THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD



should always keep Hagyard's est sufferers, asks blessings for them, Yellow Oil on hand. Nothing asking to be taught how she may like it for stiffness and soreness of bestow them. She prays for Antony, the musclee, sprains, bruises, cuts, whom she has wronged, and for Maretc. A clean preparation, will not garet, so sweet and forgiving. She stain clothing. Price 25c. does not mention Father Francis,

"PEACE! IT IS I!"

BY SAINT ANATOLIUS.

Fierce was the billow, Dark was the night; Oars labored heavily, Foam glimmered white; Trembled the mariners, Peril was high; Then said the God of God : "Peace! It is I!"

Ridge of the mountain wave, Lower thy crest ! Wail of Euroclydon, Be thou at rest ! Sorrow can never be-Darkness must fly-Where saith the Light of light: "Peace ! It is I !"

Jesu, Deliverer ! Come Thou to me : Soothe Thou my voyaging Over Life's sea. Thou, when the storm of Death Roars, sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of truth : " Peace ! it is I !"

Blandine of Betharram BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

Let all recite the first decade could join in the responses." bras en croix." All obey. Al stretch out their arms, and hold nother dear !" them thus in the form of a cross throughout the decade, Madame Dacre with the rest. There is a priest proach in the voice. approaching with a plate for offer. ings. He is collecting for the

emphasis, though I did not scream. Church of the Holy Rosary, as yet mother. But, tell me, did you ask unfinished. Madame mechanically our Blessed Lady to cure you? I feels for some coins in the reticule am speaking very low now, mother; at her side. Neither reticule nor do you catch my words?" coins does she find, nor, what is far "Perfectly! How strange | But more important, the fan that has if I hear, I must go back! I cannot been ears to her these thirty years.

go away without ack nowledging this A lady close by sees her trouble, and kindly asks if she has lost anything. grace, if I really hear !" She replice, without realizing that "You alone can know that, mother, she has heard the question. Be I am talking in a whisper. Turn

"What is it, mother ?"

not using your fan, mother ?"

wildered by the unusual noise, by the your head away, that you may not bices of those near ber, many speaksee the mot

except to give thanks for him. She asks again for her own pardon, and offers her light infirmity once more for Margaret's sight. Surely she never realized before to-day how many things, how very many things, she needs to ask for, nor how ful Mary's hands are of blessings. She rises from her knees at the sound of a familiar step. Mother and son withdraw in reverent silence to some distance from the grot before speak-

"Robbed, mother! Did vou not perceive the warning posted so conpicuously everywhere, 'Veillez sur vos porte-monnaies l' Look, there is one, on the nearest tree !" "If it had run ' Look out for pickpockets,' I might have remarked it. my son. Bat, Francis !"

ing at once, by many sounds coming Now tell me what you asked of our from many directions, all of which Blessed Lady."

had sounded soft as the cooing of "Come back, Francis !" The old doves until within an hour, she rises lady was on the point of giving way and looks into the grotto, seeking to tears. "Come! I need not resome one. Thank heaven ! the one peat your words, I beard every sylshe seeks sees her and makes a little lable. Ob, I am so sorry !" sign. He has observed her look of "Sorry, mother ! I do not catch trouble. She can wait now, and vour meaning !"

signifies as much by a smile, and "Yes, sorry, Francis ! very sorry ! kneels once more. She has to wait Can you, even you, think I would quite a long while, for the office is ask anything for myself except parlorg to-day and very solemn, with don," she added in a low voice, but its accompaniment of outdoor com her son caught the words, " what I manions, of sacred hymns, chanted asked was for Margareu's eyes, her by the faithful between the decades sight and for Antony's peace. I did of the Rosary, each meditated on not even ask anything for you. I alout by the priest in the pulpit. only thanked God;" here her voice Then begins the return of the pro- fell very low sgain. cession. With grander escort and

