

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.

A PRIEST'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH THOMP. Thou Brother Priest, who weightless less The measure of our sinfulness Than the far terms of our desire, Touch Thou my life to fire.

Visit my heart with any pain That turneth to my people's gain; Brother Thou knowest all I need To be their priest indeed.

Let them not suffer any loss For sin of mine; and every cross Thou layest on them, let them bear Only the lighter share.

If they have sinned, yet lay Thy hand On me who at Thine altar stand. Ah! Thou who tendest this poor vine, Tread out the grapes, and all the wine Be theirs—and Thine.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE. (American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.) (Continued.) PART II. OFF TO RUSSIA.

Blandine looked with loving eyes on the holy images. She venerated them in her heart, because they spoke to her of our Lord and His Blessed Mother. She did not know whether to kneel before the shrine or not, but she took out her beads, knelt on the floor and recited a decade of the Rosary, while Daria was praying.

"It's no use," said Daria, rising, a look of deep dejection on her honest face. "It's no use! neither our Lady of Ksar, nor our Iberian Mother answers me. Does she listen to you, barushnaya?" "Our Lady of Betharram is very good to me," said Blandine.

"That is a new name to me. One of yours, I suppose. Barina told me you had been brought up among B'n'ski Ostoliki. But she says you'll forget all about them when you go to Smolnoe."

Blandine heard, but made no answer. "If you could get something for me from our Lady of—what did you call her, barushnaya?" "Betharram," said Blandine. "Yes, Betharram! I would burn a candle for her. I don't see why I shouldn't. I burned a candle to the devil at Ksar."

Blandine was horrified. She drew away from Daria with a look of pain and fear on her face, that was a great contrast to the sweet winning look she had worn thus far. Daria noticed it at once, and hastened to explain.

"Why, every one does it there. There is our Divine Lord in the garden, and the evil one tempting Him; and one puts big candles before our Lord, and a little one next to the bad one, that he may not hurt us. He has plenty of power, you know, barushnaya."

"I am afraid to hear his name," said Blandine. "I am afraid too," said Daria. "I have good reason to hate him, for sending that heathen to us, to turn the head of our good Barina. She has her moulded to her will, so that the house is no longer her own. Mamselle is the Mistress—Mamselle must have all the cream!"

Blandine did not know whether she ought to be glad or not, when bed time came, and she found that she was to be in the bright airy room, near her aunt, and under Daria's care. Daria had leaped another triumph, one well-merited, for she was devoted in spite of her cunning, which was not cunning at all, but transparent as daylight to her mistress, who comprehended well enough that her true devotion could always be counted upon.

Daria saw the cloud on the bright little face, and dimly understood that she was the cause of it. She puzled her head to think how she could dispel it. She looked upon Blandine, as she lay in her bed, and thought that the orphan was to be sent away from the great splendid house, where she might be so happy, grieved her sorely. She bent a while over the child, who lay on her pillow, with wide open eyes, from which she had been careful to shade the night lamp.

Then she went from Blandine's bedside, to push forward the little advantage she had gained. "You will be sending a blessing out of your house, Barina; you will be robbing yourself if you let her go. Never did I see such a one. My heart is in my mouth, when I look on her sweet face, just like the face of an angel. What do you care for the atre, and operas, and ballets now? Sure you have had enough of them! Barina, look here! Am I not the last of your serfs? Didn't all the

rest take their freedom, and their land, and their money, your land, Barina, and your money, and go from you? Only Daria, 'foolish Daria,' they called her, remained at her lady's footstool, and it is Daria who asks her lady to be good to herself, to rid herself of strangers and vampires, who care only for her money and her feast."

"Hush, Daria! It is too late. You forget there is a contract. If she break it, well and good!" "She break it? She'll never break it, because you let her trample upon you. You take her rudeness and open disdain, as if you were the stranger in the place, and she the mistress."

"I cannot stoop to retaliate, Daria. I am a noble!" "That's not being noble, Barina, to let yourself be robbed as you are. Who rules the place? Who rules your people now, Barina?"

"I rule them from to-day. Daria! You will see. You have one proof!" "What proof?" asked Daria. "I see none."

"The child lying here, near me. She was ready to break out again, when I proposed to give her the white room."

"Now God be praised!" and with that joyful cry Daria threw herself at the feet of her mistress, and kissed them, as she had done, while she and all hers were bond slaves.

"But she must go, Daria; the little one, I mean. I have entered her for Smolnoe. I must let her see the family, who brought her from the Pioners, one of these days. The sooner the better. Some return must be made to those who cared for her here, too. The steward will attend to that. Then I must see our friends who leave for the North. Some of them will accept the charge of Sacha, and convey her safely. But there is one thing that troubles me sorely."

"What is that, Barina?" "The child's father. We know nothing of him. There is not a scrap of writing to tell us who or what he was. She has no name, Daria: my Sacha's child has no name!"

