

A Red Hot Season.

During the hot summer season the blood gets over-heated, the draft on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost.

JAM SOL RECIDIT IGNEUS.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

While now the flaming sun declines, Then only Sovereign light that shines Perennial in the courts above,

'Thou whom we praised when morning rose We deprecate at evening's close;

Alone to Father and to Son, And Holy Spirit, Three in One,

Who hast been, art, wilt ever be, All glory through eternity!

—Ave Maria.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

She is truly penitent I can assure you, and nothing in this world would give her greater happiness than to undo the wrong she caused, at any cost.

"I forgive her!" cried Margaret, "Why, from the bottom of my heart! I am too glad a sinner to cry the very smallest pebble at any one.

"Then you really do forgive her?" "There is little, if anything at all, to forgive! She may have had a presentiment of the evil there was in me, or the good God may have suffered her little fault to mar my youth, to save others from the consequences of my evil nature."

"No!" cried the nun, indignantly; "my Margaret, you are wrong! Humanity and patience are admirable virtues, both; but you are wrong! Her deliberate fault, for it was that, wrecked two lives, separated two hearts for long years.

"There was no truth, and no honesty nor uprightness to God in my years of exile."

"Granted, but you were a child, she, a middle-aged woman."

"Dear Sister Christmas, let us speak no more of this. I could not blame her if I would. My own sins take from me all power to blame others."

"You are too good, Sister Margaret. You really must become a little spiteful or revengeful, else there will be no merit in Dame Dacre's repentance. You must try to be spiteful and revengeful for a little while, at least, to keep her humble, or she'll rule you as she ruled us all."

"It is little likely that we shall ever meet in this world," said Margaret, quietly, "and I wish her only good."

"It is the improbable that always happens, my angelic sister, my penit of Margaretites, and so I warn you."

But Margaret was moved still. She failed to catch the full force of the speaker's words. She could not see the eloquent, expectant face of Sister Noella, nor the sparkling eyes and sweet-smiling mouth of Blandine. Not even when, on a certain day, light footsteps flew along the hall, and Blandine, almost out of breath with haste, suddenly announced "the English Pilgrims," did she suspect the imminent nearness of what they had been trying to prepare her for, by transparent illusions, by open appeals and suggestions, neither hints, illusions, nor suggestions had succeeded in conveying to her inner senses the great fact that the past and present were now bridged over, were one. Margaret could not bridge over her past so readily; she could not realize that the long "good-byes" was about to melt into that better word, that blessed word, "a home! welcome!"

And now, strange thing! that calm, grey nun is not at all calm! Yet, who shall blame her? She sees! She sculizes by the sense of sight, that her long years of waiting are bridged over, for there before her stands the being she holds dearest on earth. She sees him, that brother so dearly loved, so ardently longed for. He stands silent, for that instant, so clear, is facing him, her finger on her lips. They embrace in silence. Then both turn from their own happiness to look upon the object of their thoughts. Their happiness

has never known a cloud, save that of separation; but there, ah yes! there is a heart to be healed! A heart too easily tried. God grant that reparation come not too late!

Margaret feels that something unusual is passing around her, that there is silence for her sake. She turns her face towards the door, whence come the muffled sounds. It is a most beautiful face still, and never has it looked nobler or finer than at this moment. Suffring has purified it, resignation softened it, hope in God illuminated it.

Emotion has given it a slight flush at this moment, and expectancy makes it eloquent even without the mute eloquence of the great dark sightless orb.

Who shall tell what passes through Antony Dacre's heart as he beholds that face! The face he last saw in all the beauty of its sweet seventeen years of innocent artless life! The face so modest and fair! There was no cloud on her brow then, to presentiment in her heart, to tell of the coming sorrow, nothing but love and trust. And now she can see his face to read therein the joy that might console her without words, for a her weary years.

The story that is but the fulfillment of his first vows to her! she was his first, his only love.

He reaches out his arms to her, he will, he must take her to his heart, be the consequences what they may! "Listen, Margaret!" cries the nun. "Did I not tell you that it is the unexpected that always happens! always! It has come true! Remember your words, dear Margaret! They have come! You forgive all! You know I expected them, my own English Pilgrims, your own English Pilgrims! It is for you they have come! For you, Margaret!"

