

Scald Hand.

Some years ago I scalded my hand very badly, then took cold in the burn, my hand swelled and was very painful but half a bottle of Haggard's Yellow Oil cured it completely.

MRS. WANNAMAKER, Frankfort, Ont.

PALMS OF EASTER.

CAROLINE D. SWAN IN SACRED HEART REVIEW. The Easter morn is shining above the hills of gold. A sudden splendor glories the sea. Arise, thou weary woe! One mighty to uphold. The Master, He is coming unto thee. Thy heart is burning in thee, O disciple of to-day! Oh, the music of His penetrating voice! Rise, eager to adore Him, and cast thy sin away; Like Magdalen, behold Him and rejoice! Thy Lent is all behind thee; the Easter morn is here; See its whiteness flooding every dark ravine! Its softened light of pardon bids sorrow disappear; In deeps of bliss ineffable, serene. Thy Saviour cometh, sinner! Be thy Easter welcome joy, Surpassing all that sinless angels know! Thy very deep of guilt is His, to conquer and destroy; O pardoned soul, the ideas of love o'erflow. Your silver bells be ringing, O hearts with love aflame! Your future be a glowing Easter palm; For paradise is chanting your great Redeemer's name; Behold its boughs of ever-waving palm!

Passed Blood.

Mrs. Travis, Fennels, P. O., Ont., writes: "My husband was so bad with Diarrhoea that he passed blood and could get nothing to cure him until he tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. He says it saved his life."

The "Auserstehung" at Vienna

CORPUS CHRISTI AT DRESDEN.

(Written for the Catholic Standard and Times by Charles H. A. Ealing.)

The American Catholic who finds himself in Germany during Holy Week will, on "Holy Thursday," seek in vain for a sepulchre or "repository" in which to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, such as he is accustomed to pay at home or in most Catholic countries. The repository, indeed, may be found at least in the city of Dresden, and in course of preparation, but it contains no sacramental God to claim on that day this sympathetic devotion. This is not because Germany is not a Catholic country—that is one of our popular American errors—it is, with the exception of Saxony and about half of Prussia, with some of the outlying grand Duchies, such as the two Mecklenburgs, and Hesse, almost entirely Catholic; and so strongly do the sons of the Church in that once heret-heret land now bravely stand to their colors, not merely religiously, but politically, setting thereby a noble example to their brethren overpowered by infidel rule in neighboring "Catholic" lands, that they to-day form the "centrum," holding the balance of political power in the Reichstag, or Parliament, of the great German Empire. Therefore not on the score of the absence or numerical weakness of Catholicity, but from a peculiar form of devotion entirely Teutonic and surprisingly unutilitarian as far as the Roman office is concerned, does this noteworthy national peculiarity exist. The reason for it or its origin I am at present unable to give, but such a firm hold on the German Church does it possess as to amount almost to a national ritual, for let not the reader suppose that there is no "repository" at all; to the contrary, as is the purpose of this paper to show, the devotion existing elsewhere in the Church under that name is carried out under the German Catholics with extraordinary splendor, such as Rome itself can now hardly boast, only it does not take place on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, but on the latter named day and Holy Saturday, and under the name of the burial and "Auserstehung," or Resurrection of our Lord, and with all due respect to strict ritual the writer asks permission to express the thought that it is more consonant with reason, at least in point of time, than is our strict Roman form. It is this splendid and unwonted ceremony which is the purpose of this paper to describe to American readers, for in our country it can only be seen in a modified form in some of our German Catholic churches, notably St. Peter's at Philadelphia.

Passover feast, the ancient Anchores and early Christians, at least the name of the day and the custom is quite obvious. Just as in England, "Hot Cross Buns" form the favorite viand for Good Friday, and as it is our rather unutilitarian boast that the English language alone applies the name "Good" to the day of the Crucifixion, since all nations save Germany and the English-speaking countries call it "Holy," while the Germans term it "Charfreitag."

