

Good Health is Impossible without regular action of the bowels. Laxative Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

EQUALITY.

BY E. BECK.

This true I hold no store of gold, No lands belong to me, No flashing gems of worth untold, No ships upon the sea; But though I toil for daily bread And know full many a care, No bluer is the sky o'erhead For king or millionaire.

For me, as for the proud and high, The wayside roses bloom; And they enjoy no more than I The violet's sweet perfume. The glories of the dawning day, The sunsets red or pale, The white moon's silvery radiance,

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.) (Continued.)

The Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Sacred Heart of Mary. They had both attracted her, and yet to neither did she bow her knees. Today they bring back unbidden to her memory a picture in her convent chapel, a picture she had almost lost her life in rescuing on the night of the first. The nurse all loved that picture for its charm, its power, the love it aroused in their hearts, therefore she thought nothing then of risking her life to save it.

It was the picture in which our Divine Lord is showing His Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary. How could she have allowed the dust of fifteen years to settle on the memory of a thing so sacred! She asks Blandine if she loves the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And smiles at the deep sigh of love that answers better than the "O yes, Mamma Marguerite, so much!"

And by and by when they are descending to the chapel Blandine asks the self-same question she remembers having asked at her age. "Why did not Blessed Marguerite Marie ask to be taken up to heaven, when she was so near our dear Lord, and so favored?"

"Why should she ask to be taken up to heaven then, my child?" "O to be quickly with his Blessed Mother, our dear Lady of Betharram," was the answer.

"She is with them now," said Margaret, "and if we love the Sacred Heart of Jesus as she did, we shall be with them one day. We may have to wait for years, I think the blessed nun of Paray had to labor and suffer a good many years.—I do not remember, dear Blandine, I am ashamed to say, but you will read about her for me, by and by, and tell me all about the beautiful promises our dear Lord made to us through her." Before that picture of the Sacred Heart Margaret felt more timid and ashamed than elsewhere, for it bore back to the convent chapel, where she inhaled once more, in fancy, the pure incense of the Holy Sacrifice and the Blessed Benediction, and where the thought had come to her as it had to-day to Blandine, that it must have been a great sorrow to Blessed Margaret Mary to let the dear Lord vanish from her sight; to see and speak with Him, and let Him go without her! O that was sorrow! Margaret thinks volumes of such thoughts in brief seconds. But all is well! The upheaval of the waters of sweet and bitter memories will subside. Little by little, all the driftwood and the weeds will be cast away. Only in the depths of the clear conscience will remain pearls of peace, offerings for that Heart of Love.

Blandine holds her mamma's hand very tightly as they descend the hill, lest she should be tripped by rut or rolling stone. She looks up as often as she can into the dear face to see if there is any change there. There is a change. Not the change she has been praying for, but a change from listlessness and apathy to brightness and resolve. There is a meaning in its every line. A thousand varying emotions passing through the busy brain are beautifying, softening, illuminating it.

"Mamma is not sad to-day!" "No, my darling. Neither are nor sorry. On the contrary, glad, and very happy! Does Blandine guess why?" Blandine sighs. Tell her mamma can read for herself the answer to such questions it will be difficult to answer them. How can the child find words to tell her thoughts!

Does not the poet say, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts?" Blandine's thoughts were not shallow, therefore she could not frame them in words easily.

Margaret's gladness is that they are going now to the King's Temple, where she has the right to enter as one of His household, that to-day she has striven to prepare a little place for Him to lay His head even within that poor heart of hers. She tells this to the child in simple words, and Blandine is comforted by the happy voice, the joyful tone, that are an indication of the peace of the Lord and of His blessing. He has said to the storm, "Peace, be still!" and peace reigns in that long storm-tossed soul.

How great was the progress made within a short space of time in that long darkened soul the thoughtful reader will comprehend. To Margaret herself it seems as if she lived years in hours. While the English visitors are at Lourdes or elsewhere she is near the altar of our Lady of Betharram, thinking over the programme of the present and the future. It begins and ends with the title of one of Father Faber's most precious books, "All for Jesus." Yes, all must be henceforth for Him. If the inheritance comes, it shall be used for His glory. If her future is to contain earthly happiness she will accept that happiness only when the peace of God shall have been established truly and around her, when she can truly feel herself His servant, faithful in life and death. Margaret is growing fonder of her cross.