"Come, dear mother ; if you think with music, our Lord is borne back best, we will return. But you are to the altar of the Rosary. With over-tired, let us enter the Rosary the music of voices, with mournful Oburch and thank our Lady there." ories that assail Him as He passes "There first, since our Lord is by, still imploring Him in the selfthere on the altar, thence to the sam ; words as of old, "Jesus of Naz grotto, from whence I received this areth, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make unasked for blessing."

me whole. Jesus, Son of David, A few hours later, when they were have mercy on me." Some He approaching Betharram, Madame hears. Some rise and follow Him. Dacre asked ber son : "What will Some who do not call upon Him, they say? How shall I tell them !" He Ilimself calls, but they do not "You ask, mother, in the tone of hear. They only turn proud, stub one who has a venial sin, if not a born backs upon Him and His fol- orime to confess," said the priest lowers. They do not know Him to- with a smile.

day. Will He know Him to-morrow "I am confused, indeed, Francis, in His Kingdom? Let us hope so Really, I know it is anneying, but for the sake of the thousands of just allow me to ask once more, are prayers ascending from this and you not screaming now ?" other sanctuaries in reparation for "Far from it, dear mother. And

their orneliy. what is more, I promise you to speak Now the priests have all followed as softly as I have ever done." in the grand procession, yet Father "Thank you, my son, And now Francis was not amongst them. Ah! I think the best way will be to say yes, there he is, wheeling one of the nothing at all. Let the discovery invalid carriages, for they, the little be made as it will. It will be a carriages, the litters, the crutches further proof though an unnecessary

mithout them all filles in an one for me." without them, all follow in the tri- "You are right, mother! We umphal march.

shall say nothing. But I too, am When Madame is comparatively quite convinced that our Lady of alone, and only a few pilgrims still Lourdes has perfectly restored your cling persistently to the iron railing, hearing."

still persistently entreating for what Even the low whispered words of is not best for them, or the Lord gratitude he offered, reached the would all .w Himself to be entreated. newly opened ears. Madame Dacre Madame looks upon the white statue held out her trembling hand. The in the niche. She knows how very priest held it tenderly a moment. far from beautiful it is, even as a and with a few whispered words of work of art, and sees it, and sees it encouragement, was about to assist not. What she sees is a vision of ber to alight, for they had reached the Virgia Mother that inspires her the Villa gates, when Madame Dacre with greater love than she had ever asked :

before been conscious of for the Mother of I sue, the Mother of the hapless, helpless throng of whom she is a sister, and such an unworthy Still I divine your intentior, and I one! She lifts her beart to that good see that you are right. Our Lady Mother, who can make all those foul bodies white and pure as snow by only lifting her eyes to the face of her Divine Son, the Immaculate Virgin Mother, who can obtain pardon and peace for her, and pure white robes; for she sees now that, though ber raiment has been of silk and satin and costly lace, those dainty garments have shrouded of it! worse sin-oh! how much worsethan perhaps any one of these poor sufferers ever dreamed of. She lifts

grey gowns, white aprons and dainty be. Now, notwithstanding much et it off zumhow muslin caps wait on the table. outdoor life, they are little if any

"Madame is not using her fan," stronger than they were. The tab Blandine says to herself. "She is on their faces is darker and makes too sad, perhaps at parting with Mam them look healthier, but it is only a na Marguerite before our Blessed mask. They are still nervous, easily Lady has opened her dear eyes." tired, upset by trifles, and they do "Have you climbed the Oalvary not eat nor sleep well. What they to-day Blandine ?" demands Madame need is what tones the nerves, per-Dacre, as she catches the child's fects digestion, creates appetite, and glance resting upon her with an un- makes sleep refreshing, and that is conscious look of surprise. Hood's Sarsaparilla. Papils and An inclination of the head, and a teachers generally will find the chief whispered affirmative that was not ex purpose of the vacation best sabpected to reach the length of the served by this great medicine which, table

as we know, "builds up the whole " Did you speak loud, Blandine?" system." A little blush for not baving spoken

