

Good Health is Impossible Without regular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

THE GUESTS AT THE INN.

By JULIA C. R. DORR. The Princess came to Bethlehem's Inn; The Keeper he bowed low; He sent his servants here and yon, His maids ran to and fro. They spread soft carpets for her feet, Her bed with linen fine; They heaped her board with savory meat, They brought rich fruits and wine. The Chiefest came to Bethlehem's Inn, With clash and clang of steel; Into the wide court swift strode he, And turned on armed heel. "Room for your lord!" he cried aloud. "He brooks no long delay!" The Keeper and his servants Did his behests straightway. The Merchant came to Bethlehem's Inn, Across the desert far, From Ispahan, and Samarcand, And hoary Kandahar. Rich Orient freight his camel's bore; The gates flew open wide, As in he swept, with stately mien, His long, slow train beside. The Pilgrim came to Bethlehem's Inn; Way worn and old was he, With beard unshorn and garments torn, A piteous sight to see! He found a corner dim and lone; He ate his scanty fare; Then laid his scrip and sandals by, And said his evening prayer. The Beggar came to Bethlehem's Inn; They turned him not away; Though men and maidens scoffed at him, They bade the varlet stay. "The dogs have room; then why not he?" "Even dogs have earth to lie upon, And plenteous broken bread!" Maid Mary fared to Bethlehem's Inn; Dark was the night and cold, And sternly the hostess Swept down across the world. She drew her dark brown mantle close, Her wimple round her head, "Oh hasten on, my lord," she cried, "For I am sore bestead!" Maid Mary came to Bethlehem's Inn; There was no room for her; They brought her neither meat nor wine, Nor fragrant oil, nor myrrh. But where the horned ox fed Amid the sheaves of corn One splendid star flamed out afar! When our Lord Christ was born! —Atlantic Monthly.

Blandine of Betharram. BY J. M. CAVE. (American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.) (Continued.) PART II. Blandine has gone travelling with Mlle. Donzelli, it is all the information she can give him. Mademoiselle was to consult a Moscow specialist. Would he send her to the Crimes, to Fuld, or to Austrian or French mineral waters, she could not hazard so much as a guess. And her granddaughter needed a thorough change. She had been left, through no one's fault, through over-indulgent kindness, to fraternize too much with the peasants; she could be happy only amongst them. It seemed to be her nature. It was evident her granddaughter had made a mistake; otherwise how could they account for such low tastes. "A very sad messianic," repeated Madame. "Mlle Donzelli will try to correct the poor child." Antony listened patiently and gravely to these explanations. When Madame was silent, waiting to see the effect of her words, he spoke: "Mademoiselle Vallinski married a first cousin of Lady Margareta Daerob, a Danoby of Danoby, and under the documentary proof, and under the strength of their evidence I came to claim the young lady. She must have changed greatly since she was taken from us, to have developed low tastes or desires. There was absolutely nothing in her at that time to indicate the possession, inherited or acquired, of anything ignominious." Madame changed color in spite of her marvellous self-command. "It may have been ill-judged sympathy, a kind heart—no impulsive—willful." "It was her kindness of heart, her sweet and gentle disposition, that first attracted Lady Daerob's attention towards her. Are you quite sure, madame, that you can give me

no indication of the present whereabouts of our adopted daughter?" "It would be useless to try. Mlle. Donzelli took her from here on the express condition that she should be free to change her destination at will. And by mutual agreement all correspondence is suspended indefinitely. If I learn anything, which is more than doubtful, I promise to notify you as speedily as possible."

With this poor assurance Antony had no alternative but to turn his back on Karloff. It is three weeks since Blandine left her, and poor Sophie has grown sadly despondent. Her only comfort is in frequent visits to her beloved old Tatiana, in whom she now fully confides.

Tatiana was a person of great importance in the family. She had been given her freedom by the great Vallinski, to whose memory she was blindly devoted. She had a grudge against Blandine for her mother's sake, because that mother had not obeyed her father's wishes, and married to please him. But the grudge had softened, faded before the patient endurance, the uncomplaining obedience of the child set to labor with her, inured to the hardest manner of life. She began to watch her and to watch over her at the same time. Tatiana's frequent visits to the orphan kept the task mistress under restraint. The silent and observant Tatiana was well known to have all the family secrets looked up in her breast, and even the proud mistress treated her, publicly and privately, with great deference. She had taken Sophie into her heart from her first coming.

