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HAGAR.

BY MARION MUIR.

Her voice is in my ears, her eyes Yet haunt me night and day; Where is the angel that shall say, "Arise!" To that poor helpless clay? What hast thou done for her, O man, To whom her Father gave Life's choicest gifts to ornament thy span, While she broods there—a slave? What hath she not endured to gain Justice in truth from thee? Through the long generations nursed in pain The life that was to be. She gave thee love, receiving shame A draft unmix'd with myth; The world that drove her forth became Thy fawning worshiper. Never among the sons of men Shall peace triumphant be Until her plea for right is heard, and then Earth's darkest ill shall flee. The fount of her unutterable woe Shall yet be cleansed, and flow For healing of the nations that so long Cared nothing for her woe. —Ave Maria.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

"Wounded feelings, Francis! I suffering from wounded feelings!" There was such a contrast between the jocose expression of Father Francis' face and the aggrieved look and tone of Madame Daere, that the listeners were not a little puzzled. "Yes, mother, wounded feelings. Excuse me for repeating the accusation. Did you not tell me that our Blessed Lady had given you what you did not ask, and what you had no intention of asking?" "You are screaming now, Francis!" "No, mother, not in the least." "And not speaking very loud?" "Not yet very loud. Your cure is, therefore, perfect. But you wanted something else. You are, therefore, not so grateful for what you have received, as disappointed for what has been, so far, withheld." "O, yes! yes!" The old lady understood now, and fairly broke down. "You must all know, and you especially, Margaret and Antony, that I did not ask this grace, or any grace, for myself. You must know what I asked for." "Mother, you are mistaken again. You admitted to me that you offered your affliction, your deafness, that is, for the intention to which you allude, the intention we all have at heart." "Yes, Francis, so I did?" "Well, where a thing is offered up, and accepted, it must be regarded as a direct answer to prayer, must it not?" "But I meant that I was willing to keep my affliction, even to have it increased ten fold, for that other intention." "Ah, but you did not make that clear. You know we must be explicit even with the saints. You offered your petition through St. Antony, I daresay." "I always do that, you know I do! Are you not speaking extremely loud, my son?" "No, indeed, mother! But let me say that if all the saints in our calendar St. Antony has a right to expect brevity and clearness. How he gets through with the calls made upon him since the opening of the bread crumb, I hardly know!" The speaker was smiling into his mother's tearful face, doing his best to restore his equanimity. "You must really be more exact another time in wording your petitions. I might have been a glorious martyr to-day, if St. Antony had accepted your plea literally the day you consented to let me join in the foreign missions!" "Precisely, you are screaming now! At least you are speaking louder than is at all necessary." "Not in the least, mother. But I wish to impress upon your mind, that if the saints obtain for us all we ask of them, it is quite as much as any we have any right to expect. Do you remember your appeal to St. Antony, on the occasion I allude to?" The old lady shook her head. She was fast recovering her composure, under the pleasantly bantering tones of her son's voice. "I am sure I always asked for you and all my children the very best blessings!" "Not our questions your intentions, good mother, but let me ask you, did you, or did you not say to your favorite intercessor, on your behalf, O dear St. Antony, dear, dear St. Antony? I am quoting your very words, mother, O dear St. Antony! If he only be not martyred like Father

Jogues! That was the one condition you named, mother. To any other form of execution you had no objection." A current of resentment broke the strain of sadness. Even Madame Daere joined in the laugh against herself, and so, in spite of the farewell soon to be spoken, the great grace of the present began to color the future with a bright ray of hope. Gratitude to God and His ever blessed Mother, gave confidence a large part in their hearts henceforth. "I would have liked to leave my fan, as an ex-voto," said Madame Daere, "had it not been taken from me." "I wish you could have done so, mother," said Sister Noella. "For in that case the good curate of Lourdes, had it caught his eye, might have rejected that at least one of his bearers had heeded his solemn warning, and eschewed that instrument of vanity. Not so long ago, he gravely requested that any of his congregation that could not dispense with her fan, should remain away from his church at least during the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and Vespers, for neither on Calvary, nor in the presence of the Queen of Heaven, is it becoming." "Is it possible! How very severe! And yet the heat in that old church, overcrowded as it always is, must be intolerable!" "The good curate thinks that something must be sacrificed to avoid a worse heat, perhaps," suggested Antony. "I have heard something of the alarming invasion of his parish by modern fashions."

