

The Month of the Sacred Heart.

Lo! June is here; the winter days are ending;
What time our weary feet the wine-press trod.
Lo! June is here; a glad message sending
Of joy, love-laden, from the Heart of God!
Oh there is hope for each sad day and morrow,
Tho' leaden skies hang threateningly above!
And there is balm for every human sorrow
In Christ's dear pitying, patient Heart of love!
For this it was He built His home for ever,
Here in our midst, that He might bear a part
In each one's sorrow. Only sin can sever
The ties of love that bind us to His Heart!
Yea, Thou hast bound us to Thy strength and meekness,
And yet, dear Lord, how many times we fall!
Thy heart alone that knows our human weakness
Could still forgive and love us, spite of all!
Oh blessed thought! that each poor day's endeavor
Should bring us nearer to our Homes above,
Where we shall rest poor weary ones, forever,
In Thy dear pitying, patient Heart of love!

M. DOYLE.

June.

There are times in life, with its ceaseless strife
And its bevy of faithless friends,
That we're weary of living and tired of forgiving
And everything earthly offends.
Then June comes along, with its sunshine and song,
With its soft and tender skies,
And the roses bloom while their sweet perfume
Gives life a new disguise.
Then the birds and trees and the softest breeze
Just one sweet theme impart,
That the earth's a shrine of love Divine
To worship the Sacred Heart.
And we cease to chide for gifts denied
And struggle to do our part,
For the world's in tune—'tis the month of June—
The month of the Sacred Heart.
—FLORENCE AMES.

A Pagan Sacrifice.

The professor threw down his pen. The last word was written; the work was done. The neat pile of closely written manuscript on the desk before him represented months of patient toil before which the strongest day laborer would shrink appalled. Days, whose long mental strain knew no relaxation, when the needs of the body were almost forgotten; nights, when the taxed brain, still whirling under the fierce pressure, could not be soothed to rest.
But now it was done, the work that would rouse the admiration of all his conferees, that would give him the only immortality for which he hoped; the work that like the mighty tower of old was reared defiantly against the power and wisdom and justice of the living God.
Not that the professor had any such satanic intention; indeed he cherished vague tender memories of a certain shadowy old cathedral, through whose incensed aisles, echoing with solemn chants, he had been led by his sweet-faced Catholic mother in a far-off past.
But this memory lingered only like a poetic fancy, a morning dream. His mother had died in his early childhood; his father, a careless parent, had married again; and life had become a stern, hard, prose. A goddess home, goddess schools, goddess teachers, had done their work. Now at forty-five, the professor was as honest a pagan as any who lived before the Star of Bethlehem beamed on a darkened world. If down in his deep strong nature there were any doubts, clamorings, longings, he silenced them with the shibboleth of his clan, "I cannot see—I do not know."
The professor was a bachelor. Many years ago a beautiful and

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They only make it worse.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and the itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

noble woman had crossed his path, to whom his heart had yielded the homage that is only given once in a lifetime. His love had been hopeless; already her pure soul had chosen the better part, and a few months after her gentle but decided rejection of his suit she had entered a religious order abroad. Since then Science had been the only queen of his life, and right royally had she rewarded his service. As writer, lecturer, teacher, his fame extended over two continents; and now this work which he had just completed he felt, with a thrill of pride, would be his crown.

It was the close of a wintry day when the professor put the last stroke upon his manuscript and rising, with a long sigh of relief, looked out of his window. The western sky burned with a crimson sunset that was flashed back from the city's spires and casements until it melted softly into the violet shadows gathered among the eastern hills.

There was no warring of the light and darkness; but in the opaline gulf between, one star already trembled on the very borderland of night and day.

Just opposite the professor's apartments was a little Gothic church, with whose pastor, an old French priest, he had a slight acquaintance. It was sodality evening, and as he stood watching the sunset, the solemn tones of the organ, upbearing, a course of sweet young voices, swelled through the air.

"Father Blanc seems holding high festival this evening," said the professor, with a smile, as he flung up the sash, that he might better hear the music which recalled the sweet dream of early childhood, the clearer vision of her who had turned from him into mist-veiled paths beyond his sight and reach.

And weary with the long strain of effort, the professor stood lost in softening reverie, when a hearty clap on the shoulder aroused him to meet the cheery gaze of his old friend, Dr. Grey, who had entered unobserved.

