

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.

AWAKENING.

There is a sudden tremor in the earth. A drawing glory in the vaulted skies. As if the wonder of a mighty birth startled the meadows into dim surprise. A ripple gives the lake a silver bloom. Strange music murmurs in the sad old pines. While the remembrance of a past perfume. Stir the plantation's regulated lines. We feel the promise at the heart of things. The rising good that overcometh ill. And a new influence that feeds the springs. Within ourselves of enterprise and will. —Ave Maria.

The Ghost of a Priest.

The convent where I was educated is in the Southern part of Kentucky, remotely far from the haunts and habitations of man. It is a vast, gloomy structure of irregular outline; its eastern wings are given over to the use and occupation of the pupils, while the convent proper comprises the central portion, and in the western wing are the great libraries, art rooms and various infirmaries. Apart from the convent, but facing it, is a beautiful Gothic chapel, and beyond, across the lawn, is the cottage occupied by the resident priest.

I had been quite ill, and now, during my convalescence, I learned to my great sorrow of the illness of my dear godfather, and aged Father Rheinhardt. I begged to see him at once, but I was too weak to leave the infirmary, and he was too ill to come to me. Thus many days passed, during which the dear old man grew steadily more feeble. How I loved and revered him! He seemed to me more than man in his saint-like piety, his wonderful intelligence, his gentle kindness. At length, one day I was taken to him; but how changed he was! All he could accord me was a faint smile, a feeble hand pressure, and a whispered blessing, while I knelt at his side and wept.

That night I was awakened from profound slumber by a surprising sense of exquisite happiness. I tried to grasp the meaning of this pure spiritual ecstasy—for, child as I was, I knew it could be no ordinary emotion—and then my heart stood still to listen. Upon the midnight stillness came sounds so sweet, so beautiful, that my very soul was filled with the rapture of melody. I sprang up and ran to the window. The night was dark; not a star in the sky, not a light in the gloomy convent, save the taper that burned dimly in the sick priest's chamber. As I stood there listening to the mysterious music, a faint radiance began to enshroud the cottage, and as it brightened, the music became sweeter. Intoxicated by what I saw and heard, I was abruptly recalled to reality again by the convent bell tolling the midnight hour. The next morning I learned that Father Rheinhardt had died at midnight.

After this my fever returned and a month later I was still confined to the infirmary. One night I was wakened and nervous. After tossing about on my pillow for some time, I arose and threw myself in an arm chair by the window that opened upon the lawn. To my astonishment I saw that some rooms in the second story of the priest's cottage were brilliantly lighted, and this struck me as peculiar, for I knew that Father Burke—our new resident priest—had gone away on a sick call at sunset, and would not return till the following day.

Still I might have come earlier than he had been expected. My heart stopped its throbbing when I perceived that the new priest's rooms were in darkness, while the lighted chambers were those formerly occupied by Father Rheinhardt. Ever since his death these rooms had been closed and barred; now they were open, and the light within was so bright that the interior of the room was plainly revealed. As I stood there, lost in wonder and amazement, the figure of the dead priest suddenly appeared at the window of his bed room. I felt that he gazed earnestly at me a moment, then passing into the next room he opened his private desk and began searching among some papers. For an hour I knelt there, alone, watching the strange apparition, listening to the divinatory hum of his wings, and to the soft fluttering of unseen angelic wings; then, as vision faded, the music ceased and all was still.

After that for many nights I saw the same wonderful things, and always when the dead priest appeared at his window and looked across at me, I felt that his eyes burned with an intense appeal. I was mystified, but I could not comprehend why I alone saw and heard these wonderful things, and yet a certain urgency warned me to divulge my secret to no one. I felt

no fear, on the contrary, I was strangely happy. I seemed to live only for the brief midnight hour when I heard that heavenly music—ah, such music! Since then I have listened to earth's sublimest melodies, yet in my heart I know how poor they are when compared to the music of my vision; for between them was the measure of the infinite, the difference of things human and divine.

