

Turn the Rascals Out

We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, bad blood, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., unless the human system. Turn them out and keep them out by using Barcock's Bitter, the natural foe to disease, which invigorates, tones and strengthens the entire system.

THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

Convened in prayer the first Whitsunday found The apostolic twelve, awaiting still The Comforter Christ promised them would fill Their souls with peace and hidden truths expound. Then suddenly from Heaven came a sound As of a mighty wind. Their pulses thrill, And, crowned with tongue of flame, each yields his will By love's sweet chains to Truth forever-bound.

Still comes the Holy Spirit as of old, Though not with Pentecostal wind and flame; Ah, misery! that of our hearts are cold, Our souls distraught with vanity's acclaim; That peace and light we seek not even where The holy twelve both sought and found—in prayer!—Ave Maria.

Blandine of Betharrain.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

O, how Blandine prayed that she might cure the "dear lady." But she dares not let the least sound escape her now, much less talk to her of Lourdes or Betharrain. She can only gaze and gaze in childish pity. Once or twice she closes her eyes very tight, to see how it feels to be quite blind, but only for an instant, for she fancies the sick lady can see what she is doing, perhaps even guess her very thoughts.

The silence reigns long. It is like a death chamber. Not so much as a fly on the wing stirs the stillness, save when at intervals the sufferer moves suddenly, or grinds her teeth hard, in an effort not to give way to her feelings, and let her pain loose in a mad torrent of cries and groans, that might perhaps break the evil spell and set her free. But she feels the presence of the little child, and recalls the look of her large dark eyes, remembers her thoughtful, attentive and respectful she has ever been, and above all how silent and how timid was that docile little maid who had learned to fetch and carry between Sister Noëlla and herself, and never to be in the least indiscreet in word or act.

Somehow Blandine's presence does not annoy her. Remembering her modest air, the thoughtful look in the large eyes, she also remembers the words of the Superior: "Blandine is a child to be trusted," so that she, at times, almost forgets her presence. Once she quite forgets, and throws up her arms in a wild convulsive movement, and wrings her hands and shakes them. Blandine fancies she wants to speak, and cannot, so she advances a little, very timidly, saying "Does Madame want something?" Margaret motions her away.

Blandine's eyes slowly fill with tears. O, if only she could do or say something to comfort the dear lady. While she looks with heart full of childish compassion upon the sad sight, she notices that there is blood on Margaret's lips. Her pity suggests that it would be good to wipe it off with nice cool water. Water was there, from the fountain of St. Roch, but no napkin. She seeks for the clean handkerchiefs she has always in her inner pocket, under her heavy black apron and grey gown; in her skirt pocket, so rarely used. In doing this she touches something bulky and stiff. An involuntary cry escapes her lips. "What is the matter, Blandine?" Margaret has caught the sharp little cry, low as it is, and fears she has frightened the little one, and that she is going to give way to terror.

"O Madame! Madame!" "What is it, Blandine? Have I frightened you?" "Oh, no, dear lady! no! But something I forgot, something of yours, and I put my hand in my skirt pocket now to find a clean handkerchief to wipe your lips, dear lady, and O, I am afraid you will be displeased with Blandine! Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do?" "What did you forget, dear? Do not be afraid, I will not be vexed with you. Tell me what it is, dear?" But Blandine was thoroughly frightened, and could only reiterate, "I am so sorry. Now, it will make you worse, and I wanted so much to make you better. May I tell Sister Noëlla first?"

"Tell me first, Blandine; is it really something for me?" "Will the dear lady only not get worse?" pleaded the child. "Only promise not to get worse." The ac-

cent on the worse is painful to bear.

"I will try not to get worse, child; nothing can make me worse now. Tell me all, Blandine."

"Madame, it is this letter."

"A letter! and for me!"

Blandine placed in Margaret's hands a heavy envelope, covered with great seals. Margaret held it for an instant, touched the seals, laid it down with one hand upon it, the other shielding her eyes. The spasm of pain that contracted her features was very pitiful to behold.

The child sobbed and sobbed. After what seemed a long, long time to Blandine, she spoke.

"How came you by this letter, dear?"

"I was bringing it to Madame yesterday. The fac-eur gave it to me at the door, when I was coming to the dear lady from Sister Superior. He asked me to read the address, and if it was for the English lady. I said yes, for I could read Madame Margaret. He said he thought so, too, but if it were not, it could be sent back to the postoffice. Then I came with it in my hand."

"Well, Blandine, and then?"

"Madame sent me back to Sister Superior." This was said so low that Margaret could hardly catch the words. She understood all. She recalled the least incident of that hour.

