

The germs of consumption are everywhere. There is no way but to fight them.

If there is a history of weak lungs in the family, this fight must be constant and vigorous.

You must strike the disease, or it will strike you. At the very first sign of failing health take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

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

ENLARGE THOU ME IN LOVE.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

Enlarge thou me in love, that I may taste Even with the inmost palate of my heart— Dissolved in love—O Love! how sweet thou art. How sweet it is to love Thee! Love is chaste, Patient, unselfish. Jeon! let me haste To choose, with all Thy friends, the better part; Thereafter, heeding not the pain, the smart, Walk bravely in the path which thou hast traced. Enlarge Thou me in love, that I may live With love imbued, fulfilled, inspired; may be Bathed in Thy love, Thy boundless charity: Set free my heart, O Love! that I may give All that I have, whatever is in me— All love, all homage, O my Love! to Thee.

WHAT SCROFULA IS.

Scrofula is a disease as old as antiquity. It has been handed down for generations and is in the same today as in early times. It is emphatically a disease of the blood, and the only way to cure it is by purifying the blood. That is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does in every case where it is given a faithful trial. It eradicates all impurities from the blood and cures the sores, boils, pimples and all forms of skin disease, due to scrofula taint in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla has won the grateful praise of vast numbers of people by its grand and complete cures. Don't allow scrofula to develop in your blood. Care it at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

TRANSLATED BY REV. L. AUG. BRUDER.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"I took her into my arms, pressed her to my bosom and wished that both of us might die. Again she looked at me with tears in her eyes and said: "Tell me mamma, is it true? Is papa a thief? "The answer died on my lips. I could not tell her that her father, whom I had taught her to love and honor was really a criminal. "Do not excite yourself, mamma, she replied; say nothing; you have not denied it. "She never referred to the subject again, but became a changed child from that moment. She was more sensible and intelligent than other children, and took the sad news of her father's misfortune very hard. "You may laugh when I tell you, Sister, that my obit died of a broken heart, and yet it is so. Her natural disposition was so tender and sensitive that she could not endure the shame. No coaxing could make her go to school again. "When I would excuse her father's crime and would try to tell her that her father had taken the money with the hope of being able to replace it speedily, she would answer me: "But, mamma, papa is in prison! "I can not say that she cried less for her father. I hardly believe it. She became meditative and dreamy. One day I surprised her in my bedroom as she was intensely looking at a picture of our Blessed Mother. "What are you thinking about, my dear child?" I inquired. "Mamma," she said with a deep sigh; "I would like to know if I should die soon and go to heaven, whether the angels too will talk about my papa? I wonder if they know what he has done? "My dear child, would that I would have given to be able to remove the poisonous dart that wounded your heart? To bring back sunshine to you, I would have given my own life twenty times over. But it was too late. I saw her sink daily more and more, without being able to help her. I brought her from one physician to another. I used up for the doctors' fees the money I had saved to take us to another land. I have seen the eyes of the good doctor fill with tears when I asked him to save my child. No human power could do it. They said the little one had no regular disease, but something was undermining her strength; perhaps she was growing too fat, or was suffering from an ailment that science had not yet discovered. "I knew the cause, and found consolation in the thought that God was taking my child, so that her father might have a little saint interceding for us before God's throne in heaven. Marie never became a burden. She would look on the whole day while

I was working, and would even on courage me and cheer me up. Oh angel-like child! I stored up your words in my heart, and thought of them after you had left me. She was so weak that I could not take her to London, nor could I leave her bedside. I was therefore unable to meet my husband when he had served his term. He wrote to me that he would be with us Thursday evening. I told my little girl that her father would soon come. The sun's rays grew milder and less blinding; their last golden light fell on the white pale face of my child, when I heard those steps that had once sounded like sweet music to me. My heart beat audibly when the door opened and he stood before me, after whom I had been longing so much. I hardly recognized him. Not only had the prison food and the strict discipline left visible traces on his countenance, but a careless air of indifference and an expression of hatred showed me how changed he was.

"After a moment's silence—a silence, Sister, so ominous, so full of meaning, during which we looked at each other—he spoke, but I hardly recognized his voice: "You did not expect me? Here I am at last, to be a burden to you again."

"Sister, could I but tell you what those cruelly uttered words meant! They stung me to the heart, and with a loud, passionate cry I embraced my husband. But it was for a moment only. He turned from me, placed a chair near the fire and sat down.

"Then then courage did not leave me. I still hoped to be able to bring him back to an honest life. As I was standing near him in that sorrowful hour, I made a vow to the Lord to remain, with God's help, a true wife, never to leave him, never to cast anything up at him, but to be always friendly and forgiving. The Lord, who searches our hearts, knows that I have kept my vow faithfully. I have kept it during hours of trial and unjust treatment, though my heart would seem to break and my strength to leave me. And for all this I ask but one reward of the Lord, that my husband may change his life. I now offer my life to the Lord for my husband, and the Lord will hear me, for His mercy is great.

"In the excitement of meeting my husband and the suffering accompanying it, I forgot for a few moments my little Marie. At first he did not inquire for her, but after a while he turned to me and asked in a dull, broken tone: "Where is the child?"

"I told him how my darling was stretched on the sick bed, how the angel of death was hovering over her, and how pretty and lovable she had been before her sickness. This seemed to nerve him for a moment. I thanked the Lord that the faculty of loving and experiencing pain yet remained to him.

"Let me see the little one, Anne; I shall be very quiet. "I led him into the chamber. She was asleep. The light of the lamp happened to rest on her pale face; her blonde hair lay in loose tresses on the pillow; one of her little hands clasped the cross, which she always had near her. She might have been taken for a statue, she lay there so quietly. The light awakened her, and she opened her large blue eyes and looked about her in astonishment. I bent over her to kiss her. Her father took her up into his arms and pressed her tenderly to his bosom; then he laid her down and covered her face with both hands, as though he were ashamed to gaze into her pure, innocent face.

"Looking at me with sad and pitiful eyes, she asked, 'Mamma, is this papa?' Then she turned to him and said: "Papa, take me once more into your arms."

"But he, with a bitter cry of anguish, rushed into an adjoining room, and sat there with his face buried in his hands till daylight. Long before that hour the dear child had gone to her heavenly Father; he interceded there for her poor erring, earthly father. I did not call him when she was dying, for I had noticed her bitter disappointment when she had asked me: 'Is this papa?' I knew what she meant, but did not say anything when she embraced me and kissed me so tenderly. Years have since passed, yet I can still feel the embrace of those tender little arms; I can still feel the touch of those dying lips. I had then no tears to weep, for my tribulations were so many; but I offered my child to the Lord to save my father.

"My strength must have failed me during that prayer, for when my husband looked for me in the morning, he found me stretched on the floor before the bed of my dead child. I do not remember the details that followed. I know flowers bloom on her grave, and friendly hands watch and take care of them. I have not been there since she was buried.

"In accordance with my husband's wish we moved to London, and here we have been living ever since. I can not tell you, Sister, how my husband has fallen. However, I do not despair, for my child prays for him before the Lord's heavenly throne.

"At times Leyton would stay away for weeks, then he would return and

in his rage sell everything he could lay his hands on, till at last nothing remained. His rage would be followed by remorse of conscience. He often sat here of two days without taking any food or without allowing me to touch him. I often feared he would lose his mind. I left nothing undone to gain him back. He who had formerly been so kind to me, who had loved me so tenderly and had fulfilled my every wish, did not now hesitate to curse and beat me. One night he came home drunk and found me praying. This made him so furious that he struck me and threw me to the floor. Before you, Sister, I can not hide this and truth, because you yourself have seen the many marks that cover my body, but I beseech you, do not mention it to anyone.

The last time I saw him was on the evening you passed us. I had gone to church, and when he came home and did not find me, he searched the whole house for me without success. When he met me, on my way home from church, he asked me for money. I had only a few pence left and I gave them to him. It was not enough for him; he said he must have more. I laid my hand on his arm to detain him; then it was he saw my wedding-ring.

"Give me the ring," he cried; "I must have it!" "My ring! The only remembrance of my former happy life! I thought for a moment of the time when it had been placed on my finger; I thought of the day when my father was standing beside me; I thought of the friendly yet sad smile of my mother! who noticed the ring on my finger when I came home from church. I when I came to the ring united me with my little Marie. Oh, for the love of God, give it to me, Sister, heard the exclamation of the moment you passed; but he remained deaf to my entreaty. Forcibly wrenching the ring from my finger, he threw me to the ground.

"We momentarily expected the summons calling this soul, purified by a life of suffering, to her merciful Redeemer, who dries all tears and heals all wounds. The Lord knew what was best for her. He had counted her tears and prayers, and for all she was about to receive her reward in heaven. But he did not take her away without having first rewarded her continuous prayers for her husband's conversion. The poor chamber that night a scene of God's wonderful goodness and mercy. Of course only the eyes of faith could appreciate that scene, and her guardian angel, who had watched her every step, who had been present at her baptism, and at her wedding, and was now standing at her bedside and praying for her as a guardian angel only can pray when he is about to deliver his charge to God. The eyes of faith can see many things that the eyes of the world cannot see.

"I quickly rose to light a lamp. Then the door opened and a tall man entered. At first he did not notice me, but placed a chair before the sick-bed. When I placed the lamp on the table in the kitchen he noticed me and arose. No matter how low a man may have fallen, a certain degree of respect and awe to all who suffer from religious still remains. He murmured something, but looked around the very next moment as though taken by a sudden fear, and asked: "What is the matter, Sister? Why are you here?"

"I quietly answered that his wife was very sick. "Your mother's heart was not completely hardened, for an awful change took place in him, his face became deadly pale. "Sick? Is she yonaged? Have I—?"

"No," I interrupted him, "I understand you. Through the Lord's kind intervention you have not killed your wife with the hard blow that fell her to the ground. Overwork, cold, hunger, and misery have laid her on her death-bed. And while his eyes were turned to me full of fear, I continued: "Fear nothing. No one knows anything about it but your wife and myself. But I must tell you that she has only a few hours more to live."

"Let me go to her, Sister, I shall be as quiet as a child." I entered the bedroom and drew back the curtain.

"Dear Mrs. Leyton," I said, "do not be afraid, your husband is here." She did not fear his approach, as I had expected. A joyful glow covered her face, and she stretched out her arms, and the next moment her unhappy, repentant husband lay crying on her bosom.

Before he spoke a word he took a ring from his pocket and placed it on her finger, and then he said, "I could not sell it, Anne, it was a burning coal in my hands. May the Lord forgive me for robbing you!" She smiled and signed to me. And I left them alone. Then I knelt down and prayed that her hope of his conversion might be realized, and that she might lay her husband's repentance, as a most precious gift, before God's throne. I heard her soft, clear voice as she spoke to her unhappy husband in her dying hour. Her words were powerful, though few, for I heard her husband cry like a child. Then she encouraged him. For a moment there was silence, then he said, with a firm voice: "Yes, Anne, I promise, I promise before the living God."

Then a cry came from his innermost heart: "Anne, Anne, do not leave me! Lord have mercy on me, O God! she is dead."

When I heard Leyton's cry I hurried to the sick-room. The poor, broken-hearted man was yet on his knees. His hands rested in hers, and between them the crucifix. Rest and peace had come when her tried soul entered her heavenly home.

She had a plain grave in the new cemetery, with a stone cross on it. I sometimes go there, for her history is deeply impressed in my memory.

Poor Leyton made a general confession, and on the day he had received Holy Communion, he came to say good-bye to us. He went to America, and there he leads a truly Christian life. Every year a long letter arrives, with money for the church and the humble request to pray for him.

[THE END.]

DISAPPEARED!

Kidney Pains All Gone. What Did It? Doan's Kidney Pills. How Do You Know? A Kingston Man Says So.

Mr. W. J. Pappa, 112 Barrie St., Kingston, Ont., writes as follows: "Having been troubled with kidney disease for years, and not having received any permanent relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I take great pleasure in letting others similarly afflicted know of the wonderful curative properties possessed by Doan's Pills. Before taking them I was troubled at night by having to rise, but can now sleep, and do not feel weary in the morning. I hope that this may induce other sufferers from kidney or urinary troubles to give Doan's Kidney Pills a faithful trial, for I know that no other remedy could have acted so well as they did in my case."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the only pure cure for Backache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, and all Kidney and Urinary troubles. Price 50c. all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont. Ask for Doan's and refuse all others.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Why is a man called honorable who is upstairs beating his wife? He is above doing a mean act.

GRAND REMEDY FOR COUGHS.

"I have used Hagar's Pectoral Balsam and found it a grand remedy for coughs and colds and highly recommend it." O. M. DOHERTY, Camille, Ont.

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to patter on the back.

DR. LOW'S-WORM SYRUP.

Is death to the worms every time, safe for the child, and so nice to take the children lick the spoon. Price 25c.

What length should a lady's dress be? A little above two feet.

Martyr to Heart Trouble.

Mrs. Selina E. Cure, Amherst, N. S., says: "At times I suffered intensely from palpitation and fluttering of my heart. I was weak and my nerves shattered. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have regulated my heart, toned my nerves and built up my health."

Raw From Ear To Jaw.

