

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.

A TRYST WITH SOLITUDE.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

In the clear blue of noon I sought the wood, Keeping a longing for tryst with solitude.

Sitting myself beneath a great oak tree, A wood owl's eyes, uncanny, glared at me.

Chill was the air; the dark and oozy moss Two grays spiders weaved their webs across.

From a green pool, fetid with stagnant breath, A slimy creature croaked—I thought of death.

Weary of life, my steps had turned away, In the still wood to muse, that summer day.

Now changed my mood—the tall firs piercing through, Once more I caught a glimpse of heavenly blue.

To gaze was bliss, to breathe was a delight, With scent of flowers, and meadows greenly bright.

And lo! a flash of sunlight from on high Smiled, like a beam of hope, from God's own sky.

Then all my soul went up in voiceless praise, "Thank God," I thought, "for this sweet day of days!"

"Bright are the fields, dim and dark the wood,— No more I keep a tryst with solitude."

—Ave Maria.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart)

(Continued.)

Blandine came tripping lightly along the hall. Her presence at this moment was a happy diversion for Margaret's heart was full to overflowing.

Blandine's eyes were sparkling with animation; she was evidently impatient to impart some great news.

"Well, demanded Sister Noella, 'what of the procession, and the pilgrimage?' 'Was it a success?'"

"O!" exclaimed the little one in a voice of rapture, "O! so beautiful! And such prayers! And a poor paralyzed man threw down his crutches, and walked in the procession; and every one could see the tears rolling down his cheeks. And a lame sister was cured, and everyone was so happy for her, she looked so glad!"

"And was the singing good?" "Oh, such singing! Everyone sang, and the Magnificat was just like at Lourdes, and the Benediction hymn, too!"

"So you waited for Benediction? Who bestowed it?"

"Our own dear Bishop of Tarbes, and he looked so kind, and spoke so pleasantly to us—to the children, I mean, and gave us his blessing more than once. I gave my benediction for—"

"The speaker glanced at Margaret, and their joyous look fell. She was disappointed, just as she had expected that Benediction to bring back the gift of sight to her dear lady. But Sister Noella looked so happy that she forgot her praise and responded with a loving smile to the Sister's next words.

"That was all, dear, and I am sure Madame Margaret felt its sweetness this very hour. Is it not so, dear friend?"

"O, yes, indeed! I felt and feel it, God is very good! Come here, Blandine." She folded the child tenderly to her heart and kissed her fondly, while she whispered, "Be faithful, my dear child; be faithful, that you may gain a crown of life for yourself, and help me to regain what I have lost. Not my sight, dear Blandine, but something far more precious! You understand do you not?"

"O, yes, dear lady! and I will try hard," was the earnest reply of the little creature, as she withdrew to her lessons.

"And now, dear Sister, at last I may call you by that name, dear, may I not?"

"Unworthy! unworthy," still protested poor Margaret. But the nun took no notice of the protest.

"Now, that my dear sister is so much better and stronger for our conference, is she not curious to know when and how I first guessed her identity? For you know I only saw you once, for a few brief moments, and in the midst of a throng. First, let me say, however, that you attracted and interested me from the very beginning. Never seeing you unveiled, how could I guess that the plain, black gown hid from me the white-robed convent girl?"

Then when we made nearer acquaintance, the first impression had given away to other interests. I thought of you only as the relative of Madame Moore. It was in that feverish hour when you threw off the bed-covering and a letter fell from the folds of your night-robe, that I made the discovery. I read the clear, bold letters of the address without premeditation. They stared me in the face, large, clear. That letter I put carefully away, dear Margaret, till you shall choose to ask for it."

Margaret was sorely troubled now. She had somehow concluded, in her own mind, that Antony had found her; that the letter must be from him. Not that she fancied for an instant that he could be still seeking her for any other motive, but a sense of high Christian duty, and the desire to right a cruel wrong. Now she realized her mistake. Had the letter been from him Sister Noella, so frank and confiding by nature, would have said so; the handwriting would have told her the fact. Who then could her unknown correspondent be?

"There is no one on earth to write to me," she said sadly, after a little reflection. "There must be some mistake. Please read or examine the letter, Sister Christmas, it cannot be for me, I think."

Sister Noella drew forth the heavy folds of paper from their secure covering. Soon a joyful exclamation broke the silence, "O Margaret! Margaret! Ah, how wonderful are the ways of Providence! Here in my hand lies the fulfillment of your friends' words: 'After my death it will come to her! Yes, here it is!'"

"What is it, Sister? What of good can come to me?"

"O, fall less, doubting Margaret! Fortune has come to you; good fortune! wealth! Do you understand, my dear? O, I am glad I glad!"

"Wealth, Sister! Ah, can it be wealth! then I can keep Blandine?"

