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Political Meetings

MURRAY HARBOR DISTRICT.

I will address the electors of the Murray Harbor District, at St. Mary's Road, first schoolhouse west of Commercial Road, on WEDNESDAY, OCT. 25th.

At Glenwilliam, on THURSDAY, OCT. 26th.

At Highbank on FRIDAY, OCT. 27th. Meetings to commence each evening at 7 o'clock.

Hon. D. A. McKinnon respectfully invited to attend. A. P. PROWSE.



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Modern Jewelry and Fancy Goods Store Ops. P. O. Sunnyside.

JURY & CO'Y., CHARLOTTETOWN.

THE MIDNIGHT SKIES.

To finite minds there can but be The finite in infinity. And as within its system's space Each planet has allotted place The whole must be a continent With undreamed of limits pent. Again, if that be true indeed That all the stars together speed Forever through the empty vast, One must be first and one be last

Then, as the midnight skies we scan, Think of that star which leads the van Flung back by whose huge prow the sea Of terrible tranquillities, Aroused to ineffectual storm, Surge round the stars that following swarm In new amazement till the last Pale laggard of them all is past, And all the fiery furlows fade God's worlds in splendid passage made. —W. C. Hole in Spectator.

THE MIRROR.

It Told the Story of a Diabolical Murder.

"Jack, darling," said my wife, "you will have that wardrobe moved, won't you? If I were to wake in the night and see my own face in its mirror I should be so horribly frightened. Do have it moved, Jack, dear!"

The wardrobe, which had been placed precisely opposite one of the two beds that jutted out from the wall between the door and window, was moved to the center near to the window itself, so that, although from the beds we could still catch a glimpse of the glass, we could see nothing reflected in it.

We were staying in a big, pleasant hotel, the locality of which matters little. It must have been very late before we went up to our room. I slept the sleep of the just, as I usually do, and I should think, must have been asleep for some time, when suddenly a flash of light before my eyes woke me. My first impression was that it must be lightning; my next, that my wife had turned on the electric light over our heads. But as I woke up finally I realized that the room was dark. From the bed next to mine I could hear quiet breathing, showing beyond doubt that my wife was asleep.

But—but—I sat up in bed and stared, for the long glass in the cupboard, which had been moved that afternoon, was entirely lighted up. As I have said, this cupboard now stood nearer, and though it was not opposite my bed, the light upon the glass had evidently flashed into my eyes and awoke me, but where in the name of fortune had the light come from? I rubbed my eyes, I leaned a little out of bed, as I tried to persuade myself that some light from outside must be reflected in the glass, though I knew perfectly well that this was impossible, for not only were the venetians closed, but the curtains inside the room were also drawn.

Then I tried to think that the light came through the keyhole of a room opening into ours, but this was a still more fallacious argument, for the door in question was on the farther side of my wife's bed, and nothing could by any means have been reflected from it into that glass.

"Well," I thought, "I am the victim of a most extraordinary optical delusion!" for, while I sat up in bed and stared at it, that glass remained steadily lighted up!

"I shall get up and see if it is something outside the window," I muttered, and, creeping very softly out of bed, I drew back the curtains and gently opened the venetians. Everything in the garden was absolutely still and pitch dark. Not a sign was to be seen in any direction of a light of any sort or kind, and even the stars were blotted out by great black clouds. I turned back toward the room. It, too, was entirely dark, with the exception of the glass, which was still brilliantly lighted from top to bottom.

But all at once I noticed an extraor-



In the olden times, physicians accounted wise, searched vainly for the Elixir of Life, or the knowledge whereby life might be prolonged. We now know that there is no such thing as an Elixir of Life. But we have learned that life may be prolonged by those who take the right measures. Any man or woman who will take care of health and take the right remedies for ill health, may live to a ripe old age. When a man feels out of sorts, when he gets up in the morning tired out after a restless night, and goes home in the evening completely knocked out with his day's work, without appetite or ambition, he is a sick man. If he does not take the right remedy he will soon be in the grasp of consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, or some other serious malady.

