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GIVE THEM NOW.

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends, To spare for me—if you have tears to shed That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray, Until I hear not, see not, being dead. If you have flowers to give—fair lily buds, White roses, daisies, (meadow-stars that be Mine own dear namesakes) let them smile and make The air, while I breathe it, sweet for me. For loving looks, though fraught with dears, All kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast, And words of praise, alas! can caught avail To lift the shadows from a life that's past. And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice, Offered to one who can no longer gaze Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins laid Impart no sweetness to departed days. —Harper's Weekly.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

The contrast almost made her shiver aloud, for it was like bringing those terrible creatures in contact with her person. She shuddered at the thought of the involuntary recoil and shrinking, yet could not conquer the thrill of moral disgust she felt at the bare idea of such a thing. O something must be done to equalize things, or at least to make the dreadful difference less tremendous! She was determined now to perform some deed of atonement, to make reparation to some way for her luxurious life. But what could she do? Cross or cure in the world she had none—material cross or cure, he it well understood. What could she 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 Daore is yearning seriously, perhaps for the first time in her life of seventy odd years, for something not material, something not outside of herself, that she might offer up as a sacrifice or bear as her rightful portion of human pain.

Like many others who have come, like her, in the same frame of mind, to this holy shrine, she has forgotten that she has a human infirmity and a real one. But this infirmity has always been so skillfully disguised, so hidden from all eyes, so modified by every cooly aid known to existence, that very few suspected its existence, and hardly any one would believe that the wailing of that tortoise-shell fan, all set with gold, was not more for coquetry than use. Yet it held the little mechanism that conducted all the sounds that could reach her sense of hearing. Not even Madame's own children suspected the gravity of her deafness, however they might and did wonder at her irrelevant answers even to serious questions. Sensitive on the subject of her want of hearing, the poor lady often remained in complete ignorance of the meaning of the conversation that would have given her infinite pleasure. But pride would not let her betray the full extent of the corporal weakness that seemed to her a stigma of reproach rather than a precious little cross. She refused to learn the lesson while not admitting that pride had anything to do with her preoccupation as to hiding it, or her indignation if anyone spoke loud in her presence. It was hard not to hear the voices of her loved ones, especially of that son, so idolized and so worthy. She overheard every word that fell from his lips, and what reached other ears, and missed her own, was like a personal injury to her spirit. When she could keep Father Francis close to her side, and, fan in hand, artfully and unconsciously to all appearance, touch the tortoise shell to her still beautiful teeth, she was happy, and really another creature. No more random answers, no affectation, no flash of 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 intention, after human science had been vainly exhausted, and nothing better found by it than the mechanism concealed in her fan. But before the emptiness of the incense wards of city hospitals, spread out before her on the platform of the Grotto of Lourdes, before the overpowering horrors that assailed her sight, and choked her lungs,

and filled her whole being with loathing unspeakable, she had forgotten her one cross, till there came a moment when she wanted to hear as well as to see. Her spirit was seeking something of vital importance. She used her fan, she bent towards little groups, clattering around objects of interest. Now it was a pale young girl, risen as it were, from the grave, whose abiding eyes were returning the gaze of pale trembling lips tried to frame answers to a score of questioners, all speaking at once, all pulling at her garments, all striving by fair means or by force, to touch the miracle.

Now it is a tired nun, who is passing through the ordeal. She is not, indeed, cured, and thoroughly obliged, to have strength and patience to tell how many doctors had declared her case hopeless, how many remedies were tried in vain, how many years she languished, how many she lay helpless, how she bore the journey to Lourdes and how many times she had been plunged into the piscina before the final cure. She must reply or fall. No way to escape till the throng be satisfied on all these points; then she is allowed to go and kneel within the Grotto and thank her Blessed Mother, who has certainly sustained her through this arduous attack. Madame asks questions too. How can she help it? There is a child who cries out that he sees! He was born blind. O miracle of miracles! How can one not ask questions? Madame forgets her English reticence till, all at once, she perceives a group of tourists quizzing her. She drops her fan, and is her natural stately self in an instant. Do they fancy, those impatient quizzers, that she is taking sceptical notes of the subjects around her? She contents herself with gathering the sense of what is passing, by observation alone.

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 irresistible onward movement that bears still another miracle towards the Grotto railing. Sometimes a pair of crutches held high in air explains the commotion, or a pillow, borne on strong shoulders is hurried forward, and another ghastly face looks down upon the crowd, from the altitude of the shoulders, and their hospital bed, whereon sits, as on a throne, one who was put into the bath in a dying state, and who now sits smiling there, quite unconscious of his ghastly look. He is alive, he expects to live, and perhaps he will. Oh, the sun is shining down on a fearful sum of human misery to day! It really seems a crime to have no burden to bear, when these are so overladen. "What can I do for the little zeal I have felt for the good of such as these," asks Madame Daore? "And what shall I do to repair that other wrong I wrought, and which rises before me here, as never before." Thus far she had been reproaching herself for what she had not done, and what she had not suffered, forgetting how privileges of this kind are given or withheld by Providence. Now she begins to tell herself what she has done, she sees it, and sinks under it, at the very best place, happily for her; the feet of Mary Immaculate.

