

All Nerves.

Many people say they are "all nerves," easily startled or upset, easily worried and irritated.

THE FENCE AROUND THE FARM.

'Twas when a little country boy that life was most to me; 'Twas when I lived upon the farm in plain obscurity.

The farm was large and I was all the boy there was to play, But I was happy as a bird each golden summer day;

And now, as I look back, I know life held its greatest charm Before I knew what lay beyond the fence around the farm.

Since then I've learned of other lives beyond the old rail fence; I've seen some of the busy world, and learned its incidents.

But when my sorrows and my doubts could rest within my palm, Was when I never knew beyond the fence around the farm.

I've drank of many pleasures of this so-called golden age; The world calls me successful on its poorly balanced page;

But I was most successful and farthest off from harm Before I knew what lay beyond the fence around the farm.

other coil was rolled carelessly and gracefully low down behind the ears. The shapely brows were lying idly on the lip.

In spite of the coarse black gown, and the well worn girdle, any one would say at the first glance, "poor lady!" never "poor creature!" or "poor soul!"

Already familiar with the aspect of the room and its furniture, Sister Noella's gaze was fixed on the face now pale indeed, and on the starting eyes, that had so terrified the little maid.

"Ah, Sister Noella at last! And without a light! The child forgot the message. Take care, Sister. Feel your way to the mantle shelf, where you will find matches. Remember the obstacles. Be careful!"

"No fear," said Sister Noella. "I can steer my way to you without danger."

"It is not the first time you light my lamp, Sister!"

"No, indeed! I know your household laces pretty well by this time, dear lady. The figure bent forward. The face would have been buried in the hands, but Sister Noella drew the bowed head forward until it rested on her breast.

"No, yes—I hardly know!" "It is so pleasant to talk!"—the speaker was going to say "in the dark," but stopped short; the moon suddenly invaded the apartment and made it almost as light as day without lamp-light.

"What is it, child?" asked the nun, alarmed by the little one's agitation. "What has frightened you? Try to be calm, and speak slowly. She took the child's fingers in her own strong clasp, to encourage and calm her.

"O Sister! dear Sister! I ran up so softly, just as you told me to do, to the door of Madame Margaret's room. It was just a little open—just a nub," the child withdrew her hands and measured the distance, "only so much, and I tapped ever so softly. She said—"

"Yes, dear Sister. Madame Margaret, I mean, said, 'Who's there?' and I said it was only I, little Blandine, and I said, 'Sister Superior says,'—but then she (Madame Margaret, I mean), said so quick like, 'O, that is well! Little Blandine, hasten back to Sister Superior and tell her, beg her, to come here quickly. You see I have no light, and cannot rise to get matches, because my head is a little giddy.'"

"And that is all? What is there to agitate you in such a simple message, my child?"

"O, Sister, only think!" continued the little one, not heeding the tone of mild reproof, "Madame Margaret was not in the dark! The lamp was burning ever so brightly, just beside her. I saw the light even before I came to the door!"

"You misunderstood the message for once, my dear, but I will go without delay to Madame Margaret." The chubok bell was calling the priestess of the Sacred Heart of Betharram to their evening devotions, as the nun crossed the courtyard of the villa grounds, and issued on the pleasant path that led to the front door, Madame Margaret's private door, of the English Villa.

Betharram was a lovely picture at that hour, as indeed at all hours. Its peace and beauty were never more evident to Sister Noella's eyes than at that moment. She did not linger for all that, but mounted as quickly as she could, the flight of stairs that led to the apartments of the lady of the Villa. Approaching the door softly, as her little messenger had done a few minutes before, she saw the same light—a large room, well furnished; a lamp burning brightly on a long table, covered with some dark material interwoven thickly with threads of gold that sparkled in the lamplight.

Whatever else it may be—it is a vacation for stomach and partly for bowels. It feeds you a little without any work at all by the stomach. That little may be enough to set your whole body going again; for it helps you more than it feeds you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont. and 51.00; all drug stores.