A man in this condition should at once resort to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best of all medicines for hard-working men and women. It makes the appetite keen and hearty. It gives sound and refreshing sleep. It tones and strengthens the whole system. It invigorates the heart and nerves. It makes digest. It cures the liver active and the blood pure. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It strengthens weak lungs, and cures bronchitis, spitting of blood and obstinate coughs. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It does not make flabby flesh like cod liver oil, but firm, healthy, muscular tissue. It does not make corpulent people more corpulent. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. Sold by all medicine dealers.

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inary circumstance. The glass did not reflect the stove and chair, which were the only objects now in front of it; neither did I see myself mirrored in it. On the contrary, I saw a form—a woman's form. I could see quite plainly how her black hair was tossed about on the pillow in curly disorder.

"It seems queer," I said to myself, with, I must confess, a very weird and uneasy sensation; "deuced queer!"

I should like to have done something—turned on the light, rung a bell, or, in fact, done anything but what I did do, stand there rooted to the spot, with fascinated eyes fixed on that glass.

Where the dickens did that bed come from? And who was the woman in it? It was not my wife, that I could swear, for her hair was fair and fluffy, and that woman's was black as night.

Then, as I watched, my hair literally stood on end with horror. I believe I was shaking with fright, for I saw that figure sit bolt upright in bed, a look of such wild terror in her face as I shall never forget—never to my dying day. Her eyes, fixed on something I could not see, grew strained and staring in a perfect agony of fear and horror. I saw her open her mouth as though to say something—to cry out, I thought it was. I saw the flush of sleep fade from her cheeks, leaving an ashy whiteness in its place. Then she threw out her hands with a passionately pleading gesture toward something that was coming to her—a very agony of appeal in her every movement.

And at that moment there came into the blaze of light a tall man's figure. He seemed to come from the end of the bed, as though he had entered the room by a door immediately opposite to it. (In a flash of recollection I remembered a third door in our room, opening directly opposite my wife's bed.) I could not see the man's face. He was dressed in some sort of a dressing gown, and in his uplifted hand he held a knife. He paid not the slightest heed to the agonized gestures of the woman. He simply advanced to the head of the bed with great strides. The woman crouched back against the pillows, her poor little hands pitifully beating against his shoulder, but he seemed utterly regardless of her terror or of her appeals. He pressed her back—farther back against the pillows—and I saw her white, upturned face gleam in the flashing light. I could see the fearful, deadly terror in her dark eyes as suddenly he raised the cold knife in one hand, holding the other over her mouth—to stop her screaming, I suppose.

But he did not, as I expected, plunge the knife deep into her heart. No, he lifted the pillow, like another Othello, and pressed it down, down upon her, till I felt as if I myself were being suffocated. Then he lifted it up again and laid her down, and as he did so and turned away, laying the knife beside her on the bed, I saw his face—a dark, evil, devil's face. It seemed to glower at me out of the brilliantly lighted glass just for a second, and then I saw his every feature—the black, evil eyes, the hard mouth, the low forehead, over which a straight lock of black hair fell. I saw how he lifted his hand to push the hair out of his eyes—and then, all at once, the light faded out of the glass and I could see no more.

The room was in darkness, and, sick with horror, shivering with a horrible dread, I crept into bed again. I did not sleep another wink. I could only lie and puzzle over the gressome thing I had seen and speculate over again as to its cause or its object. But I arrived at no solution, and never in my life have I been so thankful as I was that morning to see the gray dawn steal through the venetians and to hear the birds calling to each other in the garden below.

My wife remarked on my appearance, which was certainly not altogether festive. Avoiding as best I could my wife's anxious questions, I dressed hurriedly, being above all things anxious that she should never know of the horror I had seen in that hateful glass. I went down stairs as soon as I could and sought out the owner of the hotel.

He was not a master of my language, but fortunately I am familiar with his, and I asked him quietly, but with a good deal of lordly severity, to explain my extraordinary experience of the previous night.

