

Found At Last.

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

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

BY DENIS MCCARTHY.

Of all the woes a poet bears (And they are not a few); Of all his troubles and his cares, His fit of feeling blue, The phrase, "Respectfully declined With thanks," beats all the pack, And he has trouble on his mind What time his stuff comes back.

Ah, yes, there's trouble on his mind That few can understand, Except the fellows of his kind Far scattered through the land; They know what fills his life with woe, And paints the future black, For they have often felt just so, When their own stuff came back.

Full oft at peace with all the earth, The bard awakes at morn, His heart is filled with joyous mirth, No grief he feels, or scorn; But comes a ring, the postman's there, With letter-laden pack, And oh, the poet's deep despair! He gets his poems back.

How proudly does he feel when he Has labored hard, and made Some verse for which he hopes to be Quite handsomely repaid.

How thrills he when he sends it off— But, bitter blow, slack! How madly does he rail and scold When that like it comes back.

Don't talk of other people's woes, Not one of them compares With what the struggling poet knows, And grimly grins and bears. Let fate set everything amiss From now till doomsday's crack, There is no grief as great as this— To get his poems back.

Perhaps beyond the pearly gates, Where bards (and saints) abound, And where no feud of "usual rates," No editor, is found, In bliss he will forget the pain That keeps him on the rack, And best of all, he'll ne'er again Receive his poems back.

Oh, you, to whom these lines are sent! Oh man of shares and paste! In vain the time on them I spent, If made not to your taste; They may be limpy here and there, And something may be lack, Yet kindly heed the poet's pray'r, And do not send them back.

—Life.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

PART II.

The visit of the widow to the charity fete had been the sole purpose of learning the truth of falsehood of the rumors. She had heard that the princess was so fond of her adopted daughter that she took her about with her. She might, in that case, see for herself what the gossip was worth. Better even than that night, was the amazing condescension of the Donzelli, in taking her, of all the world, to take the evitable part of hostess on that occasion, under the shield of the absent princess. Not slow to push the advantage so unexpectedly gained, though content to remain that day modestly within the booth, and leave the ceremonial part of the duties to her companion, she called the next morning on her new friend, Mlle. Donzelli turned no deaf ear to the temptress. Seeing her present position imminent, she was willing to risk something for her rich prospect held out to her.

When it became clear that the princess would never rally from that lethargy, a letter was written in her name relieving the Blanks of their charge. It reached them at Berlin, where they were making a short halt on their way to the North. It was a shock to them, and certainly nothing but the express command of the princess would have induced them to let Blandine go under the circumstances. But how could they hesitate to respect the assurance "that it was the will of the Princess Vallinski that Mlle. Sacha should be given into the keeping of her grandmother, Mme. Karloff Vallinski?" The writer of this mandate had been the confidential companion and friend of the princess, her amanuensis and woman of business for many years; they had no right to question her authority.

"She is not her grandmother," said Mr. Blank. "We might take exception on that plea, but it would only raise a storm about our ears. There is no alternative but to obey these instructions." He handed back Mlle. Donzelli's letter to his wife, who took it and went away with an expression of real sorrow on her kind face. The pain of parting with the little orphan was still within her heart, and its shadow on her brow, when she was startled by a

whop that made the air resound. In the twinkling of an eye she heard the wild rush of her children from the classroom, and cries of "Uncle John! Uncle John!" In vain the governess had tried to restrain them, when from a window one of the elder boys had seen the beloved "Uncle John" spring from his carriage and run up the hotel stairs.

"I feel like shouting with them," said Miss Mackintosh, the governess. "The bonnie bairns, it does one's heart good to hear them!"

"And whom are they welcoming in such a fashion," asks her cousin, who has only lately arrived in Germany and happened to be with her for a day. "Their uncle, it seems?"

"Nay, no more than you, or I. Only a connection of our lady; but the bonniest young laird that ever trod the green. Look, there he is smiling at you! The mistress keeps the picture always in the classroom, so that if any of the youngsters get troublesome or lazy it brings them round only to look at the smiling face of Uncle John. It is worth all the penalties in the world, to look at that likeness."

The face that looked from the canvas was the very face that had so pleased little Blandine on the heights of Betharram; the face of "St John of the Cross," as she still called him in her thoughts.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," counts Uncle John, when he has succeeded in extricating himself from strangling arms. "Only six! I was wont one more. Are we not seven?"

Mr. Blank made a jocosely reply, but his wife did not smile. She guessed at once that he referred to Blandine as the seventh, and shook her head sadly.

Uncle John's face became very grave in an instant. As soon as he could bribe the youngsters to let him go, he joined their parents, impatient to learn the cause of Madame Blank's grave look. When he did, he was even graver than that good woman.

"I know nothing of gambling," he said, after a pause, "absolutely nothing! And yet nothing remains but to try a game with that past-mistress of the art. It is indeed the story of the 'Lamb and the Wolf.' But I think I can answer for it, that the lamb shall not be devoured in this case, neither shall it loose its fleece, if I can help it."