"Dear, unselfish heart," thought the nun, as she gazed upon the calm face, and the sightless eyes lifted to heaven. Not one selfish thought, even at this moment. "Yes, you can keep Blandine; shall I send her to you, or read the letter?"

"Read enough to satisfy yourself, dear Sister, to make sure there is no mistake; then, if you will, let the child come to me. Do not tell me any details, dear friend."

"You may surely have your way about the child," said Sister Noella. "Money, and very much, is yours, now."

"Keep the papers, dear. Let Blandine come."

"When the echo of the nun's footsteps had died away, Margaret sank on her knees and stretched out her arms. "O, God!" she moaned, "come to me, Thyself! Come to me, not with riches; not with happiness, and not even with sight! Come to me with pardon. Blindness shall be as light to me with Thee. Come to me, my Saviour, my light, my life! Come to thy blind prodigal. Since she cannot find her way to Thee, come thou to her!"

"Dear little Blandine, it seems to me that you love the poor blind woman?"

"O very, very much, dear lady!"

"Art thou very sure, dear little one?"

"Very, very sure, dear lady. Very sure!"

"Enough to be my child, my own little child? Enough to call me by a better name than that of 'dear lady?'"

Blandine did not understand. She was silent. If Margaret could have read the expression of that sweet face, there would have been no need of further questions. But she was patient. She had a mother's instincts.

Seeing the look of patient waiting, the tender, longing look on the kind face, seeing the poor sightless eyes, the child took courage to speak out her thoughts.

"Then can I tell you, dear lady? It is as if you knew what I was thinking in my heart for such a long time."

"And of what has Blandine been thinking so long?"

"Blandine was wishing so much—so much, to be your little girl, your own little girl, to work for you, to wait on you, to stay here with you, and to take you up to the Calvary—when you are strong, I mean. And to ask our lady to give back your dear eyes. To ask her on the very tomb of Father Garicotte, where the dead child was restored to life."

"And then, Blandine, after that?"

"O, after that, to be always with you, dear lady. That was in my thoughts before you could not see any more."

"How so, dear?"

"Because, when Sister Superior sent me to you with messages—when you let me do little things for you, you spoke so gently, so—like my own"

"Doctors"

and people agree that Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is the best thing to take for "don't feel well and don't know why," especially babies—they like it—men and women don't mind it, but babies actually enjoy it.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND TRY IT. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. BOTTLES 25c and 50c. ALL DRUGGISTS.

When that sorrowful little heart had been soothed, Margaret asked the same question: "Can Blandine love the poor blind lady well enough to call her by that dear name that makes her weep? To call her mother, and let her be her mother, really and truly, in the place of that dear one now in heaven?"

"It is as if God wished me to have a new dear mother, just like her," whispered Blandine, nestling to the heart that craved her affection so earnestly, "and this is God's beautiful day for little Blandine," she murmured softly.

Presently she fell asleep in Margaret's arms. What would not blind Margaret have given at that moment, to see the sleeping face. She remembered its lovely features, the large soft, dark eyes, the sweet innocent smiling mouth, and the grave look that so readily replaced the smile. She remembered the face. But she longed with intense longing, to catch the expression it wore for her. Not that she could doubt but what the little child was sincere and true and loving—but one sees the heart through its windows, and the pure heart of Blandine was what she craved. But she was resigned.

She even said to herself; "It is well, it is even better so. Since, not to see her is to have a little cross, it is better so. It is a proof that I may hope to be near Him, since He deigns to give me even this little portion of His love to carry." She placed the sleeping child upon her own couch, pondering over her last words: "This is God's beautiful day for little Blandine." "May it indeed be God's beautiful day for these and me," was Margaret's prayer. "Beautiful it surely is and will be, since He gives me the sure hope of calling this little lamb my own, and the means of providing for her."

Yes, truly a wonderful and beautiful day for Margaret and her adopted child. It is sunrise with them now. Between this glad sunrise and glorious sunset we foresee for them there will inevitably be some clouds, for, as our own dear Longfellow truly says, "Into each life some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary."

The reason why Sister Noella goes smiling about her work to-day has nothing to do with Margaret's letter. That letter at Margaret's earnest request, has been put away. She has begged Sister Christmas not to speak of it more, either to her, or any one, until—well, without further explanation the nun understands that Margaret desires something more precious than this world can give, before letting her mind be invaded by any change of fortune, however brilliant. She is more than satisfied with the first fruits of her good fortune. I have given her Blandine, an innocent child, to love and care for. O, who can lead her up the Calvary of Betharram, and thence up that other Calvary, that leads straight to heaven's gate.

dear mother," and again at the thought of that dear mother little Blandine broke down and sobbed, sobs of such deep pain for one of her tender years, that Margaret was constrained to gather her again close to her breast, as that mother might have done, and kiss away the blinding tears.