Margaret makes a step forward. "Who has come?" she falters.

Two strong arms receive her, or she would have fallen full length. She divined all. When the question had hardly fallen from her lips, the whole truth broke upon her mind. To Sister Noella's "they have come" followed sounds of joy. They, the English Pilgrims, had indeed come for her.

"Margaret!" "Antony!" The swan is over. She is herself once more. The past and present are one.

For long a group gathers around one figure. Margaret is indeed holding a grand court to day. It was a moment never to be forgotten by Sister Noella at least, when that stately silver-haired lady stood before the blind woman. One look at the sweet forgiving face, one sight of the hands stretched out to greet her, and the aged dame would have cast herself at the feet of her whose life she had blighted. But Margaret caught her hands and held them fast, and implored her to forget the past, even as she herself forgot it.

But Dame Dacre would not be thus easily consoled. "Never," she protested, "never shall I feel myself absolved by God, nor forgiven by myself, till I see you, Margaret, installed in the place he has kept vacant for you these fifteen years!"

"Hush!" said Margaret, "speak not thus, I beg you! You forget that I am blind, and no longer young."

"To him and to me, my dear, you will never be anything but young and beautiful! Indeed, you are fit to be a queen to-day," cried the old lady with sincere admiration, as she gazed upon Margaret. "Who could believe that those orbs do not behold my tears," she cried, as she clasped her to her heart and kissed the dark eyes over and over again. "No, no," she added, after an effort to compose herself, "no! I shall try to live, weak as I am, and fatigued by this long journey; I shall try to live, my dear, till I see you installed in your rightful place, the place I have long longed for. Your rightful place," she repeated, looking at Antony, who thanked her with his eyes. "But here is one who will help me to plead! Francis, my son, you come most opportunely; I need your help."

His looks belied not. Father Francis Dacre was well disposed to take his mother's part. He came forward as his mother named him. Margaret sank upon her knees and bowed her head low. Father Francis laid his consecrated hands upon the head bowed so humbly, and helped her to rise, as kindly and gently as Antony could have done, saying, in a voice very like Antony's own, "That will be a joyful day for us all, and one we have been praying for these many years."

Margaret was weeping. Her heart was indeed overflowing with gratitude. Gratitude was the only feeling she could disentangle from the tumult of her thoughts. "How good they are! How kind they are! How pleasant their voices and their words!" And now, as in the early

years, her heart went up to heaven. At last she realized that from heaven alone can come such blessings as were now falling upon her. "God is good!" it is all she could say. "You are all too good—too kind!"

Blandine, who had been pulling discreetly at Sister Noella's gown for some minutes, now softly whispered, in a half audible tone, "The Angelus," and that moment the Angelus Bell rang out. It was one of Blandine's duties to warn the Sister Superior five minutes before the hour, that she might have time to join the Community if possible. But for five minutes her signals were unheeded today. When the last rather strong pull aroused the Sister's attention she spoke: "The Angelus will sound in five minutes." "It is sounding," said Father Francis, "and it is most opportune. Let this be our first act of family worship." They all knelt and joined in the beautiful prayers of the Angelical Salutation. For Margaret it was the first time in many years, and the familiar, yet long neglected words, subdued her spirits completely; made her feel, and desire to feel, once more like a child at the feet of its mother.

"I did try to make you hear in time, dear Superior," said Blandine, when all had arisen from their knees, "and I did pull your robe for five minutes."

"I know you did, dear child. But my thoughts were elsewhere," Sister Noella drew her toward Margaret, and very soon Blandine was encircled by the little group.

"Yes," said Margaret, in answer to a whispered question by Antony, "thanks to heaven, and dear Sister Christmas this Pyrenean blossom is now my own. It remains only for me to prepare a suitable ground for the sweet flower."

Which of the two faces, that of Margaret or her adopted child, wore the sweetest expression at that moment, it would be hard to say.

"They are evidently worthy of each other," was the thought of Father Francis.