Daria pondered a little while. "Barina, listen to me! You have the child, and such a child that any other would go wild over. Have you looked well at her? Why, she is like one of the images in the holy shrine. I never saw such a one before. If I could tell you what I heard and saw to-day, you'd not believe me, Barina. Keep her close to you, my lady, since God has sent her to you."

"She has no name, Daria!" "Give her her grandmother's name, your own name. Is there anything nobler than a Vallinski? Who'll sneer at her, if you once call her your own?"

"True, Daria, it can be done; and the papers may be found."

"Papers or no papers, you'd never see another like her; so keep her fast, if you wish the blessing to abide that has come to your hearth."

So, partly to please Daria, and chiefly because Blandine charmed and pleased her, the princess resolved to call her by her own name, which was also that of Blandine's maternal grandfather, though the connection between the house of the Great Vallinski and that of the princess was very distant indeed.

"Yes, Daria, I believe you are right. We will let her have one interview with the persons who brought her to Paris, and then make a Vallinski and a real Travoslavinia of her."

"But 'man proposes and God disposes.'"

"Stop the Blight" It is a sad thing to see fine fruit trees spoiled by the blight. You can always tell them from the rest. They never do well afterwards but stay small and sickly.

It is worse to see a blight strike children. Good health is the natural right of children. But some of them don't get their rights. While the rest grow big and strong one stays small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion can stop that blight. There is no reason why such a child should stay small. Scott's Emulsion is a medicine with lots of strength in it—the kind of strength that makes things grow.

Scott's Emulsion makes children grow, makes them eat, makes them sleep, makes them play. Give the weak child a chance. Scott's Emulsion will make it catch up with the rest.

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. See ad. at all druggists.

A few days later Margaret was invited to meet the Princess Vallinski. How eagerly she looked forward to the hour fixed for the interview! It sounded at last. The footman takes her card, and hardly has he borne the name announced than she hears the rustle of silken garments, followed by the dash and patter of many little feet. Another moment and the princess is holding out her hand, in cordial greeting, while her pugs in mad frolic rush round and round, and insist upon having a share in the meeting. Margaret's eyes vainly seek the face she long beholds. But the affability, the cordiality of the princess, is more like that of an old friend than a new acquaintance. Between the welcome she has fairly ended, and the two ladies are seated, a huge tray is brought in and placed near them, while on a marble console at their side a great silver samovar is already steaming socially.

"Ab, what a lovely child that is!" suddenly exclaims the princess. "Yes, yes; a lovely child! And though only god-mother to her mother, I shall see that she makes a great match. Her mother, ah, there was a beauty! A beauty that men raved about, my dear! Sacha, my god-daughter, had no equal for beauty, for wit, for grace. Men raved about her, while she disdained them; and all for the sake of a beggar. He was a noble, of course; but still a beggar, completely without fortune! For his sake she forfeited her inheritance, refused many offers, gave up everything and came to Paris to study art. She was an artist to the tips of her fingers, full of talent, but would have a diploma, would gain fame for her lover's sake. While she was gaining it here in Paris, he, the student lover, became implicated in plots. Condemned without hope to Siberia! The judge's daughter is in love with him. The judge says: 'Marry, and live in peace.' And, will you believe it, my dear? he accepted the conditions—was pardoned—married the judge's daughter! But she recovered, my dear; and married, as you know, some foreigner; no one knows whom. It seems she was happy, though a cripple."

"A cripple, Margaret's sympathy was intensified.

"Yes, yes; before her marriage! Only think of it! She had given over her madness, or despair in some degree, and had resumed her painting; when, while at work one day, mounted on a tall ladder, copying a famous picture, she heard voices that made the blood mount to her head. She looked down and saw, my dear, the faithless wretch, who had married to save himself from exile, laughing and coquetting with his young bride, her old schoolmate. After a time, someone in the next room hears a fall; and Sacha, my poor beautiful Sacha, is found lying in a heap, all broken, on the marble floor. No wonder you weep, my dear."

"And who cared for her in that extremity?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, that man she married afterwards. There was no one else. He seized her in his arms, carried her to a cab, then to the nearest hospital. That was the beginning of their acquaintance. When she came to herself she begged him to keep her secret. It seems he had been in love with her from the day he first saw her, though she never so much as looked at him. But he gained her confidence, her heart perhaps. Her pride was boundless; perhaps she married to break off all connection with Russia. The daughter of such a father, she would have died rather than let her sorrows be known, or become the subject of pity in the circles in which she had shone. No wonder she died. In the nature of things she could not survive such disappointment. You tell me you know nothing of her manner of life off there in the Pyrenees? That is a pity. She must have left traces of her stay there. It will be hard to find a suitable match for her daughter without paternal pedigree. But her grandfather's name will cover much."