On Holy Thursday the Episcopal Mass at which the holy oils are consecrated in, Dresden at least, celebrated in the court church at an early hour, and it is totally distinct from the Mass of the Day, which is celebrated at a later hour. In a side chapel is the repository hung with magnificent royal tapestries and arranged with numerous candles, but it is dark, cheerless and deserted. The royal family, who at a convenient hour have publicly received Holy Communion, descend at the close of this second Mass into the sanctuary or chapel, the King and Princesses in their most splendid uniforms and blazing with orders, but the Princesses in deep mourning. The Princes are unattended by the gentlemen of the court, but the ladies have their black silk trains borne by picturesquely attired pages, and all carry immense lighted tapers in their hands. They then accompany the presentified Host to the ordinary tabernacle in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament—not to the repository. They go by the shortest route through the sanctuary and without any procession or ceremony, and there that Host remains all that day and night, unvisited and honored no more than the ordinary reserved Host on any ordinary day.

But on Good Friday all this is changed, and at the hour when we are bringing the Presentified back to the high altar from the repository, that Host has, in Germany, already been consumed in the office of the day, and a second Host specially reserved is being carried to the repository in the monstrance with all the pomp and ceremonial that the court can command. The Gardes-eter, or Royal Body Guard of the King, the crack cavalry regiment of Saxony, lines the route through the church with drawn swords. The entire court in full regalia, the Princesses and attendant ladies alone wearing mourning, accompany the royal family, who walk behind the Blessed Sacrament to the solemn notes of the "Vexilla Regis" to the repository, where it is not concealed, as with us, in the tabernacle, but exposed on a rich throne, the monstrance being covered in sign of mourning with a fine white, transparent lace veil, through which the Sacred Host can be easily seen. Below this, under the table of the altar, is usually a more or less artistic representation of the Garden tomb, with the figure of the dead Saviour adored by kneeling angels. From noon on Friday until late on Saturday afternoon the Royal Guards, with naked sabres, keep guard at the altar. The King and Queen, Royal Princesses and Princesses, Catholic ambassadors, ladies and gentlemen of the court, prominent members of the laity and many of the lesser order of society, all previously selected by the Court or Church officials, relieve one another hour by hour in uninterrupted watch or adoration all day and all night; each has been previously notified of his or her hour. There are generally from six to twelve "watchers" at the time, and their respective "hours," are posted in a prominent place in the church. At the end of each hour a small but beautiful pluck placed near at hand tinkles its tiny chiming as a signal to relieve both military guards and lay watchers, and this goes on until late in the afternoon of Easter Eve, when the great ceremony of the "Auserstehung," or resurrection, takes place with much the same ceremony as on Friday, but in the reverse order, from the sepulchre to the high altar. This time, however, there are no wailing chants, but a grand orchestra and chorus ending as the Sacred Host is placed on the altar with an outburst of music, oboes and salve of artillery, culminating in the "Te Deum."

Tested and Tried For 25 Years

Would you feel perfectly safe to put all your money in a new bank? You can't have just heard of it. But how about an old bank? One that has done business for over a quarter of a century? One that has always kept its promises? One that never failed; never misled you in any way? You could trust such a bank, couldn't you?

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of GOD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES is just like such a bank. It has never disappointed you, never will. It has never deceived you, never will. Look out that someone does not try to make you invest your health in a new tonic, some new medicine you never heard of. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

And save the mourning dresses and veils of the court ladies—for Easter morning has not yet dawned—the Easter festival has begun.

This description thus far applies mainly to Dresden, because Saxony being a Protestant country and its capital possessing only one Catholic church worthy of that name, it serves to show how a Catholic court keeps the event in an un-Catholic land, gives opportunity for a more concise description of the preliminary ceremonial of the "Auserstehung," which, to be appreciated in all its splendor, must be seen in Vienna, to which city we will now transfer ourselves, and it is probably, outside of Spain, Rome not excepted, now the most thorough Catholic capital in Europe. Here such ceremonies are not, as in Dresden, restricted to the limits of the church walls. The whole city becomes one vast open church, of which the churches themselves are as so many side chapels, pouring their congregations into the streets for the nonce converted into aisles and colonnades. The Corpus Christi procession of the Austrian capital has become famous. The writer has never seen that, but he has seen the state carriages built expressly for and only used on that occasion; but the "Auserstehung," or Easter Eve procession, there has been seen, and will now endeavor to briefly describe it. It takes place, of course, in each church, but there are two churches in which it is pre-eminently beautiful. The first is at the royal private court chapel of the Hofburg, and is especially a court function; the second is the cathedral ceremony at St. Stephen's, and takes place at a later hour than the first mentioned, giving the public ample opportunity to witness both.