And now mother and daughter, as we have henceforth call Margaret and Blandine, are alone together. The travellers have gone to kneel at the altar of our Lady of Betharram. In such a moment, to arrive at such a halting place in life's journey, was an immense grace. To find here, under the shadow of such wings, the long lost one was immense joy. A joy, it is true, that was constantly checked and subdued by Margaret's self-accusing spirit. How often, in the course of their meeting, had she not referred to the subject uppermost in her mind. Naturally a reticent to an extraordinary degree, on this point she could not keep silent. "Her loss," "her ill spent," "her wasted years," was the sharp pain that would force the cry from her lips. True, indeed, they had been all she declared them, but nothing was so bad that sincere repentance could not obliterate it, even to the faintest trace. She was free, she had not bound herself by other ties, good or bad.

"She is free," was the one thought uppermost in the heart of Anthony Dacre. To him she was still beautiful, and more touchingly beautiful in her helplessness, than in the flash and pride of her youth. He longed for the right to shield her from the world, to stone to her, by a life of tender devotion, for all the past, and to make her forget, if possible, her present helplessness. And he was not alone in the wish for atone ment and reparation. The hearts of all his people were in unison with his own on this point. The humility of the wronged woman was intensifying this wish ten-fold. Her "mea culpa," pronounced in tones of sublime self-forgetfulness and humility, made her dear, beyond words, to each one of these Christian hearts.

Although Margaret, in all sincerity, persists in this plea, accusing herself, excusing others, insisting with a noble sense of uprightness in striving loyally to make others see what was worthy in her, lays before them the fatal weakness that permitted her, a convent-bred girl, to minister to, and pamper, the depraved tastes of a woman of the world, and that woman a stranger, without moral claims on her devotion; how, even after the real or apparent influence of this stranger had set her free, she continued to defy God's laws, and to shut her heart to His voice. Over and over again, at every attempt to draw from her a promise to become his wife, would Antony meet her with the same plea: "No, Antony! My wasted years must make me forever unworthy of so noble a destiny." He pleaded in vain. Sister Noella pleaded in vain, though she strove with all her power to make Margaret see her faults and sins in their true light, the Christian light; that is, the light the Master taught her to judge by. To all their pleading the answer was: "I am unworthy. It would be a crime for me to link my life with any one, much less one so noble and so true."

Father Francis was deeply impressed by this heroic self-abasement. "But it must be overcome," he said to himself. "I cannot see my brother go back to his solitude, and my mother to her self-accusations, while I go far away to do the Lord's work." When he found a favorable moment, and he soon found one, he spoke of his hopes, his desires to follow in the footsteps of his patron, "the Moses

of that Land of Promise," to whom it had been given only to die within sight of its shores. The harvest was still great there, the laborers few. He longed to join his missionary brothers in China or Japan—and he was pleading with her for the permission to do this with a free heart. "If," said he, "my mother and brother must return without you, Margaret, to Dacre Hall, I must give up my career as missionary. Since it was for my sake Antony was wronged, I cannot abandon him again to soil tude."

"Remember my sins," pleaded Margaret. "You are a minister of Christ! Surely you would not wish to see your noble brother wedded to one so faithless, and now so helpless! So evidently suffering the just punishment of her infidelity to God!" (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS. A Sustaining Diet. These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the wayside as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the full robust of our readers, that the less effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of adding this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

The Chinese official apologist is on his tour and goes first to Germany to apologize for the murder of Baron Ketteler. He ought to stop off here and apologize for the work some of the Chinese laundries turn out.

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

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 small ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot, 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 MAGGIE WORTHINGTON, Galesia, Ont. Feb. 3rd, 1901.

of that Land of Promise," to whom it had been given only to die within sight of its shores. The harvest was still great there, the laborers few. He longed to join his missionary brothers in China or Japan—and he was pleading with her for the permission to do this with a free heart. "If," said he, "my mother and brother must return without you, Margaret, to Dacre Hall, I must give up my career as missionary. Since it was for my sake Antony was wronged, I cannot abandon him again to soil tude."

"Remember my sins," pleaded Margaret. "You are a minister of Christ! Surely you would not wish to see your noble brother wedded to one so faithless, and now so helpless! So evidently suffering the just punishment of her infidelity to God!" (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS. A Sustaining Diet. These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the wayside as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the full robust of our readers, that the less effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of adding this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

The Chinese official apologist is on his tour and goes first to Germany to apologize for the murder of Baron Ketteler. He ought to stop off here and apologize for the work some of the Chinese laundries turn out.