"What could I offer to the Lord," she asks, "if I had not this?" meaning her blindness. "He gave Himself to me daily in the Sacrament of His love. He has given me Blandine. He provides ways and means to make my life blessed for others as well as for myself. If I could see all these things, what would there be left for me to endure?"

"Endurance is not everything," said Father Francis, "or rather it is not all there is in the life of a practical Christian. With sight and all the world at your command, you would still have something given you to endure—to suffer."

"We must all always acknowledge that," said the priest, "for God's mercy fills the universe as well as every individual cup, if man will only see the giver in the gift, whether it be joy or sorrow. Also how slow we are to realize the best! How willingly man turns from the best if it does not flatter his desires! And yet, in spite of all, He takes us back, forgetting everything but that we are His children. May His name be praised!"

"That is just what I feel," said Margaret. "That is my state—happiness at being taken back to His heart." The present month of excursion has drawn to its close. Every sanctuary and every altar by the Pyrenean Gaves (t) have received a visit. Thank-offerings have been laid at many an ancient shrine.

"Can it be possible that only one more day remains for us?" is the cry of the English pilgrims. Whether have the weeks flown? Truly they had not sped away unrecruited or unmarked for Father Francis or for Antony Dacre. Precious volumes of notes were there to show what they had seen in the favored land of France. "If God has no longer away over the hearts of the Franks it is that they have been too highly favored," someone has declared, and who can gainsay the assertion? Their history is an unbroken series of heavenly favors, of miraculous interventions, of visitations of Divine Providence. Before the whole world the humble and simple have been raised up to confound the mighty and the learned. Saints have left their footprints over all the land. The Queen of Heaven has visited them, pleaded with them, threatened them as a mother threatens a loved child. And they, the giddy, pleasure-loving people, heard, heeded and forgot, and still go on hearing, heeding for a little space and forgetting in the end, till heaven itself, with all its thunders, can hardly arouse them to the fact of their imminent destruction. What can save them now? Only the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The last day of the English visitors was dedicated solely to Lourdes and its sanctuaries. It was one of those days of grace that may well be termed "days of Mary's bounty." The chapels were thronged, the grotto besieged, the streets and boulevards black with people. There was hardly any standing room between the Esplanade du Rossire and the Lacet Peyramale or beyond even as far as the eye could reach.

With arms outstretched in the form of a cross, and earnest faces lifted to heaven, might be seen rays of priests kneeling before the piscinas, praying.

(t) Gaves signifies torrents.

If you are lean—unless you are lean by nature—you need more fat.

You may eat enough; you are losing the benefit of it. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will help you digest your food, and bring you the plumpness of health. Especially true of babies.

for the helpless creatures that strong men were carrying in and out of the baths. Their voices, loud and earnest in entreaty, were responded to by an ever changing, never diminishing throng of sympathizers outside the barrier, and they too, in imitation of the priests, as at their word, stretched out their arms, and often kissed the earth, and choked back their tears to join in the plaintive solemn chant of the Parce Domine.

Before the grotto enclosed by a strong cordon of ropes, and a stronger cordon of brancardiers or little bearers, might be seen a mass of helpless creatures, of both sexes and all ages. Some, stretched on pallets on the stone pavement, lifted wasted hands and wistful eyes to the statue of the Virgin Immaculate, so white and fair, in the dark green niche above them. Some, seated in little carriages, counted their beads as best they could; those who were able holding wide their arms to form the sacred sign of the cross, while pleading to Him who was nailed to it.

