Picking the Nose is a common the pain he had caused his protectors. ual. Price 25 cente.

TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

Thee, God, before the close of light, Thy clemency and care we pray, That through the darkness of the night

Our hellish foes may scare away. Hence evil dreams that torture sleep, I was born, and so die." Hence fancies of voluptuous guile

Our forms with visioned sins defile.

My suppliant voice, O Father, hear O Son, my wants, my wishes see O Paraclete, now grant the prayer My heart adoring lifts to Thee! -Ave Maria.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.) When asked who had saved her, Blandine had promptly answered, "St.' Jeseph." St. Joseph's face must, therefore, have been beautiful, calm, mild, pensive, and yet strong enough to inspire confidence. The little Jesus must often have read those features, and always found in them all that childhood expects, for S'. Joseph was created for Jesus. S , the Abbe Laland, for Blandine tound in his face what she was accustomed to find in the face of St. Joseph, and the Abbe Laland's head was encircled by an aurecle of snowy bair, sof', wavy and abundant, that fell over the collar of his rusty scutane like ripples of liquid silver. In his large blue eyes was a reflection of your good standing wherever you the blue of the sky. His skin was go while and looked soft as that of a chill. His fine features were an height. Those immense boots must have been a load to lift, let alone to wear, yet none less clumsy would the Abbe consent to bave. He had no right to wear that rabat with its edges piped with white, the distinctive hedges of the secondar clarge. tive badge of the secular clergy. He should be rather invested in the gown of one of the great religious

Jacques Laland had been left without kith or kip, a bright lad, a protege of every one in his parish, yet claimed by no one in particular, till a good old farmer and his wife took and had never learned anything him to themselves, resolving to give him an education. Jacques' thirst for learning was great, and the desire to be a priest had been born in him. The farmer and his wife had a son of their own who wanted to be a soldier, and would be a soldier in spite of his parents and in spite of putting in practice such things as fate itself. So they had to let him go. They said: "Let us take pentant girl: To judge not: To be J cques, the accepte. The curate good to the bad. To be better to a says he would do it himself if he had sinner than to a saint. To respect rot two of his own nephews to provide for, Make him what he wants to be, a priest, and he will protect they were new to her when she was the girl." They meant their only daughter, a wilful, spoiled child. So way, she prays much like any of the they labored and saved, both the farmer and his wife, putting their prayer is that the look of hunger savings in the lad's schooling first, she sees in the old crequemort's mild then the seminary, then the priest's out it. O, but it did cost a mint of look that was born in them the day other help, though they might have of his benefactors. That look of had it, for Jacques was a very bril liant lad. They thought: "If he The reader guesses what it is. Nan gets anything from others he will be need not tell as that. It is the de nothing to us, but if we labor for him he will always be a brother to her." And this the youth promised her." And this the youth promised says within the gates, and he does year after year, proudly displaying his prizes that they cared less for than for his fidelity to them, which shone out brighter and brighter as the years rolled on. But there came a day when he yielded to his desire under the best and most trusted advice and entered the Order he loved. They let bim go with despair in their hearts. They said : "We have labored in vain. He will be sent far away. She will be alone He will forget. If we die, who will look after her?" The soldier did either. You can stuff food innot so much as write a letter to tell to a thin man's stomach but whether he was slive or dead; but the young priest wrote continually. and urged his benefactors to greate faith in God. He hoped Hortense marry some good man. But the bodyhungryallover. Thought pretty, giddy girl had no vocation, a thin body was naturally hunand the farmers' sons were too boorish for her tastes. She knew she gry didn't you? Well it isn't. would have the farm all her own A thin body is asleep—not the value of it in ready money would It doesn't try to use it's food. allow ber to follow her desires and live according to her liking. The

symptom of worms in children. It was a struggle, indeed, this love Mothers who suspect their child is of his Order and his sense of obligatroubled with worms should admin- tion. When sorrow came to the inister Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm mates of the old home, and when the Syrup. It is simple, safe and effect. farmer wrote the first words of reproach he had ever heard from him, upbraiding him as the cause of their misfortuce, the priest's heart was well nigh broken. "I am dying," wrote the cld man. "My son is a deserter, my daughter I have disowned. Her mother has been in her grave these many weeks. No hand to help, no heart to feel. If you can forgive yourself, do so. As for me, I am ready to curse the hour in which

It seemed to Father Laland that Our souls in deadening sloth to there was but one thing to do, to fly to the desolate father, to comfort his last days, to save his soul. But be did it without the consent of his superiors. "It was a flagrant act of disobedience and worse," he said, when telling his bistop the cause that brought him a beggar to the door. "I am to tlame."