"It is only too true. On a Sunday afternoon, or at holiday service, the latest fashions and most primitive manner jostle each other. There are extremes so touching. Black capules or capucines, and feathers, and farbwells up to date in Paris. But in spite of all this, our Lady will be propitious for the sake of the zealous workers in her vineyard. There she has Carmelite, Dominican Sisters, Helpers of the Holy Souls, Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, the Passionistines, Sisters of Charity of Noyers (Bernadette's Order, you know), Sisters of the Assumption and the Good Shepherd, besides those valiant workers, the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Christian Brothers, whose work is for the needy class, the class most likely to be influenced by the example of Paris, or other great cities."

"She was not sanguine of the future not sure that herself on her behalf would not realize a guinea from her once large fortune. But in some things she had been misinformed. Her husband was indeed faithless, but as he grew richer, he began to loan money for his own sake, and he finally became so fond of it, that it conquered completely his spendthrift habits. While straitened, and at times on the verge of want, he had lavished his first wife's money; had reduced her and himself to misery; and had that poor wife been left to his sole care, she would have died of hunger. His second wife's money made him first prudent, then miserly. He began to hoard while promising himself, in his secret heart, to take a great revenge at some future day. He meant, when he should be free, to marry again. His freedom came. To-morrow I will sail for England," he declared; but when "to-morrow" came, he was not ready. Then it was to be next month,—then—in the spring. But in the early spring he was summoned on a journey he had not yet contemplated, but on which he had to go, although not yet ready. "She has won," he grimly admitted. "Who will profit by it all?" he meant the accumulated wealth his wife had not suspected. He had time to write a letter to his solicitors, to be handed to the future heir. It told certain facts and left the rest. As a man of the world, he was well aware that heirs, as a general thing, care very little for those who enrich them, or for their special recommendations, and especially for those who enrich them as he was doing, not with his own right fortune, or of his own free will. Still, he wrote certain facts, that he said, "were he in the heir's place, he would grieve out," forgetting how he had trampled upon rights as sacred. He did not guess that the profit of all his speculation, all his runs of luck, all his multiplied interests in stocks and bonds, and mines and steam and electricity, his houses and lands and personal effects,—all were going to a blind woman, whose heart is not, and never will be in such things, and to whom they are perhaps coming for that very reason.

Blessed suffering! Precious suffering! If Margaret had not known what she now knows, who can doubt that the world would have claimed her, in spite of blindness, for as Father Faber says: "Suffering, alone does not sanctify." But suffering, which awakens conscience, with purifying repentance, and with that immense, insatiable love of God that only repentance can engender, is her safe guard from all the temptations wealth can henceforth surround her with. Before the Eldorado is fairly in her possession, she has, by anticipation, turned its yellow current in channels parched and dry. "Surely it is too much happiness!" she declares to Sister Noella, "too much happiness for me to be able to give!" "O the joy of giving! or rather the blessedness of giving!" The joy is in receiving; our Lord Himself says it is more blessed to give!

The day and hour of departure from Betharram are both fixed. One more visit to Calvary, and Margaret will take the first step towards the goal.

How To Gain Flesh Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens. Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made. A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking Scott's Emulsion. You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thinning out it don't stop because the weather is warm.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada.

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FOR Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Obstructed Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Eczematous, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

on which her spirit delights to dwell. Calvary so grand, so dear, will soon see the blind lady and the beautiful child no more. To Margaret the place has become expressly dear. It is the spot on which grace found her. Below there, in the valley, in that vine covered cottage, the loving hand that smites and heals had touched her. Betharram, its chapel and its Calvary, are henceforth part of her spiritual life. And yet she is willing to leave it, because of the holy duty that urges her on. Not so with the little child who clings to her so fondly, who watches her every movement so carefully, whose senses are so on the alert to be useful to that "dear lady," who has become and by good right, the well-loved "Mamma Marguerite." Blandine's heart is almost broken at the thought of quitting Betharram. She loves every feature of its ravishing landscape, from the ancient well, low down at the foot of the stone steps, to the very summit of its inspiring Calvary. The things she has to leave her heart from, are, above all, the chapel, the dear "Christ carrying His Cross," on which she has never looked without tears of pity and tender love, and the statue just within the great doors, to the right of "our Lord bound to the pillar." There are plenty of other things too, to which she clings, and which seem to her part of herself, and which hold her almost by force, an unseen force, stronger than any visible bonds.