"You are ever ready to take up arms for the weak, cousin John," said Mrs. Blank. "But I hope you will allow me to be with you in this case, as far as I can go. The child appeals to me almost as strongly as if she were my own." The sequel will show how far their efforts were successful.

Karloff never before sheltered a lovelier or more innocent guest than it is now entertaining in the person of Blandine of Betharram. Blandine is lost, as it were, in the depths of the Samara woods, in the great wilderness of the Russian Steppes. Her promise to mamma Margaret, and the Care of Betharram is not forgotten. She goes through the whole Rosary faithfully, day after day, and it still seems as if each day was the very first, so deep is the feeling each mystery arouses. She makes the Way of the Cross, holding the little aloft she has fashioned cross-wise, as reverently as if they had come from the Holy Land. And each station is indicated by some secret of her own, a twisted branch, a heap of pebbles, a moss-grown stone, a turning in the path. Her memory recalls almost word for word the prayers of the Manual of Betharram, that she read so often,

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. Price 25c. at all druggists.

and with such intense feeling to her blind mother. She paves the walks with Litanies as she goes up and down them, sometimes by herself, though never out of sight of her companions and their governesses. The companions race and romp, and quarrel with their companions, the dogs, while leaving her to herself now and then. She has been told to call them cousins. They are a boy and a girl, a nephew and niece, they tell her, of Mr. Barde.

It was long before Blandine knew much about Mr. Barde, nothing in fact save that her "cousin," called him "Uncle Charles." Every day Mr. Barde bid the sunny southern breeze cleared for his sole use from noon till sunset. There he walked or reclined in a great deep arm chair, his head covered with an immense queer-shaped bonnet and further protected from the sun and air by an umbrella fastened to his chair when he reclined, or carried by an attendant when he walked. Although Blandine asked no questions, she found that here, also, were plenty who, like Daria, though less faithful, thought that the sooner a thing was known the better. She had to hear, whether she willed it or not, that Uncle Charles had once been tutor to the Karloff boys. He was a handsome, clever gentleman, and useful to Madame when her second husband, the great Vallinski, died. So useful was he that he became manager of all her affairs. Finally they decided to marry, and they married. But this must be kept a secret from the Emperor, for the law would deprive Madame of her pension, were it known she had married again. In Russia, widows must be widows indeed, to retain their pension. Most likely the Emperor thought little and cared less for the doings of this widow. But so it was, Madame remained a Karloff Vallinski instead of proclaiming herself to the world as Madame Charles Barde. Years passed, Madame and her husband travelled together sometimes. Then Madame travelled alone, and Uncle Charles remained, for good and all, at Karloff with his nephew and niece, who had lived somewhere in Germany or Switzerland, till the girl was three or four and the boy about two. Sophie Barde was now a pale, sickly looking girl of nearly twelve. The boy, a lad of eight or nine, an irresponsible little being, half-witted and mischievous. His real name was Ferdinand, but because of his noisy ways he had been surnamed 'Rattle.' A Rattle he was, with a difference. He was noisy without being shaken, without being interfered with.

The children's day invariably began with riot and noise around the breakfast table. Sophie loved to incite her brother to annoy the governess, for no other object than her own amusement, and the possibility of retarding lessons. She too often succeeded in spite of the example of her cousins, who did her best to keep order and quiet. What a contrast was here to the quiet of the Convent Hall, or the love and peace and regularity of her life at the English Villa, where the dear Blandines were emulating each other in acts of kindness! Malice in practice, she had never seen before. In quiet hours Blandine worked hard at her books. She had to work hard to conquer the Russian language, and to overtake Sophie in music. She gives all her intelligence, all her good will, all her time, to study. The weak lad, who could not make her angry or spiteful, clings to her, and ere long she is left to be his sole companion and nurse, when, as is constantly the case, neither governess nor nurse can do anything with him. The weak girl who serves her, and profits by her at every step in their studies, still teases and torments her. Madame Karloff, Vallinski, whom she calls "amnt," as she was instructed to do, and as do her cousins, avoids her, never shows her good will or ill will. She simply ignores her. "I will marry her off early," she sometimes says to herself, "her good looks will be her dowry." Or again, "I will keep her here till Sophie is of age and the estate divided—nothing goes to her." Of this assertion she had no proof at all, for the "Great Vallinski" had left no positive will on record to that effect. His widow had published the statement abroad so freely, it had become an accepted fact. No question being raised during the life time of her step-daughter, she felt herself secure on that head.

It seemed as if Blandine of Betharram had nothing at all to count upon in this world. Separated by law (for Madame had obtained legal possession of her) from those who would have led her by pleasant ways, what has she to expect? What claim can she put forth to the world around her, for support or sympathy? None at all. And yet, the little circle of which Uncle John and good Marie Blank are the centre, has been uniting in her interests. They know how she is passing her days and nights. They see her efforts, and are eager to come to her aid. But to accomplish this, they must have a friend within the citadel. The friend without, their present informant, sees no possibility of effecting this; for every human being, admitted to Karloff, must be devoted to the will of its mistress. Neither Charles Barde nor his nephew or niece count for anything. They are as much and as

A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 39 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont.