"You are not to blame, dear Blandine. How could I blame you?"

"And Madame is no worse?"

"No, dear, no worse. See if you can read all the address, and the postmarks."

Blandine read: "Madame Margaret Moore," then hesitated. "I can spell the name, but I cannot pronounce it, Madame."

"Spell it, dear."

"Du-n-o-o-b-y," spelled Blandine. "And the postmark?"

"London, and another mark, Madame, that is blotted out."

Margaret held out her hand for the letter. "That will do, dear; thank you."

"Is Madame really no worse for my fault?"

"No, child, no. But promise me to say nothing of this to anyone."

"I cannot promise, Madame." The words gave pain to the child; she found it hard to say them.

"Why not?"

"I must confess my sins—every one."

"There is no sin; you did no wrong."

"I forgive," said Blandine. "It is wrong to forget."

"How did you happen to put the letter in your pocket, my child?"

"I hardly know, dear lady. I was frightened, and only remembered it when Sister Superior had gone, though it was in my outside apron pocket, where I put all Sister's things. When I was going to bed I put it in my other pocket, because Sister Superior could not listen to me; then I forgot."

"Have you any occupation for your hands, Blandine?"

"I have my beads, Madame."

"Then leave me for a little while. I will call you if I want anything."

"I will say my beads for Madame," said the child, as she softly withdrew to the next room.

Her little heart was sore at that moment, for although the "dear lady" had not manifested the least displeasure on account of her forgetfulness, yet she would have less confidence in her hereafter. Moreover, a sin of omission was a real sin to Blandine. She pondered over it while reciting her beads, and resolved to be more careful in future. She never thought of seeking excuses for her fault. One thing was clear to her childish mind: she had failed in a duty. To make amends, and to confess it, was all she could do. And this she could do only by praying very much for Madame Margaret, and accusing herself for her good father's confession.

Although Madame Margaret had offered no word of thanks for the gentle and willing services rendered her, for the proffered prayers, or the pure sympathy shown by the little child, it was not from insensibility to them, even that hour. But at the touch of that letter, such a flood of anguish and terror began to sweep through her soul that her reason threatened to give way. The full force of what had befallen her struck her like a javelin. The immensity of her loss, her isolation and impotency appalled her. Before the letter had been placed in her hands she had indeed begun almost wild with rage at being the cause that made life tolerable. Had she been reasonable, resigned, or capable of weighing her loss; had she, in one word, been a practical Christian, she would have said: "Blindness for me is not such a dreadful calamity after all. I am a being lonely and apart, safely shut away from the great world, I sit in it, and so can do without the sight of my eyes. God has given me shelter and food,

kind hearts to serve me, good nuns to protect me, children to come and go within my hearing, like birds and bees to make music and honey for my other senses. Nothing can harm me here. I have been deaf and forgotten these fifteen years, and more, and desire thus to remain till the angel of death shall summon me hence."

Some such thoughts would surely have come to her after the first natural outburst of rebellion against the inevitable. But now, O, irony of fate! After fifteen years of wasted sight, fifteen useless and sinful years of poring over godless pages, fifteen years of wasted sunlight, fitful sleep and vital energy, a use has come for the "wasted light" and strength.

What could this sealed missive be, that had found her after all these years? It was very thick, sealed with five great seals. She coaxed them with intense, feverish desire to penetrate their meaning by the sense of touch. O, for one little gleam of light, for five brief minutes' sight, to read this mystery, and then she would shut her eyes again for years, or forever, if it must be so! Is there no way to compass this? She rubs her eyeballs hard, till sparks of fire seem to shoot from them. She opens them, strains their lids to the utmost tension, strikes them, lightly, then less lightly, and at last with the fury of baffled effort, beats them till the pain overcomes her physical power. She was desperate. At this crisis a thought suggests itself. She puts it away at first, for the harder remedy of blows seems less painful. But since it does not avail?

She thinks of it again. She will try it. Slowly, with infinite precaution lest she should startle Blandine, she slips from her bed and kneels. She does not pray. She cannot.

If you have neglected your best friend for a long series of years, ignored him open and over again, both in public and in private, it will not prove easy to turn to him in a great crisis. And this is perhaps why Margaret does not pray. And yet her act seems something like a call upon the friend so long ignored.

