

Found At Last

A Liver Pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and so roughly, that does not gripe. Laxa-Liver Pills possesses these qualities, and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick Headache, etc.

THE WAITER AND THE TIP.

Beside your chair, expectantly, The smooth-faced waiter stands; Whichever way you look you see The hollows of his hands; You wonder if he merely hopes, Or if he'll make demands. He brushes off a crumb or two And shoves along a plate, And then he stands just back of you And you can feel him wait; Your heart is filled alternately With pity and with hate. Oh, if he'd only go away You'd bolt your steak and flee; At last you hope he's left, and look Behind you stealthily— He thinks there's something that you want, And rushes up to see.

He pours your coffee in the cup And fixes things anew; He lightly takes the sugar up, And looking down at you, Asks very, very humbly, if You'd have one lump or two. You eat as slowly as you can, And read the bill of fare, And long to see some other man Come in and take a chair, And, thumping on the table, call Your waiter over there.

But people come and people go And still he keeps his place; He goes to get the finger-bowl As if he ran a race. And having set it down, he stands And looks you in the face. You try to sneak around and get Your overcoat, but he Is there before, and holds it up. You do it sheepishly. And turn and get your check to learn How much your bill will be.

He takes your hat down from the hook, And brings your stick, and then He hurries to the desk and soon Comes rushing back again— Your change consists of quarters and Some nickels and a ten.

Where are your resolutions now?— There's something in the curve Of palm and fingers that, somehow, They only have you serve— Outside you blame yourself because You didn't have the nerve. —Chicago Record Herald.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart)

(Continued.)

PART II.

Blandine, for Blandine is the second maid, has no choice but to obey. She follows her guide up a flight of stairs, broad and steep, that lead to a spiral staircase. This too, they named, and Blandine stands in an immense chamber, the full extent of the suite of apartments beneath. It is cheerless, not warm. There is a window at its utmost extremity, a single bed, a low couch, a chair or two and a table. "Go to bed, and sleep, miss," says Luba, "you will not be disturbed."

Although Sophie had assured her that she would have nothing to fear from the presence of the Colonel for a month at least, she keeps ever on the alert for sudden surprises. She never wholly disarms, never gives herself to willing sleep till the gift of confidence and hope comes to her, as if from heaven, in answer to her fervent prayers. Now she yields and is comforted by sleep; she eats and her bodily frame resumes its vigor, her mind its elasticity. More than a third of the month passes before Mlle. Dorzalli pays her a visit. She expects to find her tired of her prison. She looks keenly at the young girl as she bids her take a seat near her. They face each other. Blandine, clear-eyed, her head high, looks straight into the eyes that do not meet her gaze frankly.

"Are you still opposed to your own good, to your own happiness?" she asks. "What good, and what happiness. Mademoiselle?" "The good of a wealthy, a brilliant marriage. The happiness of being adored, as you will be, by your husband."

"Mademoiselle, what have I ever done to you, that you should be my enemy, and force upon me a thing so hateful? You know I cannot give myself away, as you would wish; neither can I love this gentleman."

"That is not necessary. He will teach you. He will find a way to make you happy in spite of yourself. You may therefore learn the truth now, and be well assured that you will never leave this room till he comes to take you from it as his wife. He loves you well enough to give you time, nay he insists upon giving you time, although, were I of my way of thinking, he would take you without needless delay."

But he is chivalrous, and desires to touch your heart, if you have one, by giving you time. He forces me to give it, although I should be now on my way to the Crimes. This house was placed at my disposal for a month. One month, therefore, is the limit of his or my utmost endurance. Remember you are in my power, and I am not one to yield."

Blandine arose and stood before the speaker. Clapping her hands, she raised her eyes to heaven with a look of appealing love. "You say I am in your power, Mademoiselle; but if I am, I am also in God's power, and in His care. Never, no never, will I consent to what you ask; it would be too sinful. Do your worst, I am not friendless or forsaken!"