When that sorrowful little heart had been soothed, Margaret asked the same question: "Can Blandine love the poor blind lady well enough to call her by that dear name that makes her weep? To call her mother, and let her be her mother, really and truly, in the place of that dear one now in heaven?"

"It is as if God wished me to have a new dear mother, just like her," whispered Blandine, nestling to the heart that craved her affection so earnestly, "and this is God's beautiful day for little Blandine," she murmured softly.

Presently she fell asleep in Margaret's arms. What would not blind Margaret have given at that moment, to see the sleeping face. She remembered its lovely features, the large soft, dark eyes, the sweet innocent smiling mouth, and the grave look that so readily replaced the smile. She remembered the face. But she longed with intense longing, to catch the expression it wore for her. Not that she could doubt but what the little child was sincere and true and loving—but one sees the heart through its windows, and the pure heart of Blandine was what she craved. But she was resigned.

She even said to herself; "It is well, it is even better so. Since, not to see her is to have a little cross, it is better so. It is a proof that I may hope to be near Him, since He deigns to give me even this little portion of His love to carry." She placed the sleeping child upon her own couch, pondering over her last words: "This is God's beautiful day for little Blandine." "May it indeed be God's beautiful day for these and me," was Margaret's prayer. "Beautiful it surely is and will be, since He gives me the sure hope of calling this little lamb my own, and the means of providing for her."

Yes, truly a wonderful and beautiful day for Margaret and her adopted child. It is sunrise with them now. Between this glad sunrise and glorious sunset we foresee for them there will inevitably be some clouds, for, as our own dear Longfellow truly says, "Into each life some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary."

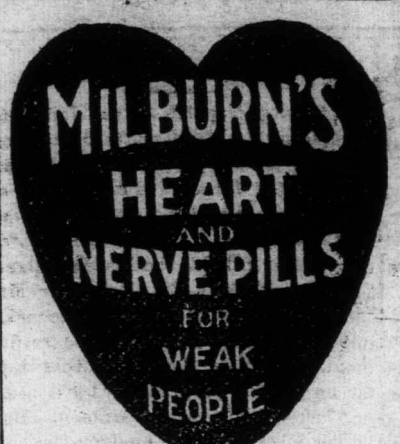
The reason why Sister Noella goes smiling about her work to-day has nothing to do with Margaret's letter. That letter at Margaret's earnest request, has been put away. She has begged Sister Christmas not to speak of it more, either to her, or any one, until—well, without further explanation the nun understands that Margaret desires something more precious than this world can give, before letting her mind be invaded by any change of fortune, however brilliant. She is more than satisfied with the first fruits of her good fortune. I have given her Blandine, an innocent child, to love and care for. O, who can lead her up the Calvary of Betharram, and thence up that other Calvary, that leads straight to heaven's gate.

Yet the grey nun smiles and smiles, although the wonderful letter with its five great red seals has nothing to do with her happy thoughts. If she remembers it she rather frowns, for it is more a subject of regret than rejoicing at this moment. Not that the rich heritage is a subject of regret but that it has come too soon, thinks Sister Christmas, who is expecting a little pilgrimage of her own. She has alluded to this pilgrimage several times, without exciting Margaret's interest or curiosity, and she resents that just a little, in a charitable way, of course. "It is a very little pilgrimage," she says, "only a family group—some friends who have longed wished to pay a visit to the ancient chapel and well of Betharram, and the new grove and fountain of Lourdes. They will expect to see very saintly folk at these holy shrines, for how could such else abide in the shadow of such sanctuaries." And having said this, partly to Blandine and partly to herself, she is ready to move to bite her tongue for vexation and shame lest Margaret, the sensitive, should apply them to herself, and remember the years she has passed in indifference and insensibility, close to the chapel and Calvary itself.

But Margaret has not heard a word. She is meditating too intently to notice passing remarks. She is reviewing the past, so bright and then so dark. She is looking at the present; it is dark yet bright too, with a great hope. As to the future she says to herself—"I leave that to the grace of God. Yes, I leave the past to His mercy, the present to His love, the future to His grace." And thus leaving all in the Hands that can alone hold all she finds what the world with all its power and glory and splendor can not afford. She finds peace of heart.

And now, strange thing! Sister Noella has become busy and intrusive, a most unnatural thing in any religious, but most of all in one so discreet, so well poised, so dignified. She is hovering about Margaret, restless, excited, arranged her hair, her gown, her shawl.

"I want some of your repose to



These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swellings of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fog, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

day, Sister Margaret, feel how my pulse beats!"

"True! and yet you are not feverish!"

"May I sit here awhile, in Blandine's place, and talk off the rebellion that is getting the better of me?"

"By all means! Do sit here, near me, so!"

"Since we are cozily alone, once more, I may as well speak of some things we did not touch upon the other day. For example, I did not tell you, did I dear, that our stepmother still rules at Dacre?"

