Bad With Worms.

Some time ago my little boy was very bad with worms. I procured a bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup, and am thankful to say it cured him quickly and completely.

MRS C CARLTON,
McKinnon Har P. O., Ont.

IN THY LIKENESS.

BY A. E. J.

Emblems of death around us lie.
Sleep, and the darkness and the night,
The falling leaf, the fading light,
The simplest brook that murmurs by,
All speak decay and change and seem to say,
"Passeth the fashion of this world away."
And one more change awaits the just—
The change to splendor out of dust:
The glorious body from the vile,
Which no decay can touch or sin defile.
Thou great Unchangeable, who didst create
Man in Thine image, so wilt Thou provide
That man, from sleep to his eternal state,
Wake in Thy likeness, blest and satisfied.*

* When I awoke after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.—Ps.

—Ave Maria.

Grand for Diarrhoea.

"I have been using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past six years and consider it a grand remedy for diarrhoea, and it is especially good for children cutting teeth."

MRS. HENRY C. THEDE,
Port Elgin, Ont

The "Auserstehung" at Vienna

CORPUS CHRISTI AT DRESDEN.

(Written for the Catholic Standard and Times by Charles H. A. Esling.)

(Continued from last week.)

The procession enters the greater Hofburg chapel, which, as it can contain but a limited few, is, of course, closed to the multitudes, some of whom wait to see the Emperor come out to review the departing troops, while many hasten to St. Stephen's and witness there, an hour later, that portion of the function which was denied to them at the Hofburg.

Around the grand square of St. Stephen's an equal throng has by this time gathered, dominated by that marvelous heaven-soaring spire, probably the most beautiful in the world, worthy to be imagined a pinnacle of heaven:

Quae celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris.

All the surrounding places of traffic are closed, and the crowds wait patiently until at 6 o'clock the clerical procession, consisting of the various religious guilds with banners, the municipal authorities, headed by the Mayor, in this instance the celebrated Dr. Luger; the clergy and canons of the Cathedral, and, finally, the Cardinal Prince-Archbishop, bearing under a canopy the Sacred Host, proceed around the square and enter the Cathedral. And then what a scene of well nigh unearthly beauty follows, as mid chiming bells, thunderous music of organ, orchestra and chant the Holy of Holies is placed upon the richly decorated high altar, and the Matins and Lauds of Easter Sunday, followed by the "Te Deum" and benediction, closes the ceremony of the "Auserstehung" or mystical Resurrection of our Lord. The last rays of a glorious early spring sunset penetrate the superlatively rich windows of the magnificent church, and mingling with the myriad candles upon the altar and those suspended in the great chandeliers of the nave give the effect in the darkening background of twilight shadows of all the interior walls of the Cathedral being incrustated with a mass of coruscating jewels, and seen through the great open door at the end of the nave, recall those lines of the well-known hymn of dedication:

Hic margaritis emicant,
Patentque cunctis ostia.

And with exultant heart and soul the spectator realizes the fulfilment of the prayer:

Haec templa Rex, Coelestium,
Imple benigno lumine.
Huc, O rogatus adveni,
Plebisque vota suscipe.

CORPUS CHRISTI AT DRESDEN.

If I refer to the celebration of Corpus Christi, or Frohnleichnamsfest, as the Germans call it, at the Saxon capital, instead of some place like Vienna, Munich or Rome, more favorable from their ultra Catholicity to a greater external display of ecclesiastical splendor, it is because the Saxon capital, from its very ultra Protestantism, renders the celebration here the more remarkable and comparatively more splendid than in more favored localities. I doubt if it is even surpassed elsewhere, except in the single feature that it takes place inside the church instead of in the open thoroughfares. The court church of Dresden is indeed a cold but architecturally a noble and impressive building, both interiorly and exteriorly, but what it lacks in color or decoration it supplies in the pomp and decorum of its ritual, and especially in its music, which continually floods it with warmth and color of harmony. Every Sunday and festival, save on the Sundays of Lent and Advent, whether the court be present or not, a grand orchestra of fifty instruments, accompanied by a select choir of singers from the Royal Opera, and a splendidly trained choir of boys, render some celebrated Mass of a great composer. Its high altar is seldom, if ever, adorned, save with its richly chaste silver candelabra, crucifix and monstrance throne, its superb lace frontals or the rich piece of royal tapestry which forms a dark background to these. Extraneous decorations, such as plants and flowers, there are none to destroy this majestic simplicity, unless perhaps occasionally at a private wedding. But its four corner chapels are richly frescoed, and on Corpus Christi are turned into veritable gardens by the profuse and magnificent display of bouquets, evergreens and blooming plants from the royal conservatories. The procession, with its attending troops, is the same as already described for Good Friday, save that the Princesses and court ladies wear their richest dresses, jewels, coronets and tiaras of diamonds, their extensive trains being borne by the powdered and brilliantly attired pages. The venerable King and his entire court entourage walk immediately behind the Blessed Sacrament, the canopy over which is carried by four officers selected from each of the four most distinguished regiments of the different branches of the service, cavalry, artillery, infantry.

