

Quackery is always discovering remedies which will act upon the germs of disease directly and kill them.

VIA CRUCIS.

(Florence Bain Seymour, in Sacred Heart Review.)

"For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so do also."—St. John xiii. 15.

Dear Saviors, since Thy tender Feet have trod The rugged way that leads to Calvary's height,

When on Thy bruised shoulders first was laid, The weary cross of Ignominious Pain,

Apparently a Hopeless Case. A kind-hearted Banker who suffered distressingly from indigestion—Apparently a Hopeless Case.

What this wonderful remedy for all forms of stomach trouble can do is best told in the words of John Boyer, banker, Kinross, Ont.

SOLD BY GEO. E. HUGHES.

THE BLACK FINGER

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Father Paul read the letter twice over with softening face. The writer was very dear to him; he had been from childhood his director, teacher, father and friend.

Besides, the Cathedral City was his home; there clustered all the tender memories and bright associations of his youth; there he would breathe the atmosphere of culture and refinement, which even the ascetic may enjoy.

"Surely Tim with his Tin Beattitudes and his Corporal Works of Mercy did far better than I," said the young priest, rising and beginning to pace the room.

A restless movement of the sleeper made him pause beside the cot. Boar, too, desired before the fire, started up with his long ears pricked. Eric was tossing and muttering feverishly. The half frozen blood

had begun to rush tumultuously through the young veins and the boy had flung aside the blanket and lay there, a ragged, bare-breasted, simoniac, young barbarian, a fit type of poor humanity, untouched by heaven's light.

CHAPTER V. DAN'S LEGACY.

Two days later, Father Paul's answer reached his bishop. It ran:

"MY DEAR FATHER.—Your letter was received and touched me deeply; I shall add, for my soul has no regrets from you, it tempted me incessantly. You know what life at the Cathedral would be to me; but, dear Father, I have thought and prayed, and decided that there is work for me here.

"So, dear Father, with your permission, I will stay and struggle, though it is only with a crop of hopes that grow even here.

"Gratefully and affectionately, your son, 'PAUL.'"

For nearly twenty hours after his coming to the little chapel at Scotch, Eric tossed in uneasy slumber. Twice Father Paul roused him to drink the warm milk that he held to his lips, but after a few sips he dropped off again into the sleep that nature seemed to demand even more than nourishment.

The short wintry day was drawing near its close, when Father Paul, who was reciting his breviary office before the little altar, was startled by a sudden turmoil in his adjoining room.

"Ye murdering young thafe," came in shrill, female accents, "I've a mind to break every bone in yer shkin, ye haythedish divil ye."

"No, no," said the priest. "Eric! no. Kathie, loose the boy; what has he done?"

"Do you mean it?" gasped Eric, staring at the speaker, and, and, can I give a bit to Boar?"

all that was before him, draw a long satisfied sigh. "It's all—lies the boys was telling me about you," he said with a nod.

"That you had a trap underground, where you'd drop me down, and out off my head, and boll me in oil to grease sick folks, if I dared to cross your door-stones. But, sure I know better, for I'd been here worst before. But it was hard work."

"Poor boy!" said Father Paul, softly and "Poor Dan! Ah well, Eric, there will be no lackings here. You are to be my boy now, and we shall be the best of friends, I am sure."

"No Kathie, it is this boy whom we must have body and soul for our Master, who dwells there. Come, you had a little boy of your own once."

"I did sur," answered Kathie pressing her lips tight together. "Sure instead of being a happy little saint in God's loving care, he had lived to be fatherless, motherless, cold, hungry and—"

"But there was no need to say more. Kathie had dropped into the nearest chair with a true Celtic wall. "Don't, yer reverence, don't," she wailed, burying her face in her hands and rocking to and fro.

"I'll do what ye say, yer reverence," repeated the priest in a low, thrilling voice. "Ah, what, indeed, Eric? He calls us there, to be happy with us?" asked the boy.

"There's a deal of buttons on them," he said with evident satisfaction. "And pockets, too," added Eric's guardian. "How many pockets?"

FOR THE BLOOD CHRONIC DISEASES. In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B. No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters.

DR. CLIFT, Graduate of N. Y. University, and the N. Y. Hospital, 20 years practice in N. Y. City. Diploma registered in U. S. and Canada. Address—Victoria Row, Telephone Call.

Mortgage Sale. To be sold by Public Auction on WEDNESDAY the NINETEENTH day of MAY, A. D. 1897, at the hour of twelve o'clock.

Mortgage Sale. To be sold by Public Auction on WEDNESDAY the NINETEENTH day of MAY, A. D. 1897, at the hour of twelve o'clock.

Mortgage Sale. To be sold by Public Auction on WEDNESDAY the NINETEENTH day of MAY, A. D. 1897, at the hour of twelve o'clock.

Mortgage Sale. To be sold by Public Auction on WEDNESDAY the NINETEENTH day of MAY, A. D. 1897, at the hour of twelve o'clock.

Mortgage Sale. To be sold by Public Auction on WEDNESDAY the NINETEENTH day of MAY, A. D. 1897, at the hour of twelve o'clock.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Price 50 cents per Box, or 6 for \$2.50. At Druggists, or Mailed on Receipt of Price by T. H. BURDOCK & CO., Toronto.

FISHERMEN'S BOOTS. Look here, young fellow! Goff Bros.' Boots are away ahead of any others. I had a pair water tight, and wear—my, my, and how the fish did bite. I won't say the boots made the fish bite but they made me feel good. See that Goff Bros.' name is stamped on the sole and don't take any others.

Carter's "Tested" Seeds. Are the standard of quality for P. E. Island. Flower Seeds, Vegetable Seeds, Farm Seeds.

Fashions FOR 1897. The Three Button Cutaway. The Fly Front Overcoat. Is still king among over garments, always fashionable.

What Is Cheapness. Cheapness is not peculiar to prices. Goods are often cheaper than the prices; particularly is this true when the purchaser feels that the goods are bought with a certain amount of uncertainty and unreliability.

Farmers, We want your trade when you want anything in our line, come in and see what we can do for you.

Boots & Shoes. REMEMBER THE RELIABLE SHOE STORE when you want a pair of Shoes. Our Prices are the lowest in town.

MATCHES. AS GOOD AS YOU CAN GET. HERE SINCE 1851. E. BEDDYS.

BURDOCK B PILLS. A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, RICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.

Calendar for moon's course. New Moon, 1st day, 12. First Quarter, 9th day, 15. Full Moon, 17th day, 21. Last Quarter, 25th day, 27.

Calendar for moon's course. New Moon, 1st day, 12. First Quarter, 9th day, 15. Full Moon, 17th day, 21. Last Quarter, 25th day, 27.

Seek After Insurance. Will make placing their World's policies (Five presented by \$250,000,000).

Epps's C. ENGLISH BREAKFAST possesses the following Merits: DELICACY OF FLAVOR, SUPERIORITY IN GRAPEFUL and COME, NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.

Readers of the Herald. We wish to dispose of our lowing goods to you for NEW IMPORTS.

Watches and Clocks. Silver Table ware, Vases and Fancy Brooches and Studs and Ear Rings and Scarf Pins and goods.

E. W. T. CAMERON CHARLOTTETOWN. A. A. McLEAN Barrister, Solicitor, Etc., BROWN'S BLOCK, January 20,

HACY YELLO. A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, RICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.