

Fat is absolutely necessary as an article of diet. If it is not of the right kind it may not be digested. Then the body will not get enough of it. In this event there is fat-starvation.

Scott's Emulsion supplies this needed fat, of the right kind, in the right quantity, and in the form already partly digested.

As a result all the organs and tissues take on activity.

HE KNOWS.

I know not what shall befall me— God hangs a must'er my eyes— And on each step of my onward path He makes new wishes to arise, And every joy he sends me comes As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me, As I tread on another year, But the past is still to God's keeping— The future He mercy shall clear, And that which looks dark in the distance May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future Is less bitter than I think; The Lord may sweeten the waters Before I stoop to drink, Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside the brink.

It may be that He keeps waiting For the coming of my feet Some gift of such rare blessedness— That my lips can only tremble With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know, It keeps me in those Mighty Arms, Which will not let me go, And hushes my soul to rest On the bosom which loves me so.

And so I go on—not knowing— I would not if I might, I'd rather walk in the dark with God Than go alone in the light, I would rather walk with Him by faith Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trial, Which the future may disclose, Yet I never had a sorrow, But what the dear Lord chose,— So I wait, and bow submissive To the will of Him who knows.

M. G. Bradnard.

I want you to dry the tears off your cheeks, and make me the happiest man in Ireland."

"But your promise?" said the widow, in bewilderment. "I'm keepin' a promise I made to meself—that I'd make you me wife, if you'd have me."

"But not till the master came home?" "He is home, mavourneen!" said Matt, with a caper of delight.

"He's beyant with his beautiful craythars of a wife, only its not to be known just yet to all the country side. So there's nothin' to come between us any more."

All at once he remembered Tim Daly, and his brow clouded. "But what about this Tim Daly?" he asked, abruptly.

"He's a good deal on my mind of late," answered Mrs. Welch, with a sigh. "Oh, is he?" said Matt, ironically. "I'm obliged to you for the information."

Mrs. Welch, wondering a little at his tone, said thoughtfully: "He's home may be three or four times out of every week."

"And not often than he's welcome, I'm beginnin' to think."

"Sure, that's what frets me, Matt. He's dead in love—any one can see that."

Matt was a flame with indignation. He thought it a shame for a woman of her age to be talking so. However, his very anger kept him silent.

"But it's not so clear on the other side, add as to the marryin', there's much for it and much agin' it."

"Well, I'll tell you, want for all, Mrs. Welch, that your mind will be made up, and that soon. I'm not the boy to stand any palaver or nonsense of the sort."

"What, Matt dear, don't be so hard!" replied the widow, looking up at him reproachfully.

"If you aren't the most vexatious woman in the country!" said Matt, softening. "It's 'Matt dear,' now, and I suppose it's 'Tim dear,' another time."

A look of astonishment was gradually overspreading Mrs. Welch's face, but still she said: "Oh, isn't it, indeed?" cried Matt, once more enraged by her frankness.

"But she's so young."

"It's him you mane, ma'am?" "No, I don't," said Mrs. Welch, growing vexed. "I mane that Kate's too young to think of marryin' just yet."

"Kate! Oh, glory be to God, what an omdance I am! We'll be married this day fortnight, Kate me jewel."

"This day month at the earliest," said the widow, blushing.

Matt stopped a moment at the inn to have a word with Mrs. Farley. "You were right about Kate Welch, ma'am," he said; "her bun—" "It'll be called next Sunday."

"But who is it with, Matt, quotha?" she asked eagerly, never for a moment guessing the truth.

"Never you mind!" answered Matt, buttoning up his coat with an impressive air, and walking away. "Only don't say afterward I didn't warn you."

And so, as weeping Ireland mourned her gallant sons and lost cause, light had come through darkness to master and man.

A Happy King.

Many kings and emperors have been given sentimental names either by their contemporaries or history. Right potentates have been called "the Good," forty-one "the Strict," seven "the Conqueror," two "the Cruel," two "the Fair," and four "the Pat," but not one has ever been called "the Happy."