"No, does she?" Margaret's voice was quite calm, not to say indifferent.

"Yes, she does. But she is greatly changed. Her son, O we love him as our own brother! has brought this about by his likeness, his zeal for God. It was he who brought her to confess her share in your departure, and to sue for Antony's pardon."

(To be continued.)

A Sustaining Diet.

These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

School Examines.—What is the meaning of false doctrine?

Schoolboy.—Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to people who are sick.

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

Spain is contracting for new warships, but is placing her orders in France and England. One would think that she would give the American builders a few orders, after the thorough and expensive tests she made of their efficiency.

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a headache 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.

Papa—Where's my umbrella? I am sure I put it in the hall stand with the others last evening.

Willie—I guess Mabel's bean took it when he went home last night.

Mabel—Why, Willie! The ideal Willie—Well, when he was sayin' good night to you I heard him say: "I'm going to steal just one."

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

SO-CALLED STRAWBERRY COMPOUNDS ARE NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN RANK IMITATIONS.

THE GENUINE IS



DOAN'S STRAWBERRY COMPOUND CURES

Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. Safe, Reliable, Harmless, Effectual.

And now, strange thing! Sister Noella has become busy and intrusive, a most unnatural thing in any religious, but most of all in one so discreet, so well poised, so dignified. She is hovering about Margaret, restless, excited, arranged her hair, her gown, her shawl.

"I want some of your repose to



NINE BOILS. FOUR RUNNING SORES.

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

Some time ago my blood got out of order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous small ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot and leg and I was in a terrible state. A friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured three bottles. After finishing the first bottle the boils started to disappear and the sores to heal up. After taking the third bottle there was not a boil or sore to be seen. Besides this, the headaches from which I suffered left me and I improved so much that I am now strong and robust again.

Yours truly, MISS MARGIE WORTHINGTON, Galespie, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Is your wine ter let that mawel do as he please?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "What's your will power?"

"My will power's all right," he answered. "You'll stantwater come out lyar as measure dia mawel's wou'll power."

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.

"And did you find the Chinese a brave nation?" we asked the returned soldier.

"Indeed," he replied, casting a sidelong glance at the wagonful of loot which was being unloaded, "they were fomon worthy of our steel."

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE. Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN MADER. Mabone Bay.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOSHUA WYNACHT. Bridgewater.

May—Girls, what do the papers mean when they talk of the seat of war?

Elia—I don't know any more than I know what a standing army is for. Bulls—Why, how ignorant you are, dear! The seat of war is for the standing army to sit down on when it gets tired.

Richard's Headache Cure, by mail, 10 cents.

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.

Pupil—Where is Athens? Teacher—You mean Athens, Johnnie. It is in Greece.

Pupil—No, I don't mean Athens. I mean Atom, the place people get blown to in boiler explosions.

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

An Irish recruit was once brought up for breaking into barracks—that is, getting over the wall instead of entering by the gate. "But, Marjory," said the officer, "though you work like you should have come in by the gate."

"Please your honor," said Murphy, "I was a'zaid of w-king the sentry."

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

BRITISH TROOP OIL LINIMENT FOR

Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

New Patterns AND New Prices

ALL OVER OUR STORE THIS SPRING.

If you require NEW FURNITURE or BEDDING it is here for you at a less price than you can get it elsewhere for. Send your repairs to us.

MARK WRIGHT & CO., Ltd.

Home-Made Ready-Made

IS THE Best Made Clothing.

Pure all wool Black Worsted Suits \$12.00

Pure all wool Blue Serge Suits 10 50

Imported Worsteds Suits 8.00

Imported Serge Suits 8.50

Youth's Blue Serge Suits, sizes 32 to 35, long pants 6.25

D. A. BRUCE.

Lawn Mowers

ICE CREAM Freezers

Oil Stoves

Very Cheap

Fennell and Chandler

THE STOVE MEN.

We are always at it!

AT WHAT?

Selling, Packing and Shipping Crockery.

Why are we always at it? Because we have the largest and most up to date

Show of Crockery

On P. E. Island, and the people know it too. We make a special effort to carry the newest lines of

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets

We take great pleasure in showing our goods and would be pleased to have a visit from you. For value and satisfaction always call on P. E. Island's greatest Crockery Store.

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.

A Snap In Raisins

We find we are overstocked with

3 pounds 10 cent Raisins For 20 cents.

This price is less than cost last fall, but we have too many on hand and they have got to go. Send your orders in early to

BEER & GOFF GROCERS.

!SAY!

If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of BOOTS-SHOES or anything else in the

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

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

A. A. McLEAN, L.B., O.C., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary

QUEEN'S BLACK MONEY TO LOAN

ALL KINDS OF

JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Tickets

Posters