Now, as never before, Madame Daore's selfishness stands revealed before her, and beneath its weight she literally sinks down in the mud and dust. Mud and dust are always there on the platform before the grotto. Pilgrims bring plenty of dust to add to the home supply. And pilgrims must drink and carry draughts of the clear cold water to their friends and companions, and fill their cans and bottles for home consumption, and the volunteer sons and daughters of the regiment of "the Hospitality of our Lady of Lourdes" must distribute bidons of the miraculous water to the "worst cases" who are thirsty, poor souls, and in spite of their thirst, spill more than they swallow. Yes, there are mud and dust and scorching sun, and then wind too, at times—but the wind never comes for anything on pilgrimage days. "Braz croix," no matter how the rain pours, or the sun burns. And the mud and dust and sun had their own way with the penitent woman, kneeling close to the barrier, quite near the last row of "worst cases." She hardly knew where she was, as far as externals went, for a little while. She thought of the consequences of her vain ambition, and asked herself if there was no way at all by which she could restore to Antony what he had lost through her. And if there was, would our Blessed Lady show it to her? "A blind wife, through my fault, and even yet not sure that Margaret's unwilling consent will even be ratified, for it is only too evident, that she shrinks from burdening him with her helplessness."

The time

to fight consumption, with Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, is long in advance. If it threatens, you can resist; and you may overcome it. Don't be afraid; be brave. But tackle it; don't waste time. Read for more details and see it, Scott's Emulsion, 100% PURE, 100% GUARANTEED, 100% SUCCESSFUL. Price 25c. All Druggists.

Ah! she thinks, if I could only give my deafness for her sight. She surely meant, if she could only keep her deafness, keep it even in an aggravated form, she would consent, yes, even though she were never again to hear the voice she loves best in the world. She would accept even that, to gain back the sight of those poor eyes, on which Antony gazed so fondly and so sadly. She knelt long, though pushed and crowded, tramped on and walked over, as one can only bear to be at Lourdes, and not turn to unjustifiable rage. Once she did raise her eyes, when too roughly pushed, with a look of silent expostulation, but the monologue of one of the tourists returned her look, and she bent her head again quickly. She did not bear it, but the owner of the monologue was humming low an opera air, in saucy, careless fashion, to which he adapted to the words gratia plena, insolently and irreverently. He bore the outward marks of a man of fashion, a grand seigneur. Plenty of eyes followed him with looks of admiration, and made way for him to pass, where they would have stubbornly opposed a priest or bishop even. Those who cultivate the philosophy of clothes make a great impression in throngs of this kind.

Madame was forced to rise at last for her position at the corner of the enclosure exposed her to danger. She succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the stone benches bordering the river, and there, just opposite the holy grot and the niche, she was fortunate enough to find a little place, in spite of the numerous candidates for such vantage ground. No doubt her age, her weary air, her rich but sadly disarranged attire, moved the hearts of the other aspirants for place. Madame accepted the courtesy without haste, thanked those who kindly made room for her, and took possession, only by kneeling and supporting her self against the seat. She had prayed until her heart had exhausted itself, and now, heedless of her rich garments she knelt, till another wave more irresistible than any she had yet felt, forced her neighbors and herself not only to rise from their knees, but to stand on the benches. She felt very uncomfortable in that sea of people, whose ceaseless surge eddied and flowed with such force. She was arranging her bonnet and skirts as best she could, when the sound of a little bell told of an advancing procession. The advance escort came in sight at the same moment. A group of gentlemen of France bearing lighted tapers; some priests, a dais, and beneath it the Blessed Sacrament. The bell subsided, a path was made, by some, grudgingly enough, while others touched their foreheads to the ground in loving salutation. The clergy entered the grotto. The holy sacrifice of the Mass began. The long preparations were made to carry the Bread of Life to the famishing sick, so patiently waiting there. Never had one looked on, at least, been so profoundly moved as now, when she beheld our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, borne thus, and distributed thus, to the most wretched, the most hideously deformed, the most disgustingly diseased of His children. She thought of the power He had given into the hands of His priests, and a pang smote her heart at the recollection of how she had tried to deprive her own son of this surpassing grace. How she had tried to secure to him lands and castles and gold, everything, in fact, that could chain his soul to earth, rather than this open sesame to heaven. She is not accused; for God, in His mercy, frustrated her proud will.