The order of the service, however, is again one peculiar to Germany. The procession stops in turn at each of the four chapels. Proceeding to the first chapel the "Pange Lingua Gloriosi" is sung, followed in the chapel itself by the chanting of the beginning of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, after which the invocation from the Litany against thunder and lightning, with other versicles and responses, the proper collect of St. Matthew, together with one for a copious harvest and protection against storms, and concluding with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Proceeding to the second chapel, the hymn is "Sacris Solemnis juncta sint gaudia," followed by the beginning of the Gospel according to St. Mark, the invocation against war, famine and pestilence, the collect of St. Mark and a special collect for increase of local virtues, versicles, responses and benedictions as before.

At the third chapel the hymn "Verbum supernum prodiens," the beginning of the Gospel according to St. Luke, collect of St. Luke and special collect, with the rest as before. At the fourth chapel the hymn "Aeterne Rex Altissime," the beginning of the Gospel according to St. John, collect of St. John and a long special collect against all calamities; the rest as in the other chapels. Then, finally returning to the high altar, the "Te Deum" and fifth benediction concludes the imposing function.

Letters from the Seat of War.

The following letters from two Canadian Catholic chaplains in South Africa will, we feel sure, be found most interesting to our readers. The first is from Father O'Leary, chaplain of the first Canadian contingent, and the second letter is from the chaplain of the second contingent, Father Sinnett. Father O'Leary's letter is addressed to his brother, James L. O'Leary, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and is as follows:

BLOEMFONTEIN, MARCH 13, 1900.

My Dear Brother,—

We have just completed our terrible march of one hundred miles—one that will rank among the greatest achievements in military history. Our average for the last five days was twenty miles a day—the most of which was through a ravaged and deserted country, where even water was at a premium. To say that both men and animals dropped by the wayside gives but a faint idea of the awful ordeal we paused through. You must naturally feel anxious to know how I passed through it. Well, I only fell out twice, and that for a few hours only, thus doing my average like the youngest of the men, and with no greater fatigue.

I have not been sick, physically a single day, but sick at heart often, alas, too often. Never, never, will I forget the terrible work we have gone through, from the day we charged the enemy at Paardeberg until we drove him from his laager on that memorable Monday night, or, rather, Tuesday morning. The awful scenes are all vivid in my memory. Had I the necessary talent I could easily transfer them to canvas, rivalling Detaille at his best. Take the fording of the swollen Modder River, or the wild charge made on Sunday, February 13th, just as the shades of evening were deepening. What weird, soul stirring pictures they would make. Then, the forlorn hope of turning the Boers laager in the depth of night, when our brave boys held each other by the hand at arms length not to lose each other, as they stole forward on the enemy's trenches.

But what of the scenes of the field after the battle. The expressions of some of the upturned faces, some besmeared with blood, baffle description. Here a poor fellow would seem plunged in childlike slumber. Further on the distorted features of another would easily attest the indescribable agony he had endured, before the Almighty relieved him of his sufferings, whilst, now and then, the fierce yell seemed ready to break forth from the open-eyed and open-mouthed soldier as with clenched hands he fell, shot through the heart.

But what of the sad and hasty burial of our dear boys. They had marched and fought, shoulder to shoulder, blade beside blade, nor were their ranks broken in death. Side by side they were tenderly, lovingly laid to sleep, in a foreign soil, their long last sleep.

All this I have witnessed and shared in. Why I know not, but true it is that I was oftener found in the firing line than was, some might say, necessary. I could not help it. It was a species of fascination that I could not control, and many a poor fellow with his dying breath thanked me for having forgotten self for him.

