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"PEACE! IT IS I!"

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

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE. (American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.) (Continued.)

Let all recite the first decade, brass on croix." All obey. All stretch out their arms, and held them thus in the form of a cross throughout the decade, Madame Dacre with the rest. There is a priest approaching with a plate for offerings. He is collecting for the Church of the Holy Rosary, as yet unfinished. Madame mechanically feels for some coins in the reticule at her side. Neither reticule nor coins does she find, nor what is far more important, the fan that has been hers for these thirty years. A lady close by sees her trouble, and kindly asks if she has lost anything. She replies, without realizing that she has heard the question. Bewildered by the unusual noise, by the voices of those near her, many speaking at once, by many sounds coming from many directions, all of which had sounded soft as the cooing of doves until within an hour, she rises and looks into the grotto, seeking some one. Thank heaven! the one she seeks sees her and makes a little sign. He has observed her look of trouble. She can wait now, and signifies as much by a smile, and kneels once more. She has to wait quite a long while, for the office is long to-day and very solemn, with its accompaniment of outdoor communions, of sacred hymns, chanted by the faithful between the decades of the Rosary, each meditated on aloud by the priest in the pulpit. Then begins the return of the procession. With grander escort and with music, our Lord is borne back to the altar of the Rosary. With the music of voices, with mournful cries that assail Him as He passes by, still imploring Him in the self-same words as of old, "Jesus of Nazareth, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole. Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." Some He hears. Some rise and follow Him. Some who do not call upon Him, He Himself calls, but they do not hear. They only turn proud, stubborn backs upon Him and His followers. They do not know Him to-day. Will He know Him to-morrow in His Kingdom? Let us hope so for the sake of the thousands of prayers ascending from this and other sanctuaries in reparation for their cruelty. Now the priests have all followed in the grand procession, yet Father Francis was not amongst them. Ah! yes, there he is, wheeling one of the invalid carriages, for they, the little carriages, the litters, the ortobes and those who are paying to go without them, all follow in the triumphal march.

When Madame is comparatively alone, and only a few pilgrims still cling persistently to the iron railing, still persistently entreating for what is not best for them, or the Lord would all in Himself to be entreated, Madame looks upon the white statue in the niche. She knows how very far from beautiful it is, even as a work of art, and sees it, and sees it not. What she sees is a vision of the Virgin Mother that inspires her with greater love than she had ever before been conscious of for the Mother of Jesus, the Mother of the hapless, helpless throng of whom she is a sister, and such an unworthy one! She lifts her heart to that good 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 her raiment has been of silk and satin and costly lace, those dainty garments have shrouded worse sin—oh! how much worse—than perhaps any one of those poor sufferers ever dreamed of. She lifts a very poor and penitent heart to

Mary. She prays first for the greatest sufferers, asks blessings for them, asking to be taught how she may bestow them. She prays for Antony, whom she has wronged, and for Margaret, so sweet and forgiving. She does not mention Father Francis, 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 full 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 speaking.

When they come out on the Esplanade du Rosario, Madame whispers, "Francis, something has happened! I have been robbed and—"

"Robbed, mother! Did you not perceive the warning posted so conspicuously everywhere, 'Veillez sur vos porte-monnaies! Look, there is one, on the nearest tree!'"

"If it had run 'Look out for pick-pockets,' I might have remarked it, my son. But, Francis!"

"What is it, mother?"

"Are you screaming, Francis?"

"Why, certainly not, mother. How can you suppose such a thing?"

"If you are not screaming, how is it that I hear your words, my son?"

"You stopped. The priest looked into his mother's face. 'Are you not using your fan, mother?'"

"Fan and reticule are both gone, and yet I hear your words very plainly. What is even more strange, I heard the words of the priest meditating the mysteries of the Rosary for the sick, at a great distance, and could join in the responses."

"This is proclaiming a miracle, mother dear!"

"You are screaming now, Francis!"

"I certainly spoke with some emphasis, though I did not scream, mother. But, tell me, did you ask our Blessed Lady to cure you? I am speaking very low now, mother; do you catch my words?"

"Perfectly! How strange! But if I hear, I must go back! I cannot go away without acknowledging this grace, if I really hear!"

of Betharram may grant that other and dearer wish of your heart." They reentered the carriage and were set down before the church door. "I only give a few minutes, mother, for we are due even now."

"I could not pass this sanctuary, without giving thanks," said Madame Daere. "It is here that Margaret has been kept safe from the world, since I sent her forth homeless. It is here that Antony found her, and here that I have passed the first peaceful hours since that sad time. I love our Lady of Betharram! I love her for Margaret, for Noella, for little Blandine, and almost as they love her."

"And I, too," said the priest, "have found much happiness on this spot. We shall, none of us, ever forget beautiful Betharram."

And now the English visitors are gathered, for the last time, around the very board where Margaret and Madame Moore held their tête-à-tête for so many years—a huge oblong table of polished oak, resting on immense protruding lion's claws that served as footstools, were sadly in the way.

Madame Daere and Margaret face each other at either extremity of the board. On Madame's right hand is the watchful and faithful Antony. This has been his place for long years, to serve his mother by anticipating her wishes, by answering for her, and conveying to her the remarks that would otherwise have failed to reach her ear. Father Francis could not have filled it one half so well. His frequent absence kept him out of practice. Father Francis and Sister Noella face each other on either side, while Blandine, ever watchful, from her place beside her blind mother, exchanges smiles and nods, modestly and timidly, with the stately old dame who seems flushed and excited to-day, a great contrast to her habitual calm repose of manner.