I think he meant at first to deny all knowledge of the phenomenon, but he had turned visibly pale at my allusion to it and obviously knew all that was to be told. And, with a little more brow-beating, I got it out of him. He apologized most humbly and profoundly for having put us into that room; but, as he explained, the hotel was so full that it was unavoidable. He then went on to tell me that some time before an Italian lady and gentleman, husband and wife, had occupied the room we had slept in and the one next to it, whose door was opposite to my wife's bed. On the morning after their arrival the husband had roused the whole hotel, declaring wildly that his wife had been murdered, which had indeed proved to be the case. There lay the lady, stone dead, a knife beside her on the bed—one of the hotel knives, my host explained in an injured voice—and her husband nearly mad with grief and horror. But the strange thing was that, though the knife lay there, no sign was visible of its having been used. The poor lady had evidently been suffocated. The husband, who had slept in the room next to his wife's, said that the door between their rooms had been open all night, but he swore he had heard no sound. How the murderer had come, where he had vanished to and, above all, why he had murdered the poor, innocent lady remained profound mysteries. "Do you mean that the murderer is still at large?" I asked the hotel keeper. He nodded.

"Well, I could identify him anywhere," I said sharply.

The man looked at me keenly. "You saw, sir—you saw?" he stammered.

"I saw the whole thing from beginning to end in that infernal glass," I replied, "the whole ghastly performance. Has no one ever seen it before?"

My host crossed himself rapidly. "It has been seen before," he answered, "but no one has ever seen it all. The lighted glass—yes—and a lady, the lady in the bed—and a man who enters. But

—no one has ever dared to stay to face all the horror through. No one ever saw the man's face. They have all fainted or run away—or what not. You saw his face, sir?" he ended incredulously. "As plainly as I see yours," I said. "If ever I see it in real life, I will let you know."

We moved our room that night on some plea I gave my wife—I forget now what it was—and a few days later we left the place, and I must confess, honestly, I was not sorry to go.

But fate works strangely sometimes. Six months later, my wife was convalescent after a severe illness, and the doctors insisted on my taking her to this very place again. I suggested many other localities. But no, there she must go and nowhere else. So back we went and found it very charming even in winter, steeped in sunshine, fresh and sweet, with clear, dry air and deep blue sky.

We had been there a week, and my wife and I were sitting at our small table in the great dining room waiting for lunch when the door behind us opened, and some one came in. "Oh, what a hateful looking man!" my wife exclaimed, and I saw her shudder. I glanced around, and, by Jove, I shuddered myself, for walking down that dining room, with a brazen, jaunty air, was the very man whom I had seen in the glass murdering the poor lady. Without a word, I bolted out of the room and breathlessly rushed to the bureau, where the master of the house looked at me as if I were a lunatic.

"The man is here!" I said, as soon as I could speak.

"What man?" he asked bewildered. "The man who murdered the lady in that room where the glass is. Come quickly. I will show him to you."

I think he still thought me mad, but he reluctantly followed me to the dining room door, and I pointed cautiously down the long room to a table at the other end, where the gentleman in question was placidly beginning his soup.

"There," I said. "There he is, sitting at that table!"

"But, no, sir, no!" gasped my companion, you are mistaken. It is impossible. That is the lady's husband. He comes here every year to lay flowers on her grave."

"Oh, does he?" I answered, savagely. "Then the more devil he. That is the man who murdered her. I swear it!"

And he was the man.

Other little bits of evidence cropped up, and in the end the miserable creature confessed to the deed. It was some story of fiendish and impossible jealousy, and of awful, ungovernable temper, but the details have escaped my memory.

One curious fact remains, or, perhaps, two facts. One is that from the day the villain confessed his deed the ghastly tragedy in the glass was never again enacted. The other is that, from that day to this, I have never either cared or dared to sleep in a room where a long glass faced my bed.—Sketch.

Helpful Suggestion.

"No, Miss Phyllis, it is altogether unnatural for a woman to woo."

"Of course, professor, but if a girl sees a bashful man with a lovely rose in his hand don't you think she has a right to ask for it with her eyes?"—Detroit Free Press.

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HEADACHES

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Dated this 2nd day of September, A. D. 1899. JAMES TUPLIN, R R FITZGERALD, S W BODD, Executors.

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