Far away from where I write they tell a story about a king. Once upon a time, after a long and wise reign, his Majesty lay dying. Calling to him the son who was to succeed him, he warned him that happiness would turn to dust and ashes at his touch; that no one is more a servant than he who seems to rule; that all on earth is vanity, and that he must look for nothing better than a troubled and stormy life; and be content if death, when it came, came in a peaceful guise.

But the young man—as young men will—protested that he knew better; that the career of state should sit lightly upon him; that life to a king should be one long holiday, and that he should show his courtiers and all the world what happiness truly meant. While he spoke the heart of his father, being a very old and very weary heart, ceased to beat.

As soon as the royal mourning was done, the new king caused a bell of silver to be placed in the tower surmounting the palace, and connected with it were many ropes which led to every room in the building.

"I wish to have you always at hand," he said; "for I intend to ring the bell whenever I am happy, to prove that there was no truth in my father's words. In me the world shall see a happy king."

Time went on, and the people listened for the bell, but it was never heard. The king's hair showed traces of silver, and the light in his eyes faded.

"Some day," he declared, "I shall be rid of these vexatious cares. Then I will ring the bell."

When they die or are silent, I will ring such a peal as was never heard before."

At last he lay at the point of death. A sound of weeping floated through the palace. The king raised himself up on his pillow and listened.

"What do I hear?" he asked. "Because you are to leave them?" "So I am dying!"

"Yes, your Majesty, and no one has dared to tell you so," answered the grand chamberlain, falling on his knees.

"And they weep?" murmured the king, snatching back upon his pillow. "Do they love me so much?" "Sire, they would die instead of you, if that were possible."

"Can this be true?" asked the other, in a faint, eager voice. "Sire, it is true as heaven."

Then such a beautiful look as those about him had never before seen on human face overspread the whitening features of the dying man. He reached out his hand, rang the bell, and passed to the rest of Paradise.—Ave Maria.

I will ring the bell."

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A Priest's Fidelity.

"I was wonderfully impressed with the fidelity of Catholic priests in assisting sick calls a short time ago," said a gentleman who dropped into the club as a visitor.

"It was on one of the Northern roads last autumn, and at a certain station a Catholic priest came into the coach and dropped into a seat with me. After a few minutes he asked me if I would allow him to sit next the widow for a short distance."

"The fact is," said the father, "I want to throw off a note at a mill we soon pass." Of course I accommodated him, and when we approached the mill he leaned out and tossed a note, bound about a piece of stick, upon the steps of one of the little cabins in which resided mill employees. He smiled when he saw a little girl run to pick it up.

"You see," said the father, "there is a sick man, and he has sent for me to come. It is eight miles from where I live, and there is no road except the railroad through the woods and around the ponds and lakes. It is only three miles from the junction on beyond us here. I tried to get permission to have the train stop, but it is late and the summer travel is heavy and they would not stop there. I can get a man to bring me back on a hand car." So the father went along to the junction, and as I had to change cars there and had a few minutes to wait, I saw the outcome of the trip. The track foreman and his men had gone away on a work train and would not be back till night. The junction is a very deserted place, the depot and one house being all there is to it. The depot is manned by a force of one, who is baggage master, express messenger, ticket seller and key manipulator, so the priest could not find a railroad man to help him. But he had the permission of some one in authority to use a hand car on the track. The reverend gentleman mounted the platform, pulled off his coat, loosened his collar and bent to his work. He had been called to administer the last sacrament of his church to a man supposed to be dying away out in an Adirondack lumber camp, and he had sent word that he was coming. I watched him till he pumped the heavy old hand car up and around the bend in the road, and when my train backed up the branch and I went forward about my duties it was with a higher idea of the priesthood than I ever possessed before.—Exchange.

Thinking is Good.

