

Good Health is Impossible Without regular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

BYGONE DAYS.

It's O! for bygone days, The days of long ago, When you and I and all the world Were free as winds that blow. When all was fair, And pain and care Were things we did not know. It's O! for bygone days, The springtime, bloom and song, When eyes looked forth with steadfast faith, And in their faith were strong, When Truth and Love, Supreme above, Were conquerors over wrong. It's O! for bygone days, The days that long since fled, The old child faith and simple heart The slowly vanished, That changing years Wrapt round with tears And buried with their dead. Hugh E. Gile.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

PART II. OFF TO RUSSIA.

"I forget, aunt. I only remember that mamma made beautiful pictures in books for me, and papa made beautiful pictures; and the pretty head bent low, and tears were blotting the new drawing-book. The princess did not know how to console a child, though she would have liked to console Blandine at that moment. She gave her time, made no remark as to the blotted page, and went on apparently with her reading. When the young head was again lifted no trace of a tear remained in the dark eyes. Well, I will leave the rest to you, my dear. Ring for Daria. We have had drawing enough for one day. Daria, you may bring your knitting and tell stories to barushnaya while I give audience to one who is to come about this time."

"She is waiting," said Daria. "So much the better." As she spoke, the visitor entered. "And this is Anis?" The princess held out her hand cordially. Anis took the extended hand, kissed it and burst into tears. "Come, come, come, Anis! Tears are never of much use. Tell me their cause and we will seek a remedy together. Tell me all about my poor Socha, my poor lost darling!"

"In the first place, mother, you must know that the cloth-factory your steward built was very successful while father lived and directed it. When he died suddenly, and Rand was taken to help the new master, things went rather badly. Rand said there was dishonesty, and that made enemies for him; so he had to seek another situation. Poor mother was so grieved at having to give up our little home that she fell sick. Rand had to go a long distance to obtain another situation, and we were to give up the house you settled mother in when she married. It broke her heart, she just could not rally from her sickness. When she died, I went after Rand. He was working, but not steadily. He had signed a contract with a lepidary for five years; after that he was to get a good place in the rich mines of Irkutak. He was impatient to be off. He went before the five years were ended, and I had to seek a situation. I went to P. Kresburg. I knew the Wallinskis did not need a governess, but I thought Alexandra Alexandrovna would help me to find a place when I told her you were my god-mother. She was so good to me, though not happy at that time; for she had just learned of her father's second marriage with a person she did not like; and as she would not marry one of her father's obnoxious, she was just that out by him."

"Well, what after that?" "What could she do? She came to Paris, to the Beaux Arts. "She had a pretty little apartment, three rooms only, in a quarter where the rents were not high. She fitted up her place very nicely. I was with her when I had no lessons. When Rand would go off to Irkutak I resolved to keep near her until he wanted me. I couldn't give him up. I promised mother that I would be faithful to him. She said to me just before she died: "Be good, Nan; don't steal; don't lie; don't keep bad company. Be kind to Rand. And all these I promised and have done the best I could."

"Come, come, Anis! You are like all the rest, scorning yourself for a selfish, heartless man." "He was such a good boy, mother. So obedient, so industrious. Handy at every work; but soft, weak. He'd believe anything he heard and lend his last kopeck, and you know, lent money is lost money in Russia."

"And so Sachinka (little soola) was good to you? I am glad of that."

"She was more than good. She got a room for me in the same house with herself. She fed me, clothed me, for the little help I gave her. I took care of her wardrobe, kept her room in order, went on errands about her work, did her marketing. And I was with her when the news came of the great conspiracy and the arrest of the students."

"How did she take it?" "She wouldn't believe that Vasily had anything to do with it. She said he couldn't be one of that band of assassins. He wouldn't risk her happiness by joining that set."

"But when he was condemned?" "She didn't believe in either. She couldn't. When it was proved and he was condemned, she prepared to set off to Moscow, hoping to reach there before the convey of prisoners should be started off. She had her traveling bag in her hand when she heard a step on the stairs, a man's step. She just flew to open the door. It was a carrier. He handed her a letter. She just read it, and fell to the floor. He is dead, I thought to myself. They have shot him or he has killed himself."

