THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21, 1901.

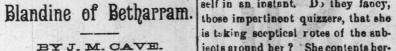
Athletes, Bicyclists and others and filled her whole being with Ah ! she thinks, if I could only should always keep Hagyard's loathing unspeakable, she had forgive my deafness for her sight. Yellow Oil on hand. Nothing gotten her one cross, till there came surely meant, if she could only keep like it for stiffness and soreness of a moment when she wanted to hear ber dealness, keep it even in an ag the muscles, sprains, bruises, cuts, as well as to see. Her spirit was gravated form, she would consent etc. A clean preparation, will not seeking something of vital import-

A CALLER STREET STREET

GIVE THEM NOW.

stain clothirg. Price 25c.

If you have gentle words and looks, were, from the grave, whose shining my friends. eyes were returning the gaze of To spare for me-if you have tears bundreds of excited eyes, and whose pale trembling lips tried to frame to shed answers to a score of questioners, all That I have suffered-keep them not, speaking at once, all pulling at her I pray. Until I hear not, see not, being garmente, all striving by fair means or by force, to touch the miraculee. dead. Now it is a tired nup, who is pass-If you have flowers to give--fair li'y ing through the ordeal. She must, buds, indeed be cured, and thoroughly White roses, daisies, (meadow-stars unred, to have strength and patience that be to tell how many doctors had de-Mine own dear names sikes) let ti em clared her case hopeless, how many smile and make remedies were tried in vain, how The air, while I breathe it, sweet many years she languished, how for me. many she lay helpless, how she bore For loving looks, though fraught with the journey to Lourdes and how many times she had been plunged derness. All kindly tears, though they fall into the piecins before the final cure. She must reply or fell. No way to thick and fast. And words of praise, alas ! can naught escape till the throng be satisfied on avail to go and kneel within the Grot and To lift the shadows from a life that's thank her Blessed Mother, who has past. And rarest blossoms, what can they arduous attack. Madame asks quessuffice, Offered to one who can no longer gaze Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins O miracle of miracles ! How can laid Impart no sweetness to departed forgets her English reticense till, all days. -Harper's Weekly.



(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.) The contrast almost made her shriek aloud, for it was like bringing those terrible creatures in contact with her person. She shuddered at d hated herself for the involuntary recoil and sbrinking, yet could not conquer the thrill of moral disgust

she felt at the bare idea of such a

thing. O something must be done

yes, even though she were never again ance. She used her fan, she bent to hear the voice she loves best in the towards little groupe, claworing world. She would accept even that around of jects of interest. Now it to gain back the sight of those poor eves, on which Antony gazed so was a pale young girl, riven as it fondly and so sadly. She knelt long,

bough pushed and crowded, tramped on and walked over, as one can only bear to be at Lourdes, and not turn o unjustifiable rage. Once she did aise her eyes, when too roughly pushd, with a look of silent expostulaion, but the monocle of one of the ourists returned her look, and she bent her head again quickly. She did not hear it, but the owner of the air, in saucy, careless fashion, to which he adapted to the words gratia plena, nsolently and irreverently. He bore he outward marks of a man of fashion grand seigneur. Plenty of eyes gift, and they love it, hard as it is llowed him with looks of admira ion, and made way for him to pass where they would have stubbornly op oosed a priest or bishop even. Those

who cultivate the philosophy of clothes all these points : then she is allowed his kind. Madame was forced to rise at last certainly sustained her through this or her position at the corner of the nclosure exposed her to danger. She tions too, How can she help it? ucceeded with great difficulty in There is a child who cries out eaching the stone benches bordering that he sees! He was born blind. he river, and there, just opposite the oly grot and the niche, she was one not ask questions? Madame ortunate enough to find a little place, n spite of the numerous candidates at once, she perceives a group of or such vantage ground. No doubt

tourists quizzing her. She drops her age, her weary air, her tich bu! her far, and is her natural stately sadly disarranged attire, moved the self in an instant. Do they fancy, hearts of the other aspirants for place. Madame accepted the courtesy without is taking sceptical rotes of the aubhaste, thanked those who kindly made jects around her ? She contents herroom for her, and took possession, self with gathering the sense of what only by kneeling and supporting her is passing, by observation alone. self against the seat. She had pray-From time to time the momentum

