for ber soul.

Suddenly Margaret speaks. She

ppears to be answering one close

her senses and held her back from

God. And the vision bids her look

upon them. Margaret's eyes roll

telling her, that, till the last leaf

shall be consumed, she burns in hell-

bre. And Margaret's fever-crusted

lips try to form the words after her,

she adds, "Please give ber mine."

upon the counterpane, while Mar-

n prayer for the life. Little could

the sleeper guess why she is now

ended with such refinement of care,

her God, before going out forever

and do with me as Thou wilt,"

ady," is the soft answer.

be grey nun.

"Pray, dear Blandine," urges

blind woman now struggling in the

rasp of death, and such a death

So far not one gleam of Christian

hope to brighten the dark road she is

t be when that soul shall lie naked

"No, no! Not this! not this," had

een Margaret's cry when blindness

fell upon her. And now the grey

nun is lifting the same cry : " No. no.

dear Lord, not this! O, not this un-

prepared death! Take her if thou

wilt, but give her time to make her

dear Lord! Save her immortal soul

rom perdition, even though the flesh

But for this she must be aroused

from the lethargy that is selzing her.

The wheight that holds her spirit in

ondage must be shaken off. "Mar-

aret ! Margaret! Look up ! Try to

while she essays to hold the emblem

perish!"

cace with Thee. Save her soul, O

before the eye of the Almighty!

Moore Dunroby."

Burn them ! burn them !" But no

Turn the Rascals Out.

Werrefer to such rascals as dys pepsia, bad blood, biliousness, con stipation, sick headache, etc., intes:ing the human system. Turn them out and keep them out by using Burdock Bood Bitters, the natural foe to disease, which invigorates, tones and strengtlens the entire ave-

THE LOST PYX.

BY THOMAS HARDY. Some say the spot is banned; that the pillar Cross-and Hand Attests to a deed of hell: But of else than of bale is the mystic tale That ancient valefolk tell.

Ere Cernel's abbey ceased hereabout . there dwelt a priest, In later life sub-prior Of the brotherhood there, whose

bones are now bare In the field that was Cernel choir. One night in his sell at the foot of

you dell The priest heard a frequent cry: "Go, father, in haste to the cot on

the waste. And shrive a man waiting to die.' Said the priest in a shout to the cal-

ler without. "The night howls, the tree trunks One may barely by day track so rugg-

ed a way, And can I, then, do so now?" No further word from the dark was

heard. And the priest moved never limb;

And he slept and dreamed; till Visage seemed To frown from heaven at him.

In a sweat he rose; and the storm shrieked shrill, And smote as in savage joy; While High-Stoy trees twanged

Bubb-Down Hill, And Bubb-Down to High-Stoy. There seemed not a holy thing is

bail, Nor a shape of light or love, From the abbey north of Blackmore

To the abbey south thereof. Yet he plodded thence through the

dark immense, And with many a stumbling stride nigh and nigher

To the cot and the sick man's side When he would have unslung the vessels uphung

To his arm in the steep ascent, He made loud moan; the pyx was

Of the Blessed Sacrament. Then in dolor and dread he bea

his head : "No earthly prise or pelf Is the thing I've lost in tempest toss-

But the Body of Christ himself!" He thought of the Visage his dream revealed, And turned toward whence

came. Hands grooping the ground along foot-track and field,

And head in a heat of shame. And here on the hill betwixt vill and

He noted a clear straight ray Stretching down from the sky to spot hard by, Which shone with the light of day.

And gathered around the illumine ground Were common beasts and rare,

All kneeling at gaze, and in paus profound Attent to an object there.

'Twas the pyx, unharmed 'mid the circling rows Of Blackmore's bairy throng, Whereof were oxen, sheep, and does,

And hares from the breaks among; And badgers gray, and conies keen, And squirrels of the tree. And many a member seldom seen

Of Nature's family. . The ireful winds that scoured and

Through coppice, clump and dell, Within that holy circle slept Calm as in hermit's cell.

Then the priest bent likewise to the And thanked the Lord of Love,

And blessed Mary, Mother of God, And all the saints above. And turning straight with his priceless freight

He reached the dying one, Whose passing sprite had been stay ed for the rite Without which bliss hath none.