In imitation of Him, on whom she had not yet called, she spits upon the oaken floor, and with the saliva rubs her aching eyes. This done, she keeps them closed purposely for a long, long while, in trembling fear. She returns to her couch and settles herself once more. Her left hand grasps the letter, her right hand holds down the rebellious lids that would fly open, were it not for that restraining hand. She dares not open her eyes suddenly, lest sight had as suddenly been restored, and she feels that the joy would overcome her, even to faintness. She remembers Blandine, and will not risk an exclamation even of sudden joy. She is almost sure she can see. Nay, in her presumptuous confidence, she fancies that the one act of faith implied in the effort she had just made, merits this reward. The longer she hesitates, the more confident she becomes, that only the lids and her shielding hand interpose between her and daylight.

A sort of gladness begins to pervade her being, a reaction from the anguish of past hours. She is saying to herself "the night and the blackness will soon vanish," when she catches the sound of footsteps mounting the stairs. She recognizes the tread of the physician, and the light steps of Sister Noëlla. She feels sure she will see them, quite sure. They are at the door. She removes her hand—darkness, nothing more.

"She has fainted," said the doctor, as he bent over the bed. "Humanly speaking, there is little hope," was his verdict, pronounced later, "although she has a good constitution and might survive, were she only reconciled."

After what seemed long battling with rough waves by night, in storm and darkness, battling with fire and flames, and cruel demons that mocked at her, and tortured her and lured her ever farther and farther from the calm, safe shore, there came a sudden calm, from which Margaret awoke an innocent and happy child once more. Slowly the conviction came to her that she had been ill and dreaming through a long series of years. But, Oh, it was only a dream, for here she is, in the chapel of the dear old convent, the child, the favored child, of the house. She is weak still, after her long illness, and she just lies still, watching the sisters come and go about their work. It is perfect ecstasy to see Sister Clara, the Sister Sacristan, strip the altar bare, leaving no ornament at all about the Tabernacle. But it looks all the more scared and awe-inspiring, in its unadorned beauty. The red lamp burning before it shows that Jesus is here. And she kneels in worship to Him, all the more fervently since lights and flowers have all disappeared. Without the least effort she sees through the closed doors, the gleaming chalice and the golden ciborium, beneath their richly wrought veils. She remembers that the hour is fast approaching when the Divine Prisoner will come forth from that miniature temple to enter her heart, as He once entered the heart of John, the Beloved Disciple, on the night He left his own, to begin His Agony. She is waiting with eager expectation

Don't Despair



Even if you are troubled with Backache and not able to attend to your household duties. If you have not used Doan's Pills you can be absolutely cured by them.

PROOF FROM ONE OF MANY.

MONTREAL, Que., Jan. 24th, 1901. Doan's Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs— I have been suffering for 12 years from kidney trouble. I had terrible backache and was troubled with dizziness. My urine was scanty, highly colored and contained a thick sticky sediment. I consulted physicians without any success and almost gave up in despair. At last I saw Doan's Pills advertised, so I procured two boxes of them and they gave me a complete cure and I can attend to my household duties without trouble. I can recommend Doan's Pills and must say that they should be tried by all who suffer from kidney trouble. MRS. M. L. LEONARD.

for that day. Reverently and very zealously works Margaret, to prepare the tabernacle of her heart for Him. It has come at last. Look! There lies her white robe for the feast. Beside it, a wreath of lilies, white beads, an ivory-bound prayer book. All must be new and spotlessly white for Him on that day, not for her, the little convent maid. Why must that day end? She could kneel forever before that altar, in those white robes of purity and innocence with Jesus in her heart!

(To be continued.)

A boon to Humanity.

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts and deranged nerves, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effectual medicine. They restore enfeebled, enervated, exhausted, debilitated or overworked men and women to vigorous health.

Hicks—You say you haven't a single separation. Would you ever start on a journey on Friday?

Wicks—Never! Saturday is pay day.

Nothing can be good for everything. Doing one thing well brings success. Doan's Pills do one thing well. They are for sick kidneys.

They cure backache and all kidney ills.

"If I say," said the teacher, "the pupil loves his teacher, what sort of a sentence is that?"

"Sarcastic," said the boy.

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

Patience—You say the first car which came along stopped at the crossing?

Patrice—Yes, the motorman didn't happen to see me.

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

A small boy in the juvenile grammar class, being told to compare the adjective "little," answered, "Little, small, nothing at all."

Keep the Balance up.

It has been truthfully said that any disturbance of the even balance of health causes serious trouble. No body can be too careful to keep this balance up. When people begin to lose appetite, or to get tired easily, the least imprudence brings on sickness, weakness, or debility. The system needs a tonic, craves it, and should not be denied it, and the best tonic of which we have any knowledge is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What this medicine has done in keeping healthy people healthy, in keeping up the even balance of health, gives it the same distinction as a preventive that it enjoys as a cure. Its early use has illustrated the wisdom of the old saying that a stitch in time saves nine. Take Hood's for appetite, strength, and endurance.