A correspondent writes : "I send oud, and a shake of the head. you a little poem called 'The lay of "Did Mamma Margaret mount the Lark.' If accepted, let me know." with you, and did you make the Way And the editor replies : " Rejected of the Cross?" with thanks. If you will send a few Another nod and another low

specimens of the lay of the hen, we Yes, Madame." will accept." The questioner tried to think of phrase that would require more than

Richards' Headache Cure. nods and monosyllables. 12 doses, 10 cts. "Blandine," she began, "if our Blessed Lady were to grant you a One of the Washington's bright great favor, what would you give her women was present while her busy way of an ex voto?" and discussed the financial situation. Blandine reflected a little while, "I must confess," he said, "that the

glancing up at her mamma and at money market has worried me a Sister Noella for a suggestion that great deal." might help her. Finding that she "It wasn't the money market that was left to herself, save for the enworried me," observed his wife: "It couragement of smiles, she only shook was the market money." ner pretty head. She knew what she

would give, under certain circumstances, for a certain favor, but she. "I must know what you are think: and make you feel better in the ng of. I saw words on your lips. morning.

Come here !" She beckoned Blan. dine to her side. "May I rise, mamma ?"

"Come! I will make all excuses or you to the company." Blandine came to her side. "Now I promise not to betray a word of whatever you tell me." She drew the little one close to her "Come ! whisper into my ear. So !"

Garget in Cows.

speak till it should be formally ad justed. But the old Lady drew her closer, held her ear close to her mouth

fear that her words might be over heard.

my mamma back her eyes, I would Mother give my life."

and child, run down-there are out, they were heard. hundreds-lucky if you are not one. And what do you think they want? They want rest and a change, and can't get either. Pity to speak Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is almost rest in itself !

"Are you very tired, Francis?"

"I am not in the least tired,

mother, but I fear that you are.

declared Antony and so said they SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND

I was oured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. M. CAMPBELL. Bay of Islandr.

MINARD'S LINIMENT. WM. DANIELS. Springhill, N. S. I was cured of Chronic Rheumat

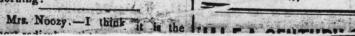
am by MINARD'S LINIMENT. GEORGE TINGLEY. Albert Co., N. B.

Tough Party (in hardware store), I wanter to buy a dog muzzle, see? Clerk (affably) .- A'l right, sir. Vhat size do you wear ?

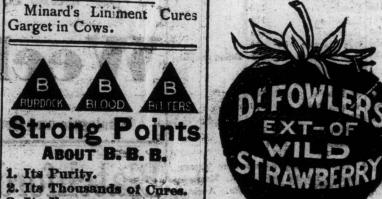
D an's Kidney Pills are a sure oure for all kidney diseases.

During the hot summer season If you take a Laxa-Liver Pill tothe blood gets over-heated, the drain night before retiring, it will work on the system is severe and the apwas too timid to speak it aloud. Her look and smile aroused the old lady's curiosity. blood, tones up the system and restores lost appealt-

ating .



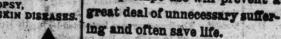
HALF A CENTURY OLD must residutons thing to call that man in the bank a " teller." Mrs. Ohumm.-Why ? " Mrs. Nopzy .- Because they simp-**A Standard Remedy** y won't tell at all. I asked one to. Joed In Thousands of Homes day how much my husband had on



2. Its Thousands of Cures. 3. Its Economy. 1c. a dose. B. B. B.

Regulates the Stomash, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all the impurities from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofidous Sore, and

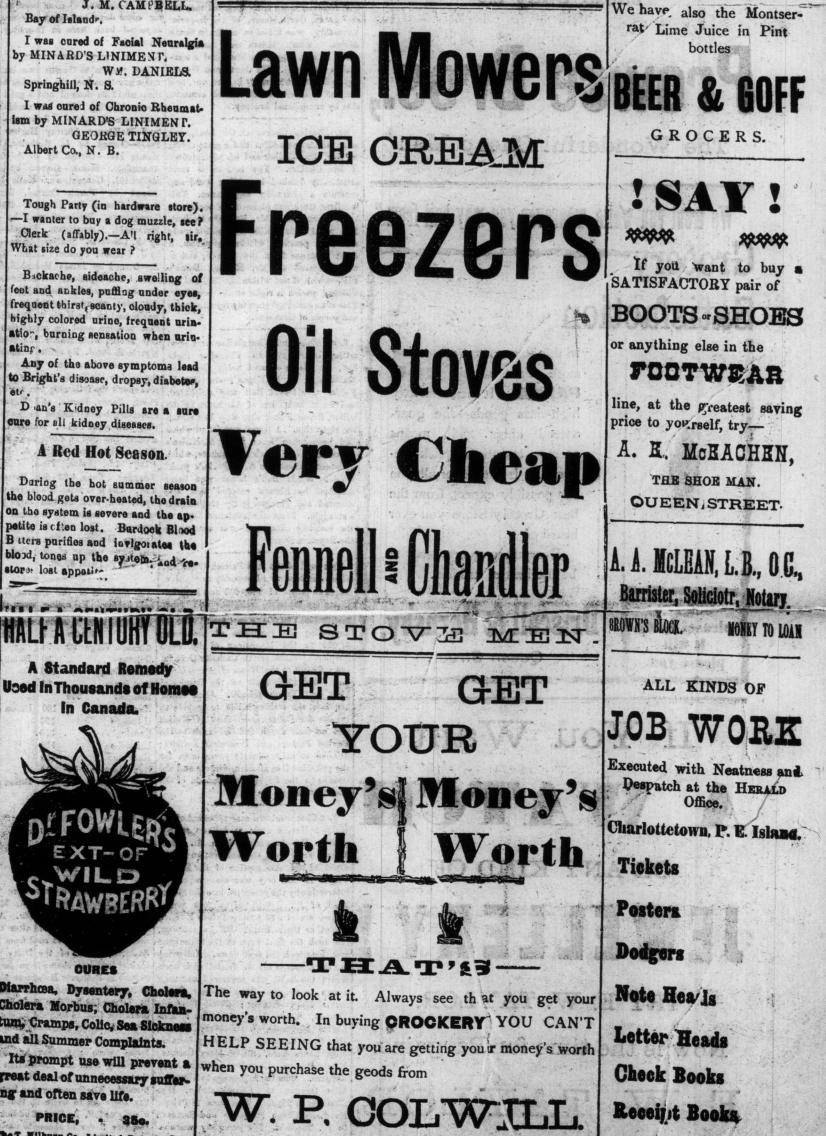
OURES DYSPERGIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFU SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.



long pants 6.25 D. A. BRUCE. I was cured of Facial Neuralgia ICE CREAM **treezers** Backache, sideache, swelling of eet and ankles, puffing under eyes, frequent thirst, scanty, cloudy, thick, highly colored urine, frequent urin-Oil Stoves atior, burning sensation when urin-Any of the above symptoms lead to Bright's disease, dropsy, diabeter, Very Cheap A Red Hot Season. Fennell^a Chandler THE STOVE MEN GET GET In Canada. YOUR Money's Money's Worth Worth THAT'S-OURES Diarrhosa, Dysentery, Cholera The way to look at it. Always see that you get your Cholera Morbus: Cholera Infanmoney's worth. In buying CROCKERY YOU CAN'T tum, Cramps, Colic, Sea Sicknes and all Summer Complaints.

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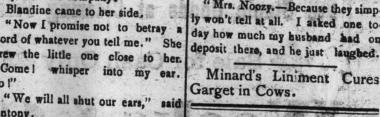
P



the rate of

15 cents a pirit or 20

cents a bottle.



Antony. Blandine fancied the old lady had forgotten her fan, and she hesitated to

and waited. Blandine whispered falteringly, both from natural timidity and the 1. Its Purity.

"If our Blessed Lady would give Low as these words were flattere

"I believe it, dear ! Indeed I do But she will hear you without that.

Did you speak very loud this time?" Blandine shook her head very posi tively, as she resumed her place. "I certainly heard not a word,"