And when by grace the priest wo And served the abbey well, He reared this stone to mark where

That midnight miracle. -The Sphere (London)

To be removed.

All the effete or waste matter of the system is removed by the perfect action of Laxa-Liver Pilla Thus they prevent as well as cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Bili- thing will,

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

in torments! pray, Blandine, pray!" And Blandine prays, and the priest, on his knees, close by the Heart.) bed, prays, for he sees what the dying woman sees, and he is battling

(Continued.)

The beautiful dream holds the sleeper long. The watchers gaze in wonder on the transfigured face. The look of anguish, and pain, and premature old age it wore, has given place to softness, sweetness, peace. The look of a child about the mouth. the soft breathing of an innocent sleeper, the restful look of a happy mind in sweet repose. Sister Noella stands transfixed. She holds up a warning finger, as Blandine stirs in the corner, where she sits waiting for orders. O. what a change! Youthful, beautiful, has that face suddenly become. The smile upon the lips tells of holy thoughts. "Dream on,"-the nun says to herself-" Dream on! good angels guard thee! Thy soul must once have been very beautiful."

And Margaret dreams on. Ere ong she smiles again, a happier smile, for it is she, Margaret, herself and none other, who now strips the altar and unveils the tabernacle, leaving them unadorned for a brief space. It is she, who kneels and says, "No flowers, dear Lord, no lights, nothing but the heart of little Margaret." And it is Margaret and none other who speedily brings back fairer flowers, and brighter lights, and richer veil, arranging all with loving skill, till the effect is wondrously beautiful, and when all is done little Margaret kneels again and again lays her young heart at the royal wounded feet of Him whom her oung soul loveth so dearly.

By and by the sleeper sighs, s mournful sigh, a wail. Sister No ells, watching every change in the beautiful face, cannot restrain her tears, and little Blandine chokes back her sobs and comes to kneel close by the sufferer's bed.

"Good angels abide with, defend her," prays the weeping Sister. And Margaret dreams on. The altar and the tabernacle are still beantiful, but the long sigh heralded a change. The dreamer's face loses its expression of childlike innocence. It ages a little. The smile of rapture and innocent worship fades slowly. It seems now as if she bad ceased to breathe. The change has come. The child is a grown woman, Through copse and briar climbed and surely this is not the convent garden in which she stands! Some one has led her almost by force from that dear chapel, and she sighs and

turns again and again to catch a glimpse of the convent walls as they hurry her away. Another and a deep sigh, and the dreamer sleeps more beavily for a little while. Then she stirs restlessly. She is again in white, crowned with flowers, not lilies but roses, and she is very beautiful. She catches her own reflection in a long mirror, and she sees that she is very beautiful, and she smiles a smile of triumph and satis-

faction. The nun buries her face in her hands. She is reading the story of the dreamer's life. She sees the world in all her thoughts, reads every transition of the mobile features. Triumph and pride and joy seem to be there for a brief moment, and then the face falls again, carelined, drawn, aged.

And now begins a great struggle. The dreamer is trying to escape from something or someone. After a long battle she falls into a state of exhaustion that pearly wrecks her life. For days and nights the fever rages. Faithful Sister Noella still keeps the night watches, and Blandine, the angel of the orphanage, is beside her The crisis of the fever is at hand Soon she must either live or die.

And Margaret dreams on, through all the phases of ber life. In her dreams she sees herself still in the great world; she feels that her body still liver, but that her soul is dead, Its light and life have been quenched in tears that do not heal.

And now the bodily life is failing tor. She is going on a journey. She is called by a voice that she bears at first faintle, as from a great distance, then nearer and nearer, londer and londer, stern in its menace at tast. She tries to obey, to rise and full w whichsoeyer it leads, but she carnot-she has no power. Horror has paral zed her; horror written on every line of her face. Great drope of gold sweat stand upon her biow. Sae sees figures hat call and beckon to her to hasten, hears not opervoice but many, while over ier bind frightful faces that she annot beat back. There is a gulf just before her feet; it widens and deepens; soon it will swallow her. She realizes now that it is the open gulf of hell, and there is no hand to hold her back-the voice must be

"She is in torments !" groans Sie-

There no escaping the germs of consump-

tion; kill them with health. Health

is your only means of killing them. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil fingers. will give you that health, if any-

ter Neella, as she sprinkles the sick woman and the bed, and all the place around with holy water. "She is

Cresswell, March 28, 1901 The T. Milburn Co., Limited.