One day there came to my bedside the famous priest-physician—Father Sebastian. He felt my pulse, questioned me briefly, and said abruptly: "There is something on your mind, my child; what is it?" I looked up at him doubtfully, but a voice in my heart said, "speak." I hesitated no longer. I knew he would believe me, and he did. He listened to me with grave attention, then said: "You have done wisely to give me your confidence, dear child,"—and thoughtfully—"I shall sit up with you to-night; together we shall await your beautiful vision."

I awoke as usual at midnight. The room was lit by the shaded night lamp that burned on a table near the foot of my bed. One of the nuns who was nursing me was asleep in an arm chair; the other, on her knees before a crucifix, was absorbed in prayer. At the window, and motionless as a statue, I could see the dim outline of Father Sebastian's quiet figure. I arose and knelt beside him.

We had not long to wait. The windows in Father Rheinhardt's rooms began to emit a faint radiance that rapidly brightened until the interior of the rooms became visible. At the same time the light that on previous nights had enshrouded the house like a haze, began to lengthen and throw out traverse bars of light; forming thus a vast cross of flaming gold that stood out in relief against the darkness of the night, its foot upon the earth, its crest on the sky, and its branching arms above the cottage. Then began again that divine chorus. No words can tell, no mind can conceive its beauty. It awed while it enchanted. It drowned one's humanity in an overwhelming sense of joy in the possession of a soul. It was sublime. As it swelled in volume, we could hear the clear chords of golden harps, and the air was full of the rhythmic movements of unseen wings.

"Look!" I whispered, as I saw the figure of the dead priest appear at his window. He raised his hand, beckoned to us three times, then he passed into the next room and began again searching the papers on his desk. Father Sebastian rose quietly from his knees, grasped me by the hand, hurried me from the room, down dark, winding stairs, through long, narrow corridors, and out into the night. As we crossed the lawn I glanced back and saw that the entire convent was in darkness, and against the shadowy background like a heavy bank of cloud.

As we entered the band of light that formed the base of that mysterious cross, I became conscious of an supreme ecstasy, and I stretched out my little childish arms, in vain longing to clasp to heart some of the radiant beings that I knew were about me in that beautiful light; but Father Sebastian hurried me into the house, and we paused not till we stood on the threshold of Father Rheinhardt's little study.

The quiet figure of the dead priest did not stir at our entrance, and he seemed absorbed in the papers that rustled suspiciously beneath his nerveless touch. I noticed that he wore his old black cassock, and withal he seemed so natural, so lifelike, that I could readily have believed him a creature of flesh and blood, had it not been for a weirdness of appearance which suddenly became visible. Although he was a distinct, a perfect reality, yet he was absolutely transparent, and I saw, through his body, the papers within his long, white fingers.

Father Sebastian said in a clear, calm voice: "Father Rheinhardt, I ask you in the name of Jesus Christ, what brings you back to earth?" The dead priest turned in his chair.

Consumption is, by no means, the dreadful disease it is thought to be in the beginning. It can always be stopped in the beginning. The trouble is: you don't know you've got it; you don't believe it; you won't believe it—till you are forced to. Then it is dangerous.

Don't be afraid; but attend to it quick; you can do it yourself and at home. Take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, and live carefully every way. This is sound doctrine, whatever you may think or be told; and, if heeded, will save life.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT'S BROWN, Chemists, Toronto. 50c, and \$1.00 all druggists.

and looked at us. His face—ah, how wonderful it was! I had expected to see it as that of an old man's wrinkled and seamed; instead, it held the freshness of eternal youth, and was dazzling with the beauty of one who has looked on God.

He arose, stood by us, and with his hand on my head, spoke to us—in a voice whose music I will never forget, of many things that I am not permitted to reveal. Then he told us that his death had prevented his attending to some important legal matters for his brother's children, whose guardian he had been, and that, in consequence, they were in danger of being defrauded of a handsome inheritance; however, certain documents on the desk would rectify the trouble.