The effect of Tatiana's confidence was to cause Sophie to trample upon the foolish affection that had begun to trouble her mind. She compared the wrongdoing, the openly evil deeds she herself witnessed, with the innocent, upright life of one whose every impulse was noble, whose every act was honest and kind. She feels it a personal wrong now, to be deprived of Blandine's company.

Müller and Lisa are both disaffected. The governess, because her pupil has no disposition to study; the maid, because she is jealous of Tatiana. Madame lends but an indifferent ear to the loud whispers, till Antony Daerob has come and gone. That visit has upset her judgment, overthrown her patience. She sees that all her plans are in jeopardy, and the nameless one, the poor oppressed dependent, is being sought for as the child of a great and noble and nobler than the greatest of the Vallinskis. No way to warn Donzelli, so way to find her. They have overreached themselves. And now what is this about Tatiana, and the rebellious girl in whose eyes she has seen something of late that savored of defiance, of disdain? She listens to-day, and turns upon Tatiana, driving her from her presence. Tatiana knows what she has to expect, and fear seizes her. For thirty years she has been her lady's right hand, the depository of all her secrets. To-day she is to be made an example of. Though Sophie has not betrayed her in so many words, her scornful looks, her disobedience, her familiar visits to her nurse have awakened jealousy, suspicion; and from suspicion to conviction was but a step. Madame has all the proofs she wants. "Fifty lashes!" is the sentence.

Tatiana, flying before those who came to lead her to the whipping post, rushes Sophie's room, and throws herself in an agony of fear at her feet. The door is locked upon her.

HOME AND CHILD

Does your horse "feel his oats"? What a difference between the grain-fed and the grass-fed horse! The first strong and full of ginger, the second flabby, weak and tired out before he begins. The feeding makes the difference. Children are not alike either. One is rosy, bright-eyed, full of life and laughter, another is pale, weak and dull. The feeding again is responsible. Sickly children need special feeding. They don't "feel their oats." Scott's Emulsion adds just the right richness to their diet. It is like grain to the horse. The child gets new appetite and strong digestion. Scott's Emulsion is more than food. It is a strong medicine. It rouses up dull children, puts new flesh on thin ones, and red blood into pale ones. It makes children grow. Scott's Emulsion makes ordinary food do its duty.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, TORONTO CANADA 50c and \$1. all druggists.

her, and Sophie stands, as pale as death, looking down upon the trembling form convulsed by terror. They are beating at the door. Sophie goes, and, opening it, boldly says, "Give me ten minutes. I will reason with her." They give it, for her word and a five rouble coin. "Come," says Sophie, "now for haste!" Almost dragging the frightened woman into her dressing room, she locks the door. "Off with that shawl! Now the blouse, now the skirt!" It is Sophie herself who does the work, for Tatiana is trembling too violently to aid or resist. Her teeth chatter so that she cannot even protest, or ask the meaning of what is being done. When she sees her young mistress don the skirt, long loose blouse, sees her wind the grey shawl around her head, she tries to tear them off with shaking, nerveless fingers. "Fear not, speak not, stay here till I come!" The door is locked upon her, the key hidden under Sophie's pillow. The time is up. They are once more beating at the door. It is thrown open, and ready hands seize and drag forward the stooping form, down the hall, out through the wide open doors, across the lawn, to where all the servants are gathered to witness the degradation and punishment of one of whom they have been envious without cause. The doomed woman makes no resistance. Of her own free will she clasps her arms around the shameful pillar and bends her shoulder still more. The grey shawl she still keeps close around her head and face. The blouse is thrown over her head, only a thin white garment is now between her flesh and the cruel snout. Soon it is thinner, and no longer white. The shoulders bend more and more, the slight form sags, and sinks lower and lower. Now it is on its knees, and now it lies prone, and without movement. The head is still hidden in the shawl that is saturated with blood. It did not take long. The crowd disperses. After a time, as the beauteous creature does not rise, one brings water and dashes it over her. She moves. They tell her she must perform the usual act of "homage." She tries to rise after a while, and, bent and shuffling, her bare feet leaving blood traces along the way, she lets them lead her to the footstool of her mistress, that she may kiss her feet and thank her for the correction.

Madame is deep in a game of cards. She does not look up, when something sinks without sigh or moan at her feet. She gives it a push with her foot, in token that she is satisfied with the reparation, and goes on with her play. The slave rises, throws back the grey, blood-stained covering, and a rain of golden hair, blood-clotted and tangled, falls on the shoulders, no longer bent, but upright and graceful. In spite of the disfigured face, covered with blood from more than one cut, Sophie looks beautiful and noble. The other players still hold their cards, but their eyes are riveted upon the sight before them. There is a dead stillness. The women who led in the victim have shrunk into the background. "A king or an ace?" The silence that follows causes Madame to glance at her partner, she follows the direction of his eyes.

"I took it on myself to save my only friend," Sophie's voice was low but firm. Madame's eyes were blazing.

"And where is she, your only friend?" The voice that asked the question was low, too; but in its concentrated accents there was something ominous. Madame had arisen. The hand that held the cards was resting heavily on the table, yet the cards trembled in her grasp. She made a sign to the trembling woman, who came slowly and fearfully toward her, while repeating, in the same deep tones, the question, "Where is she, your only friend?"

"Safe under my care. To reach her you must first kill me."

Madame took no notice. To Lisa and Prascorie she gives the command: "Both, both; you understand? Both, outside the gates; then lock them and let loose the dogs!" Antony Daerob, waiting for a relay of horses twenty versts from Karloff, sees a cart drive up, and from the straw in the bottom of the cart he sees a woman trying to lift a barrier. The driver, stolid and indifferent, offers no aid. He goes to her assistance, and beholds the blond hair, the fair face of the girl he had seen a few hours before, in the pride of her youth, riding through the gate of Karloff, followed by a groom in the Karloff livery. The face of the graceful girl he had seen walking with proud step and haughty mien across the great hall is strangely disfigured.

"The wolves?" he whispers to the weeping servant. "A human wolf!" answered Tatiana, "a she wolf!" Antony Daerob lingers at the miserable house, to see her aroused from her trance of pain, to offer her what aid she will accept. He learns her intention to seek her father, who, she now feels sure, will take her to his heart. To Antony she gives precious information, that urges him back to Petersburg as fast as railroad speed and post-horses can bear him. He has not come one hour too soon. He finds John of Bethlehem waiting for him.

White Watery Pimples.

Five years ago my body broke out in white watery pimples, which grew so bad that the suffering was almost unbearable. I took doctors' medicine and various remedies for two years but they were of little benefit, whenever I got warmed up or sweat the pimples would come out again. A neighbor advised Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am glad I followed his advice, for four bottles completely cured me. That was three years ago and there has never been a spot or pimple on my skin. James Lashoue, Brechin P.O., Ont.

The great Moscow specialist has seen Mlle. Donzelli and advised the mud baths of Saki without delay. Soon she and her two maids are on their way, not, however, towards the pleasant South. In the cold grey dawn of early morning, after travelling the live-long night, they are set down at a great station. They must have covered many versts in those twelve or fourteen hours of rapid steaming. Ah, how cold it is! How bleak the wind that whirls the sleet and snow in billows around them, as they make their way from the train to a carriage. They are glad to enter it, and escape being swept off their feet by the furious northern blast. A long ride through wide streets, that follow canals and gardens all in wintry robes. They stop before a very high grey stone edifice. The Swiss reads the card Luba hands him. "Receive my friend and her two maids, Signe M. M. Y." He was prepared to receive them and show Luba the way. Luba conducted her companions up many flights of stairs into a suit of splendid rooms. The mistress and one, "maid" were soon served with breakfast. Luba waited upon them. The meal over, Luba disappears. The mistress withdraws, and reading over the morning papers brought to her by the Swiss. She does not concern herself about her second "maid" who sits quiet and thoughtful, even when left alone in the lofty room. She is not long alone; Luba returns, gathers up the luggage, sorts it carefully, selects certain portions and says, "Follow me!" in a cold, harsh tone.

(To be continued.)

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence know in many different ways—sometimes by cheery sunshine and glistening snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twists harder, twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more annoying, and the many symptoms of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments. The medicine that cures them—Hood's Sarsaparilla—is easily obtained and there is abundant proof that its cures are radical and permanent.

TOMMY.—Can you swim, Mr Soft-soap? MR. SOFTSOAP.—No, Tommy; I'm sorry to say I can't swim. TOMMY.—Then you had better learn. I heard Clara say she was going to throw you overboard.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

STUBB.—It was mean in that winning cyclist to drop bottles along the track for the purpose of taunting his rival. PENN.—What was in the bottles? STUBB.—Cachup!

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

"If you'll walk slowly across the floor again," the photographer said, "I'll try another snapshot. This one shows you with your foot in the air." "That's all right," replied the prominent citizen. "I'll send it to my daughter's young man."

If a woman has a man to love she has no use for a cat.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Ship Fever, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Painful Spine, Anemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c a box, or \$ for \$1.25, at all druggists.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial diseases. Healing and soothing in its action. Pleasant to take, prompt and effective in its results. Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, which the doctor pronounced Bronchitis and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and after using three bottles I was entirely cured."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"I'm might glad of one thing" remarked the young man who invariably got the neck at dinner, "and that is you never serve up ostrich in this boarding house." The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, leads to consumption.

"Say, mamma," queried five-year-old Tommy, "am I really made of dust?" "I suppose so, dear," was the reply. "Then," continued the little fellow, "Why don't I get muddy when you wash me?"

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from all cause whatever. Price 10c. and 25c.

"I want to ask you a serious question, mamma," said little Fred. "Well, dear, what is it?" "If I eat a lot of dates, will I become a calendar?"

TAKE NOTICE.

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agent's interviews, from well known people. From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies. G. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Teacher—Johnny, how did you get your coat torn and your eye blackened? Now tell me the truth. Weren't you in a fight? Johnny—No, teacher. There was a fight, but honestly, I wasn't in it for a minute.

Used internally Hagar's Yellow Oil cures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Group, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

Old Gent—Where are you going, my boy? Jimmy I'm going nutty cuz me girl's jilted me.

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25c.

Her Father—Aha! I caught you kissing my daughter, sir. What do you mean by that sort of business? He—I don't consider it business at all, sir, but pleasure, purely pleasure.

Tailors' Bad Backs.

The cramped position in which a tailor works comes hard on his kidneys and hard on his back. Very few escape backache, pain in the side and urinary troubles of one kind and another. Oftentimes the first warning of kidney disease are neglected—think it will be all right in a day or two—but sick kidneys won't get well without help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Are the best friend of kidney needing assistance. Read the proof from a tailor who has tried them. Mr. John Robertson, merchant tailor, Durham, Ont., gives his experience as follows: "I had been ailing with my kidneys for more than a year when I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at McParlane's drug store, and am sincerely glad that I did so. The wrong action of my kidneys made me sick all over and caused me much inconvenience and pain. That is now a thing of the past, because Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. I have had no trouble or inconvenience with my kidneys or back since I took these remarkable pills, and you may be sure that I gladly recommend them to other sufferers."

Suits.

WE KEEP Right to the Front IN THE Tailoring Trade;

But we do not charge high prices for our Goods—just enough to make you feel satisfied that you are getting the best value in town. Tweed & Worsted Suits FROM \$14 UP.

JOHN McLEOD & CO., Merchant Tailor.

For 30 Days.

POSITIVELY WITHOUT PROFIT

WE OFFER THE BALANCE OF OUR Fur Coats, Fur Lined Coats, Fur Caps, Fur Collars, Ulsters, Overcoats, Winter Reefers, Heavy Underwear, Top Shirts, and heavy Ready-made Tweed Suits.

We will without fail carry out what we advertise. If you want anything in the above list call on us and you will get extraordinary value.

D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block, Charlottetown.

STOVES!

Little Stoves, Big Stoves AND All Kinds of Stoves.

Fennell & Chandler, The Stove Men, Ch'town.

New Tea!

Our new Seasons Teas are now in stock and we are offering some extra good values. We have one very nice blend Tea put up in metal quarter-chests (containing 21 pounds each). This is a nice sized package for family use and is a FIRST-CLASS TEA. We have a new

CEYLON TEA that we offering in lots of 5 pounds and upwards for 18 cents per pound. BEER & GOFF

Carter's Bookstore HEADQUARTERS FOR

Books, Magazines, Newspapers (Home and Foreign)

STATIONERY WALL PAPER, FANCY GOODS, TOYS.

The latest Works of Fiction and all the leading Magazines and Newspapers promptly received. Ample supplies in all lines at all times.

Geo. Carter & Co. Booksellers & Stationers.

! 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— A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Tickets Posters Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads Check Books Receipt Books Note of Hand Books