Shattered Nerves and Weakened System.

The nun longed to suggest a better, and safer one, but she saw the staring eyes, still so fixed, in the moonlight, and hesitated. "Have you snored?"

"O, yes! Early, very early. Then I took my book, became absorbed in it, and had no idea of time. At the most interesting chapter, the light went out, and so suddenly that the shock startled me, and seemed to pierce my brain. It was the shock that gave the pain, and a pain so severe that I could only sit stupidly here, for what seemed to me a very long time. Then the transition from light to utter darkness blinded me by its suddenness, and made me so giddy that I could not resist the mantle shelf, though I tried. Were you ever shocked in such a way, Sister Christmas?"

"The nun tried to laugh gaily, and turn the pleasant conceit of her name into a cause for cheerfulness. "There," she cried, "That is what I like; it sounds good to hear the dear old name of 'Christmas.' I would like to be your 'Sister Christmas' all the year round. You shall tell me all the good things you want from St. Nicholas, only with the proviso that they be not temporal good things, you know, Sister Margaret."

"Why do you call me 'Sister?' The question was abrupt. The upright figure, still in the right, stared involuntarily and straightened itself still more. "I call you sister perhaps from habit, and because it is so pleasant, Dear Dame Margaret. May I not do so?"

"No, no. There is a reason for my calling you Sister. You are a nun. I am— The figure bent forward. The face would have been buried in the hands, but Sister Noella drew the bowed head forward until it rested on her breast. "The pain again, dear lady?"

"Call me Margaret, only Margaret, nothing else. I am not a Sister."

"Well, dear Margaret, it shall be as you wish."

"And, good Sister, please light the lamp. This darkness weighs upon me dreadfully."

"Let us first say a prayer together, dear Margaret," said the nun solemnly. She was on her knees, but she bowed herself lower still, and her voice was somewhat unsteady as she repeated the first words that came to her mind. "I am the light of the World, said Jesus. He who followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of Life Eternal. Dear Margaret, can you say with me—Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, if Thou art with me?"

"There was no response. The silence lasted a few seconds. Then the nun continued, "He will be with you, dear sister, if you will only ask him."

"Call me Margaret." "As you will only pray." "I will try, to please you. But give me light, please. I have a strange feeling in my head. The darkness hurts me, good Sister Christmas."

Sister Noella arose from her knees. Her face was wet with tears, that she could not repress, in spite of years of experience by the couch of many a sufferer as sadly and suddenly stricken down as the one before her.

She lighted the lamp and knelt once more, and once more drew the sufferer's head to her breast. "Forgive me if I insist a little upon a thing I desire. Let me call you 'Sister?'"

"I am not worthy." "Only that?" "No, not only that; though it is enough, and more than enough. Call me anything else you like; not that."

"None other is so easy and familiar, but since it hurts you, I will desist. If I forget sometimes you will pardon it. I am so accustomed to speak that name, you know, that it slips off my tongue too quickly. Still I shall think of you by no other title, my good Dame Margaret, say what you will."

"You are ever too good to me, Sister. Some day, perhaps, when we are alone together, and in the dark, as now, I will tell you why I am not worthy of the name of 'sister,' and least of all, to be a sister to Sister Christmas." A heavy sigh followed the words. Then the contracted lips tried to smile, to frame an excuse for the same appeal.

"The light, Sister! Indeed I cannot bear this darkness any longer." She lifted her face to the face she fancied to be bending over her. It was the expression of a wilful, suffering child, striving to repress a storm of temper. "The light, dear Sister Christmas?"

"Dear Margaret, ask the good Lord to light your lamp." "Your words frighten me—why are they so solemn? And, oh, why this hesitation? My head is so giddy. Am I going to die? Are you keeping something from me? Keeping me in the dark for some purpose?—Am I dying, Sister Christmas?"