The bullets flew thick and fast. They seem to respect no one, for I saw many struck down around me, almost within touch. One particular incident may interest you. In Sunday's battle, when the enemy's fire was most furious, we had to take shelter on the open as best we could, until a lull in the firing would allow us to push forward. Behind an ant hill I lay prone, sharing the tiny shelter with one of the Black Watch. Finding that there was not room for two, I decided on making a dash for a little mound some fifty yards forward. As I raised myself on my hands and knees, preparatory to a dash, I remember him calling out, 'My God, sir, take care—God speed you.' Just then a volley was directed at us, too late for me, but alas for him. Next morning at early dawn, I found him behind our friendly ant hill, just as I had left him, but pierced through the heart and body, by the bullets that perhaps had been intended for me.

Do you know that a feeling of guilt came over me as I gazed on my poor comrade of an hour, but still, had I remained a minute longer this letter would never have been written.

Another trying movement was when in early hours we were lying almost within touch of the laager. Oh, how that hellfire mowed down everything around us, but we held our ground, and when day broke the Boers hoisted the white flag and surrendered, the best tribute ever given to Canadian bravery. While everyone of the other regiments is found in our praise, we can well afford to be proud of our brave boys. They are indeed worthy of it.

Father Sinnett's letter is dated Capetown, S. A., Feb. 27th, and is as follows:

"We are not yet fighting—no, not even among ourselves. I fancy it would be a difficult task to bring together three hundred and twenty-two soldiers and seventy-seven sailors as good natured, as orderly and as joyous as the brave lads who are to-night, as I write, on their way to engage in one of the most deadly struggles that shall find its records on the pages of modern history.

These men, some of them at least, are no novices in war. A great many of them took part in the northwest troubles of 1885; the others are the genuine Cowboys from the different parts of the Great Canadian Northwest.

The Cowboys are commonly represented as young men who can drink hot-Scotch, kill a stranger, etc., with the same ease and indifference as they can catch and tie up a wild steer or broncho. Yet nothing is so far from the real state of affairs—the truth—as the above. The truth is they are gentlemen and rarely forget their manhood. They may like their glass of Scotch and soda and take it in public. There is no sham about them, and they take their glass so all the world may know it—everything is open and above board. Yet, after several years of life among them, I would write the words in letters of gold, they are a sober lot; and I flatter myself I am a competent judge. I have seen them in towns and villages, I have seen them on the ranches, I have seen them in all the varied phases of their peculiar life, hence, I submit, I am in a position to judge.

Of the Mounted Police I need not speak. Their reputation has long since been established beyond doubt. They are men fully qualified for their hard duties. As an example, imagine yourself mounted on a spirited horse and sent off a distance of eighty miles where cattle thieves are at work. The mounted policeman starts off in the winter, with the weather 50 below zero, as cheerfully as he would go to a country dance, an illustration I am sure my old companions in Ridgetown and Howard will understand. In a week perhaps the policeman returns and reports to his tried and kind chief, Col. Herchmer. What has he done? You may depend on it in every case he has done his duty. But the elements in many cases have left their mark upon him—often a foot, an ear or a nose frozen. In not a few cases the Mounted Policeman has met the fate of good Father Groten—frozen to death in the discharge of his duty. Father Groten was frozen to death in March, 1891, coming from Willow Branch (a half-breed station) to Regina. I succeeded him as pastor at Regina.

These men then, are good and grave fellows. Never in my travels have I been treated with greater respect and affection than by the members of the N. W. M. P. If I chanced to pass their way the morsel of food would be divided with a great big heart and real pleasure, and I was made to feel that there was no humbug about their goodness. The priests in their turn have many occasions on their far west missions to do something for them, and what little we do for any one is transmitted to the whole force. How sweet it is to live like brothers!

Regarding Col. Herchmer, the commander, he is a man now over sixty years of age. I need only say he is an efficient officer, and as kind as a father to the men, and as anxious for their comfort. You may depend that the Colonel and his brave men will give a good account of themselves, especially if left to their trade as scouts.

On board we rise at 5.30, breakfast 7 to 8, then drill which continues nearly all day. Rifle shooting forms part of the drill. The Colonel is ever on the watch to see each man's powers and incourages all in their efforts.

Feb. 27. We have reached our destination, and will soon be on land again. Farewell, and respect to all old friends.

J. C. SINNETT."

Are You Easily Tired?

Just remember that all your strength must come from your food. Did you ever think of that?

