

Left a Legacy.

Last winter left a legacy of impure blood to many people, causing tired feeling, lack of energy, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters never fails to cure any of the foregoing diseases by unblocking the secretions and removing all impurities from the system.

TO OUR LADY.

How may I scan my Lady's ways? How may I tell my Lady's worth? Nor tongue nor pen on the wide earth Dare hope to fitly speak her praise. Were every word I wrote a gem, And every thought a golden thread, 'Twere all unworthy to o'erspread My Lady's raiment's very hem. With rarest pearls of words and deeds, Into historic settings wrought, On costliest chain of human thought I'd form my Lady's Rosary beads, And bid them 'loud, and men's hearts fire My Lady's love and praise to sing:— Ah me! I can do naught but string Rough pebbles on a rusty wire, And in rude accents lip my prayer, And stammer what I fain would say To make more loved from day to day— More blest and loved—my Lady fair, Faint echoes these from out the gloom, Unfit my Lady's worth. And so, The lily's fragrance in its glow, The rose's perfume in its bloom; All holy thoughts, all deeds well done, The sweetness of all virgin youth, The beauty of all spoken truth, All Virtue's flowers 'neath Love's sun; The sum of all that's good and meet— The sweetest songs from poet's lyre, The noblest thoughts that bosom's fire, Let all as one my Lady greet. Let all as one their voices raise In music sweet beyond all strain Of earthly sound, and in refrain Sing out my Lady's love and praise. Brother Azarias.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

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

And yet Margaret sometimes entered the ancient church, even knelt sometimes therein. But mechanically, or because others did so, perhaps through sheer force of a long-forgotten habit. She admired the sanctuary—who did not? She gazed with admiration unfeigned upon the paintings, the statues, the great Christ of Betharram bowed beneath the heavy weight of that tremendous cross. And her soul was stirred by the glorious anthems that resounded in the deep embrasure of her villa windows. She had ever carefully avoided taking any part in the pageants and ceremonies, and shut herself away from all but the thespian country folk and the poor pilgrims, but she loved the sacred music that mingled so sweetly with the murmur of the Grass.

Who is this Margaret Moore, and how came she here, to pitch her solitary tent; worshipping where all is worship; without faith, where everything speaks of the active service and public worship of the Living God?

The priest who prayed for her but now, asked this question of Sister Noella, as she passed him on her way to the convent. He had only lately come to Betharram from Jerusalem, the Eastern home of the priests of the Sacred Heart of Betharram, and knew little or nothing of the place as yet.

All the good Sister could tell him was that the English villa had been built or bought by an Englishwoman for the beauty of its situation and the pleasure of witnessing the movement of panoramas, or pilgrimages, forever to be witnessed along the river banks, across the famous bridge moving in and out of the ancient church and up and down the Calvary. To her they were a pageant that had no spiritual meaning. She had no religion, she declared, but the religion (?) to love what pleased her, and avoid what gave her pain. In one word, the religion of self.

And acting on this principle, she filled her cottage with what amused her. The froth of learning, the sparkle of wit, the thrilling romance that held her senses in thrall, the trifles that amused without fatiguing. All the best known of the vile writers of all ages found a place on her bookshelves—they who have been justly named by one who knew how to name them, "the wild beasts of literature." But the villa was growing lonesome in her villa, as age crept on. She went away for a little while and returned with a companion, a young, proud looking, silent lady, who soon took all the active duties of the house into her own hands, who assumed charge of everything, who never went out alone, or unveiled, or for her own pleasure.

Inseparable companions henceforth, were the two ladies. The elder lady called her companion Madame Marguerite. To this the world added the elder lady's own name. She became "Madame Marguerite," or "Madame Moore, the younger," to everyone.

The chief occupation of Madame Marguerite was to read to the old lady, whose appetite for fiction rather increased than diminished with age. She would have been well content to rest at this work of reading, or the equally pleasant occupation of musician, instrumental and vocal, which Madame Moore found great pleasure in. But the household duties forced her to break in upon them continually. She had to give orders, direct servants, and deal with the farmer-folk, who forced her to take an interest in their flocks and herds, as well as in their children, which made her see more of the world than she cared for. The Pyrenean peasantry, in the immediate neighborhood, at least, will not suffer themselves to be slighted or ignored. Why do foreigners come amongst them if not ready and willing to be useful? And this they expect as their just due, for according to their logic, the shrines are theirs, the apparitions were for them, heaven's favors, poured upon them. And those who should come to profit by them, must be prepared to pay for the privilege. And the more and the better the pay, the less do they feel called upon to like or love the foreign intruder. A sort of very unreasonable envy or jealousy prevails hereabouts against all strangers. They made the country what it is, for, without foreigners with well-filled purses and loose clasp, who would have built the hotels and villas, who would keep flowing the golden stream that feeds the fine new enterprise that never would have been dreamt of without these same foreigners? But this is too well known to require explanation here. As for Madame Margaret, she found it easier to yield to their opportunities than to combat them. The former cost money, the latter cost time, patience and self-respect. Had she been alone it would have been comparatively easy to resist this tyranny, but for the sake of Madame Moore she yielded to importunities, often against her better judgment.