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.

greyness, as of death spread over the features of the stricken woman. She tried to rise; she stretched out her arms, and spread wide her fingers, reaching out, trying to lay hold on something in the frightful void.

"Then 'I am blind!' blind!" The last word was indeed like a wall of despair. "Oh, no! no! no! no! no! that; O God, not that! not that!" and unable to keep her feet she sank in anguish, upon the floor.

Sister Noella's arms were around her; her tears wet the cheeks of the sufferer, as she whispered over and over again, in accents of tenderest sympathy, "Pray dear, pray! Ask for light. Try to see with your heart; only try to see with your heart, dear Margaret, until the light returns to your eyes. Speak to Jesus, the True Light. He is at the door of your heart now, waiting to be admitted. Speak to Him, dear; He will hear you!"

(To be continued.)

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.

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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.

MISCELLANEOUS. A well-known Georgia judge tells us this story: "When war was declared against Spain the darkeys became greatly agitated because there was talk of putting them to the front to fight the Spaniards. They offered all sorts of amusing excuses for not enlisting."

"One old negro said to a man who was urging him to take up arms against Spain: 'What for, Mars George?' said the old man. 'I ain't got nothin' against them Spaniards. They never done nothin' to me. I ain't got a thing against them Spaniards; what's the use of us fighting 'em?'"

"Patriotism," replied the man. "You should fight for love of country."

"Heh!" said the darkey, "In er country? I dun live in town so long I ain't got no use for de country."

A Medicine Chest. Is the name appropriately applied to Hagar's Yellow Oil. It can be used externally or taken internally. Cures cuts, burns, bruises, contracted cords, stiff joints, painful swellings, ginsy, sore throat, pain in the stomach, kidney complaint, etc. Price 25c.

Some well defined human footprints have been discovered in a rock at Ridge Hill, near Queen Anne's Corner, Plymouth County, Mass., and a local reporter naively wrote concerning them: "They were not made by the hand of man."

PORT MULGRAVE, June 5, 1897. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. DEAR SIRS,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for colds, etc. It is the best Liniment I have ever used. MRS. JOSIAH HART.

"Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would there be left?" "Polly (aged six)—Three, please. Teacher—No, two would be left. Polly—No, three would be left. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away."

It's not the weather that's at fault. It's your system, clogged with poisonous materials, that makes you feel dull, drowsy, weak and miserable. Let Burdock Blood Purifiers clear away all the poisons, purify and enrich your blood, make you feel bright and vigorous.

Huband—For whom are you knitting those stockings? Wife—For a benevolent society. Huband—Do you know, you might send them my address. Perhaps they would send me a pair. Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Torture of ECZEMA Prevented Sleep. Mr. Paul Lariviere, Meadowville Station, Elton Co., N.S., writes as follows: "I shall always praise Burdock Blood Purifiers 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 tortured 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 purifies the blood of all those poisons which are the source of skin eruptions.

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

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.

Geo. Carter & Co. Wholesale and Retail Seedsmen.

Baldwin Apples!

We have about 35 barrels of Ontario Baldwins left in stock. They are in first-class order, and a suitable size for retailing or for house use.

Valencia Oranges! Just received—a lot of new Valencia Oranges, which we are still selling at the old price—15c per dozen.

CAPE COD CRANBERRIES! We have several hundred quarts of cranberries still on hand.

BEER & GOFF GROCERS.

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. McRACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

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

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

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Are You Well? Unusual question! If your digestion needs a rest—whatever else may be true—you can get it from SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil.

What ever else it may be—it is a vacation for stomach and partly for bowels. It feeds you a little without any work at all by the stomach. That little may be enough to set your whole body going again; for it helps you more than it feeds you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont. and 51.00; all drug stores.

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

PROSE FROM ONE OF MANY. Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering for 10 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. As last I saw Doan's Pills advertised, 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. LAMAR, of Toronto.