Perhaps your muscles need more strength, or your nerves; or perhaps your stomach is weak and cannot digest what you eat.

If you need more strength then take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. The oil is the most easily changed of all foods into strength; and the hypophosphites are the best tonics for the nerves.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the easiest and quickest cure for weak throats, for coughs of every kind, and for all cases of debility, weak nerves, and loss of flesh.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

APRIL SHOWERS

Wash away the filth and waste that have accumulated during winter.

In like manner Hood's Sarsaparilla expels from the blood impurities that have been deposited during the season when there has been but little perspiration and perhaps constant confinement impure and vitiated air. It is a boon to tired mothers, housekeepers, teachers and others who spend their time indoors.

It gives the blood richness and vitality, fitting it to nourish and strengthen the nerves, muscles and all the great organs of the body. It cures all spring humors and banishes that tired feeling.

It is the best medicine money can buy for all diseases caused by impure or impoverished blood. You should begin taking it today.

Women's Ailments.

Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are the most reliable remedy for any form of kidney complaint. They drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life to the fullest.

Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"I had severe kidney trouble for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I began their use. Before taking them I could not stoop to tie my shoes, and at times suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and removed every pain and ache."

Chest Feels Tight.

You seem all choked up and stuffed up with the cold—find it hard to breathe. Cough that rasps and tears you—but little phlegm got up.

Now's the time to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup before things get too serious.

There is no remedy equal to it for making the breathing easy, loosening the phlegm and removing all the alarming symptoms of a severe cold.

"I caught a severe cold which settled on my chest, making it feel raw and tight. Seeing Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertized I procured a bottle, which greatly relieved me. It loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and soon had me perfectly well." NEIL McKAY, Ripley, Ont.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

MRS. GEO. TRAILL,

A Well Known Lady of Thornhill, Man.,

Got Almost Instant Relief From Heart Trouble by the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It is simply wonderful the number of western women who are coming forward to tell of the curative powers of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

This time it is Mrs. Geo. Traill, a highly respected lady of Thornhill, Man., who gives in the following words the history of her case:

"I obtained from Mr. J. A. Hobbs, druggist of Morden, Man., a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as I was very bad with heart trouble at the time.

"I used the one box and got almost instant relief. I then bought another box, but only had to use a few of the pills, as I have never been troubled with palpitation since using them.

"I am very thankful that I got the pills, and if this will be of any use to others suffering as I did you may publish it in the papers."

"Well," grunted the prominent citizen of Mafeking, laying down his knife and fork after another struggle with the mule steak, "General Sherman was right. That's exactly what war is!"

I had a very sore foot through having a nail run in it, and was unable to walk. I started applying Hagyard's Yellow Oil and in a short time the soreness was gone and I was soon able to walk again.

DAVID McLELLAN,
Pelee Island North, Ont.

"What," said the district visitor, "has he broken the pledge?" "To be sure he has, and the stove as well, and near all the furniture—faith my heart's broke, too."

Laxa-Liver Pills work while you sleep without a grip or pain, curing Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache and make you feel better in the morning.

Master—Describe the route you would have to follow to get to the Martinique Islands.

Pupil—I first proceed to Southampton—"Well, and then?" "Then I go on board a steamer, and leave the rest to the captain, who knows the way much better than I do."

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.

JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.
French Village.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
Cape Island.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.

JOSEPH A. SNOW.
Norway, Me.

"If you are a bad boy," said the father, "you will turn papa's hair gray from sorrow."

"What a naughty boy you must have been," remarked the son, gazing at his grandma's whitened locks.

A Harassing Cough.

Dr. Low's Norway Pine Syrup cured me of a Harassing cough and Hoarseness. I know of no better remedy for healing and soothing the lungs and bronchial tubes.

Price 25c.

Milburn's Rheumatic Pills are a specific remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, and Neuralgia. They eliminate the acids and poisons from the system, ease the pain and cure the disease. Price 50c.

Miss Maison—Excuse my ignorance, but ought I to call you Mr. Bones or Dr. Bones?

The Doctor (irascibly)—Oh, call me anything you like. Some of my friends call me an old idiot.

Miss Maison—Ah! but those are only people who know you intimately.

COVERED WITH SORES.

D.D.D. cured little Harvey Deline nine years ago and he has never had a spot on him since.

