St John of the Cross," she exclaimed.

" He was St. Teresa's saint. Sister

Superior told us about him the other

day. I will hurry, sir." She was

starting off, when she felt the stran-

ger trying to slip something into her

nand-she eluded him, and was out

"What a lovely child!" thought

he young man, "so simple and so

modest. Just like a wild bird." he

" Did she? I was not imitating that

and simplicity. Do you know I shall

ask you more of her some day. Who

is she?" Father St. Etienne shook

"Give her this. I tried to slip it

upon Him. Try to forget yourself.

Here, take this. It is something

tangible, something to rivet your

houghts upon. The one thing

he placed a crucifix in the ever

in which man can and must glory."

I know no more."

and dark."

restless hand.

your sight."

othing encouraging?"

"He is not a specialist, you are

of hearing in a moment.

## Labor Items.

Sudden accidente often befall artiness, e.c. Yellow Oil is a ready remedy for all such troubles. It is internally or xternally.

## PARIS.

Coquette of cities! with black pop pies crowned, Your warm, soft limbs in silken scar-

let wrapt. And dancing to the praises of hands

clapt, A lithe Bacchante half distraught

with sound, A lotus blossom to your brow

And when old wounds too painfully have gapped,

You played the fool, bedizened and becapped,

That in mad jest your sorrow might be drowned. Men go to you with straining eyes

that wept Long since the last and saddest their tears; Your jewelled fingers on their eye-

lids set Have soothed them when dren they have crept Nigh to your magic, banished al

their fears. When you have whispered, "Come let us forget."

-Mary Agnes O'Connor, in Waterbury

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

"Surely her angel sees the Father face to face," thinks Sister Noella, as the little girl enters noiselessly and bed. "How good God is to lend time?" such to this earth! What would it be without tnem?" And to this the residence. I can go and ask." thought follows another that makes her weep airesh. The prostrate Some one suggested that I might figure lying there, the blind woman find him here." over whom she is yearning as a that, a child of beauty and of pro- perior and the sick lady. You mise. "Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!" can see the house from here, sir. is all she can say.

"Sister Christmas!" How the road in that direction?" faintly whispered words thrilled the

nun's beart! one!" And she goes away to enforce ber command.

" Sister !" "Sleep yet, my dear. Soon I will

hear vou." When a little more strength comes, after a little restful sleep and strengthening draught, she lets her Father that John is on his way to

patient have her way. "But only a few words, remem- station." ber. I shall vanish again if you

try to say many." Two feeble bands reach out, Sie ter Noella takes them and holds

them gently and firmly. " Sister !"

"What is it, dear Margaret?" 46 I see !"

The large, dark eyes were closed under their heavy lids lay a mist,

"Are you sure, dear Margaret?" "O. I see at last!"

Still the lids were not lifted and the mist was thickening. "What do you see, my dear?"

"I see myself." A pause, and, "Oh God, what a sight." "The cry of pain, though weak as gether, walking briskly. "Come.

that of an infant, wrung the nun's your Johns?" " Margaret, dear Margaret, listen tioner was just in fun now, but it was to me, or rather to the voice of one such good natured fun that she smil speaking through me. Look not ed and tried to name all the Johns upon yourself, you are not your own, she could recall, "I know St. John,

Look away from yourself, to Jesue, who loved our dear Lord, and St. who loves you." She encircled the John the Baptist, and St. John in the suffering form with her arms, com, Hospice at Lourdes." forting her with tender touch as well as with voice.

moaned Margaret, "the sight is deadly."

"No! no! not so! There is no wound that Jeeus cannot heal, Look Lourdes." to Him. Only speak His name with love, and all fear will vanish."

"O, I dare not, I dare not!" "My poor friend, listen to me He is near you. He has spared your life for this alone. For this we have been praying night and day, here by your bedside. For this little Blandine has but now climbed the hill of Calvary, barefooted; and or her knees has asked life for you from our Lady of Betharram. But, Mar garet, life has been asked for you. for Jesus' sake. I am sure you have heard the little one praying and sob bing here 'for her dear lady.'"

"Yes," said Margaret, "even in the intervals of delirium I heard ber. and seeing her with the eyes of my soul has brought me to see myself. Myself, once like her. And now!"