Though Margaret's sympathy was keen, her interest sincere and deep in that poor young girl's fate, she was hugging for a sight of Blandine's face. She was anxious to know how she had passed the long intervening hours since they parted. Her thoughts wandered when the story ended.

Profiting by that little pause in the torrent of words, she asked, "Has our little girl been at all troublesome?"

"I will summon her now. She is to have a rare pleasure this morning. I am to take her to a children's matinee at the house of one of my friends."

The footman in cloak and cape now made his appearance. Touching his high hat, he signified that the carriage was ready.

"I ran for Mademoiselle, Feodor." Feodor stepped aside to allow Mademoiselle to enter. She passed him, bearing her ladyship's wrap, gloves and fan.

"Is Mademoiselle Alexandrine ready?" "She is coming, princess." Preceded by a maid, Blandine was ushered into the presence of the two ladies.

"Madame is satisfied?" The princess was critically scrutinizing the little girl; she was not easily satisfied, but at length she declared—

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. B. 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 18 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 strength, 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."

"Very good! Excellent! What say you, my dear?" this last to Margaret.

Margaret made no answer to the question, but drew as near as she could to her darling. Bending over Blandine she lifted her sweet face and kissed her forehead. The touch was balm to the child's heart. Encased for the first time in such unusual garb, short skirts reaching barely to her knees, a profusion of lace and ribbons, long gloves, white satin shoes, and with her abundant tresses falling loose and wavy around her shoulders, she hardly recognized herself as Blandine of Betharram, the little convent maid. Her eyes were feasting themselves on the dear face she loved, while trying to look brave and cheerful. But the restraint in which she found herself, was almost more than she could bear. Only love, unselfish love gave her strength to resist the inclination that urged her to defy custom and throw her arms about Margaret's neck. But the princess no doubt guessed something of the child's trouble.

"Say an revoir, Sacha; and let Mademoiselle take you to the carriage."

Margaret bent over her once more, and whispered, while tenderly kissing the wistful face, "God bless my own darling Blandine!" (To be continued.)

The Royal Month and the Royal Disease.

Sudden changes of weather are especially trying, and probably to none more so than to the scrofulous and consumptive. The progress of scrofula during a normal October is commonly great. We never think of scrofula—its bunches, cutaneous eruptions, and wasting of the bodily substance—without thinking of the great good many sufferers from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cure of this one disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world.

These probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merit in more homes than one, in arresting and completely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative,—consumption.

Collector—Mr. Trager, will you subscribe toward the decoration of the soldiers' graves?

Mr. Trager—No, sir? The men whose graves I want to decorate ain't dead yet.

BADDER, June 11, 1897. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for NEURALGIA. It relieves at once. A. S. McDONALD.

Dunleigh—There's nothing cranky about Mr. Synnex; he's a man of sense, he is!

Marichan—Flattering! Dunleigh—Not a bit. Folks had been saying that smoking cigarettes weakened the intellect. I asked Mr. Synnex, and he told me to keep right on; it couldn't possibly have any effect on me.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

13 Running Sores.

Mr. Stephen Wasscott, 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 knees to the top of my foot. All the medicines 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."

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

A Terrible Cough.

If people would only treat coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer home desolations.

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."

"You'll have to excuse my dolly," said the little four-year-old, with great dignity. "She's indisposed."

"What is the matter with her, Kitty?" asked the visitor with a show of friendly interest and sympathy. She's lost all the sawdust out of her stomach," replied Kitty, "part of her leg is gone, she's got nervous prostration, and can't wink her eyes."

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

Driver—Waiter, this chop is very small. Waiter (a raw hand)—Yes sir; but you'll find it will take a good while to eat it.

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

She—I do wish you would give up smoking, John. He—I will do nothing of the kind. I intend to smoke as long as I live. She—Yes, and after that you will begin to blazz.

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

Mrs. Wanterby.—Really, you must excuse the appearance of our home. It's so dirty and so upset. Mrs. Kauler.—Why, it seems to me to be just the same as ever.

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.

The Teacher.—But all trees do not bear fruit! In what way are the others useful? Pupil.—The're good to climb.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leaves no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's Price 10 and 25 cents. All dealers.

Brown.—I'm going home now, doctor, and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take? Dr. Woodberry Mann.—Take a car.

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.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Business Men's Backs.

Too much rush and bustle, work and worry lead to the loss of the average business man. Kidney trouble is the result of the failure to filter the poisons from the blood properly. Urinary troubles, general aches and pains in the back are the natural results. A man can't afford to business properly if his back aches—no use trying.

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 pain 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."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure backache, lame or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, gleet, in the urine, too frequent risings 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.

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Our blue Beaver Cloth Coat for \$8.50, you will find equal to coats for which \$9.00 to \$10.00 has been paid.

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so if you buy your oil from us you can depend on getting the best value for your money every time.

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