He put into Father Sebastian's hands some papers, sealed and tied with a crimson tape; charged him most solemnly to go to the little town of B—, and there to deliver them to his brother's widow, stating her name and address. After this, fixing his wonderful eyes on me, he said: "I knew you would not be afraid, dear child; I knew you would come to me," then whispering some words that went straight to my heart, and with a touch that was both a caress and a blessing, he vanished from our sight. I cried out to him to return, to take me with him; but for answer came a burst of melody so sublime, to which in comparison, all earthly music seems but direct discord. In the fading of that celestial vision, he walked slowly back to the convent.

One week later Father Sebastian came to me and told me this strange story: Acting on Father Rheinhardt's ghostly command, Father Sebastian went to B— and at once made his way to Mrs. Rheinhardt's home. When he was ushered into her presence she became greatly agitated, and trembled violently; finally, when she grew calmer, she explained that every night for a month past, her brother, the late Father Rheinhardt, had appeared to her in a dream, accompanied by a strange priest and a little child, whose arms were full of papers tied with red tape. She said that, in the dream, Father Rheinhardt always begged her to be patient, that he would restore to the children their property. She also told Father Sebastian that her agitation on seeing him was caused by her recognizing him as the strange priest who accompanied Father Rheinhardt in the dream, and her description of the little girl was, so Father Sebastian assured me, a striking picture of me.

I remained at the convent six years after this strange occurrence, but I never again saw my beautiful vision.—The Rag Magazine.

Spanish Cigar Factories in New York.

Spanish cigar factories in New York are conducted differently from American establishments of the same character. The Spanish workers are more completely organized in labor unions and enjoy a correspondingly greater independence, but, on the other hand, they are stricter in retaining a discipline among themselves. The loud-talking and hard-swearing American factory-hand would not be tolerated one instant in a Spanish or Cuban workshop. Not the employer, but the other employees, would give him a short shrift. On the other hand, they observe many ancient customs which are of decided interest. One of these is to take days off, and devote them to balls, picnics, or chosen functions. It makes no difference how busy the firm may be, their enjoyment takes precedence. To Spanish employers who are used to the custom, the sudden dropping of work occasions little surprise, but when, as is often the case in this city, the employer is an American, the effect upon his mind, conduct, and language is, to put in mildly, disastrous.

Another practice is to have a shop reader. This functionary may be classed as a professional. He must have a good voice, a clear enunciation, and an excellent knowledge of Spanish. He goes on duty with the operatives, and has a desk, chair, pitcher of water, and cigarettes or cigars. All day long he reads aloud while the men work. Each shop has its own programme. In some the reader opens the morning by reading the news of the day. He uses for this purpose a local daily, and sometimes papers from Havana or Madrid. After reading the news he then takes up the special subject of the course. This may be a feuilleton from a Spanish paper, a Spanish novel, a volume of poems, a book of plays, a history, or any other books which the shop has selected previously. It must be said that he reads well. The operatives display deep interest in the reading, and seldom speak, unless it may be to ask the reader some question. The amount of ground covered in this way is very great. The reader averages a hundred to a hundred and fifty words a minute, or even from six to nine thousand an hour. At six hours a day, this would give a total of thirty-six thousand words, which is about the length of a short Spanish novel. A longer novel will take two days, so that, in the course of a year, not less than one hundred books have been poured in-

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. R. 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."

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a backache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, give Doan's Pills a trial. Certainly not harmful. Abram (shouting)—Do you really find that medicine any good for deafness? Ebenezer—Hey? Abram (screaming)—I say, do you find that medicine any good for deafness? Ebenezer—Wall, sir, I've been hard of hearing nigh on to 15 year, and I ain't never took anything else.

High Pressure Days.

Men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own nowadays. Never were the demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, more numerous. The first effect of the pressureworthy effort to keep up with all these things is commonly seen in a weakened or debilitated condition of the nervous system, which results in dyspepsia, defective nutrition of both body and brain, and in extreme cases in complete nervous prostration. It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigor and tone to the nerves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. From personal knowledge, we can recommend Hood's Sassafras for this purpose. It acts on all the vital organs, builds up the whole system, and fits men and women for these high-pressure days.