Mlle. Dorzalli laughed. "Baby heroics! You have powerful friends, I doubt not. Some of the Saints you are so fond of will show them in a vision where you are and lead them here to set you free. I fancy them passing through my apartments. At the foot of this staircase there is a double-barred door. That door opens into my private rooms. There will be a sentinel there during my absence, be well assured. I give you one more chance. A child's word is easily changed from 'no' to 'yes'; I must leave you now; which shall it be, my dear?" The tone was playful, mocking. Blandine turned away and let her depart without another word. She was glad she knew the worst. Sophie's words were confirmed. She determined to be confident in God's mercy; not to yield to fear, which was unworthy of the child of Mary. She had time to pray, to prepare her soul, to be ready for the worst; the worst would be death. She felt she could not live if their threats were carried to their issue. Her death would mean sorrow for her dear second mother, but once she would learn she was free, in heaven with her parents, she was sure to see in the pain God's will.

Only one week remains. Suddenly the food supply ceases. The visits cease altogether, and a cup of water and a crust are placed by an unseen hand at the door. Blandine takes the bread eagerly. Poor hungry child! She feels sure that she is going to die, and that death will soon unbar the doors of her prison. She is so weak she can hardly cross the room now; but she rises, and tries to hide her weakness when Luba comes, on the last day of the month, and bids her follow her. She is almost past taking notice of what they do or say, when told to make her toilet.

"Make her toilet!" Yes, why not? It will be a preparation for her grave. She is glad to make such a toilet; she is eager to begin. "Yes, Luba," she says obediently, "I will." And she makes her toilet, aided by the woman, who looks at her with something like pity in her hard black eyes. The pure water revives her, the pungent odor of the perfumes excites her, gives her strength to go through with the labor. She is clothed in bridal robes, from satin corset to satin slippers. But the strength was fictitious, and before the last touches are given Blandine has sunk down unconscious.

"Quick, Luba, the smelling salts from my table!" Luba flies down the stairs. Mademoiselle walks up and down impatiently for a minute. She goes to the staircase, glances down, calls—no answer, and no sign of Luba returning. She comes back, sees the still unconscious form, and in desperate impatience hastens to her.

KICK A DOG

Kick a dog and he bites you. He bites you and you kick him. The more you kick the more he bites and the more he bites the more you kick. Each makes the other worse.

A thin body makes thin blood. Thin blood makes a thin body. Each makes the other worse. If there is going to be a change the help must come from outside.

Scott's Emulsion is the right help. It breaks up such a combination. First it sets the stomach right. Then it enriches the blood. That strengthens the body and it begins to grow new flesh.

A strong body makes rich blood and rich blood makes a strong body. Each makes the other better. This is the way Scott's Emulsion puts the thin body on its feet. Now it can get along by itself. No need of medicine.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, TORONTO CANADA. See and get all druggists.

down after the dilatory maid. Blandine is alone, the door stands wide open. When she uncloses her eyes from the long swoon, and realizes what has been passing, sees her satin gown and the bridal veil lying by her side, she strives to rise, to cast herself into the arms of her Blessed Mother, to be delivered from this hour. She clasps her crucifix, which they would fain have taken from her, and replaced by a necklace of gems, but her gentle supplication unarmed the cruel hand that would have undone the elopement of Margaret's chair, and she has the precious token still. She kisses it with pallid, trembling lips; kisses the souvenir medal and thinks one rapid thought as she holds it to her lips, "God bless the giver, who is doing God's work under difficulties." She sees the open door. Oh, if she only had strength to fly! But she knows well that the enemy is not far off, that the jailer below is barring the road with her own person. How long they leave her to herself! She hears them now. Voices—a man's voice! "O God! O Sacred Heart of Jesus! O Mary, my mother!" She gasps out these angry appeals. The step is on the stairs. "They will be done, O God!"

"This way! Follow me!" That voice could have recalled her from the grave. A swift step; another of lighter step. But Blandine hears them not. One little cry of joy when she sees the face of her deliverer, and she knows no more. Strong arms bear her from her prison, loving eyes look upon her, tender hearts are gathered around her. Before she knows where she is, her beloved second mother is reading the despatch: "Found. All well. Coming soon." Oh, the joyful day at Dacre!

