent. of Pure Cane Sugar.
with no impurities whatever."
(Signed) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph D., C. L.
P.of. of Chemistery and Pub. Analyst, Montreal
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1 35 Horse Power PORTABLE ENGINE and BOILER, Locomotive pattern. Horzontal Engine on top of Boiler.
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NEW DAIRY ENGINES in stock, Abegweit pattern. DAIRY BOILERS new, on hand. Also, DAIRY SUPPLIES of any kind furnished on application including the celebrated ALPA DE LAVAL SEPERATOR. It skims closer and at a lower temperature than any other in use. 24 Bottle BABCOCK TESTERS always on hand.
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Flour, different brands, very cheap. Four gallons best American Kerosene Oil, with good heavy tin can, for $1.10. Five pounds of Choice Blended Tea for $1.10
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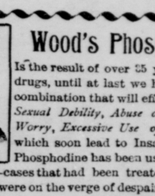
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