(To be continued.)

Only a Mask. Many are not being benefited by the summer season as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The tan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, upset by trifles, and they do not eat nor sleep well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Pills and "sarsars" generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best subserved by this great medicine which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

HUMILITY. In humble mood we will admit The faults we have are glaring; But that they're not like others' faults Preserves us from despairing.

Father—What do you do in school, Willie? Do you learn to read? Willie—No, sir. Father—Do you learn to figure? Willie—No, sir. Father—Well, what do you do? Willie—I wait for it to be out.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.



Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Extract. Family for the last nine years and would not be without it. ACTION WONDERFUL. Mrs. W. Varner, New Germany, N.S., writes: "I have great confidence in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for various diseases in old and young. My little boy had a severe attack of summer complaint and I could get nothing to help him until I gave him Strawberry. The action of this remedy was wonderful and soon had him perfectly well."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"I wonder if the Fool-Killer ever comes 'round?" "Certainly. It invariably comes round, or rather cylindrical to be exact." "What are you talking about?" "The cigarette."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Asthenia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Palpitation, Trembling, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

A customer took his seat in the barber's chair, and asked the barber if he had the same razor he used two days before. Being answered affirmatively, the patient man said, "Then give me chloroform."

Richards' Headache Cure 12 doses, 10 cts. The population of Greater London has doubled in the last forty years, and now exceeds 6,500,000.

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a uricache due to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, use Doan's Pills.

Mrs. New-Rich (to bookseller)—I want an Episcopal prayer book. Bookseller—Here, madam, is a very fine Book of Common Prayer. Mrs. New-Rich (sniffing)—Do I look like a person who wanted a book of common prayer? Give me the best or nothing. I don't care what it costs.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Dear Sirs,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored. R. W. HARRISON. Glamis, Ont.

Mrs. Smith—Katie, this water-melon isn't cold at all. Katie—Well, 'ain't no fault o' mine, mum; Mr. Smith, he got such a big one that when I put it in the ice-chest I had to take the ice out."

Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, bark and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Your brother in Manila is a long way off," said Hojack. "That's what he is," said Tomdick. "He could hardly get any further away without coming nearer."

Now, I'd like to know what you're laughing at so comsumedly." Hagar's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, etc. Price 25 cents.

Turkey has at last paid the claim of the United States for destruction of missionary property in Armenia in 1893.

Picking the Nose is a common symptom of worms in children. Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. It is simple, safe and effectual. Price 25 cents.

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New Goods, New Goods. WE ARE Just Now Opening The finest shipment in our New Goods, in Black, Blue and Fancy Worsteds, Black, Blue and Fancy Serges—Scotch, West of England and Canadian Tweeds, All of which we will make to order in the Latest Style. GIVE US A CALL. What we have we're striving to sell. What we haven't are arriving daily. D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block, Charlottetown.

Lawn Mowers ICE CREAM Freezers Oil Stoves Very Cheap Fennell and Chandler THE STOVE MEN.

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HAMMOCKS The hot weather is now upon us. To have Cool Comfort You need one of our "Solid Comfort" HAMMOCKS. We have the best \$1.00 Hammock that it has ever been our pleasure to show. Large Pillow, strong and comfortable, and large enough too. Also Hammocks at \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, up to 5.00 each. Geo. Carter & Co. IMPORTERS.

Lime Juice Lime Juice is one of the most wholesome and refreshing summer beverages. We have just opened a cask of very fine West Indian Lime Juice. Which we can recommend as strictly first-class. We offer it for sale at the rate of 15 cents a pint or 20 cents a bottle. We have also the Montserrat Lime Juice in Pint bottles.

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