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. First cyclist—See those yachtsmen pumping their yacht! Second cyclist—Yes; she must have a bad puncture! I just heard an old sailor say, "There she goes on another tack!"

BRITISH TROOP OIL LINIMENT

FOR Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

MISCELLANEOUS. "Have a paper today, professor?" "No, I've no money with me."

"Oh, you can pay me tomorrow." "But what if I should die tonight?" "Well, it wouldn't be much loss!"

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.

Ms. B. Roy, Kilmarnock, Ont. "I can tell you one thing, Maria. If Johnny is like me, he will have good staying qualities anyhow."

"He has them now, John. He'd stay in bed till noon every day if I'd let him."

Richard's Headache Cure gives instant relief.

My mother—Harry Tucker is the worst boy in school, Tommy, and I want you to keep as far from him as possible.

Tommy—I do, ma. He is always at the head of our class.

Athletes, Bicyclists and others should always keep Hagar's Yellow Oil on hand. Nothing like it for stiffness and soreness of the muscles, sprains, bruises, cuts, etc. A clean preparation, will not stain clothing. Price 25c.

"The evidence," said the Judge, "shows that you threw a stone at this man."

"Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "an' the looks av the man shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that 'O hit him."

Backache, sideache, swelling of feet and ankles, puffing under eyes, frequent thins, 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.

Dose's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for all kidney diseases.

Mrs. Binkins—I want some of them hose that yer advertisin' so cheap.

Floorwalker—Garden hose? Mrs. Binkins—Wol, I don't know's it's enny av yer b'goss whether I wear 'em in the garden or not.

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.

Church—How did you like that war drama at the theatre the other night?

Gotham—It seemed like the real thing. There was a boy eating peanuts in the gallery and the shells were dropping all about me.

Richard's Headache Cure contains no opiate.

SO-CALLED STRAWBERRY COMPOUNDS ARE NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN BANK IMITATIONS.

THE GENUINE IS

DE FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES

Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. Safe, Reliable, Harmless, Effectual.

HAS NO EQUAL

HAS NO EQUAL

HAS NO EQUAL

HAS NO EQUAL

New Patterns AND New Prices

ALL OVER OUR STORE THIS SPRING.

If you require NEW FURNITURE or BEDDING it is here for you at a less price than you can get it elsewhere for. Send your repairs to us.

MARK WRIGHT & CO., Ltd.

Home-Made Ready-Made

IS THE

Best Made Clothing.

Pure all wool Black Worsted Suits \$12.00

Pure all wool Blue Serge Suits 10 50

Imported Worsteds Suits 8 00

Imported Serge Suits 8 50

Youth's Blue Serge Suits, sizes 32 to 35, long pants 6 25

D. A. BRUCE.

Lawn Mowers

ICE CREAM

Freezers

Oil Stoves

Very Cheap

Fennell and Chandler

THE STOVE MEN.

We are always at it!

AT WHAT?

Selling, Packing and Shipping Crockery.

Why are we always at it? Because we have the largest and most up to date

Show of Crockery

On P. E. Island, and the people know it too. We make a special effort to carry the newest lines of

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets

We take great pleasure in showing our goods and would be pleased to have a visit from you. For value and satisfaction always call on P. E. Island's greatest Crockery Store,

W. P. COLWILL.

Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

HAMMOCKS

The hot weather is now upon us. To have

Cool Comfort

You need one of our

"Solid Comfort" HAMMOCKS.

We have the best \$1.00 Hammock that it has ever been our pleasure to show. Large Pillow, strong and comfortable, and large enough too! Also Hammocks at \$1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, up to 5.00 each.

Geo. Carter & Co.

IMPORTERS.

A Snap

In Raisins

We find we are over-stocked with

3 pounds 10 cent Raisins For 20 cents.

This price is less than cost last fall, but we have too many on hand and they have got to go. Send your orders in early to

BEER & GOFF

GROCERS.

!SAY!

If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of

BOOTS or SHOES

or anything else in the

FOOTWEAR

line, at the greatest saving price to yourself, try—