Others were weak and feeble, all alike, every one of them, marked with some sign of physical ruin; some so disfigured as to be appalling to look upon; one side of the face, perhaps, still, comely, the other ravaged by cancer or leprosy. Some there were who saw not the sunshine that burned them, or the pleasant shadows that fell upon them as the sun passed on its course. Some, idiotically unconscious of all things, even of themselves. Some only paralyzed in their limbs, and oh, on many a face of those thus afflicted, might be traced the signs of a spirit ready to tear its prison walls of useless hampering flesh. O her the greatest sufferers, no doubt their spirits calm under the blessed balm of prayer, lay watching and waiting for the angel of deliverance. Nor was this all, for beside these stricken beings stood others, whose lives were so bound up in theirs as to reflect every passing pang in their moral anguish, every wrench of their physical pain. And outside these, a compact wall of human beings, some praying, some weeping, with all for the sufferers. Still others, and their number was not few, indifferent, supercilious, making an offensive parade of their callousness to suffering. They styled themselves "the cool-headed," "the level-headed," but for want of a better or stronger term, we will call them the "heartless." With a defiant air of indifference, real or assumed, they passed around and among the hapless creatures, hypercritical in their examination of any special case that drew forth general sympathy. Of this latter class there were both men and women, and they crowded with out ceremony into the front rank of those who were helping, by prayer or otherwise, the unfortunate pilgrims, even forcing their way "where angels might have feared to tread," in their insatiable curiosity to see the worst case or the greatest cure.

But close to the grotto the spectacle was truly appalling, and aggravated a hundred fold by the overpowering odors of cancer, leprosy, rotting flesh, and the pungent disinfectants used so liberally to neutralize them, if possible. It was simply awful. Some fled; those who could not fly, from sheer lack of strength to make their way through the dense press, fainted or became hysterical. One woman fell into a fit. All eyes were fixed upon her as she stood up, tall fine looking, well dressed, and with a loud cry began to spin round and around. The people near her tried to withdraw. Before they could make a sufficient space around the unfortunate creature, she fell full length and lay there under the hot sun, foaming at the mouth. No wonder the confessionals were all besieged. Such prayers set people reflecting, and the personal sacrifices there to be seen roused emulation, and with emulation a softer and holier feeling of pity, of tenderness and sympathy for human woe, as well as a desire to do something for these hapless ones, that is, to do God's work. In order to do God's work well, it is easier, here at Lourdes, to begin at the beginning; to begin at the foot of the cross by making a good confession, then with Jesus in your heart, come and aid a dying brother or sister. It was a cheering sight to see the long rows of men and women in line near the confessionals. It was easy to see that a goodly percentage of their number would have been more at their ease in line before theatre doors, waiting for a ticket for some grand show, some piece of monstrous delectable, perhaps, called by an innocent and attractive name. But the world is familiar by this time with the aspect of the grotto on great pilgrimage days.

Madame Dacre had borne all that she had thus been called upon to witness at Lourdes and Betharram with the true English spirit. Very sedate, impassive, observant, and yet unmoved by the commotion around her. A very dignified lady, indeed, was Madame Dacre, but to-day she, too, feels the influence of the supernatural and observes more closely and with deepening interest. She long the even forgets herself and finds herself in touch with the praying priests and weeping, suffering, disgusting pilgrims. "Disgusting" is a hateful word, but we use it in the sense of the infidel laid upon some of the unhappy creatures lying there

for the thousands gathered there. Like most other ladies of her social rank, this English lady had passed through the worst wards of incurable hospitals and almshouses, a real Lady Bountiful, holding her soft garments close to her and trying her best not to inhale the hospital air, which, by the way had been odorized, or deodorized, or something, for her special visiting day. Here at Lourdes she had to swallow it with such accompaniment and under such circumstances that, instead of fainting or flying for her life, she forgets herself at times, and when she remembers herself she is conscious of unwaited strength. A sense of courage, boldness, yes, even audacity, has been borne within her.

A priest with little rills of perspiration running down his face passes quite near her, bearing in his arms a helpless body, bigger, to all appearances, than himself. The limbs of the big man are swathed in a coarse blanket, and hang helpless and heavy. Madame peers over the priest's shoulder at a moment when he is impeded by the throng. My lady sees a horrible face, swollen out of all human resemblance. For eyes, two points of steel swimming in blood. It was only an instant. The way was opened, help offered, but the fin de siecle John of God refused it and staggered on with his load till he let the awful face touch the blessed rock and the prisoner within the hideous envelope of flesh had sent up his cry to the Immaculate Mother within the Grotto of the Apparitions. Had it not been for the priest's face, pale and streaming with perspiration, transfused with more than human sympathy for the horrible load he bore, she would have fainted at the sight. It fixed itself in her memory; it stayed her for a while. When she could think the fell to making comparisons between other lives and his, between her own life and some of the lives around her. O fearful! fearful!