"And now as dear to Jesus as then, dearer perhaps, since He paid the prayers of the innocent child, seems and row real seems well believe."

ever food you can bear again be hers. She was, therefore, again be hers. She was, therefore, again be hers. What then remained? In

Blandine is once more on the sunny hill side. She has been gathering sweet flowers for the convent zane, farmers and all who work in chapel. She has her apron full of the open air, besides the exposure to bright blossoms, and is descending cold and damp, producing rheumat | with light step-, and a heart almost ism, lame back, stiff joints, lame. as light. They tell her that D me Margaret is out of da. ger, and ler beart is full of gratitude to God and handy and reliable, and can be used our Lady. Sitter Nuella Las even s hispered to her in confidence, "She

> will soon let Father St. Etienne dded, seeing her lightly speeding, speak to her of her soul. Pray for flower laden, down the green slope. hat, my child, prey for that." He found Father St. Etjenne waiting As Blandine makes her way downfor him at the foot of the hill. Blanward to the chapel she is accosted gine had done her errand well. by a young pilgrim, a pleasant faced "Ab, it is you, cousin, said Father gentleman, who is evidently at Beth-St. Etienne, as he hurried up the

arram for the first time. path. "I met your messenger, who "Are you of the pilgrimage, my told me that 'Monsieur St. John of little girl?" he asks. the Cross' was in haste to see me.'

"O no, sir, I am of Betharam;

Blandine of Betharram." "Oh indeed, are you quite sure?" Blandine was too innocent to remark the amused tone of the speak

er's voice; she answered simply, "O yes sir, quite sure."

"And not Germaine of Pibrach, or Genevieve of Nanterre?" "O no indeed, sir! I am only

Blandine-of Betharram," she added, as if this were an indispensable ad-

The gentleman smiled in spite of himself, and the smile was so pleasant, the stranger's countenance so agreeable, that Blandine smiled back, and was going on her way when the gentleman spoke again.

"Well, perhaps Blandine of Betharram could give me the information I seek, as well as Germaine of Pibach, were she here."

Blandine did not understand the bantering tone, but she waited modestly and patiently for explanation. " Is this the chapel of Louis XVI., he expiatory chapel, do you know?" "Yes sir, this is the chapel visitors stop longest at."

The gentleman looked at his watch. "It's ten o'clock. Do you know Father St. Etienne?" "Yes sir."

"He was to have met me here at this hour. I am in haste. Where kneels once more at the foot of the is the Father to be found about this "Perhaps in the chapel, sir, or at

"I have asked at both places. "I think I can find him, sir. He

Just between the trees, there!" "Ah, I see. Is there a shorter

"Just this broad path is the near

est, sir. I am going there, I live "Dear Margaret!" A tender there-I can easily show you, sir." caress, a few drops of cordial, and a "Well, very well!" If you are finger on the lips as warning not to going there it will be easy for you, speak. "Not a word, dear, not and easy for me if you will take a message for me. Can you remem-

tian name alone. She hesitated, and

glanced up at the stranger timidly.

embarrassed. "Just what?"

"Just your first name, sir?"

"Must I say, just,"—she stopped

The gentleman laughed freely this

time. "Just John you mean? Why

not? Are you afraid of forgetting

The gentleman laughed heartily.

"For example, who are they, your

list of 'my namesakes?" They

were descending the hill to-

Blandine understood that the ques-

"What is his other name?"

" Has he any other name?"

"St. John of G.d, the saint who

loved slok people," said Blandine,

"Ah, ve y good! and who else"

"S . J ho at the Parish Church of

"They sall him the peace lover,"

said the child, "sometimes people go

"The peace lover, do they? Well,

that is a good name! I approve of

your list of Johns. But let me see

low speedily you can bear my mes-

age, for if I miss my train, it will

be a question of war and not of peace.

"If you must have a handle to my

ame tell the Father that Cross John

Blandine looked up brightly. "O,

is waiting forthim."

to his chapel to make friends again."

it? You know plenty of Johns, I

"O yes sir, plenty."

am aure.

reverently.