Years rolled on harmoniously enough within the villa. Madame Moore was amused, well cared for, spared all trouble. To the very last, intensely absorbed in the fate of heroes and heroines of romance, or soothed by sweet music, she fancied herself supremely fortunate. It was her oft-expressed wish to sink thus into the sleep of perpetual oblivion. She had her wish. Madame Marguerite sang her to sleep one night, saw her comfortably resting on her bed, with the face of one at peace with herself and all the world. And the expression was the truth absolutely, she was at peace with herself and the world. Next morning when Madame Margaret looked upon it, it was changed. There was no trace of struggle or suffering, only a look of sudden surprise, mingled with terror, as if she had suddenly been aroused from slumber to hear appalling news. She seemed to be listening to it. The longer Madame Margaret gazed upon the dead face, the more plainly she seemed to see that the spirit had suddenly been called to face something startling, tremendous.

But she had expected this sudden end, and after the first long look she put away the sight as too painful. She had not exactly loved her companion, but she had been faithful to her. The dead woman had not given her cause for anything beyond gratitude, perhaps not even for that, if we measure the value of the material good bestowed by her, with the spiritual good sacrificed or undervalued little by little by what Father St. Etienne had called the deadly poison of bad books. How could a heart that had never throbbled or thrilled intensely, save at the recital of some deed of wrong or shame, the story of some crime against God's laws, and their inevitable consequences, have called forth love? No, Margaret did not love Madame Moore, but she had absorbed-

Body-builder.

Food. In health, you want nothing but food; and your baby wants nothing but food. But, when not quite well, you want to get back to where food is enough.

The most delicate food, that is known to man, is SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil.

When usual food is a burden, it feeds you enough to restore your stomach; baby the same.

The body-builder is food; the body-restorer is SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample. It is the most reliable and all-potent food. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, and London, W. Appleton.

ed the poison, and it deadened in her the desire for anything wholesome. She did not blame or condemn the dead woman when all was over and she found herself alone. On the contrary, she learned very speedily, that gratitude was not enough—that it was almost an injustice, since it fell short of personal liking or affection for the dead friend whose friendship went beyond the grave. She called herself ungrateful, unfeeling, and became more tenacious of approving Madame Moore's manner of life, when she learned that she had left her soul owner of the villa and its contents. Her heart became very tender towards her dead companion, who had made it possible for her to keep to her present manner of life. Although there was hardly any ready money, she felt herself rich, and with great determination set about regulating her life according to her means. She began at once to practice austerities that would have gained heaven for her, had they been practiced for heaven's sake. But the object of them being to keep away from the world, to seek out the ready money to the very last, that she might avoid facing it, she gained only what she coveted, seclusion, quiet.

She realized she could not always subsist on fiction, on flights of wit and fancy, however thrilling in their denouement, and would ask herself at such times what she should do when ready money failed. Many a hermit has sustained life for long years on bread and water, and she had become something of a hermit, her hermitage the villa, her cell, her own cold heart. She became more austere in manner, harder in thought and word, though still soft and pitiful in sudden action, when her suppressed natural self betrayed her, as it did on an occasion we must here note.

An epidemic broke out in the neighborhood of Betharram. There were homeless orphans in the hundreds far and near. When the gray Nuns, the daughters of Grignan de Montfort, Les Filles de Sagesse as they were well called, knocked at her door, she was tempted to close it suddenly and without parley. But one face, it was the face of Sister Christmas, as Margaret afterwards called her, appealed to the crushed heart, and she listened to the nun's plain tale.

"I have no money," she said in reply. "But there is the lower story of this house, five or six big rooms, an empty stable, a cow-house, a kitchen garden full of weeds. They are useless to me. Make use of them, but never let me see or hear anything of your orphans, or—" and she was about to add, "of you," but recollected herself. Sister Noella's glad face, her Christmas wishes, for it was Christmas-time, made her close her door with a feeling new and strange.