(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 any sleep. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Papils and teachers generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best observed by this great medicine which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

"Great Heavens, Dinny! That old hen is eating 'stray tacks." "Maybe she is going to lay a caper."

Picking the Nose is a common symptom of worms in children. Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. It is simple, safe and effective. Price 25 cents.

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

Mrs. I. STEVES, Edgett's Landing, N. B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: "In the fall of 1899 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I could scarcely get up out of a chair and it gave me great pain to move about. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and was completely cured. I have not been troubled with it since."

FOR THE BLOOD

Cresswell, March 28, 1901.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs.—I write to say that I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with excellent results. Last spring my daughter got all run down and was very thin and weak.

Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B., and by the time she had finished them the spots and boil disappeared and she has got strong and fleshy again.

I consider B.B.B. the best blood medicine known.

MRS. I. DAVIDSON.

in the glare of the day. It is the only word that can express the hideous open wounds and sores laid bare be-

fore the thousands gathered there. Like most other ladies of her social rank, this English lady had passed through the worst wards of incurable hospitals and almshouses, a real Lady Bountiful, holding her soft garments close to her and trying her best not to inhale the hospital air, which, by the way had been odorized, or deodorized, or something, for her special visiting day. Here at Lourdes she had to swallow it with such accompaniment and under such circumstances that, instead of fainting or flying for her life, she forgets herself at times, and when she remembers herself she is conscious of unwaited strength. A sense of courage, boldness, yes, even audacity, has been borne within her.

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I was cured of painful Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I was cured of Indigestion by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Maid (to absent minded invalid)—The doctor is here, sir.

Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, bark and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Richards' Headache Cure contains no opiate.

Agent—Don't you want an enlarged photograph of yourself?

Stout Gentleman—Enlarged? What for?

Hasgard's Yellow oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Believes pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, etc. Price 25 cents.

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pain in the Stomach AND ALL Summer Complaints.

ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS. IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM. RELIEF ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable, Effective. Every House should have it. Ask your Druggist for it. Take no other.

PRICE, 35c.

MILBURN'S HEART NERVE PILLS ARE A SURE CURE FOR

Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Loss of Memory, Melancholia, Headaches, After Effects of La Grippe, Palpitation of the Heart, Anemia, General Debility, and all troubles arising from a run-down system.

They will build you up, make rich red blood and give you vim and energy.

Price, 50c. per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS. Wickler—Beastly weather, isn't it? Adler—Why will you use these

idiotic expressions? How can the weather be beastly? Wickler—Well, it's raining cats and dogs.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness, or any condition arising from impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Cheerful Idiot—What's the purpose of those letter scales? Postal Clerk (wearily)—We use 'em to wrap our words on, so as not to ask foolish questions. Nix!

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

There are gossips young and gossips old, And gossips great and small, But we hold the "pious" gossip Is the very worst of all.

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a backache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint use Doan's Pills.

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PRICE, 35c.

MID-SUMMER Finds us with the Largest Stock of Up-to-date FURNITURE

Ever seen in Charlottetown. We are able and willing to make prices interesting.

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Home-Made Ready-Made Best Made Clothing.

Pure all wool Black Worsted Suits \$12.00

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W. P. COLWILL.

Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

HAMMOCKS

The hot weather is now upon us. To have

Cool Comfort

You need one of our "Solid Comfort" HAMMOCKS.

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.

We have also the Montserrat Lime Juice in Pint bottles

BEER & GOFF GROCERS.

! SAY !

If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of BOOTS or SHOES

or anything else in the FOOTWEAR

line, at the greatest saving price to yourself, try—

A. E. McHACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

A. A. McLEAN, L.B., O.C., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, CROWN'S BLACK MONEY TO LOAN

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