Toronto. Ont. Dear Sirs .- I write to say that I have used Burdock Blood Bitters beside her. She beholds the form of with excellent results. Last ner who left her the dire heritspring my daughter got all run age that defiles the walls of the down and was very thin and

apartments; the poison that drugged weak. Her face was covered with red spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles ound the room as if reading the of B.B.B., and by the time she minous titles, while the finger of had finished them the spots and he phantom is pointing to them and boil disappeared and she has got strong and fleshy again. I consider B.B.B. the best blood

medicine known. MRS. I. DAVIDSON

sound comes from the parched throat, shakes his head, claps his thin hands, The struggle is dreadful to look upon. almost weeps at the pitiful sight. The priest of God can only pray, and Sister Noella turns towards him with the nun can only pray and sprinkle one more appeal. He sees her face the holy water, and moisten the dry strangely convulsed. She holds up ips from time to time, and from time her hands in supplication, while she time cool the heated brow. Ab, murmurs : O, pray on, farther, pray he saintly, tireless nun! How she on! She must not die thus! She is fights for that perishing soul! And dear to one of mime. Pray! Save ittle Blandine, too, ceases not to her! Call back her spirit for his sake

supplicate her dear Lady of Beth- and mine." arram for the "dear lady." "You know her, then?" Now the sufferer makes a convul-"Yes, yes. She must be saved, I knew her." They kneel together ive movement, tries to throw off the coverlet and tears open the garment at her throat. She is suffering. Little Blandine, who has been lying Sister Noella aids the feeble, fever-

prone upon the floor, crucifix in hand. shed bands, and Blandine whispers: praying, weeping, softly draws near. Perhaps she wants a crucifix." Sister, may I go up on the Calvary?" The child never thinks that anyone The Sister nods assent. The child flies as if wings had been given her. can be without that safeguard, and A mute appeal before the Tabernacle, But Margaret is not dreaming of eyes welling over with tears fixed a crucifix. To her feverish fancy few minutes on the Divine Child and has suddenly appeared the letter loving Mother, and she hastens out. with its five great seals and she is Only stopping to draw off shoes and eeling for it. It is there, clinging stockings, she begins to make her way lamp with perspiration to her breast, up the Calvary, as she has done so Sister Noella, who has more than often, in processions, and especially once felt and touched a package of on that one great day, the Feast of paper, has forborne to remove it, lest the Exhaltation of the Holy Cross, n a moment like this the sick when she has followed the bearers of woman might miss it, and be anxious. the great Christ of Betharram. Every She places it now in the groping step of Blandine's Way of the Cross hands that cannot hold it. It falls to-day is such a prayer of faint and

garet sinks once more into a state of the mother heart of Mary cannot requietude from utter exhaustion. This is the crisis. If she wakes from that trance there will be a little bles in Margaret's breast. It rises The flame of life flickers and trem hope. The faithful watcher keeps and falls many a time while the nu up the battle, till the breathing beis doing her best to keep it alight. comes easier. She then takes up while the priest is saying Mass, offerthe letter, and is about to transfer it ing for her the Hely Sacrifice, the to a place of safety, when the bold highest, holiest, safest resourse for characters of the address eatch her attention. They were so large and the dying, and while little Blandine, suffering souls, for the living and clearly formed that it is impossible ber feet bleeding from knocks, and not to see the name, "Margaret the sharp stones she might have avoided had not her eyes been so full of The Sister reads again. She thinks tears, mounts up and up to the Chapel ere eyes deceive her. No, it is no of the Resurrection on the summit of illusion! And it is all she can do the mountain, and there makes a solnot to ex laim aloud: "Margaret emn promise to Our Lady of Beth-Dunroby !" She only murmurs "O arram to be forever her own faithful my God!" as she bends over the sick little servant, if "the dear lady will voman and scans her sleepy face. only ask Jesus to come to her." "If Sister Noella had been indeed prayshe will only ask Him, He will come, ing till now, for the soul in danger. Sister says, and if He comes He will Bur now she pours out all her heart cure her." Blessed confidence of