Her offer was speedily accepted, but not before another interview with the Superior, Sister Noella, who came to return thanks once more, and to ask how long they might occupy the cottage.

"That will depend upon yourself," was Madame Margaret's blunt answer. "If I am not disturbed, you will not be. All I ask is to be let alone."

Her wishes were so well respected, that she hardly knew, for a very long time, who or what sort of guests filled her house. She caught occasional glimpses of nuns' bonnets and saw childish figures passing her windows. But no noise reached her ears, and her reveries and readings were not disturbed.

But now Madame Margaret's funds are running low indeed. Since the death of Madame Moore she has kept only one servant. It was hard to perform the rough duties of housework, still, when she could no longer feed this one, she let her go, and only retained her services as femme de menage, for a few hours each day. But that too came to an end. When there was no longer any message, nothing to cook, nothing to provide but the loaf and milk that could be left at the door, Margaret bade the menage goodbye and closed her door. She thought she was hiding her poverty from every one when she did this. But her neighbors, the market people, that is, were keenly observant. They felt themselves defrauded when no orders were sent from the villa. Margaret would not look the fact in the face that she was slowly starving to death. She could not, would not go out into the world, meet strangers, talk to them, be questioned by them.

She resolved at length, when absolutely no other resource remained, to go to Tarbes or Pau and invite a dealer to come and take the furniture and pictures at his own valuation. Before she could carry out this resolve she fell sick, and had to take to her bed.

Fortunately for her, it happened that Sister Noella, who by the way, knew more than Margaret guessed or would be pleased at, needed to speak with her on very serious business. For this purpose she took a great resolve. Nothing less than to call, uninvited. The bell she knew, had long been muffled, since there was no servant to answer its summons, and the lady of the villa could not do so in person.

One bright morning the good Sister tapped softly at the door. No reply. She lifted the heavy handle

CHILDREN'S COUGHS.



There's nothing so good for children's coughs and colds, croup, whooping cough or bronchitis as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It's so nice to take that youngsters beg for it, and it cures so quickly that mothers are delighted.

Mrs. E. P. Leonard, Parry Sound, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds of myself and baby. I find it cures a cold quicker than any other cough mixture and is nice to take."

and walked in. Another knock at the inner door. No response. So without hesitation, but not without being prepared for a rebuff, the Sister entered. Silence only. No one visible. So there was no help for it but to try the bed-room door. To a very soft tap a low "Who's there?" showed the place not deserted.

"Only Sister Noella, to wish Madame Margaret a happy Christmas." No reply. No invitation to enter. Sister Noella entered unbidden. Under her ample grey cloak she carried a basket, which she drew forth as she approached the bed—whereon, fully dressed, lay a very white faced woman.

"Dear Dame Margaret, I did not expect to find you an invalid, but before I ask why you did not send for me whom you have placed under such heavy obligations, as you know, you will allow me to deliver my message. I come from the orphans (you see, therefore I was forced to intrude upon you), from the poor little ones you have so kindly and generously sheltered, and who pray for their benefactress, as does indeed all our community. They send you a Christmas greeting with this little token of their love. Surely you will let me take back some message to their tender hearts, so sore at this season, for the loss of parents and dear friends."

Margaret's face was a study while the Sister was speaking. Flushed with irritation and confusion at first for she was highly sensitive, and could only think for a few minutes of the shame of her poverty, then pale with softer emotion and weakness induced by suffering and lack of remedies, as well as food. But it changed a little, very gradually softened, and ended by looking Sister Noella calmly in the eyes. To meet those kind eyes was enough to soften the hardest heart. The orphan's gift was a little Child Jesus in His crib, which Sister Noella placed on the table near the bed.

(To be continued.)

A Boon to Cyclists.

A bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil should be in every cyclist's kit, as it is the most effective remedy for Sprains, Bruises, Oils, Stiff Joints, Contractions of the Muscles, Cramps in the Legs, etc.

Out West a girl wants to know "if it's true that kissing will cure freckles," and the local newspaper editor responds to the query: "We wouldn't say positively, but a simple recipe like that is worth trying. Call after business hours."

Found at Last.

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

Minister—How did you like my sermon on hypnotism? Pewitent—I was a success. It put everybody to sleep.

Grovesend, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I am glad to be able to tell you that Doan's Kidney Pills proved an excellent remedy for lame back and kidney troubles, from which I suffered. I took one box and they entirely cured me. MRS. H. SMITH.