The bishop's eyes were full of tears when he heard the whole story. "You have certainly done wrong, my son," he said. "You should have represented matters more fully to your superiors, and obtained their consent. But I shall intercede, and since the work you have undertaken may engage you some time, live for a while in one of my parishes, until you are either released from your vows, or return again from your monastery.'

"The work I have to do may keep me wandering for years, perhaps." Here followed a lengthy account of his engagement so far as he could make it known to the bishop, after which he begged: " Have I your approval and blessing

in doing it?" "Yes, both the one and the other. And when it is done, come back to me. If it be in my power, you shall be placed herc. Meanwhile, go labor in God's vineyard, Here are the letters that will be a testimony to

The priest kissed the hand that blessed him and went forth. Toimmense contrast to his chopped and day he is an old croquemort, nothknotted hands. As to his feet, if the footgear was any indication of his fee!, they must have been extraor- ening his benefactor's shaking faith; Ars. A saint indeed, is the old Abbe her, in that case?" dipary, to say the least. And yet of preparing him for a peaceful Laland, and if he is at Betharram, I "It was not her fault; on the conhis soul. He has the joy of having brought back to God the wandering daughter of the lawless son, and he deems the years of labor that earned

It was while seeking the lost girl that he came upon Nan Clough. It was Nan who told the man's story O dere, for he had once worn such to whoseever would hear it, for she wih honor and served that Order had it in full from the woman be well, even while very young. This had saved. So no wonder the derisive title means a crown of glory to Nan, for the Abbe is one of God's heroes in her eyes, though poor Nan never was of the Household of Faith. about any religion in particular. She had seen the death of poor Hortense; it bad enlightened her as to the divine charity of the Abbe's religion. If ever she learned any, she often declared, it would be that very one and none other. She has been she learned beside the bed of the refor new commandments, because Abbe's spiritual children. Her chief his long labor ended for the family watching and waiting for comething. sire to die within the gates of a not even speak of that great brotherhood by name or call it his Order, except in his dear old heart. It

You Can Lead a Horse

to water but you can't

make him drink. You can't make him eat

that doesn't make him use it. Scott's Emulsion can make him use it. How? By makwould have a vocation for a religious ing him hungry, of course. life yet. If not, that she should Scott's Emulsion makes a thin some day, and foolishly thought that working—gone on a strike.

Scott's Emulsion wakes it up-puts it to work again to God and his duties. To forget the sacrifice that had been made for way to get fat. priest was a true priest, wholly given

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TE BOWNE Toronto, him was not in his nature. As years relied on he repreached himself for SCOTT & BOWNE,

brings a smile to his lips and a new light to his eyes, when Nan cries, as she does whenever she sees him "Cheer up, old croquemort! you will die, not only within the gates, but within the walls of the motherhouse, and be laid in the little graveyard with your brothers." And he half believes poor Nan's prophecy through force of wishing, though it is founded only on the wishes of a grateful heart. What then! He who reads the secrets of all hearts, may take pleasure in granting this very one, improbable as it now seems to him and to us.

There he goes on his way to the villa. All questions will be answered at the convent, they tell me. It is but a step, so the old man turns cheerily to the well-known entrance. He is more accustomed to convents than to villas, and is not sorry that his business can be transacted in the former rather than at the latter. But not to day can the Abbe be received by the Superior, for she bas just driven sway. Look! in that direction! Did he not see the convent carriage pass as he came up the road? No, the Abbe had not seen it But he sees a little wagon now being driven furiously along the same road The dust follows it in clouds. He thinks of Rand and Nan, and fancies the brother is impatient and wreaking is patience on the dumb animal. Nan is not there, though she is in sore need of his prayers at that same moment. It is Rand driving away

When Margaret and Blandine ssued from the Church of Betharram hat eventful morning, they met Sister Woella hastening towards them, alarm ments in my hands tells me that there and agitation in her voice. The story can be no appeal. The child will of the attempted abduction had reach have to be yielded up, since ber ed her at the convent; she saw by mother did not, so far as we know re-Margaret's look that something very nounce her allegiance to her country serious had passed, as well as by and sovereign, when she married a Blandine's pallor. Only when they foreigner. Neither did she obtain reached the villa could explanation

"St. Joseph saved her," was all Blandine knew, and "he said he was though she has had an apparently a priest, and told her not to be fright selfish motive in keeping back the

"The child is right," said Sister on the way to claim the child herself, Noella, "I believe I know the very by fair means, and to take her herseli priest whose description tallies with to those who claim her, thereby securwhat she tells us; he might easily be ing the double reward." have not seen the Abbe since the epi to whom the brother, a weak-minded demic, at that time he was tireless fellow, innocently confided their hopes mong the fever stricken poor.