When a young man does a wrong thing he is apt to excuse himself by saying he didn't think. Given a young man of honest intentions and an intellectual mind and he will not go far wrong if he thinks before he acts. He will not commit a murder, forge checks or run away with a woman or money that does not belong to him. It is presumed that every thinking person thinks it is a good thing to think. An eminent teacher has said: "To call anyone thoughtful is almost the same as saying he is kind, his life is occupied up in following out selfish inclinations, which come into one's mind without effort of pause, but in forcing them to submit to the test of thought, and to reveal how by energy here or temperance there they may more truly live for others—thereby living more truly for himself!" The man who thinks broadly will get away from himself, and from narrow creeds. He will give the whole world and give all who are in it, so far as may be, a living chance to act upon their better thoughts, and so make the world better.—Western Watchman.

Tramp in the Steeple.

For fourteen years the clock on the steeple of St. Philomena's church, Cincinnati, has refused to go, and although all sorts of remedies were

Disordered Kidneys.

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it. Here's how you can tell: If you have Back Ache or Lame Back. If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet. If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Sticky.

If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth. If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Bad Dreams, Foul Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

The sooner you start taking DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS the more quickly will your health return.

They've cured thousands of cases of kidney trouble during the past year. If you are a sufferer they can help you.

Book that tells all about Doan's Kidney Pills sent free to any address. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

applied, the efforts were in vain, for after a few days of grumbling compliance with the wishes of the public, the old clock relapsed into its habits of laziness. Clock experts and machinists exhausted their skill, the hands were taken off and lighter ones substituted; it had been oiled, cleaned, and tinkered with, and hundreds of dollars were expended to no avail.

About two weeks ago a tramp landed in the Miami freight yards, and making his way up town was disgusted that the clock was stopped and he was inconvenienced thereby very much.

He stepped in to see father Kemper to remark that the clock was stopped, and Father Kemper told him that was its normal state.

The tramp at once volunteered his services to fix it up, and in return Father Kemper told him to go ahead.

The stranger went to work, borrowed a monkey-wrench, a pair of pincers and a bunch of rags, and for two days toiled up in the steeple.

When he finished the clock was started and has gone on its way ever since telling the hours for the neighborhood, to their relief and comfort.

The wandering magician has disappeared, swallowed up in mystery. He received a reward for repairing the refractory timekeeper, and that was the last seen of him.—Catholic Record.

The Meaning of Manners.

There are people who are not hypocrites in any other direction, but who never live up to their manners. They are habitually polite, cordial, obliging, sympathetic to everyone that they meet. But practically they have not the virtues of which these manners should be but the outward and visible sign. They have been taught, so to speak, to hang out the sign, and keep it in good order, with its letters bright and its legend clear, and there their idea of behaviour ends. Not that they are vicious and unkind—but simply that the high manners are but a mask beneath which, we suspect, no high living behind them and are a very different face from the unvarying one that we see smiling upon them.

The sincere soul will not strive after a manner that is not a simple outward expression of the inner man. We have no right to a fine manner unless we have the nature to which it belongs, any more than a beggar has the right to steal an embroidered cloak to cover her shabby rags.—Western Watchman.

The Poor in Spirit.

Riches and rank have no necessary connection with genuine gentleness and qualities. The poor man with a rich spirit is in all ways superior to the rich man with a poor spirit. To borrow St. Paul's words, the former is as having nothing, yet possessing all things; while the other, though possessing all things, has nothing. The first hopes everything, and fears nothing; the last hopes nothing, and fears everything. Only the poor in spirit are really poor. He who has lost all, but retains his courage, cheerfulness, hope, virtue, and self-respect, is still rich. For such a man the world is, as it were, held in trust; his spirit dominating over its grosser cares, he can still walk erect, a true gentleman.—Western Watchman.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

One LAXA-LIVER PILL every night for thirty days makes a complete cure of biliousness and constipation. That is—just 25 cents to be cured.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cures sprains, bruises, sores, wounds, cuts, frost bites, chilblains, stings of insects burns, scalds, contusions, etc. 25c.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

DON'T TELL ANYBODY.

If no one should tell you about it, you would hardly know there was medicine all in Scott's Emulsion, the taste is so nicely covered. Children like it, and the parents don't object.

"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Frederickson Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. G. Donner tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should be read by all who are afflicted with any of the following ailments:

"For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headache, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would frequently wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to the rescue and 10-day 1 state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy."

clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most sceptical:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JUST FOR LUCK.