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

close watched as Blandine herself. But the Lord chooses his own time, as well as his own instruments. Who could have foreseen that that accidental meeting on the Hill of Betharram was to be the potent factor in two destinies? Yet so it is. Where neither Margaret nor Antony could find a way to reach the object of their solicitude, the instrument succeeded. After two years of fruitless but steady effort, there is, at length, a friend within the gates. Madame Blank suggested the idea that was to accomplish what seemed a forlorn hope.

"If that poor victim (meaning Mr. Barde), could be rescued and made independent, would he not become the best defender of our captive?" Uncle John sprang up. "Cousin Zenie, you have let in, not only daylight, but a flood of sunshine. How blind of me not to have remembered him before! he was once tutor to Graff Z, whom you know well, and who is the best of good fellows. He will write to Barde, get him interested in a confidential servant whom he wishes to retain, but who must be kept from temptation and under good guard till his master returns from a long journey. His salary will be paid, nothing demanded for his services, save the assurance that he will be returned to his master when claimed."

"You do not mean that you would part with Gregory?" "Temporarily, and for such a purpose, certainly. He would fit the place to a nicety. He would write to his master in the far East, his master would transmit the letters to Father Dacre, who could communicate them to his family; while, under the eye of Gregory, Blandine would be safe."

"You call her Blandine. Why?" Uncle John frankly told of his first meeting, of his friendship for Father Dacre, of the anguish of Madame Margaret at the separation from her adopted daughter. Uncle John created not a little jealousy, it must be confessed, even in the good hearts of the Blanks, by his enthusiastic praise of Blandine.

"It is a case of love at first sight, Zenie," said Mr. Blank to his wife. "If you are building any hopes on the prospect of one day seeing your eldest daughter mistress of the old Grand Cross, or the wife of young John of Bethlehem, I warn you to prepare for disappointment."

(To be continued.)

The Christmas Dinner.

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, it will not be far for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for any to do that let us hope so for the sake of the cook! The disease dyspepsia indicates a bad stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures dyspepsia, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

"At this point," said the narrator, "she broke down and wept scalding tears."

"My goodness," exclaimed the listener, "she must have boiled over with rage."

If you want to get a supply of first-class Tea for winter use go to Beer & Goff's.

Go to Beer & Goff's for the best grade of American Keroseene Oil at the lowest cash price.

A Terrible Cough.

If people would only treat coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer homes desolate.

The severest coughs and colds, bronchitis and croup, and the first stages of consumption, yield readily to this powerful, lung-healing remedy.

Read what Mrs. Thos. Carter, Northport, Ont., says: "I caught a severe cold, which settled on my throat and lungs, so that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I also had a terrible cough which my friends thought would send me to my grave. I tried different remedies but all failed to do me any good until I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and the contents of one bottle completely cured me."

MISCELLANEOUS.

My wife is the most exacting woman I ever saw.

"In what way?" "She's got to the point now where I have to let her know that I know that she is managing me, or she isn't satisfied."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"This wireless telegraphy reminds me of a groundless quarrel."

"What possible connection is there between the two?" "It's practically having words over nothing."

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

Visitor.—Charlie, your father is calling you.

Charlie.—Yes; I hear him, but he is calling "Charlie." I don't have to go till he yells "Charles."

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best. Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont. Joseph Snow, Norway, Me. Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S. Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S. Pierre Landry, senr., Pokemouche, N. B. Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

"Young man," said the fortune teller going into a trance, "I can see you in the near future with an airship."

"Make it an heirship to a million, can't you?" eagerly exclaimed Ardup, slipping another half dollar into her hand.

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

"So," concluded the advanced woman, after expounding for thirty minutes her objections to men in general for the benefit of the gentleman next her at dinner, "you see I am quite plain."

"Yes," answered the horrid man, "I see you are," and the advanced woman was so sorry that she ate two courses without saying a word.

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.

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Henty's, Kingston's and Ballentyne's Books for boys.

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High Class Works of Fiction by celebrated Authors.

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Ever seen in Charlottetown. We are able and willing to make prices interesting.

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READY-MADE Overcoats & Reefers

In addition to Overcoats of our own manufacture we are this season showing a larger range of imported coats than we ever handled.

They are marked at lower prices than you will find in any store on P. E. Island, at least we think so. We marked them with such small profits that we cannot take less than the marked price, and that price is for all. Reefers \$3.50 to \$8.50.

Overcoats \$4.50, for which you have paid from \$5.00 to \$6.75

Our blue Beaver Cloth Coat for \$8.50, you will find equal to coats for which \$9.00 to \$10.00 has been paid.

It's to the interest of all who want an Overcoat or Reefers to see our values.

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