of the compact throng is stirred as if by a ground swell. There are gesticulations, vociferations, shoulder to shoulder resistance, then an irrcsistible on ward movement that bears still another mirsculee towards the Grotto railing. Sometimes a pair of She felt very uncomfortable in that teachers generally will find the chief crutches held high in air explains sea of people, whose ceaseless surge purpose of the vacation best subthe commotion, or a pallet, borne on strong shoulder is burried forward, She was arranging her bonet and as we know, "builds up the whole and another ghasily face looks down skirts as best she could, when the system." thing. O something must be done to equalize things, or at least to make upon the crowd, from the altitude of sound of a little bell told of an ad the shoulders, and their hospital vancing procession. The advance bed, whereon sits, as on a throne, escort came in sight at the same mo one who was put into the bath in a ment. A group of gentlemen of France bearing lighted tapers; some priests, a dais, and beneath it the B'essed bacrament. The ses subsid ed, a path was made, by some, grudg Oh, the sun is shining down on a ngly enough, while others touched fearful sum of human misery to day ! heir foreheads to the ground in lov It really seems a crime to have no ng salutation. The clergy entered burden to bear, when these are so e grotto. The holy sacrifice of the overladen. "What can I do for the fass began. Bre long preparations little zeal I have felt for the good of ere made to carry the Bread of Life such as these," asks Madame Daore? the famishing sick, so patiently "And what shall I do to repair that waiting there. Never had one looker n, at least, been so profoundly mov d as now, when she beheld ou fore." Thus far she had been rcy Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His proaching herself for what she had Love, borne thus, and distributed hus, to the most wretched, the most bidecusly deformed, the most disgus

FOUR RUNNING SORES.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Some time ago my blood got out of order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous small ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot and leg and l was in a terrible state. A friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured three ottles. After finishing the first bottle the boils started to disappear and the sores to heal up. After taking the third bottle there was not a boil or sore to be seen, Besides this, the headaches from which suffered left me and I improved so much monocle was humming low an opera that I am now strong and robust again.

Yours truly, MISS MAGGIE WORTHINGTO Feb. 3rd, 1901.

And now-strange thing, indeedit seems as if rounds had suddenly become louder and more intense. The air is filled with them. Great noise, loud voices, the rush of waters. make a great impression in throngs of Madame hears all these at one and the same time, and it bewilders and confuses her. It must be fatigue! A priest just then mounts the pulpitsteps beside the grot, and she hears him say ; "A chaplet of thanksgiving atirg.

or a remarkable cure. (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS

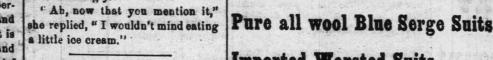
dea! !!

Only a Mask.

Many are not being benefitted by the summer vacation as they should Now, notwithstarding much be. 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 ed until ber heart had exhausted itma-k. They are still nervous, easily self, and now, heedless of her ricb tired, upset by triffee, and they do garments she knel', till another not eat nor sleep weil. What they wave more irresistible than any she need, is what tones the nerver, perhad yet fel', forced her neighbors and fects diges ion, creates appetite, and herself not only to rise from their makes sleep refreshing, and that is knees, but to stand on the benches. Hood's Sarsaparilis. Papils and ebbed and flowed with such force. server by this great medicine which,







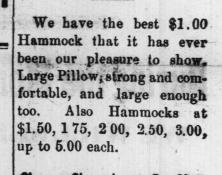
To make money it is necessary have a clear, bright brain, a cool head free from pair, and strong, Imported Serge Suits vigorous nerves. Milburu's Heart and Nerve Pills invigorate and

Youth's Blue Serge Suits, sizes 32 to 35.

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as strictly first-class. We

the dreadful difference less tremendcus! She was determined now to perform some deed of atonement, to make reparation in some way for her luxurious life. But what could she do? Cross or care in the would she bad pone-material cross or care, she had none-material cross or care. be it well understord. What could the give! Money? gold? Quite useless here. Fill that leper's pocket with purest coin, what could it avail him on this earth? And still less could it advance him one step nearer heaven. And yet Madame Dacre is yearning seriously, perhaps for the first time in her life of seventy odd other wrong I wrought, and which years, for something not material, rises before me here, as never besomething not outside of Lereelf. that she might offer up as a sacrifice that she might offer up as a sacrifice or bear as her rightfal portion of human main human pain.