On Holy Thursday the Emperor in his palace washed the feet of twelve poor men clad in white, each being presented with some money. In the Cathedral—the world-renowned St. Stephen's—the same ceremony has been performed by the Cardinal Prince Archbishop; all else has been conducted as already described at Dresden, and the crowds are, on Good Friday, admitted through the intricate passages of the Hofburg to the "sepulchre" chapel. No language can convey the solemn impression of this little private chapel of the Emperor, hung with crape and velvet, all light being excluded save what comes from the burning flambeaux of the funeral urns in front of and the cones of light surrounding the Holy of Holies, and these flames are reflected on the burnished cuirasses and plumed helmets of the magnificent and gigantic forms of the imperial troopers on guard with weird and spectral effect.

The "Regina Coeli" of Holy Saturday noon has rung, and already vast crowds are wending their way from all quarters of the city towards the vast enclosure of the grand court of the Hofburg. From various directions great bodies of troops, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, are marching towards the same point. Equipage after equipage, with liveries of the richest magnificence and almost Louis Quatorze elaborateness, are setting down their richly attired occupants at the palace steps. By a 9 o'clock the vast area of this superb courtyard is filled with its thousands of spectators, arranged around the vast square twelve and fifteen rows deep and kept in perfect order and well nigh death-like silence by several regiments of troops three rows lining the route, notable among them the bright-faced honest and intelligent looking soldiers of the Tyrol, every man of them especially distinguishable by a sprig of evergreen arranged in the form of a cross upon the front of his cap.

Overhead from every window of the palace peer spectators by the hundreds, while upon the great balcony appear, in their richest costumes, the Archduchesses and Princesses of the proudest court in Europe, with their guests and ladies in waiting. For nearly two hours this vast throng waits in silent patience, nothing breaking the solemn quietude save the passing of some belated spectator seeking a favorable position to view the coming pageant.

At 4 o'clock the great hall in the clock tower rings out the time; a salvo of artillery in the great park beyond the court follows in immediate response; a few minutes' pause and then the expectant silence is broken by the sound of distant chanting from the halls of the palace, gradually increasing in volume until the cross-bearer leading the procession appears upon the vestibule of the outside steps, when the rattle of kettledrums and the fanfare of trumpets announces to the waiting multitudes that Heaven's monarch mortals greet Lo! our Jesus draweth near. A sharp word of command and every musket in the hands of the thousands of soldiers present is raised with a sharp click in military salute while chips and guns from an instrumental base to the choir's vocal chant, broken ever and anon by the roll of drum or blast of trumpet, slowly and solemnly the procession threads the court by the route indicated by the temporary plank walk. First comes the sergeants of the imperial and royal household, in their



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swelling of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, hysteria, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, brain fag, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

picturesque costumes of black satin, crimson and yellow plush. These are followed by the musicians bearing their richly decorated kettledrums and panned trumpets. Then the military guard of honor, composed of officers of the different regiments, in uniform of antique and rarest beauty, among which the leopard skin mantles of the Magyars and the fur jackets of the Husars are especially conspicuous. After these follow the clergy and acolytes swinging their silver censers, and then under the canopy comes Him for whom all this display, splendid indeed in an earthly sense, is as nothing—the Sacramental, Lord and God. Genefunction is impossible in so compact an audience, but every head is uncovered and bent in adoration as He passes, and then I fear the earthly sense of curiosity naturally usurps very quickly the spirit of devotion, for close behind the Blessed Sacrament comes the still erect and martial form of his "Imperial and Apostolic Majesty," the venerable Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, Francis Joseph, the saintly and universally beloved, that truly imperial spirit so sorely tried and proven, like his Divine Master, in whose steps he is now walking through life, continually merciful in spirit, in soul ever rising over all his sorrows and trials. Behind him walks his sole surviving brother, the Archduke Victor, then the other younger Archdukes, the gentlemen of the court and the foreign ambassadors, all blazing with jeweled orders and decorations, close the truly splendid earthly cortege of heaven's Sacramental King. (Concluded next week.)

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. I. LAGUE. Sydney, C. B.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHARLES PLUMMER. Yarmouth.

I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LEWIS S. BUTLER. Burin, Nfld.

He (after marriage)—What! You have no fortune? You said over and over again that you were afraid some one would marry you for your money. She—Yes, and you said over and over again that you would be happy with me if I hadn't a penny. Well, I haven't a penny.

Miss Bessie Nason. A well-known young lady of Oliver, Hill, N. B., writes: "I gladly recommend Laska-Liver Pills to anyone suffering from Constipation. They cured me entirely before I had finished the third box."

"I thought you were a blind beggar!" "That's my lay, gov'nor." "Well, you are not blind now." "Well, sir, can't a poor fellow take a day off occasionally?"

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. It is said that in a neighboring town a Salvation Army advertiser wrote on a billboard: "What shall I do to be saved?" A patent medicine man came along the next day and wrote underneath, "Take Carter's Little Liver Pills." Shortly afterward the Salvation Army man noticed the sacreligious work of the medicine man, and printed below, "And prepare to meet thy God."

Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail. Price 25c. & 50c. All dealers.

Eczema Tortured A Child.

About three years ago I had to leave school with sore hands. My teacher said it was Salt Rheum or Eczema and told me to see the doctor. Mother got some medicine, but it did me no good. After I had suffered with the itching and burning about three months, mother thought she would try Burdock Blood Bitters. I only took two bottles, when my hands got completely cured. —Emma Sheridan, Farry Sound, Ont.

A HIPPOGRAPHIC PABOY. The immortal "Yarn of the Nancy Brig," might be paraphrased to fit the straits of the Ladysmith fasters. For instance:— An' I ate the hoss in a week or less, An' as I eatin' be, Th' last of his chops, Why, I almost drops, For ol' Buller in sight I see? An' I never laris, an' I never smiles, An' I never larls nor play, But I sit an' croak, An' a single joke I have, which is to neigh; 'Oh, I'm the colt, an' the roaster, too, An' the lead of the tandem pair, An' the war horse, boid, An' the hauler old, An' the foater of the doctor's mare!"

A PRAYER FOR THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS. Over you torrent's blood-red drift, Tinged with an unseen, unknown pall, Where war-clouds black will shade and rilt; Above the storm our hearts we lift, The Great God shield you all.

Under the flag that knows no peer, Th'at waves through din of cannon ball, If evil comes or hope shines clear, We ask without one doubt or fear, The Great God shield you all. Oh, brave the heart that bid you go; Strike back the tears that must not fall; 'Neath golden curls and crown of snow Lips smile and laugh, while faith speaks low, The Great God shield you all.

And oh, if of cruel war, That unseen mystery sends its call Under the skirts that spread afar, Watched by the fulfil light of star, The Great God shield you all.

APRIL SHOWERS. Wash away the filth and waste that have accumulated during winter. In like manner Hood's Sarsaparilla expels from the blood impurities that have been deposited during the season when there has been but little perspiration and perhaps constant confinement and staid air. It is a boon to tired mothers, housekeepers, teachers and others who spend their time indoors. It gives the blood richness and vitality, fitting it to nourish and strengthen the nerves, muscles and all the great organs of the body. It cures all spring humors and banishes that tired feeling. It is the best medicine money can buy for all diseases caused by impure or impoverished blood. You should begin taking it today.

Teacher—Johnny, write upon the blackboard the sentence, "Two heads are better than one." Now, Johnny, do you believe that? Johnny—Yes, ma. Teacher—Why? Johnny—"Cause then you'll get a job in a dime museum an' make lots o' money."

A TWICE TOLD TALE. A St. Thomas' Lady in May, '97, Told How Doan's Kidney Pills Cured Her of Backache and Made Her Strong and Healthy. In a recent letter she tells how she has enjoyed two and a half years of splendid health—free from pain or suffering.