"Man propose, God dispose." How often we quote this solemn truth, and how seldom do we trust fully in its promise. God has provided for Blandine of Betharram a very different destiny from that proposed by man. He did send his angel, to guide the steps of those who were to save and set her free. Mlle. Dorzalli did see them pass through her double barred doors. She bows her proud head with shame and confusion when John of Bethlehem, bearing his unconscious burden, passes out, followed by Antony Dacre and Nan Clough. She bows it lower still, when she recognizes Nan. She is not slow to guess that Dacia will have knowledge of her defeat. She is not left long to brood over Dacia's triumph. There are questions she must answer to the authority now in charge of her apartments. It would be unchristian to triumph over her. It is pleasant to look at Blandine herself, where she lies, white and still, but smiling and happy. How often, in her long days and nights of solitary musing, has she not fancied herself here, protected by good Madame Blank. It is the motherly face of that noble lady that bands over her now to tell her she must give no thanks at all to John of Bethlehem for hastening from his work to rescue her, because it was all self interest on his part from the first. And Blandine blushes, and looks so lovely that Nan, who is nurse, governess, companion, everything, hides her face to weep for joy.

John of Bethlehem must hasten back to his people; but he asks a question of Antony Dacre before setting out. Uncle Antony, speaking for godmother Margaret and himself, whispers something in Blandine's ear that makes her blush again and hide her face. Uncle Antony has to repeat the question, and in the end take silence, a blush and a smile, for answer. "A whole year!" cries John of Bethlehem. "Only one little year," exclaims godmother. But long or short it was a happy year, that one year at Dacre, a memorable year. Does any one need to be told how Blandine passed her days at Dacre with her godmother and dear Uncle Antony; with those wonderful little ones, Antony the Second and Blandine of Dacre, and Baby Francis?

Some one else is waiting for that day. Sister Noella, the tireless, the laborious, the wholly unselfish, who, as her contribution to the sum of prayers offered for Blandine's safety, generous relinquished of her own accord the happiness of founding the English house of her order. O golden deed! What pleasant reading does the record of such "golden deeds" make! What pleasant work to compile them, too!

Nan Clough has to hurry away from Dacre to her great regret. Rand needs her. Cyprine needs her. Jo and Nannette need her most of all. Mother Matteus has been suddenly called from them; suddenly, but not without preparation. Penitent, and resigned, and absolved, she closed her eyes, commending "good Nan" to Cyprine to the last.

Nan stops at Paris to give Dacia all the news. One little secret Blandine has bound her over to keep faithfully. (To be concluded.)

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

It Hurt To Eat.

The pain, nausea and distress that Dyspeptics suffer after every meal can all be permanently removed by Burdock Blood Bitters. It tones up and restores the stomach to normal condition so that it digests food without causing discomfort. Here's proof positive:

Mrs. Maggie Splade, Dalhousie, N.B., wrote the following: "I have been a sufferer from Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia for the past two years and felt very miserable. I could not take much food as it hurt me to eat. My friends said, 'Why don't you try B.B.B.' I did so, using two bottles, which made such a complete cure that I can now eat anything I like without it causing me discomforts."

Simple But Rare Accomplishments.

Mr. David R. Forgan, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, is a Nova Scotian by birth, and was formerly manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Fredericton. In a recent address at the annual closing of Lake Forest University, Chicago, he made a statement which should be pondered to every teacher and student in the country: "What are the educational qualifications which you will find most helpful in entering upon a business life?"

1. To be able to write a good legible hand, to make good figures and to place them correctly—the units below the units, and tens below the tens, and so on. 2. To be able to add, subtract and multiply rapidly and accurately. 3. To be able to express yourself clearly, briefly and grammatically in a letter and to spell the words correctly.

Very simple accomplishments, you say! Yes, and very rare. I have taken many young men into business in this country, and I can scarcely recall one who had these accomplishments.

These are simple accomplishments, and because they are simple, it is supposed they may be gained indirectly and without much effort. What a mistake! To attain them requires daily effort and practice for years. They require purpose, too, and the "take hold and keep it" qualities. If Mr. Forgan's "accomplishments" are so rare—and we quite believe they are among graduates of schools—why not make their attainment more of an aim in school life—a serious business that would require skill and firmness on the part of the teacher, and diligence and perseverance on the part of students.—Ex.

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence known in many different ways—sometimes by cheery sunshine and glistening snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twists harder, twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more annoying, and the many symptoms of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments. The medicine that cures them—Hood's Sarsaparilla—is easily obtained and there is abundant proof that its cures are radical and permanent.

Dr. Jalap.—Let me see your tongue please. Patient.—O, doctor, no tongue can tell how badly I feel.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

"I jes' want a ticket to Coonville." "Single ticket?" "No man! I's been married f' de las' nine years!"

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

"Now, Harold put away those toys that lie there in a heap." "Shes', grandmamma, don't speak so loud—I think my foot is asleep!"