Billy Blink (boxing instructor)—Great Scott! That was an "outer" you gave me! But what's that in your glove, I say?

Amateur (just learning)—Oh, that's a horseshoe. I put it there for luck.

A NOVELTY.

Without the wind howled dimly. "One more mouth to fill," he muttered.

It is due to the interest of truth to state that he made the remark quite cheerfully. Being a dentist, why should he not?

A RECORD BREAKER.

"I was in an elevator once that fell 15 stories to the basement."

"Dear me! How did it feel?" "I was never so taken down in my life."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

HE LIES AWAKE.

Bill—I'm the greatest hand for dreaming fish stories.

Jill—That's probably what makes you lie awake so much.

DON'T LET IT ACHE.

If your stomach, liver and bowels are working properly you will have no headache. Burdock Blood Bitters will keep you right, so there is no need to let your head ache. There is a lot of proof that this is so. I had severe headache for over three years, and was not free from it for a single day. Finally used Burdock Blood Bitters with the result that it has completely cured me.—Mrs. A. FLECK, Toronto.

PORT MULGRAVE, June 5th 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO. DEAR SIRS,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for colds, etc. It is the best liniment I have ever used. MRS. JOSEPH HART.

REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE

When you want a pair of shoes. Our Prices are the lowest in town.

A. E. MCGEEHAN. THE SHOE MAN. Queen Street.

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Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian, Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Great West Life Assurance Co., Office, Great George St. Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown. Nov. 22-17

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

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On the Witness Stand.

There Might be a Pair to Suit You.



At stock-taking we picked out a lot of odds and ends in Women's and Girl's Boots which must be cleaned out regardless of price at

GOFF BROTHERS.

NOTICE.

Parties holding Lottery Books in aid of Fort Augustus Church will oblige by returning them to the undersigned, before the 17th of March.

REV. A. J. McDONALD, Fort Augustus. Feb. 25th, '98.

DR. CLIFT

treats CHRONIC DISEASES by the Salsbury method of persistent self-help in removing causes from the blood. Continuous, intelligent treatment in person or by letter insures Minimum of suffering and Maximum of cure, possible in each case.

AVOID ATTEMPTS UNAIDED. Graduate of N. Y. University and the NEW YORK HOSPITAL. Twenty years' practice in N. Y. City. Diploma registered in U. S. and Canada.

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Come and See How Large Your Dollar Is To-day.

Never in the history of Furniture buying was its purchasing power so great as at our store now. Especially is this true in buying fancy rockers. Our line of

Beautiful Cobble Seat Rockers, Rattan Rockers and reception chairs, fancy upholstered, Oak Rockers, is the best money can buy, and they are marked at the price of cheap goods. We furnish homes.

JOHN NEWSON, Newson Block, Victoria Roy.

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Remnant Sale

Remnants of Overcoatings, Remnants of Trouserings, Remnants of Suitings, Remnant of Vestings, Remnants of Ulsterings.

Everything in the shape of Winter Goods at Cost.

Now is the time to secure the best goods in the city BELOW BARGAIN PRICES.

John MacLeod & Co., Merchant Tailors.

E. B. EDDY'S ARE THE BEST MATCHES

ESTABLISHED 1851

To our Customers.

An early SETTLEMENT of all ACCOUNTS Will Greatly Oblige Us.

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DR. MORRIS, DAY SCHOOL. Physician & Surgeon. Mt. Stewart.

First-Class Honor Graduate and Scholarship Winner, University of Pennsylvania. Formerly Resident Physician and Surgeon in the Howard Hospital and Infirmary of Philadelphia, afterwards resident Physician and Surgeon in the Philadelphia Hospital.

Arrangements made that in a few days Telephone or Telegraph calls from other Stations, will be forwarded to of fee free of charge and promptly attended to.

ISAAC OXENHAM. (Graduate of Montreal Business College) Principal and Proprietor. P. O. Box 242, over Bank of Nova Scotia, Queen Square, Ch'town, Dec. 29, '97-2m

Calendar for March

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu, Fri, Sat. Rows for each day of the month.

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