"I did what I could to bring her to. Oh, it was a sad sight! Almost all the life was gone out of her. She was ghastly, just like death itself. I got eau-de-vie and forced some of it between her teeth. I rubbed her and worked over her for hours. She would come to a little, and then go off into a deathly cold state again. For days she was like that. At last she would get up. And then what work it was to keep her from destroying herself! Now it was poison, now the railway, now the river."

"She was mad," said the princess, in a choking voice. "She was mad," said Anis, "and well she might be. On the second day I read the letter while she was in a sort of half-conscious sleep. It was from her old acquaintance. It said:

"My darling little Socha: Congratulate me. Papa has saved Vasily. We are betrothed. Your old friend, VERA."

"The judge had saved him from Siberia, on condition that he married his ugly daughter. Ugly and malicious always, was that Vera Gorski!"

"Was my poor child long in that state of despair?"

"Not so long. She was proud. In a few weeks she was quiet. She would go to work just to keep up appearances."

"Did she answer the letter?"

"She made me send congratulations in her name."

"Well, Anis, is there more to tell?"

"Only a few months after that my poor girl was getting resigned like, though very pale and thoughtful still. She kept steadily at her work, going even on a day when a great picture was being exhibited. I tried my best to keep her at home that day. But I had to let her go, mother. I would have gone with her, although I had lessons; but she wouldn't hear of it. Of course I was not sure it would be different from other days. I came home in the evening. No one answered my tap at the door. Twenty times in an hour I came down from my room to see if she had come. No sign, no token; and so the living night. I went out in the direction she always took, thinking to meet her. No!"

Repairing Neatly Done

Never thought of such a sign for a medicine did you? Well, it's a good sign for Scott's Emulsion. The body has to be repaired like other things and Scott's Emulsion is the medicine that does it.

These poor bodies wear out from worry, from over-work, from disease. They get thin and weak. Some of the new ones are not well made—and all of the old ones are racked from long usage.

Scott's Emulsion fixes all kinds. It does the work both inside and out. It makes soft bones hard, thin blood red, weak lungs strong, hollow places full. Only the best materials are used in the patching and the patches don't show through the new glow of health. No one has to wait his turn. You can do it yourself—you and the bottle.

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, soc. and dr. all druggists.

Here Anis had to stop. The recollection of that night overcame her.

"On the third day my door opened and a gentleman walked in. He begged my pardon, saying he had knocked several times before trying the door. I was so dazed I had not heard a sound. I knew the gentleman by sight. He was an artist I had seen at the Academy. A fine-looking gentleman, tall, fair, with beautiful manners, just like a real English nobleman. He asked me if I was Miss Clough, and if I would go with him. 'I have no note,' he said, 'because the person you desire to see you cannot write at present.' I did not ask a single question, but just put on my bonnet and followed him. Oh, mother, I cannot give you any idea of what I saw! That beautiful girl lying on the hospital bed, all broken, combed, her big eyes sparkling bright. 'Nan,' she says, in a sort of whisper, 'Nan, I am going to my mother.' Then her eyes closed, and she lay a long time like that."

"Did she tell you it happened, Anis?"

"Yes, long afterwards. "There was a great stillness in that part of the academy, where she was working. Only an occasional footstep passed, for every one was in the exhibition hall. She, with her pretty white bonnet hanging over her face, was mounted on a ladder, copying a small picture that was hung high because of its great value. She heard a voice in the next room that made her heart almost stop beating; then another voice and laughter. She hastily mounted another step of the ladder, pulled her muslin bonnet over her face and put on her spectacles. The voices and the laughter came nearer. The steps came nearer, then passed. They seemed to pay no attention to the person on the ladder, but she had recognized Vera's laugh, and as they passed beneath her she saw her coquetting with her husband, laughing and merry, hanging on his arm. She did not remember whether she tried to descend or not after their departure. She felt herself growing giddy and seized the round of the ladder. She knew not even that she was falling. But she must have moaned loud enough to be heard in the next room, for the fall made no noise, did not alarm any one in the least. The artist, working away all alone in the next room at a picture promised for the exhibition, heard a moan and looked in. He saw a little heap at the foot of the ladder. 'Oh, my God!' he cried, and throwing down his brushes ran and lifted her. Without a word to any one he carried her, as well he might, for he was a strong, splendid fellow indeed, through the least frequented passages to the street. 'Any sum you like for a cab!' he cried to the cabsmen always in line there. 'For life or death! emergency entrance; — Hospital!' There he laid her down and there I found her, a mass of wounds and bruises."