GAINED 9 1/2 LBS.

BY USING MILBURN'S PILLS.

VICTORIA, B.C., March 8, 1901. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago my daughter, aged 19 years, was troubled with bad headaches and loss of appetite. She was tired and listless most of the time, and was losing flesh. Her system got badly run down and she had to go to hospital. I procured a box of your pills and she had gained 9 1/2 lbs. in weight and is now in perfect health. Yours truly, Mrs. P. E. CURTIS.

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. 26th, 1901. Doan's Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering for 19 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. LIZAMAR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAY OF THE HEN.

"Cackle here and cackle there, Lay your eggs just anywhere, Every time ye lay an egg Down the mortgage goes a peg. "Cackle, cackle all the day, Who kin find a better way Fer to git ahead again Than to cultivate the hen?"

Suddenly Attacked.

Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous Cholera, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in the house.

First Tramp.—Gee, but dat dog is savage!

Second Tramp.—You bet! If he got hold of us dere wouldn't be enough of us left to catch de hydrophoby.

STRAFFORD, 4th August, 1893.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—My neighbor's boy, four years old, fell into a tub of boiling water and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him; and I know of several cases around here almost as remarkable, cured by the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or given such universal satisfaction.

M. HIBBERT, General Merchant.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Teacher.—Johnny, can you tell me anything you have to be thankful for in the past year?

Johnny (without hesitation).—Yesser.

Teacher.—Well, Johnny, what is it?

Johnny.—Why, when you broke your arm, you couldn't lick us for two months.

Run Down.

"I was run down and nervous, so got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they proved of great benefit to me. My mother also wishes to say that they were of great value to her." P. HILLIER, London.

Wimbleton.—Hello, old-man, have you taught your dog any new tricks lately?

Quimbleton.—Yes; I've been teaching him to eat out of my hand. He ate a big piece out of it yesterday.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

CONSTIPATION

Permanently Cured and all its Ill Effects Removed by Burdock Blood Bitters.

If you've suffered from constipation for years, tried all the remedies you ever heard or read of, without getting more than the relief the one dose of the medicine afforded—if you've been subject to all the ills associated with constipation, such as sick headache, nausea, biliousness, pimples, eruptions, blood humors, blotches, piles, etc., wouldn't you consider it a blessing to be cured of your constipation so that it would stay cured if you were to die?

Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—cure so that the cure will be permanent. It has done so in thousands of cases during the past twenty years.

Just one statement to prove what we say is right.

Mrs. G. Gandy, Portage La Prairie, Man., writes: "For over two years I was troubled with sick headache and constipation. I tried many different pills and patent medicines, but they only gave me slight, temporary relief. "A lady friend of mine induced me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and sent me a bottle of it to start with. I derived so much benefit from that that I continued to use it, and took in all three bottles, which completely cured me. "That was ten months ago, and as my health has been splendid ever since I have only my kind friend to thank who advised me to take B.B.B."

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.

Charlottetown, May 8th, 1901.

DEAR MADAM,—

We take this means to instruct you in reference to our Toilet Sets. We have a large and varied assortment of all kinds, shapes and shades. If you want one to complete your house-cleaning arrangements this spring, we feel sure that you will find one here to suit your taste. We also assure you that the price will suit your pocket book.

Respectfully yours,

W. P. COLWILL,

Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

Hats, Hats, Hats.

We have just received our Spring Shipment of Hats.

They are all made from the latest English blocks. About this season of the year you will be making your purchases for summer, so don't forget that to be classed among the well dressed men your hat must be up-to-date. We have just the kind you want—Natty little Derbies and the newest shapes in Soft Felts. Our Hats are the correct thing for gentlemen's wear. Don't fail to see them before purchasing a Hat.

D. A. BRUCE,

The Hatter. Morris Block.

Save Your Dollars!

Buy your Goods where you can buy the cheapest.

Burrell's English Mixed Paints!

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

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

EVERYTHING FOR SPRING AT LOWEST PRICES

FENNEL & CHANDLER.

Carters' Seeds

Grow

Twenty-two years buying and selling seeds.

The Largest Seed House in the Provinces.

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.

Geo. Carter & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Seedsmen.

Something SWEET.

We have just received several puncheons of the Best Molasses

We have ever handled. It is very bright colored, thick and sugary, and the flavor is delicious. If you want something extra nice in the sweetening line, try this Molasses.

BEER & GOFF

GROCCERS.

! 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

A. A. McLEAN, L.B., O.C.

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