"O, yes, sir, certainly."

aware, dear Margaret, and therefore ber a message. Blandine?" could not pronounce any opinion. There is no specialist nearer than "Can you walk fast?" Bordeaux. Get strong speedily, "I can run, sir." then we will leave nothing undone "So much the better. Time for our good benefactress, be assurpresses. Will you tell the good

"Your poor benefactress! How the train. He will find me at the will she ever repay the debts contracted during this long illness?" Now it struck Blandine as some-"She paid them in advance, rething rather bold to speak of such ember that, dear friend, and in all an elegant gentleman by his Chris-

he years to come, remember that we still consider ourselves your debtors." "How good you are, dear Sister Christmas. And yet it is your voice, and not your words, though they are sweet and precious, that strikes a chord in my memory at this moment, is on that dreadful night, that black night, that has no day." Margaret covered her face with her hands for few minutes, but recovered herself and went on. "It was as if a voice poke to me from another world in ones that I had heard in my youth. Fever and anguish made me forget

t-it comes again to-day-speak, Sister, I would fain hear it once Sister Noella knelt beside the ouch. O, if she only dared to speak ! But the pallid face warned her that he least emotion might undo the labor of long nights and anxious days. So, choking back the feelings that were striving for the mastery, even in her strong spirit, she said in a low

and unnatural voice, "Let us say the Lord's prayer together." "It escapes me now," said Margaret. She did not guess that the voice was purposely changed to dee ceive her ear. Sister Noella could not bear to arouse memories, how ever sweet, least the feeble frame should be shaken beyond its power of endurance. But in her clear eyes there shone a light that looked like

flection of a star shining in the dis-Days passed into weeks. Strength eturned very slowly to Margaret. or a while the hope lingered in her reast, that with strength would come ome gleam of light. But no, all remained dark and melancholy began o take a strong hold upon her What was she to do?" she asked erself. In spite of the reiterated as-

hope, a light that, perhaps, is the re-

rance that the community would er remain her doctors, she felt ber poverty keenly. Little or nothing in up from any sickness, no matter ber purse. The house and ground what sort, begin with a little Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver tacitly given to the grey nuns Tacitly meant to her solemnly, for she would then, dearer perhaps, since He paid oil.

The price for your soul, as it is at It is food, and more than meant to her solemnly, for she would open Seres, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and not retract or break her word, even Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted NO this bour. Call upon Him, Mar- food: it helps you digest whathad been giver, and could never Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsey,



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, anæmia, hysteria, St. Vitus' ilent saint just now. The little girl dance, partial paralysis, brain fag, amused me vastly by her brightness female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

the long night hours and the hours his head. "One of the orphans of of daylight that were dark as night the convent yonder; the grey nuns. to her, she pondered over the ques tion. Still, she deferred to make peace with God, though she admitted nto her hand but she vanished the to herself that only in that peace instant I made the attempt." The could she ever be happy. Her congentlemen passed on their way to the science, slowly awakening and assertstation, while Blandine deposited her ing itself, ever urged her in one direcowers in the sacristy and Lastened tion, and had she only been capable back to the villa. Hearing the voice of finding her own way, whither it of Sister Noella, speaking with the pointed, she would e'er this, she sick lady, she quietly withdrew to fancied, have been kneeling at the he farthest corner of the outer altar of her dreams; the altar she had adorned in her childhood, when she "Dear Sister Christmas," Margaret was as good and innocent as Blandine. s saying to the nun, "you are very Only before that altar could she ever good. Yet, rather let me sink into revied the past and sound her soul to the depths of my own wretchedness, its depths. Elsewhere she must misery and nothingness. Strike me shrink from the task, avoid it by every still lower, for I see myself, and surely possible means. O there she would there can be no other abyss as deep be thankful to kneel in the dust, like the veriest beggar, and rejoice in her "To sink into the depths of our abasement. But not here? Not in nothingness is well, dear Margaret, this room whose walls were hateful to Father Faber tells us to do this, but her, not in the midst of pilgrims also to remember while sinking, to coming and going, not in a throng have Jesus with us. To love Jesus anywhere, but in some far off lonely while sinking, and keep our eyes fixed spot, where she might forget.

> (To be continued.) MISCELLANEOUS

> > A Combination.

As their name signifies, Laxa-"Does the doctor give any hope?" Liver Pille are a combination of laxasked Margaret after a long sigh, and stive principles with the best liver a pause in which, though she did not medicines obtainable. They cure eject the sacred symbol, neither did Sick Headache, Constinution, Biliousshe venerate or clasp it. It lay in ness; Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, her hand neither accepted nor reject- and all deranged conditions of the stomach, Liver and Bowels.

"He says the fever is well over, and First Chinaman-Let's see! The all must depend upon your nurse as to your health. You must get strong Ohristians have a text about turning before seeking special treatment for he other when struck on one cheek. Second Chinaman-I don't doubt t. Anything to increase the in-"Does he say nothing positivedemnity!