There is a mist before her eyes, as she gazes upon the altar within the grot. Around it is a group of white surplined priests—and, yes! in spite of the mist, she sees her own boy, one of His accepted ministers. Who shall blame her, if she fancies she sees an aureole around his head? She sees that, to-day, around the head of everyone of these consecrated brothers of his, laboring so unselfishly for the outcasts of civilization. She begins to have a dim idea of what it really means to be a priest of God. Now the venerable figure distributing the Bread of Life is very near to the spot where she kneels once more, close to the enclosure. She hears a voice say, quite distinctly. "That is Monsieur de Aix, that is Gouthie Soulard, the old hero." And she follows the speaker's admiring glance, and with him admires the handsome old prelate, crowned with his eighty odd years and with the invisible crown, earned by his dauntless courage in resisting aggression, in sacrificing everything, to uphold the dignity of Mother Church. From pallet to pallet, from carriage to carriage, from bench to bench he goes, no light labor; bestowing, with the blessing, a look of infinite pity and tenderness on each communicant. "Why do they wish to be cured now?" the watcher asks herself. "If they have communicated worthily, why not choose to go to heaven, to shake off that horrible flesh, from their purified spirits?"

O my dear lady! they pray for life, because they have human hearts as tender, and perhaps tenderer than your own. And have they not eternally before them in which to rest? And have they not ties here below, as sacred as your own? And are they not even more tenderly cherished, because of their surpassingly heavy load? Ah, let them live! Life is His

NINE BOILS. 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 smaller ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot and leg and I was in a terrible state. A friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured three bottles. 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 I suffered left me and I improved so much that I am now strong and robust again. Yours truly, Miss MARGIE WORTHINGTON, Golaspie, Ont. Feb. 23rd, 1901.

gift, and they love it, hard as it is. And now—strange thing, indeed—it seems as if sounds had suddenly become louder and more intense. The air is filled with them. Great noise, loud voices, the rush of waters. 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 pulpits beside the grot, and she hears him say: "A chaplet of thanksgiving for a remarkable cure." (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Only a Mask. Many are not being benefited by the summer vacation as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The fan 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 foodstuffs generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best subserved by this great medicine which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. There was a very little boy wading up to the ankles in muddy water one afternoon. "Why aren't you at school, young man?" asked the passing gentleman. "Cos I've got the whooping-cough," he exclaimed.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. "That is a pretty big buckwheat cake 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've got lots of porcupines in it."

If you take a Livers-Liver Pill to-night 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.

Harry one day climbed up in a parlor chair, in order to reach something he wanted. "Don't get up in that chair with your feet, Harry," exclaimed his mother. "I jist have to wash 'em," replied the little fellow. "I can't take my feet off."

Passed 15 Worms—I gave Dr. Low'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. Mrs. B. Roy, Kilmarnock, Ont.

"Come, Bob, get up," said an indulgent father to his hopeful son the other morning. "Remember, it's the early bird that catches the worm."

"What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful. "mother won't let me go a-fishing."

Richards' Headache Cure contains no opiate.

BRITISH TROOP OIL LINIMENT FOR Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Blisters, Stiff Joints, Burns and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colic, Constipation, Cereb, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings. A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.



These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swellings of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fog, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

MISCELLANEOUS. M. s. Battle—Oh, Mr. Cadleigh told me he thinks I sing beautifully. Miss Digg—Isn't he too sensitive for anything! Bookache, sidache, swelling of feet and ankles, puffing under 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. Dan's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for all kidney diseases.

"You don't mean to say she has accepted him? He isn't at all her idea!" "We, it didn't take her long to choose between a fiance in the hand and an ideal in the bush."

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief. "You look nice enough to eat," he said admiringly. "Ah, now that you mention it," she replied, "I wouldn't mind eating a little ice cream."

To make money it is necessary to have a clear, bright brain, a cool head free from pain, and strong, vigorous nerves. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills invigorate and brighten the brain, strengthen the nerves, and remove all heart, nerve and brain troubles. She—I'm sure, Mr. Goodby, there are many girls who can make you far happier than I could. He (dejectedly)—That's the trouble; they could—but they won't.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ringbone with five bottles. It blistered the horse, but in a month there was no ringbone and no lameness. DANIEL MURKISON, Four Falls, N. B.

"Mary, go into the sitting-room, please, and tell me how the thermometer stands." Mary (after investigation)—It stands on the first mantel-piece, just agin the wall, ma'am!

A Red Hot Season. During the hot summer season the blood gets over-heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the system, and restores lost appetite. Willie Littleboy—Papa, what is a tear? Papa—A tear, my son, is a Russian potentate almost entirely surrounded by assassins.

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D. F. FOWLER'S WILD STRAWBERRY CURE Cures Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. Safe, Reliable, Harmless, Effectual. HAS NO EQUAL. SUNNYSIDE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

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