"Hail, King Edward!"—Boston Herald. "Reign, King Edward I would be more appropriate."—Boston Globe. "And that's snow joke, either."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "These be thundering bad puns."—Montreal Star.

"Weather they are puns or not, they are breezy."—Ottawa Journal. Fog a balthag for this lightning stroke. Let no meteorological word be mist. —Hamilton-Spectator. Such elementary jokes as these cannot be hailed as original. Let us not cloud our intellects with such blasted zephyrs.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES Garget in Cows.

"All that I want," said Mr. O'Tool, "is peace. And, by jabsers, I'll have that, if I have to fight every man in the parish."

Weak, nervous or delicate men and women, whether overworked mentally or physically, will find nothing to equal Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for restoring their health and building up their system.

When Charles Dudley Warner was editor of the Hartford Press, back in the '60's arousing patriotism by his energetic appeals, one of the type seters came in from the composing-room one day, and, facing Mr. Warner, said: "Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled emotions of pride and respectability Mr. Warner replied that it pleased him that the man felt the call of duty.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful composition, "but I'd rather be shot than set your copy."

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

If you're suffered from constipation for years, tried all the remedies you ever heard of, without getting more than the relief the one dose of the medicine afforded—if you've been subject to all the miseries 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? Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—sure 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. Gashy, 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 half a bottle of it to start with. I received so much benefit from that that I continued to use it, and took in all three bottles, which completely cured me. Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—sure 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."

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"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."

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, so hearing your Heart and Nerve Pills highly spoken of I procured a box, and by the time she had used them she had gained 9 1/2 lbs. in weight and is now in perfect health. Yours truly, Mrs. P. H. CURTIS.

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a backache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, give Doan's Pills a trial. Certainly not harmful. Abram (shouting)—Do you really find that medicine any good for deafness? Ebenezer—Hey? Abram (screaming)—I say, do you find that medicine any good for deafness? Ebenezer—Wall, sir, I've been hard of hearing nigh on to 15 year, and I ain't never took anything else.

In the spring the whole system is clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter. Take Burdock Blood Bitters this spring and it will purify the blood, making it rich and red, and will give you strength and energy.

MOLLY'S LETTER. Little Molly sat down to write a letter to her father, who had been absent three months, and this was what she finally sent: "Dear Father—We are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain, your daughter, Molly."

Used internally Hagyard's Yellow Oil cures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Rheumatism, Stiff joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

"Now, Johnny," his mother said as they started for church, "I want you to behave like a good little boy." "I can't!" blubbered Johnny. "I don't know any good little boy!"

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.

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

Charlotteville, P. E. Island.

Tickets Posters Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads Check Books Receipt Books Note of Hand Books

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.

CARTER'S Chamber

—FOR—

Wall Paper

Our immense New Stock is now open for your inspection. Newest designs, newest patterns, largest stock ever shown in P. I. Island.

Ingrains with handsome borders to match Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom and Kitchen.

Colin McArthur & Co's Papers best in Canada.

Alfred Peats & Co's Papers Best in the United States.

Geo. Carter & Co. Importers of Wall Paper.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned until April 26th next for the erection of a new Hall at Vernon River. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Parochial House, Vernon River, up to the 10th April, and after that date at the hardware store of E. B. Norton & Co., Charlottetown. Tenders are to be marked "Tender for New Hall" and addressed to the undersigned at Avondale P. O. The Building Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. JOHN A. O'KEEFE, Sec'y. Building Committee. Vernon River, March 30th, 1901. Apl 3-31. d e s a w.

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

Baldwin Apples!

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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.

Chamber

Isn't complete unless it includes

A Toilet Set

To correspond with the other things. If you are thinking of a Toilet Set let us show you ours. In them are combined the right effect in shape and decoration.

Call on P. E. Island's greatest Crockery Store for Toilet Sets.

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.

Just a Word!

Spring will soon be here, and you may be making a change in your cooking stove. If so, and you want the best cooking and baking stove in existence buy

The Highland Range.

(MADE IN BOSTON.)

Fennell & Chandler

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.