Visitor—You have put \$500 in improvements in this back-yard since you bought the property? You don't seem to have anything to show for it.

Suburbanite—Don't I? I can show you a drawer full of receipts from fruit-tree agents and dealers in ornamental shrubbery.

Richards' Headache Cure contains no opiate.

Shattered Nerves and Weakened System.

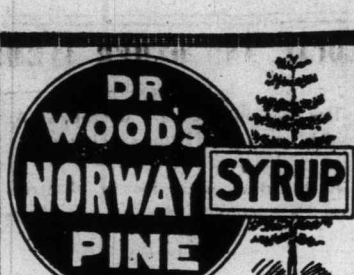
THE AFTER EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE.

Have You Had La Grippe?

Did It Leave any After Effects?

If it did, read what Mr. F. J. Brophy, of Montreal, Que., has to say of the good Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did him.

He Writes: I had a very severe attack of La Grippe, which left me all run down, very nervous and extremely weak. I could not sleep at night and was troubled with profuse perspiration, which caused me much annoyance. Hearing of the good effects of Milburn's Pills, I began taking them. Much to my gratification they braced me up, invigorated my whole system, and made me feel like a new man. I can recommend them to all suffering as I did.



This season of the year when coughs and colds are so prevalent, it would be advisable to keep a bottle of Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup in the house.

It allays all inflammation and irritation of the breathing organs, and cures coughs and colds of young and old more quickly and effectually than any other remedy.

Mrs. Arthur Molinsky, White's Point, Queen's Co., N.B., writes: "In the fall of 1899, I was taken down with a severe attack of La Grippe which left me with a bad cough. I tried several remedies and could obtain no relief and was almost in despair of a cure when a friend advised me to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I took three bottles in all and it made a complete cure."

MISCELLANEOUS.

First Lady Passenger.—If that window isn't opened this minute I know I shall die.

Second Ditto.—Who opened that window? If it is not shut, I shall die, I'm sure.

Philosophical Gentleman.—Conductor, please keep that window open till one of these ladies dies, then shut it and give the other an opportunity to quit this vale of tears.

No other Remedy.

No other remedy cures Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc., so promptly and quiets pain so quickly as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is a pocket doctor for tourists, travellers, etc.

Barber—Well, young man, and how would you like your hair cut?

Tommy—Just like papa's, if you please, with a little round hole in the top.

The Wheelman's Friend.

No bicyclist should be without a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil. It takes out all stiffness and soreness of the joints and muscles; relieves pain and takes down swelling from bites of insects. 25 cents.

"I have heard of a man who lived on water for the greater part of 18 years."

"Go on! He couldn't."

"Why, yes, he could. He was a sailor."

Richards' Headache Cure, by mail, 10 cents.

Little Margie—What kind of a boat is that out on the lake with one sail, papa?

Papa—That's a catboat, dear.

Little Margie—And is the little one following along behind a kitten boat?

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale. All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON. Pleasant Bay, C. B.

Teacher—Johnny, what do we breathe?

Johnny—Air.

Teacher—That's right. Now, Tommy, of what is air composed?

Tommy—Breath.

To be removed.

All the effluvia or waste matter of the system is removed by the perfect action of Lusa-Liver Pills. Thus they prevent as well as cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, etc.

Papa—He hasn't proposed yet, has he?

See—No; he will the first time he isn't interrupted.

The Torture of ECZEMA Prevented Sleep.

Mr. Paul Lariviere, Meadowville Station, Pictou Co., N.S., writes as follows: "I had always tried Barcock's Blood Bitters as the best remedy for skin diseases. I had been suffering from Salt Rheum or Eczema for the past five years, and could not get any rest from the terrible burning and itching, which was worse at night and prevented me sleeping."

"Hearing of B.B.B. I thought I would try it, and after using one bottle I was so much relieved that I continued using it, taking six bottles in all, and am now completely cured."

It is a blessing that there is such a reliable remedy as B.B.B. for those tormented day and night with terrible skin diseases and who can get no relief from their misery. Apply it externally and it takes out the fire and itch and aids in the healing process.

Take it internally and it purges the blood of all those poisons which are the source of skin eruptions.

B.B.B. Cures Eczema and all Burning, Itching Skin Diseases.

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Brushes any price.

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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 best seeds that money can buy, 12,000 copies of our 20th Century Catalogue issued this year. If you did not get a copy send to us for one, they are free.

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BEER & GOFF

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