"If I had not gathered most of this from your letters, Anis, I think it would kill me. But, somehow, I have gotten over the worst pain, since I know she rallied from her grief and married."

"Were they happy, think you?" "Happy mother! Happiness is not the word. They were like child ren let into the Garden of Eden. The world never had anything for them after she gave her consent to become his wife."

"But she did not recover completely, it seems?"

"No, and that was one reason for her so long refusing to marry. She remained a cripple; well as to health, but a little paralyzed in her limbs. Both ankles had been broken in the fall. The doctor said it would pass in time, she was so young and of good constitution. She had the best doctors of the faculty of Paris and all the help money could command."

"Did she return to her former apartments?"

"No; she feared she might be traced. She went with me to a little cottage in the suburbs. It was tenanted by friends of Father Laland, but they gave us some rooms. There I remained with her till she was convalescent, till the past had faded and the new life was about to begin. The day of her marriage I started to join Rand, who was very ill; and she and her husband went to the south. He was anxious to take her there. He said he was sure she would be perfectly cured at Lourdes."

"What a pity that she changed her faith!"

"A pity, mother! why?"

"Love ought not to influence in such matters."

"It never influenced her, never! I can swear to that, if need be. Only sincere conviction led her to the faith of her husband. She read much, she prayed, and finally was persuaded that she was embracing the true faith."

"Did you not try to prevent it? Did you not tell her to remember it was against the laws of her country?"

"How could I, mother? I know nothing at all about creeds! But from what I have seen of Christian actions I can only judge that Socha did choose the best."

"And the husband; what do you know about him?"

"I know that he was a gentleman, a scholar, an artist. But as to his

It Hurt To Eat.

The pain, nausea and distress that Dyspepsia suffer after every meal can all be permanently removed by Burdock Blood Bitters. It tones up and restores the stomach to normal condition so that it digests food without causing discomfort.

Here's proof positive: Mrs. Maggie Spinks, Delaware, N.B., writes the following: "I have been a sufferer from Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia for the past two years and feel very miserable. I could not take much food as it hurt me to eat. My friends said, 'Why don't you try B.B.B.' I did so, using two bottles, which made such a complete cure that I can now eat anything I like without it causing me discomfort."

family, you must ask Father Laland who married them. He took pains to satisfy himself on every point, before he would consent to perform the ceremony."

"A Jesuit, no doubt, this Pere Laland?"

"I don't know, mother. I never saw a Jesuit to my knowledge. What are they like?"

"They are black robed." "Father Laland wear black, certainly; but whether he be a Jesuit, or not, I cannot say. I know a Dominican or a Franciscan when I see one, but none other."

"I must see him. I will speak with him before the child departs." (To be continued.)

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

Tramp—Please, mum, I haven't a friend or relative in the world. Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, Tige!

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"I'll take a little of the same—out of the large black bottle," said Colonel Stillwell, confidentially. "I'm taking this for a cold," he added, still more confidentially.

"But you haven't any cold." "I know that. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25c.

Miss Ascum—Doctor, I read somewhere that onions were a good remedy for weak nerves; is that so?" Dr. Bright, I don't know about that, but I think an onion is a good remedy for a weak breath.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.

MRS. REUBEN BAKER, Riverdale. I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON, Stanley, P. B. I. I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.

MATTHIAS FOLEY, Oil City, Ont.