Like many others who have come, Providence. Now she begins to tell like her, in the same frame of mind, berself what she has done, she sees to this holy shrine, she has forgotten it, and sinks under it, at the very that she has a buman infirmity and best place, bappily for her; the feet a resi one. But this it firmity has of Mary Immaculate. always been so skilfully disguised, Now, as never before, Madame so hidden from all eyes, so modified Dacre's selfishness stands revealed beby every cosily aid known to science. fore her, and beneath its weight she that very few suspected its existence, literally sinks down in the mud and and bardly any one would believe dust. Mud and dust are always that the waving of that tortoise-shell there on the platform before the grotto. fan, all set with gold, was not more for coquetry than use. Yet it held Pilgrims bring plenty of dust to add the little mechanism that conducted to the home supply. And pilgrims must drink and carry draughts of the all the sounds that could reach her sense of hearing. Not even Mad. clear cold water to their friends and ame's own children suspected the companions, and fill their cans and bottles for home consumption, and gravity of her deafness, however they might and did wonder at her the volunteer sons and daughters of irrevelant answers even to serious the regiment of "the Hospitality of questione. Sensitive on the subject our Lady of Lourdes" must distribute of her want of hearing, the poor lady often remained in complete ig-norance of the meaning of the cor-souls, and in spite of their thirst, spill versation that would have given her more than they swallow. Yes, there infinite pleasure. But pride would are mud and dust and scorching sun. not let her betray the full extent of and keen wind too, at times but the the corporal weakness that seemed to wind never counts for anything on hor a stigma of reproach rather than pilgrimage days. "Bras en croix," a precious little cross. She refused no matter how the rain pours, or the to learn the lesson while not admit- sun burns. And the mud and dust ting that pride had anything to do and sun had their own way with the with her recompation as to hiding penitent woman, kneeling close to it, or her it dignation if anyone spoke the barrier, quite near the last row of loud in her presence. It was hard "worst cases." She hardly knew not to hear the voices of her loved where she was, as far as externals went, ones, especi lly of that son, so idol. for a little while. She thought of the iged and to worthy. She coveted every word that fell from his lipe, and what reached other ears, and at all by which she could restore to missed her own, was like a personal Antony what he had lost through her. injary to her spiri'. When she could And if there was, would our Blessed keep Father Francis close to ber side, Ludy show it to her? "A blind wife, and, fan in Land, artfully and uccon- through my fault, and even yet not sciously to all appearance, touch the sure that Margaret's unwilling contortoise shell to her still beautiful sent will even be ratified, for it is only teeth, she was happy, and real'y ap. too evident, that she shrinks from other oreature. No more random burdening him with her helplessanswers, to affectation, no flush of ness."

pride, and sudden turning away to avoid answers or explanations.

She had prayed to be relieved of this infirmity and others had prayed for her intentior, after human science had been vainly exhausted, and nothing better found by it than the mechanism concealed in her fan. But before the emptyings of the inthis kind are given or withheld by ingly diseased of His chillren. She

The time

ands and castles and gold, everything, in fact, that could chain his coul to earth, rather than this open seisame to beaven. She is not accursed ; for God, in His mercy, frusrated her proud will. There is a mist before her eyes, as he gazes upon the altar within the urpliced priests-and,-yes | in spite feet off." of the mist, she sees her own boy, one of His accepted ministers. Who everyone of these consecrated brothers in five days. of his, laboring so unselfishly for the outcasts of civilization. She begins to have a dim idea of what it really ans to be a priest of God. Now the venerable figure distribut.

ig the Bread of Life is very near to the spot where she kneels once more. ase to the enclosure. She hears a voice say, quite distinctly. "That is plied the young hopeful, " mother Monseigneur of Aix, that is Gouthe Soulard, the old hero," And she follows the speaker's admiring glance, and with him admires the handson old prelate, crowned with his eighty odd years and with the invisible crown, earned by his dauntless cour age in resisting aggression, in sacrificing everything, to uphold the dige nity of Mother Church. From pallet to pallet, from carriage to carriage from bench to beach he goes, no light labor; bestowing, with the bless

ng, a look of infinite pity and tenderess on each communicant, "Why do they wish to be cured now?" the watcher asks berself. "If

they have communicated worthily. why not choose to go to heaven, to shake off that borrible flesh, from their parified spirits ?" to fight consumption, with Scott's O my dear lady I they pray for life,

because they have human hearts as Emulsion of cod-liver oil, is long tender, and perhaps tenderer than in advance. If it threatens, you can your own. And have they not eter-

But before the emptyings of the in-curable wards of city hospitals, spread out before her on the plat-form of the Grotto of Lourdes, before the curable wards of the in-spread out before her on the plat-form of the Grotto of Lourdes, before the curable wards are they not the state of the the state of patracted NO EOIIAI

Richards' Headache Cure, neives, and remove all heart, nerve 12 doses, 10 cts.

There was a very little boy wadng up to the ankles in muddy wat ne afternoon, "Why eren't you school, young man?" asked the passing gentleman, "'Cos l've got the whooping ough," he exclaimed.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"That is a pretty big buckwheat ake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast to Jimmie boy. "It looks big," said Jimmie-boy, but really it isn't. I.'s got lots of lameness porouses in it."

hought of the power He had given If you take a Liza-Liver Pill to ato the hands of His priests, and a night before retiring, it will work ang smote her heart at the recollec while you sleep without a gripe or on of how she had tried to deprive pain, curing billousness, constipaher own son of this surpassing grace. tion, dyspepsia and sick headach How she had tried to secure to him and make yop feel better in the morning.

> Harry one day climbed ap in a parlor chair, in order to reach some thing he wan'ed. " Don's get up in that chair with your feet, Harry," exclaimed his mother.