Children are observant. Blandine soon perceives that Madame Daere does not turn to Mr. Antony so frequently, does not question him with her eyes at every moment, as she has been wont to do. Were it not for the smiles and nods, the extra animated and very sweet expression of the old lady's face, Blandine might easily suppose that there had sprung up a sudden coolness between them, for Mr. Antony has vainly tried to catch his mother's eye more than once.

A group of real Blandines in blue-grey gowns, white aprons and dainty muslin caps wait on the table.

"Madame is not using her fan," Blandine says to herself. "She is too sad, perhaps at parting with Mamma Marguerite before our Blessed Lady has opened her dear eyes."

"Have you climbed the Calvary to-day Blandine?" demands Madame Daere, as she catches the child's glance resting upon her with an unconscious look of surprise.

An inclination of the head, and a whispered affirmative that was not expected to reach the length of the table.

"Did you speak loud, Blandine?" A little blush for not having spoken loud, and a shake of the head.

"Did Mamma Marguerite mount with you, and did you make the Way of the Cross?"

Another nod and another low "Yes, Madame."

The questioner tried to think of a phrase that would require more than nods and monosyllables.

"Blandine," she began, "if our Blessed Lady were to grant you a great favor, what would you give her by way of an ex-voto?"

Blandine reflected a little while, glancing up at her mamma and at Sister Noella for a suggestion that might help her. Finding that she was left to herself, save for the encouragement of smiles, she only shook her pretty head. She knew what she would give, under certain circumstances, for a certain favor, but she was too timid to speak it aloud. Her look and smile aroused the old lady's curiosity.

"I must know what you are thinking of. I saw words on your lips. Come here!" She beckoned Blandine to her side.

"May I rise, mamma?"

GAINED 9 1/2 LBS. BY USING MILBURN'S PILLS.

VICTORIA, B. C., March 8, 1901. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs,—Some time ago my daughter, aged 19 years, was troubled with bad headaches and loss of appetite. She was tired and listless most of the time, and was losing flesh. Her system got badly run down, so hearing your Heart and Nerve Pills highly spoken of, I procured a box, and by the time she had used them she had gained 9 1/2 lbs. in weight and is now in perfect health. Yours truly, Mrs. F. H. CURTIS.

"I think I must come to your aid, mother," said Father Francis, at this juncture. "I must help you to tell the Secret of the King, or rather of the Queen." He bowed his head reverently an instant. "Our Lady of Lourdes has been very good to our mother, to-day. She is no longer infirm of hearing."

"I hear the voices of my children, Noel's, Antony, Margaret." The old lady arose. In an instant all were on their feet. She was surrounded, congratulated, while thanks to God and His Blessed Mother mingled with grateful tears, made a touching accompaniment to the felicitations. Father Francis was forced to use his priestly authority to restore calm. Seeing his mother too much moved, although no one, not even he himself, was perfectly calm at that moment, he set the example by returning to his place at the table, and inviting all to follow his example.

"Mother knows already what I think," he said, "I will not weary her with further congratulations; but here he looked into his mother's face very tenderly. "I fear that she is suffering just now, more from wounded feelings than from gratitude."

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS. Only a Mask.

Many are not being benefited by the summer vacation as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The tan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, upset by trifles, and they do not get up at night well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Papsils and together generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation: best preserved by this great medicinal which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

A correspondent writes: "I send you a little poem called 'The Day of the Dark.' If accepted, let me know." And the editor replies: "Rejected with thanks. If you will send a few specimens of the lay of the hen, we will accept."

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

One of the Washington's bright women was present while her husband discussed the financial situation. "I must confess," he said, "that the money market has worried me a great deal."

"It wasn't the money market that worried me," observed his wife. "It was the market money."

If you take a LIVER-TONIC to-night before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

Mrs. Noozy.—I think it is the most successful thing to call that man in the bank a teller.

Mrs. Ohumm.—Why?

Mrs. Noozy.—Because they simply won't tell at all. I asked one to-day how much my husband had on deposit there, and he just laughed.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.



THE ORIGINATOR OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, The original kidney specific for the cure of Backache, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and all Urinary Troubles. Don't accept something just as good. See you get the genuine DOAN'S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Who is that whistling?" asked the teacher, looking over the assemblage of juveniles.

"Me," promptly replied a new pupil. "Didn't you know I could whistle?"

To make money it is necessary to have a clear, bright brain, a cool head free from pain, and strong, vigorous nerves. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills invigorate and brighten the brain, strengthen the nerves, and remove all heart, nerve and brain troubles.

Mr. Bridal (at luncheon). Is this the best salmon you could get?

Mrs. Bridal.—Yes, the grocer showed me several kinds, but I took this can.

Mr. Bridal.—Did he say this was the best he had?

Mrs. Bridal.—No, but it had the prettiest label.

Passed 15 Worms.—I gave Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and a half years old; the result was that she passed 15 round worms in five days.

Mr. B. Roy, Kilmarnagh, Ont.

Richards' Headache Cure contains no opiate.

Traveler.—I say, your razor is pulling most comfoundedly!

Local Torturer.—Be it, sure? Will 'old on tight' to the chair, an' we'll get it off somehow!

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. M. CAMPBELL, Bay of Islands.

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We have the best \$1.00 Hammock that it has ever been our pleasure to show. Large Pillow, strong and comfortable, and large enough too. Also Hammocks at \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, up to 5.00 each. Geo. Carter & Co. IMPORTERS.

Lime Juice Lime Juice is one of the most wholesome and refreshing summer beverages. We have just opened a cask of very fine West Indian Lime Juice. Which we can recommend as strictly first-class. We offer it for sale at the rate of 15 cents a pint or 20 cents a bottle.

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