It is practically impossible to heal up sores or ulcers, especially the old chronic kind, with ordinary remedies.

No matter how large or of how long standing they may be, however, they heal up readily and stay healed permanently when Burdock Blood Bitters is used.

HARVEY DELINE.

Mrs. E. Deline, Arden, Ont., proves this in the following account she gave of her little boy's case: "When my little son Harvey was one year old he broke out in sores all over his body. They would heal up for a time, then break out again about twice a year, till he was past four; then he seemed to get worse and was completely prostrated. When doctors failed to cure him I gave him Burdock Blood Bitters, and besides bathed the sores with it.

"It is nine years ago since this happened and I must say that in all this time he has never had a spot on his body or any sign of the old trouble returning."

REMNANTS—You can buy remnants of print cottons, grey cottons, white cottons, remnants of flannelette, cloths, dress goods, tickings, nearly half price. Come soon before they are all gone.—J. B. Macdonald & Co

High Grade Kerosene Oil.

Our Kerosene Oil is giving splendid satisfaction this year. It burns both bright and clear and does not smoke up the Lamp Chimines. Our sales of it are steadily increasing, showing that the people know a good thing when they get it. When your can is empty again, bring it to us and have it filled with our high-grade Oil at a very low price.

BEER & GOFF.
GROCERS.

A. E. ARSENAULT. H. B. McKENZIE.

ARSENAULT & McKENZIE
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.
(Late of the firms of Charles Russel & Co., and F. V. Knox, London, Eng.)
OFFICES—Cameron Block, Charlottetown.
Aug.30, 1899—y

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

CARD.

ANTOINE VINCENT, Architect and Sculptor, Dorchester Street, West, is prepared to execute orders for Monuments and Church-work, in Altars, Statuary, Holy Water Fonts, &c. Work done promptly.

August 3, 1898—6m

Dr. J. C. Houston
Physician AND Surgeon.
SOURIS, P. E. ISLAND.
GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, 1898.
OFFICE: Next door to Merchant's Bank.—April 4th, 1900. 3mos.

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

Tickets
Posters
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Send in your orders at once.

Address all communications to the HERALD.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Brahmin Tea!

Now that this delicious Tea has become widely known in nearly every home in Prince Edward Island, and is also a great favorite in many places in Canada and the United States, I have decided to sell it wholesale only.

The following Retail Grocers keep it:

J. D. McLEOD & CO.,
BEER & GOFF,
JENKINS & SON,
J. R. WARREN,
R. J. WOOD,
R. F. MADDIGAN & CO
R. H. MASON.

HORACE HASZARD.
Ch'town, Feb. 21—3m Agent for Canada.

WHOLESALE

100 doz. Galvanized Pails
40 tons Barb Wire
20 tons Black do.
10 tons Paris Green
40 tons Bar Iron
8 tons Sheet Iron
15 tons Paints
500 Boxes Glass
100 doz Shovels
400 doz. Arcade Files
2000 Kegs Cut Nails
1000 Kegs Wire Nails
250 Boxes Horse Nails
250 Kegs Horse Shoes
1000 Rolls Building Paper
Shelf Hardware and Stoves.

Fennell & Chandler.

Choosing a Bicycle!

In choosing a bicycle you musn't judge by appearances.
You must judge by reputation and reliability. If you stop to think you will acknowledge that for years the wheels of reliability have been the

Massey-Harris, Cleveland, Welland Vale!

Season after season these bicycles have led in improvements that have won the praise and patronage of the general public, and for 1900 with the five-fold faculties of capital and equipment at the disposal of their makers, places them in a sphere of their own.

Material and Construction Guaranteed by the

Canada Motor & Cycle Co., Ltd.
TORONTO, CANADA
MARK WRIGHT & CO., Agents, Charlotteown.
Write for Catalogue.

A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer.

Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is told to effect a sale and make something out of you.

We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

Cairns & McFadyen.
June 8, 1898—y Kent Street, Charlottetown.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY
ASSETS - - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world.

This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses.

P. E. I. Agency, Charlottetown.
HYNDMAN & CO.
Agents.
Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Those remnants of print cotton at 8c. are the biggest bargains yet. They are (quite English you know), and guaranteed to wash and be cheap at 14c., but cheaper at 8c.

PROWSE BROS.

EPPS'S COCOA
GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London.
BREAKFAST SUPPER
EPPS'S COCOA
Oct. 5, 1898—3m