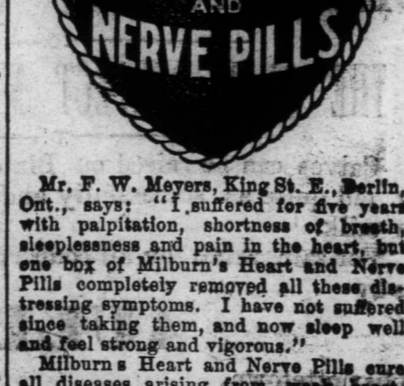
Little May was showing the pictures in the album to the visitor, and, on opening the page containing the portrait of her father's first wife she said, "That's my eldest mother."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

"Did you ever see anything so stuck up as that pump?" remarked the sawbuck. "And why not?" replied the milk-woman. "He's well-connected, you see."

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

STRONG AND VIGOROUS. Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Myers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail.

Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

MISCELLANEOUS.

An English Author Wrote: "No shade, no shine, no fruit, no flowers, no leaves—November!" Many Americans would add no freedom from catarrh, which is so aggravated during this month that it becomes constantly troublesome. There is abundant proof that catarrh is a constitutional disease. It is related to scrofula and consumption, being one of the wasting diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla has shown that what is capable of eradicating scrofula, completely cures catarrh, and taken in time prevents consumption. We cannot see how any sufferer can put off taking this medicine, in view of the widely published record of its radical and permanent cures. It is undoubtedly America's Greatest Medicine for America's Greatest Disease—Catarrh.

Mary had a little ring, 'twas given by her beau; and every where that Mary went, that ring was sure to go. She took the ring with her one day, off to the seashore, where she might display it to the girls who were all clustered there.

And when the girls all saw the ring, they made a great ado, exclaiming with one voice: "Has it at last got round to you?"

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, leads to consumption.

"Did you know," said the man who is always worrying, "that the coal supply will be exhausted in a few million years?"

"Well," answered the friend with the world weary face, "can you blame it, you would be exhausted too if you were worked for a million years, wouldn't you? Why express surprise at so simple a phenomenon?"

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache of all cause whatever. Price 10c. and 5c.

There is a newspaper in Kansas whose motto is, "Lie, steal, drink and swear," and it is thus explained by the editor: "When you lie, let it be down to pleasant dreams; when you steal, let it be away from immoral associates; when you drink let it be pure water; when you swear, let it be that you will patronize your home paper, pay your subscription and not send your jobwork away from home."

Used internally Hagar's Yellow Oil cures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Group, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

Painters' Kidneys.

The worst thing a painter has to contend with is the turpentine. The lead, of course, is bad too, but the turpentine cuts the kidneys, inflames and weakens them, makes the painter's life a dangerous one. When a painter's backaches, it is time for him to begin treating the kidneys.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS will fix them up—take out the inflammation and congestion give ease to the aching back.

Mr. J. Evanson, the well-known painter and decorator, 50 Oxford St., Toronto, Ont., said: "About eight weeks ago I was taken with an excruciating pain in my back over the kidneys. It was so bad that my wife had to apply hot cloths till the doctor came and gave me morphine. He said the trouble was due to a stone passing from the kidney to the bladder. My water was loaded with a brick dust deposit and scalded me passing. While in this condition I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and started taking them. It was not long before I got relief from pain and have been improving in health ever since. My urine is now clear and does not smart me, and I feel better than in years."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. These little pills act easily and naturally on the bowels, clearing away all bile and effete material. Constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, waterbrash—all disappear when they are used. Price 35c.

WE HAVE THE FINEST AND LARGEST Stock of Up-to-date FURNITURE Ever seen in Charlottetown. We are able and willing to make prices interesting. MARK WRIGHT & CO., Ltd.

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. D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block, Charlottetown.

STOVES! Little Stoves, Big Stoves —AND— All Kinds of Stoves. Fennell & Chandler, The Stove Men, Ch'town.

If You Want A WATCH OR ANY KIND OF JEWELLERY! TRY E. W. TAYLOR. Now is the time for Bargains. E. W. TAYLOR, Cameron Block.

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. BEER & GOFF THOUSANDS —OF— New Books

Henty's, Kingston's and Ballentyne's Books for boys. Annie S. Swan's, Bessie, Mildred, Elsie and Pansy Books for girls. High Class Works of Fiction by celebrated Authors. The Poets, an immense stock, in all styles of bindings. Bibles, Testaments, Song Books in variety. Books for everybody. Prices to suit everybody.

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