"I have been for years more or less subject to eruptions on my skin. The left side of my face from the top of my ear to half way down my jaw was in a very bad state—being almost raw, making shaving very painful. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle perfectly cured me. I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any skin disease." G. WHITE, Carleton Place, N.W.T.

JOHN NEWSON'S FLOUR.

FLOUR HAS DROPPED AWAY DOWN IN PRICE THE LAST FEW WEEKS, Which is a good thing for those who have to buy on account of the partial failure of the wheat crop. We have just received a new lot of Flour Direct from the Mills, Comprising such well-known brands as Beaver, Kent, Monarch, White Coat and Parkdale, which we are offering at rock-bottom prices. Call and see us before buying elsewhere.

BEER & GOFF.

A Few Left HAMMOCKS THE BALANCE WILL BE CLEARED OUT. COME FOR SNAPS HASZARD & MOORE, Sunnyside.

The Best Medicine For Keeping the Home Bright, Cheerful and Happy is Music.

GOOD MUSIC, such as can be produced on our DOMINION, OR KARN ORGANS AND PIANOS.

Nothing like it to drive away care. If you think you cannot afford it, why come in and see us, and it will be a GREAT SURPRISE to you to learn HOW CHEAP and on what EASY TERMS you can have a good ORGAN or a PIANO. We often have good second hand goods at less than HALF PRICE. Everything we sell fully guaranteed.

Miller Bros

The Old Reliable Music House of P. E. Island, O'CONNOLLY'S BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.



Coughs That Stick.

You don't seem to be able to throw them off. All the ordinary remedies you've tried don't touch them. The cough remedy for you is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It loosens the phlegm, allays the irritation, heals and soothes the inflamed lung tissue.

Ma. Wm. FERRY, Blenheim, Ont., says: "I can recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the very best medicine for coughs and colds, sore throat and weak lungs."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Who are the best men to send to war? Lawyers, because their charges are so great no one can stand them.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

If a church be on fire why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine cannot play on it.

Cucumbers, Melons, Beware!

You may have an attack of Cramps and Diarrhoea after eating them. Just keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and you're safe. It cures Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and all bowel complaints.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

DEAR SIBS.—I was for seven years a sufferer from bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to any one suffering from throat or lung trouble. Fredericton. J. F. VANBUSKIRK.

Why is Satan always a gentleman? Because, being the imp of darkness, he can never be imp of light.

Minard's Liniment the Lumberman's friend.

What relation is a loaf to a steam engine? A necessity; a steam engine an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.

What is the difference between a fog and a falling star? One is mist on earth and the other is missed in heaven.

A man of irregular habits will find one of Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders taken in the morning clear his head, steady his nerves and put him in shape for his day's work. Price 10c. and 25c.

A stitch in time saves nine, but nine can be taken in no time on a sewing machine.

Soft Leather Soled Boots

Specially made for Infants' Feet. These protect the feet from cold and hurt—well recommended.

Price 50 cents to 68 cents.

GOFF BROTHERS.

If It's Newson's It's Good.

In Fitting Out The House

One of the first things to think about is the

Bedroom Furniture.

Perhaps one of our Suites will be what you want. We have the latest patterns, handsome in design and finish, and strong and firmly put together, in all the different woods, viz.,

Birch, Ash, Elm, Oak, Mahogany and Walnut.

Our prices on these are away down. Ask to see our \$21.00 Suite—cash price \$20.00. It's a beauty.

JOHN NEWSON'S FLOUR.

FLOUR HAS DROPPED AWAY DOWN IN PRICE THE LAST FEW WEEKS,

Which is a good thing for those who have to buy on account of the partial failure of the wheat crop. We have just received a new lot of Flour Direct from the Mills, Comprising such well-known brands as Beaver, Kent, Monarch, White Coat and Parkdale, which we are offering at rock-bottom prices. Call and see us before buying elsewhere.

BEER & GOFF.

A Few Left HAMMOCKS THE BALANCE WILL BE CLEARED OUT. COME FOR SNAPS HASZARD & MOORE, Sunnyside.



For one month we will sell our new stock of STOVES at greatly reduced prices.

DODD & ROGERS.

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.

STOVES

Of all Kinds At Lowest Prices. Fennell & Chandler.

NOTICE.

Owing to the death of the Senior partner of the firm of Finlayson & McKinnon it becomes necessary to give notice that all overdue accounts must be paid without delay.

The business will be continued

At the Old Stand

as usual, where the largest stock ever carried in all lines can be seen.

FINLAYSON and MACKINNON,

TERLIZZIOR'S CORNER, July 6 1898.