

A Red Hot Season.

Daring the hot summer season the blood gets over-heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost.

AT CAPHARANAUM.

I saw Him as He passed; as from within A light shined from a lamp in holy place,

So shone a flame upon His noble face; And on my sin.

The town is full of Him. Some even say That He is God,—they speak it not aloud;

The healed youth whispered it, as from the crowd He came to-day.

I shall believe it soon; I love him so, He looked at me, into my heart straight down!

He saw the evil there, but did not frown,— And I knelt low.

I dared not touch His robe, as others did; Afar off I will stand, and o'er and o'er Think of the look,—but follow evermore,

If He should bid. My very soul He saw,—its heart and core, Its very heart and all the loathsome things

That in that heart from daily hatred spring,— Yet He forbore!

Love in His gesture,—love! His eyes did shine Like veiled stars; He did not for me weep;

(I should have died!) yet there was anguish deep, Deep and divine!

Since He can pity me, He must be God; He must be God since I can love Him so,

For in my heart all vilest hatreds grow As plants from sod.

Can He be God? With tears my hard eyes brim, He looked at me—He must be from above,

Or there's no God. Ah, surely He is Love—I'll follow Him.

He sees me as He passes,—God! one saith; I know He's love, and He is all for me,

And I for Him. Love leads me verily, Love! Love to Faith!

—Maurice Francis Egan, in Ave Maria.

land," said Blandine, "my papa's cousin. My mamma told me I would see her some day, and I must keep that name for her!"

"What an honest little Sacha it is! and who is she, this English god-mother?"

"I know only that papa chose her for my god-mother, aunt. Nothing more."

As the princess did not know Sacha's papa, and fancied that no one knew much about that gentleman, she disliked to hear him referred to.

She mentally resolved to impress this upon the child. Resolving upon anything without help, always tired her ladyship.

She had made an immense effort. Even pleasure soon wearied her. "Daria!" Daria appeared. "I am tired, Daria, very tired. Another cup of tea, doo-shinka (darling)? No? Then go with Daria. A revoir, cherie!"

And the lady sank back among her cushions, while Blandine followed Daria to a small room, connected with the apartments of Mademoiselle Dorez.

That lady was anything but pleased when this room had been spoken of as the most suitable for the newcomer. She was less so now, and resented the manner in which Daria ascribed her charge in.

When Daria ushered the little lady into her apartments and left her there without apology, Mademoiselle felt herself injured. She had consented to spare her extra boarder, though she protested that she needed it, but she would not suffer her rooms to be entered by Daria in this fashion.

She could not, would not bear it. She sent her card, with a few pencilled words, to the princess, by Fedor, the footman, who was well accustomed to carry such messages. Challenge, he called them.

The princess soon made her appearance, with the card in her hand. She looked the very image of good humor, as if she had been invited to a farce, or revel, instead of a tragedy.

Tragedy was written all over the face of Mademoiselle Dorez; but the princess pretended not to see it. She was abstractedly tearing the card into fragments, and only realized the fact when it was too late to put the pieces together.

"Tiens! what have I done! was it important? Can we pay a few visits this afternoon, Apolline, and shop a little at the Louvre?" (Shopping at the Louvre was the delight of Mlle. Dorez.)

The princess kept up her debonnaire air while imparting fragments of gossip.

"How droll you are, Apolline! You would leave the best house in Paris because a pretty little bird perches in your garden for a few days!"

"Daria has no right to intrude upon me!"

"She intrudes upon me. She is Daria, and I am only the old princess. What is to be done?"

"Change! Send her off!"

"She wouldn't go," said the princess quietly. "I assure you, Apolline, she would not. I have been telling her to go for the last twenty years. I shall finish by going myself, and you will go, too, Apolline, but Daria will remain."

"It is not to be borne!" cried the angry lady.

"Do, my dear! I would, if I were you," said the princess, laughing pleasantly. Blandine was lying on a sofa, fast asleep from fatigue and grief.

"She will be in Petersburg in a week. Content yourself. If you prefer it, I will tell Daria to remove her to my side of the house. She pleases me immensely."

The princess bent over the sleeping child for some seconds. "She pleases me immensely! If it were not for—"

The sentence remained unfinished. The princess went away. There was no affection in the gaze that followed her. As she passed out of sight Mademoiselle repeated the words, "If it were not for," in a malicious tone to herself.

"If it were not for me, I suppose she means." And she was right for once. She looked towards the sleeping child, and her feelings were not in the least softened, even by that sight. She was vindictive, and until she felt that vengeance was hers, Mademoiselle could not take pleasure in anything.