"Should you see him," said Margaret, " you will, I know, find a way lity on the one hand, and duplicity on

"It is my debt, as well," said Sister haps you are not aware that I knew Noella, "and I am only too glad to her parents, and have therefore some e able to combine these two debts interest in the welfare." with the others we owe the good servant of God, and seek a way to do beside her dying mother." im real service."

And Margaret and Blandine, with little band of Grey Nuns are now on the iron way, speeding towards Moulins, their first halting place on the road to Paray-le-Monial, while the Abbe is again at the convent gate. This time he is ushered quickly est kind of work has begun, the rento the presence of the Sister Super or, who meets him with outstretched

work, good Sister."

aid me and mine, my own family, in he world, I mean now, under the very greatest obligations, too great ndeed ever to be adequately acknow edged? The child you saved yester. The coatless man puts a careless arm lay has become one of us. It remains or you to make known to my sister, As over the dustless and mudless who has just started for England, in what way she can discharge her part of his debt. I, for my part, shall choose my own way, and you shall ot gainsay me, or clude me this

me, be assured. "You owe me nothing, Sister," said he old man, "neither you, nor any one. It is of the child I came to peak. Is she here?"

"She is on her way to Bogland. Her future is secure." The Abbe shook his head as he drew forth the He puffe a tobacce less eigerette, packet confided to bim by Nan

"The tenor of these papers," he said, "which are all legally signed, and issued by consular authority, is, that the little girl be delivered to the Russian authorities. There is a reward set down for the person making Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels. her whereabouts known, and a fur cure constipation, dyspepsis, bilious ther reward for placing her in the ness, sick headache and all affections hands of the representative of her of the organs of digestion. Price guardian. She is claimed as a ward 25 cents. All druggists. of the crown, and an Octhodox sub

The Abbe pronounced the word two members of Pres. McKinley's Orthodox in a significant manner. tion. Not one inherited wealth. is a Catholic, her father was born a Catholic, her mother died in the gan life as a bank clerk; the Secre faith," she said.

"Did she publicly abjure Schism, and was it with the permission of the the Secretary of the Navy as a "choro Holy Synod ?" Agriculture as a ploughman; the "These questions are very imporwer them in the affirmative. How

"The woman who placed the docu- Burns, etc.

came you by these papers?"

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ermission to change her faith."

"And who is this woman?"

"A teliable woman, I believe, al

" How was it she tried to abduc

"You lorgot, Abbe, I was with you

(To be continued.)

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of Wild Strawberry and it saved
her life. We have used it in our to help him until I gave him Strawberry. The action of this remedy was wonderful and soon had him perfectly well."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SO GOOD TO HIS MOTHER! Mrs. Casey-I bear, Mrs. Murphy, that yer son Larry has been sent ter th' reformatory?

Mrs Murphy-Yis, an' sich a good boy he was, too. Everything he stoled he brung home to his poor old mother.

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The Literary Editor .- That felthe Abbe was by no means tall, death; of blessing his grave and can readily believe he would have trary, she it was who saved her from this morning entitled "Why Do I

The Editor.-What did you do

of success in securing a large sum of The Literary Elitor. - Returned money within a short time. Credu it with an inclosed slip, saying: " Beto thank him. I owe him a great the other, have been powerless, howing it personally." ever, against the little creature. Per

> Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Joaquin Miller' bumor is sometimes curious. On his farm is a barn with a bay window. When visitors ask why he built such a window, the peet solemply replies, "To match my bay Vacation is over. Again the school

bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hard-Stanstead Junction, P. Q, 12th August, 1893. newal of which is a mental and phy-Messrs. C. O. RIOHARDS & CO. sical strain to all except the most GENTLEMEN,-I fell from a bridge rugged. The little girl that a few "Abbe, my Sisters and myself days ago had roses in her cheeks, and leading from a platform to a loaded have been seeking you for many a the little boy whose lips were then so car while assisting my men in unloadlay, for many a month. Why did red you would have insisted that they you vanish from our midst so sudhad been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of bealth. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious and I struck on the ends of the sleep-when many children should be given have broken it. In an hour could not struck on the ends of the sleep-when many children should be given have broken it. In an hour could not struck on the ends of the sleep-when many children should be given have broken it. In an hour could not struck on the ends of the sleep-when many children should be given have broken it. In an hour could not struck on the ends of the sleep-when many children should be given have broken it. In an hour could not struck on the sleep-when many children should be given have broken it. trouble, and we know of no other so not walk a step. Commenced using "I believe that, Abbe. And your highly to be recommended as Hood's MINARD'S LINIMENT, and the oming now, is evidently His work Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the third day went to Montreal on busioo. Know you not that you have nerves perfects digestion and assimila. ness and got about well by the use of tion, and aids mental development by a cane. In ten days was nearly well. I can sincerely recommend it as the

Yours truly, C. H. GORDON.

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