"I just have to mamma," replied rot. Around it Is a group of white the little fellow. "I can't take my

Passed 15 Worms -I gave Dr. shall blame her, if she fancies she Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl sees an aureole around his head! She two and a half years old; the ment sees that, to day, around the head of was that she passed 15 round worms tsar ? Mrs. B. Roy, Kilmanagh, Oat,

ed by assassios. "Come, Bob, get up," said an in-dulgent father to his hopeful son the

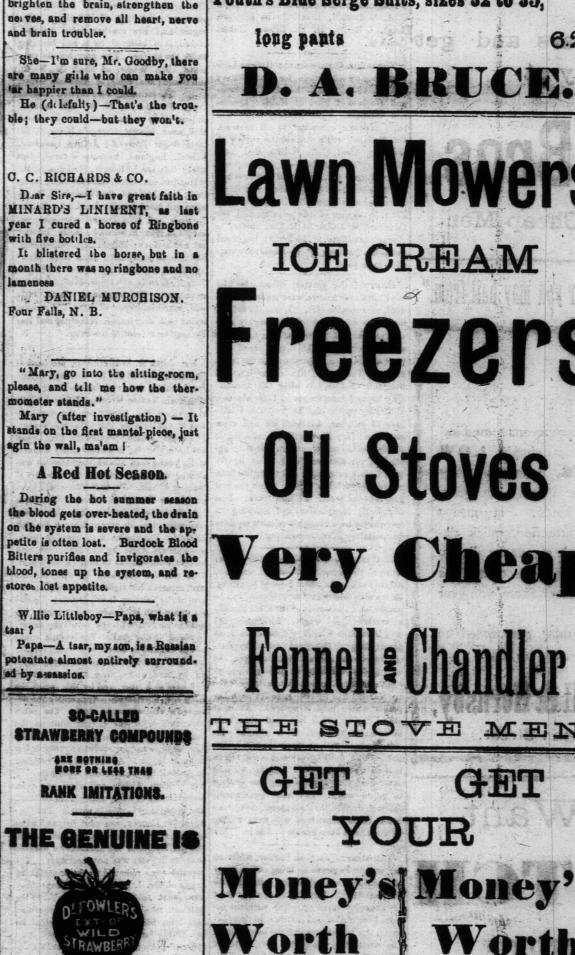
other morning. "Remember, it's the early bird that catches the

"What do I care for worms ?" rewon't let me go a-fishing."

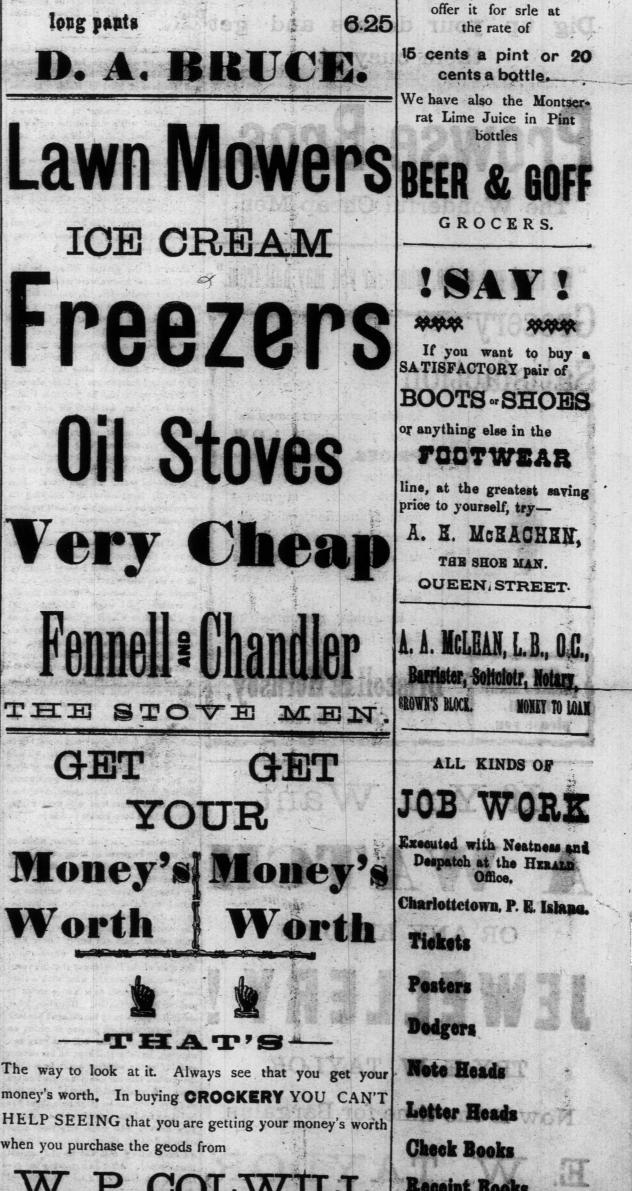
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