There are very few remedies now on the market that will stand the test of time. All they do is to give a little temporary relief. They never go to the seat of the trouble and root it out of the system. Not so with Doan's Kidney Pills. Their action on the kidneys is of a permanent curative character, altogether unlike any of the substitutes or cheap imitations. One strong proof of this is the two statements made by Mrs. E. W. Trump, of St. Thomas, Ont. The first of these, made May 10th, 1897, is as follows: "When I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I was sick and miserable with severe pains in my back and kidneys. I was also very weak and nervous. Since using these pills the pains have been removed, my nerves have been strengthened and good health has been restored to me. They are a splendid medicine for kidney troubles of any kind." The second statement which we give below is of recent date, and shows what splendid health Mrs. Trump has had since Doan's Kidney Pills cured her two and a half years ago. "Over two years ago I wrote telling of the cure made in my case by Doan's Kidney Pills. At the present time I am enjoying the very best of health, sleep well, eat well, and my old ailments, backache and kidney trouble have never returned. Instead of misery and a broken down condition, I have for the past two years enjoyed a fresh sense of the value and beauty of life."

REMNANTS—You can buy remnants of print cottons, grey cottons, white cottons, remnants of flannelets, cloths, dress goods, tickings, nearly half price. Come soon before they are all gone.—J. B. Macdonald & Co

High Grade Kerosene Oil.

Our Kerosene Oil is giving splendid satisfaction this year. It burns both bright and clear and does not smoke up the Lamp Chimneys. Our sales of it are steadily increasing, showing that the people know a good thing when they get it. When your can is empty again, bring it to us and have it filled with our high-grade Oil at a very low price.

BEER & GOFF. GROCERS.

A. K. ARSENAULT. H. R. MCKENZIE. ARSENAULT & MCKENZIE Barristers, Solicitors, etc. (Late of the firms of Charles Russell & Co., and F. V. Knox, London, Eng.) OFFICES—Chambers Block, Charlottetown. Aug. 30, 1898-7

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

CARD. ANTOINE VINCENT, Architect and Sculptor, Dorchester Street, West, is prepared to execute orders for Monuments and Church-work in Altars, Statuary, Holy Water Fountains, &c. Work done promptly. August 2, 1898-6m

Dr. J. C. Houston Physician and Surgeon. SOUBIS, P. E. ISLAND. GRADUATE McGill University, 1898. OFFICE: Next door to Merchants' Bank, April 4th, 1900, 3mo.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office. Tickets Posters Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads Check Books Receipt Books Note of Hand Books

Send in your orders at once, to the HERALD, Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Satisfaction Guaranteed

Brahmin Tea!

Now that this delicious Tea has become widely known in nearly every home in Prince Edward Island, and is also a great favorite in many places in Canada and the United States, I have decided to sell it wholesale only. The following Retail Grocers keep it: J. D. McLEOD & CO., BEER & GOFF, JENKINS & SON, J. B. WARREN, R. J. WOOD, R. F. MADDIGAN & CO, R. H. MASON.

HORACE HASZARD. Agent for Canada.

WHOLESALE. 100 doz. Galvanized Pails, 40 tons Barb Wire, 20 tons Black do., 10 tons Paris Green, 40 tons Bar Iron, 8 tons Sheet Iron, 15 tons Paints, 500 Boxes Glass, 100 doz Shovels, 400 doz. Arcade Files, 2000 Kegs Cut Nails, 1000 Kegs Wire Nails, 250 Boxes Horse Nails, 250 Kegs Horse Shoes, 1000 Rolls Building Paper. Shelf Hardware and Stoves. Fennell & Chandler.

Choosing a Bicycle! In choosing a bicycle you must judge by appearance. You must judge by reputation and reliability. If you stop to think you will acknowledge that for years the wheels of reliability have been the Massey-Harris, Cleveland, Welland Vale!

Season after season these bicycles have led in improvements that have won the praise and patronage of the general public, and for 1900 with their makers, places them in a sphere of their own. Material and Construction Guaranteed by the Canada Motor & Cycle Co., Ltd. TORONTO, CANADA. MARK WRIGHT & CO., Agents, Charlottetown. Write for Catalogue.

A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer. Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is told to effect a sale and make something out of you. We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying. Cairns & McFadyen. June 8, 1898-y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY. ASSETS - - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS. The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world. This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses. P. E. I. Agency, Charlottetown. HYNDMAN & CO. Agents. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898. Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Those remnants of print cotton at 8c. are the biggest bargains yet. They are quite English you know, and guaranteed to wash and be cheap at 14c, but cheaper at 8c. PROWSE BROS. EPP'S COCOA. Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold in quarters lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. BREAKFAST SUPPER EPP'S COCOA. Oct. 5, 1898-30