> childhood and innocence! (To be continued.)

rayed over with such intense yearn-· Life. ng, watched with such ceaseless soli-The poet's exclamation: "O Life citude. She little guesses whose I feel thee bounding in my veins.' hand moistens her lips, whose voice charms away the evil spirit that laugh is a joyous one. Persons that can nockingly at her and repeat names rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most that make her shudder even in her unfortunate. They do not live, but feverish dreams, though she has been vain and proud to quote them and to exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and dwell upon their fascinating language. strong-to arise a feeling equal to the Little does Margaret Duproby ordinary duties of the day, and to uess whose prayers are keeping alive retire not overcome by them-to feel he faint spark of life left her, that i life bounding in the veins. A medimay burn, if only for one hour, for cine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and Her soul, dear Lord! her soul, for strong, has accomplished a great his sake," is the prayer of the holy work, bestowing the richest bless oup. "Spare her soul for his sake ings, and that medicine is Hood's Sargaparilla. The weak, run-down. or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the "I am always praying for the dear whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abounding. "Dear lady," repeats Sister Noella, We are glad to say these words in aking up the familiar appellation, as its favor to the readers of our col-Ah, who had ever been dearer than that

Magazine Editor-Bat, my dear nadame, I have merely attempted to give you, in the kindliest spirit, a few hints on metre and construcnow fast approaching. O, how will

"Well, I wouldn't have such a mean disposition as you have for a thousand dellars."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS BACKACHE LAME BACK RHEUMATISM DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIZZINESS AND ALA KIONEY & URINARY GREATER ARE GURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

speak one name, Say, 'Jesus have nercy upon me," pleads the nun, MRS. I. STEEVES, Edgett's Landing, N.B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: man's salvation in the feeble "In the fall of 1800 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I The priest is going away, after a could scarcely get up out of a chair The priest is going away, after a and it gave me great pain to move about. I took one box of Doan's never, or rarely, been called upon to Kidney Pills and was completely to gain a soul. His face wears cured. I have not been troubled



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They will build you up, make rich red blood and give you vim and

Price, 50c. per for \$1.25, at drug-gists, or will be sent on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Major Crust-So you refuse me Miss Fondant? Miss F-1 am very sorry, Major Orust, but your son just proposed to me, and I accepted, Major C -Good gracious! You

don't mean to say the boy has been A boon to Humanity.

Wherever there are sickly people vith weak bearts and deranged nerves, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effectual medicine. They restore enteebled, enervated, exhausted, devitalized or verworked men and women to rigorous health.

"You sick? Why, I thought you believed in the theory of mind over

"I do generally; but at present have the agae, and I can't seem to shake it off."

The Wheelman's Friend:

No bicyclist should be without a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It takes out all stiffness and soarness of the joints and muscles; relieves pain and takes down swelling from love to Our Lady of Betharram, that bites of insects. 25 cents.

> Mrs. Newbride (who has been baking) - I wonder who first invented angel cake? Mr. Newbride (who had to sample the baking-I don't know, but I fancy it was one of the fallen angels.

Richards' Headache Cure vives instant relief.

Brigham-I saw you and your rife dining at the new restaurant last evening.

Burnham-How did you know it vas my wife? Brigham - I heard you say:

Guess we'd better heve some roast

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No other remedy cures Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc., so promptly and quiets pain so quickly as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is a pocket doctor for tourists, travellers, etc.

"Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, when one of the big battleships uns aground how do they get it

"They pull it off with a tug of var," answered Mr. Chugwater. I should think you'd know enough to know that."

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"This," declared the peddler, "18 the best mucilage made. You may have a bottle for-" "Why, that stuff looks like water

and I believe that's all it is." "True," but it is water from the River S'yx."

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