> Dear Sirs,-Within the past year I snow of three fatty tumors on the head having been removed by the application of MINARD'S LINI-MENT without any surgical operation, and there is no indication of a

CAPT. W. A. PITT. Gondola Ferry.

Critic-You haven't caught Mrs. Rawkes du Byrnes' expression at all! Portrait Painter-No; but I flatter myself I've caught her notion of ber expression.

Richards' Headache Cure. 2 doses, 10 cts.

"Same old presentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I suppose ?" "Not much; we've worked in a automobile collision and plantation ummage sale."

Waiting Doesn't Pay.

If you neglect the aching back, Urinary troubles and diabetes grely follow.

Doan's Pills relieve backache, Cure every kidney ill. If you are troubled, try them.

In what four respects does a caller resemble a lover? First, he comes to adore. Next, he gives the bell a ring. Next, he gives the maid his name. Then, if he does not find her out, he is taken in.

Richards' Headache Cure, by mail, 10 cents.

BRITISH



TROOP OIL LINIMENT

Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers,

A LARGE BOTTLE, 250,

## NINE BOILS. New Patterns 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 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 MAGGIE WORTHINGTON Feb. 3rd, 1901.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fishin' Trout.

Oh! it's funny sorter work-Fishin' trout, An' yer jest gotter min' what Yer about. Yer must keep back outer sight Not ter give the fish a fright; All the time ye air a fishin', Yer must keep in one persishun,

Keep yer line a gently swishin'

An' keep wishin', wishin', wishin',



If the water's pretty deep Let down low : If a trout's meanderin' round, Work up slow

If he gobbles up yer bait There is no more time ter wait.-Don't yer show the least emotion When he takes this little notion To do honor to your potion: Give your rcd a sudden motion

Land him-"nate!" -John J. Enman in P. E. Island

Magazine. The poet's exclamation: "OLife!

feel thee bounding in my veins." is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than o be. To live is to be well and strong-to arise a feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them-to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and trong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abounding. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our col-

"But she looks so confiding. "That's just what makes her so orrid; when you get to know her

ou find that she has nothing to con-Richards' Headache Cure

contains no opiate. " Maggie says she's a daughter of the Revolution."

" Can she prove it?" "Sure. Her father runs a merrygo-round.

Milbara's Pills build up and sustain the nerves, brain and heart, give color to pale, sallow complexions, increase the appetite, cure sleeplessness, nercous prostration, brain fag, and renew vigor and energy.

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

THE GENUINE IS



CURES

Dia rhosa, Dysentery, Colic. Cramps, Pains in the Stomach. Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Com: plaints. Safe, Reliable, Harmless, Effectual.



**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

Pure all wool Black Worsted Suits \$12.00 Pure all wool Blue Serge Suits 10.50

Imported Worsted Suits

Imported Serge Suits

Youth's Blue Serge Suits, sizes 32 to 35,

long pants

6.25

8.00

D. A. BRUCE.

# 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.

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.

COLWILL. Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

Save Your Dollars

Buy your Goods where you can buy the cheapest.

## Burrell's English Mixed Paints! Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

18c. pkg. Kalsomine. Alabastine, 25c. pkg. Brushes any price.

A full assortment of American Buggy Paints, White Enamel, Gold Paint, etc.

EVERYTHING FOR SPRING AT LOWEST PRICES

FENNELL & CHANDLER.

## **Carters**' Seeds Grow

and selling seeds.

The Largest Seed House in

Business increasing each year.

This is our record. The people of this province depend on us for their Seed supply and know when they buy from us that they are getting the very

you did not get a copy send to us

for one, they are free.

We find we are over-

8.50 For 20 cents.

> cost last fall, but we have too many on hand and they have got to go. Send your orders in early

\*\*\* If you want to buy SATISFACTORY pair of

BOOTS SHOES We make a special effort to carry the newest or anything else in the

FOOTWEAR line, at the greatest saving

price to yourself, try-

A. H. MCHACHEN. THE SHOE MAN. QUEEN STREET.

A. A. McLEAN, L.B., O.C., Barrister, Soliciotr, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAK

ALL KINDS OF WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD

Tickets

Posters Dodgers

Note Heads

Letter Heads

Check Books Receipt Books

Note of Hand Books

the Provinces.

best seeds that money can buy 12,000 copies of our 20th Century Catalogue issued this year. If

Geo. Carter & Co.

stocked with 3 pounds 10 cent Raisins

This price is less than

GROCERS.