"I knocked three times, Lester, and seeing the door ajar, ventured to push it open. What's the matter? Are you hypnotized?" "No," laughed the professor. "I was simply relaxing; unbending the bow, after a long strain. It has been a year since I have taken time to dream."

"I am glad to find you at leisure," continued the doctor, briskly. "I came with an odd request. There is a poor young fellow dying in 'La Misericorde,' who begs to see you."

"Who is he?" asked the professor. "Oh, you don't know him. His name is Ward—Philip Ward—and though not more than twenty-three or four, he has, I judge, run the gamut of life pretty rapidly. It has brought him down to a quick decline, and he is in a bad way, mind and body."

"But what can I do for him?" queried the professor. "Absolutely nothing, that I can see," was the grim answer. "It's one of those queer dying fancies that one cannot account for; but he seems to think you can quiet him, give him backbone to meet the inevitable. It seems that he has attended your lectures; read your books; in short, regards you as a sort of high priest of the new scientific cult, and feels that you can cheer or encourage him. I told him I would see you this evening; for the poor lad's hours are numbered. Will you come?"

"Certainly," answered the professor, though conscious of a chill. "I will go with you at once."

fessor, though conscious of a chilling reluctance to the visit. "I will go with you at once."

It was but a short walk to "La Misericorde." It was a superb new building—the bequest of a wealthy philanthropist to his native city—entirely free and non-sectarian in its beneficence; managed by trustees, and attended by physicians of all denominations. Its founder had made only one binding clause—that it should be under the charge of the Sisters of Charity forever.

"And a level-headed arrangement," said Dr. Grey, as he led his friend through grounds and entrance hall. "No fussing; no love-making; no fighting for places and salaries. There's a woman in charge here that I believe could command an army; they imported her for us. She has been through war, famine, and pestilence abroad, and fears nothing. She has the heart of a mother, the soul of a saint, and the head of a statesman. You cannot know Sister Angela without believing there is some place better than earth where such women belong. But here is the room of my poor young patient. You may guess he is in a bad way when even Sister Angela cannot manage him. I have been obliged to get a strong man to hold him in his paroxysms."

They entered a half-open door, as he spoke. On the spotless bed, in the middle of the little room, lay the pitiful wreck of a once glorious manhood.

The gaunt, wasted frame still showed what had been its early strength and grace; the well-shaped head, with its dark curling locks, must once have been a fitting model for an Apollo or an Antinous. Now it lay so rigid and ghastly on its pillow that the doctor thought for a moment all was over.

"Gone, has he?" he asked of the man who met him near the doorway.

The nurse shook his head. "No, sir; just worn out after one of his wild spells. He will break out again in a minute; his pulse is strong yet. I don't see how he holds out."

"Keep him as quiet as you can. This is Professor Lester, the gentleman he had been asking for. When he rouses, let him see him."

And the doctor hurried away to his other patients. "You are not a clergyman, sir?" said the nurse, doubtfully.

"No," was the answer. "Because I could not vouch for the patient's civility if you were. He raves at the very mention of one. Take a chair, sir; he is rousing now."

The dying man turned restlessly on his pillow, as his visitor seated himself at his bedside. The face that met the professor's gaze was that of an absolute stranger, yet the dark, burning eyes, sunken in their cavernous sockets, flashed recognition.

"Professor Lester?" was the hoarsely gasped greeting. "You've come to me; I thought you would."

"Certainly," was the kind reply, as the professor took the key hand extended to him. "I am glad to be of any service to you. What can I do for you?"

"Do for me? What have you been doing all these years?"

"All these years," repeated the professor, mystified. "My dear friend, I fear you mistake me for some one else. We have never to my knowledge met, before. I do not know you."

"But I have known you," panted the sick man eagerly. "I've heard your lectures; read your books, your writings. You've taught me me to see things as you see them; professor; to break loose from all the cursed shackles the prating, canting fools would put on us; to be a man—a free man. I've done it."

The professor shrank from the evil light that flashed into the dying eye.

"There wasn't any heaven or hell to stop me; so why shouldn't a fellow have his swing. Mine was a wide swing, and a fine one; though it seems it wasn't to be a long one. Now they tell me it comes to an end I've got to die"—a shiver convulsed the gaunt frame—"to die. I've believed in you professor. You've studied and read, and settled up all these things, I know. I've heard you knock all the priests' and parson's teachings into bits. I want you to tell me, now, again so it will steady me, what this thing they call dying is."