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

STRONG AND VIGOROUS. Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all cases arising from weak heart worn out nerve tissue, or watery blood.

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail. Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I have believed I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Following instructions—"Why, Jimmie," said the gracious hostess, "you have taken half a pie on your plate." "Yes'm, Mamma said I mustn't have but one piece when I was visitin'."

For Cuts, Wounds, Chills, Chapped Hands Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bites of Insects, Croup, Coughs, Olds, Hayward's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

"How do you like the roast lamb, Mr. Knox?" inquired the landlady. "Lamb? Ah? yes, Mary's lamb," said the cranky boarder, for harking back to his childhood he realized that Mary's pet might easily be that old now.

If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own cathartic.

Mr. Ireland—"This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies." Mrs. Ireland—"Is it?" Mr. Ireland—"I should say so. If you are drowning, turn to page 103 and you'll see how to save yourself."

MESSES. C. C. RICHARDS & Co., Gentlemen.—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of Influenza.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Riggs.—I want to give you a piece of good advice. Digs.—All right; but first let me give you a piece. Riggs.—Well, what is it? Digs.—Follow the good advice you are going to give me.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leaves no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 10 and 25 cents. All dealers.

Two ministers were walking on an icy sidewalk, when one slipped and fell. "Ah, my brother," said the erect parson, "the wicked stand on slippery places." "I see they do, but I can't," replied the fallen D. D., bruised, but bright.

British Troop Oil Liniment is unsurpassed by any liniment on the market to day. It is composed of healing, soothing and cleansing vegetable oils and extracts. It is put up in large bottles for the small price of 25 cents.

"Pa, what are prejudices?" "Other people's opinions, my son."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS will fix them up—take out the inflammation and congestion, give ease to the aching back.

Mr. J. Evanson, the well-known painter and decorator, 50 Oxford St., Toronto, Ont., said: "About eight weeks ago I was taken with an excruciating pain in my back over the kidneys. It was so bad that my wife had to apply hot cloths till the doctor came and gave me morphine. He said the trouble was due to a stone passing from the kidney to the bladder. My water was loaded with a brick dust deposit and scalded on passing. While in this condition I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and started taking them. It was not long before I got relief from pain and have been improving in health ever since. My urine is now clear and does not smart me, and I feel better than in years."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. These little black fellows act easily and naturally on the system, clearing away all bile and effete material. Constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, waterbrash—all disappear when they are used. Price 25c.

Suits.

WE KEEP Right to the Front IN THE Tailoring Trade;

Tweed & Worsted Suits FROM \$14 UP.

JOHN McLEOD & CO., Merchant Tailor.

For 30 Days.

POSITIVELY WITHOUT PROFIT

WE OFFER THE BALANCE OF OUR Fur Coats, Fur Lined Coats, Fur Caps, Fur Collars, Ulsters, Overcoats, Winter Reefers, Heavy Underwear, Top Shirts, and heavy Ready-made Tweed Suits.

We will without fail carry out what we advertise. If you want anything in the above list call on us and you will get extraordinary value.

D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block, Charlottetown.

Painters' Kidneys. The worst thing a painter has to contend with is the turpentine. The lead, of course, is bad too. But the turpentine cuts the kidneys, inflames and weakens them, makes the painter's life a dangerous and troublesome one. When a painter's back aches, its time for him to begin treating the kidneys.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS will fix them up—take out the inflammation and congestion, give ease to the aching back.

Little Stoves, Big Stoves

AND All Kinds of Stoves.

Fennell & Chandler, The Stove Men, Ch'town.

New Tea!

Our new Seasons Teas are now in stock and we are offering some extra good values. We have one very nice blend Tea put up in metal quarter-chests (containing 21 pounds each). This is a nice sized package for family use and is a FIRST-CLASS TEA. We have a new

CEYLON TEA that we offering in lots of 5 pounds and upwards for 18 cents per pound.

BEER & GOFF

Carter's Bookstore

HEADQUARTERS FOR Books, Magazines, Newspapers

(Home and Foreign) STATIONERY WALL PAPER, FANCY GOODS, TOYS

The latest Works of Fiction and all the leading Magazines and Newspapers promptly received. Ample supplies in all lines at all times.

Geo. Carter & Co. Booksellers & Stationers.

!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. McEACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Tickets Posters

Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads

Check Books Receipt Books Note of Hand Books