Blandine was sleeping calmly. As beautiful as a flower she looked lying there, innocence and sweetness stamped on every feature. Never had a wilful venial sin, thus far, marred the purity of her soul.

Blandine opened her eyes after a heavy sleep. Where is she? Confused and troubled, she had much difficulty in answering the question. She missed something, someone. What she missed most, though unconsciously at that moment, was air and light. Draperies and heavy curtain-maskee windows, and doors and furniture even. An unhealthy accumulation of velvets and reps, and tinsel-wrought Eastern stuffs rich to the eye, but vile to the nostril, almost choked the lungs accustomed to mountain breezes, and a sun-warmed atmosphere.

She remembers her beads. She seeks them beneath her pillow, and kneeling forgets the stuffy room and the loneliness. She recalls the words of Father St. Etienne.

"In every trouble, in every danger, call upon Our Lady of Betharram." She is in trouble now—the grievous trouble of separation from those she loves.

But she is not alone! Someone is looking at her, as, with arms outstretched, Lourdes fashion, she lets the grains of her beads slip slowly between her fingers. Daria is watching her, and Daria has never seen such a sight. She is wonder-struck, and stands motionless, till, with a long reverential kiss upon the crucifix of her beads, Blandine puts them away and rises from her knees.

Then the wretched comes forward, as if she had been nothing, and asks if the little barushnaya (young lady) is not lonely, and if she is not hungry? The pleasant smile, and low word of thanks, make a conquest of good Daria, who insists upon taking her back to the state apartments where she will have air and light.

"Mamselle," says Daria, "lives like a rat in a hole. She needs neither light nor air; she is like a salyotka, a dried salyotka (herring)."

Blandine did not know what a salyotka meant, but she did not like Daria's tone of voice, and made no reply.

"I wanted to keep you here, see, in this pretty white chamber, near the princess; but she was afraid the cigarette smoke would make you cough. It would, would it? I open the window a dozen times a day, but ten dozen times would not let out all the smoke my mistress puffs into the air."

Blandine was uncomfortable. It hurt her to hear remarks about people, especially if spoken in a disrespectful tone. Then she thought it was perhaps not right for Daria to speak of the smoking. Not that that shocked or surprised her. She knew the Spanish and Southern French ladies smoked, why should not Russian ladies do the same? She had never yet come in contact with cigarette smoke, but she did not fear it; all the fear was to sit; to do wrong and have no one to tell her so, or to advise her.

Daria busied herself in setting forth a dainty lunch and took immense pleasure in seeing the child eat. "You must eat all you can," she urged, "if you are going away off to the cold North. It's a long journey. I wish I could go with you! It's my own dear country, where you are going, barushnaya, and it's the best country in the world. Of everyone is so good there, so kind-hearted and so merry! There Christmas lasts three weeks, and Easter longer than that. O, wait till you see one Russian Easter, barushnaya, and you'll never ask to see France again! There they know how to keep Easter and Lent, too. Lent is Lent, there."

Now Daria was curious and innocent listening. All the malice in her nature was concentrated in one vital and devoted to one object. Apart from "Mamselle," as she called Mlle. Dorez, she felt friendly to all the world. She was curious now on the subject of Blandine's beads, and found a way to obtain the information without asking a direct question, something a Russian rarely does.

"And so they are not to wear about your neck, as our maidens wear them, the string of pretty beads? Only ours are all sorts of bright colors. You can change the black ones for some pretty color, when you wear the sara-

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fan (luncheoned sleeveless gown), barushnaya."

"My beads are to help me say my prayers," said Blandine, "they are not for ornament."

"And then they must be like what our monakha and monakhnya (monks and nuns) have hanging by their side? But our barushnaya is not a nun! She does not need to wear praying beads! What does my little lady say when she holds them, so?" Daria opened her arms wide.

Blandine told her about the sorrowful mysteries and explained as she could how she used her beads, and the mysteries of the Rosary in general.

"I love Our Lady of Kazan," said Daria. "It is to the Kazanski Sabor (cathedral) that I go when I am in Petersburg, and especially on an Easter morning. When I was in Moscow I went to see the Iberki Bojs-Master (Iberian Virgin or Mother). If you saw that Virgin! black she is, you know, but all blazing with the biggest jewels, and the finest! Only the Metropolitan himself can touch that image and sometimes she takes her to a dying person: but then he has to have a troop of soldiers to guard his state coach, besides the footmen that always attend him. Come with me! I will show you the same one, only smaller."

Blandine hesitated. "You are very kind, Daria, but please do not ask me to do anything my aunt would not like."

"O, she'll like that, barushnaya! She'd want you to go there, always, to say your prayers. You are not like that barushnaya (unbeliever), Mamselle."

Blandine was really shocked now.

"O, Daria," she cried, "good Daria! please do not tell me these things."

"Yes, I will! I must," insisted Daria. "It is best to know them. You must know them sooner or later. Why, everyone knows what she is!"

"O, Daria!" Daria laughed. "I'm not sorry for her," she declared. "I'm glad she's a heathen. I'm glad when she's pushed to the wall. She doesn't deserve to have the faith!"

They were now standing before a splendid shrine, within whose plate-glass doors were suspended a profusion of paintings in rich golden frames set with jewels. Among the gold and jewels appeared faces, beautiful, exquisite in outline and coloring, and hands, holding sceptres or staffs. The centre figure, the richest one of all the collection, was, no doubt, the splendid copy of the Iberian Virgin, a miraculous picture, said to work wonderful miracles. Many lamps were burning before the shrine. Daria prostrated herself and swayed backwards and forwards, touching her forehead to the floor repeatedly, beating her breast and crossing herself over and over again.

(To be continued.)

Passed 15 Worms—I gave Dr. Lowe's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and a half years old; the result was that she passed 15 round worms in five days.

Mr. B. Roy, Kilmarnagh, Ont. "Yes," said the haughty young woman who was a Colonial Dame as well as a Daughter of the Revolution, "my great-great-grandire fell at Bunker Hill."

"Ice or banana skin?" inquired the polite young man from Milwaukee. Richards' Headache Cure. 12 doses, 10 cts.

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Mr. P. M. Burk, who is a well-known resident of Glen Miller, Hastings Co., Ont., was afflicted with kidney trouble for ten years.

So pleased is he at having found in Doan's Kidney Pills a cure for his ailments, which he had begun to think incurable, that he writes the following statement of his case so that others similarly afflicted may profit by his experience: "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble for about ten years and have tried several remedies but never received any real benefit until I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills. My back used to constantly ache and my urine was high colored and milky looking at times. Since I have finished the third box of Doan's Kidney Pills I am happy to state that I am not bothered with backache at all and my urine is clear as crystal. I feel confident that these pills are the best kidney specific in the country."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday School teacher, "you may tell us what a prophet is."

"Why," replied Johnny, "it's a fellow that's always lookin' for a chance to say I told you so."

The Royal Month and the Royal Disease.

Sudden changes of weather are especially trying, and probably to none more so than to the scrofulous and consumptive. The progress of scrofula during a normal October is commonly great. We never think of scrofula—its bunches, cutaneous eruptions, and wasting of the bodily substance—without thinking of the great good many sufferers from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cures of this one disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world.

There is probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merit in more homes than one, in arresting and completely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative,—consumption.

An old colored woman was "taking on" yesterday afternoon over the death of her baby as she was going from church to the back. A white woman who knew her happened to be passing and said, sympathetically: "Which one of your children is dead, Aunt Bilita?"

"The one in the bearsome moaned the-Negress—Atchison Globe.

Backache, sideache, swelling of feet and ankles, puffing under the eyes, frequent thirst, scanty, cloudy, thick, highly colored urine, frequent urination, burning sensation when urinating.

Any of the above symptoms lead to Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, etc.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for all kidney diseases.

"Papa, what's the difference between an amateur and a professional politician?"

"Oh, from two to twenty thousand a year."

If you take a Laxa-Liver Pill tonight before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

"We never remember the face of those we love most dearly."

"That's so. To save me I can't tell what a hundred dollar bill looks like."

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Barnum's Monkeys

"All well—all happy—lots of fun". That is the regular report from the monkey cage of Barnum's Circus ever since the keepers began dosing the monkeys with Scott's Emulsion.

Consumption was carrying off two thirds of them every year and the circus had to buy new ones.

One day a keeper accidentally broke a bottle of Scott's Emulsion near the monkey cage and the monkeys eagerly lapped it up from the floor.

This suggested the idea that it might do them good. Since then the monkeys have received regular doses and the keepers report very few deaths from consumption. Of course it's cheaper to buy Scott's Emulsion than new monkeys—and that suits the circus men.

Consumption in monkeys and in man is the same disease. If you have it or are threatened with it can you take the hint?

Take the hint! This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, CORONTO CANADA soc and ft. all druggists.