(Concluded next week.)

HAD CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Doctor Said He was in a Very Dangerous Condition.

Mothers cannot watch their children too closely for signs of cholera infantum as this disease carries off thousands of infants during the hot summer months. Mrs. Geo. W. Garland, Prosser Brook, N.B., writes: "Last summer my boy Joe, then a year old, was taken sick with cholera infantum. He was so bad the waste matter from the bowels looked as if it had come from a broken bowl. I sent word to the doctor who was at a neighbor's, about a mile distant, and he sent me more tablets to stop it. In the meantime I had been giving Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which I continued using, and when the bottle was all used my baby was cured. I thought it only fair to let you know about it."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past 50 years, and is known from one end of Canada to the other as a positive cure for all bowel complaints. When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure you get what you ask for as there are many rank imitations on the market. The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 35 cents.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE, Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

JOHN MANDER, Mahone Bay.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

JOSHUA A. WYNACHT, Bridgewater.

The Last Resort—"Well, we have exhausted reason, logic, common sense and justice. What more can we do?"

"I guess we'll simply have to go to law."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Mr. Citibred—Do your cows give you milk?

Mr. Tallgrass—No one ever gives me nothing. I have to swap 'em fodder for it.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford says—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price box a 50c."

One poor family made happy means one rich one richer.

We've got 'em with all the way from two to ten children.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont. writes—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Man wants but little here below, And it gets him real sore When hair restorer gets his dough And it does not restore.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

"Did you hear of the accident in the subway?" asked Mrs. Blinks.

"Oh, dear, tell me, I'm so excited, what was it?"

"I got a seat."

The name of Mary is the key of heaven. We pronounce it, and it opens the gate of paradise.—St. Bernard.

WAS SO WEAK WOULD HAVE TO STAY IN BED.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her.

Mrs. J. Day, 234 John St. South, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was so run down with a weak heart that I could not even sweep the floor, nor could I sleep at night. I was so awfully sick sometimes I had to stay in bed all day as I was so weak. I used three or four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am a cured woman to-day, and as strong as any one could be, and am doing my own housework, even my own washing."

"I doctored for over two years, but got no help until I used your pills. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.50, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

Smoke and Chew
Hickey's Twist Tobacco
Millions of Plugs sold yearly because it is the best.
Hickey & Nicholson Co., Ltd., Manufacturers
Phone 345

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Men's Rain Coats Regular \$10 to \$13, now \$7.50 and \$9.75. Ladies' Rain Coats at a special cut, making every coat in stock a real bargain.

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Serge Dresses usually sold at \$5.25 to \$6.00, now \$4.50 ABOVE GOODS ARE ALL NEW STOCK.
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You will make no mistake in looking over our special lot of Men's and Boys' Suits. Men's Suits, made of good material, \$9.50 to \$12.50. Boys' & Youths' do. \$2.50 to Six Dollars.

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Heavy Working Pants, all wool, guaranteed to wear like iron at reasonable prices.
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We offer a special line of Shirts and Braces—85 cent Shirts for 59c, 35c. Braces now 25c.
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These cheap glasses hurt my eyes.
Get your eyes tested by us
And have a pair of our fine eyeglasses fitted.
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Slow, fast or stopping.
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Wish I'd known it was going to be wet,
Might have saved a soaking, and also the hay.
Get one of our Reliable Barometers.
E. W. TAYLOR
Watchmaker . . . Optician
The Old Stand, 142 Richmond St. Charlottetown.

LET US MAKE Your New Suit
When it comes to the question of buying clothes, there are several things to be considered.
You want good material, you want perfect fitting qualities, and you want your clothes to be made fashionable and stylish, and then you want to get them at a reasonable price.
This store is noted for the excellent quality of the goods carried in stock, and nothing but the very best in trimmings of every kind allowed to go into a suit.
We guarantee to fit you perfectly, and all our clothes have that smooth, stylish, well tailored appearance, which is approved by all good dressers.
If you have had trouble getting clothes to suit you, give us a trial. We will please you.
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ALCOHOL

is almost the worst thing for consumptives. Many of the "just-as-good" preparations contain as much as 20% of alcohol; Scott's Emulsion not a drop. Insist on having Scott's Emulsion FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS