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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.

BETHLEHEM.

Outside the walls of Bethlehem Town, All in the light starlight, A little lamb walked up and down, And cried into the night.

No other lambkin of the fold So flawless and so fair, No other sound upon the world Fell on the midnight air. And tenderly the shepherd said, "For thee thou art from foot to head, Dear Lamb of Sacrifice!"

Inside the walls of Bethlehem Town A new-born infant smiled, And seraphs bright with song look down Upon the Holy Child.

Shepherds their Shepherd saw amazed, And bowed them to the floor, Kings on a mightier Monarch, gazed, And gave Him costly store.

But she, whose silent pondering In paths prophetic trod, Knew she had borne that Holy Thing

Which was the Lamb of God, —Ziella Cocke, in December Lipicott's.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

PART II.

"It shall be as heaven will," said the good lady. "Not for any selfish wish of mine will I hold back from helping to deliver that sweet innocent."

"You do well," said her husband, who at once took up on himself the duty of opening up correspondence with Graff Z.

To be asked to do a favor for his old pupil was a source of immense joy to Mr. Barde, so long shut out from companionship with all save menials. He took no part in the nightly reunions held at Karloff.

He showed the letter to his wife, who, at first suspicious, finally came to the conclusion that it had nothing to do with any of Blandine's friends. She, too, felt elated at being in correspondence with the house of Z.

Gregory was invited to fill the post of confidential attendant to Mr. Barde himself, who would answer for his safety till such time as he should be recalled by his master.

Henceforth it will be only through Gregory's letters that news of Blandine can reach her friends.

The first letter, that long-looked-for assurance of her safety, brought not a lull to the heart of Margaret Dacre. A precious letter it was, full of information concerning her darling, full of consolation.

Gregory told how he had been many months at Karloff, in close attendance upon his new master, before he could say more than that the young girl looked well. He saw her at a distance, sometimes, either in company with Miss Sophie, or little Master Barde, the foolish lad, who kept the household on the quiver for accidents, by his mania for creating excitement, and his thirst for signs of danger or horror. His joy was to see a village in flames.

And this was no uncommon sight from the tower of the house. Master Ferdinand would have fired them every one, for the pleasure of watching the consternation and grief of the hapless peasants.

He learned that she was gaining great influence over the dreadful boy, whom the peasants looked upon as an evil spirit. They made no secret of their belief that all the misfortunes that befall their crops, or cattle, or household goods were owing to the demon within him. They prayed for his death. They thought he ought to be put to death or put out of the way, for only harm could come of him. As the young girl gained in influence over him, so it came about that he was allowed to visit the apartments of Mr. Barde, and thus Gregory made his acquaintance. Soon it became safe to let him pay a daily visit, without fear of a catastrophe. He was very talkative, when in good humor, and could mimic every one with the utmost ease. He began to enjoy the freedom purchased by his good behavior, while attributing all the credit to himself and his own cleverness.

"I have changed things in this house," says Rattle, "I am sick of cry-babies, and onwards, and sneaks I have a new sister. I give Sophie in the Domovoy. She says she'll give me to him, and he'll stuff me up the chimney some night, and in the morning there'll be an old owl hooting in the hallow oak, and some one must shoot the old grey screech owl, and when he's dead she'll have a new brother. So I'm not going to wait for that, you know. I have a new sister, who isn't afraid of Domovoy." She's a good sister, the new one.

"Who is this new sister?" asked Mr. Barde.

"What do you want to know for, Uncle Charles? Perhaps you'd like to take her away from me? Take Sophie, she's a sneak, and ready to kill poor little flies."

"I knew a little boy once who killed flies, and tried to kill little birds!"

"He doesn't do it now," cried Rattle proudly. "His new sister told him it was mean and cowardly, and he hates cowards. I—I say, I—Uncle Charles," Rattle stammered in his eagerness to change the subject, "I say, why don't you come out of this room? Come out, do, and take me up in the loft. Sophie says you have the keys, and there are all sorts of beautiful things up there!"

"There is nothing in the loft that could amuse you, my boy. Sophie is mistaken. There is only a quantity of old rubbish there. We shall speak of it another time. You may go now."

Gregory opened the door and Rattle withdrew. Had Gregory not been there the refusal might have borne unpleasant consequences for Uncle Charles.

"I know a way to get there without his keys," muttered Rattle under his breath, "and if I do, I'll burn some of the old rubbish he wants to keep all for himself."

He tried to be as good as his word without much delay. The next night he made his way along the gallery that ran round two sides of the house, climbed like a wild cat up the great wooden water spout, out upon the projecting roof of a porch, whence a beam gave him access to a little window under the loft. His ascent had been perilous in the extreme, Rattle was unconscious of any danger.

Seeing a great pile of muslin curtains and draperies lying near, he dragged them towards a trunk and piled them around it. Then he struck a light, the lace flamed up and the mad child danced and shouted with glee. "I'll go back now," he said, "and cry fire."

But he could not long happily out of the window and scream with all his force. His cries alarmed the dogs, then the watchmen. A ladder was quickly brought and Gregory carried the terrified boy down in his arms.

"Gregory," he whispered, "I know they'll want to kill me now. Please look me up with my sister Sacha."

"Do not be afraid," said Gregory. "No one shall hurt you. Where is your sister Sacha?" She was there waiting in great anxiety, for the house was in imminent danger, the flames had made such headway. She led the way to her own room, and placed Rattle in her own bed, while Gregory hastened back to give what help he could. Blandine uttered not a word of reproach. She covered the shivering limbs and prepared a warm drink, and tried her best to soothe the insane terror of the little culprit, who kept whispering: "I know they'll want to kill me now."

She assured him, as Gregory had done, that no one would hurt him, but she had to let him see her lock the door before he would resign himself to lay his head on the pillow. He was ill and in danger of death for weeks, delicious most of the time, and frantically calling out for Gregory or his sister Sacha to save him. And that was how Gregory came to speak to Blandine for the first time. He had been obliged to wait for months before he could give her the blessed consolation of a message from her loved ones. By Rattle's bedside he finally slipped into her hands her

"I must go to her now. She will be lonesome for me, she loves me. Good-bye, Uncle Charles, thank you for letting me sit beside you in the big chair. Take me Gregory."

Gregory took him and carried him to Blandine.

And now the useful, beautiful country life is coming to an end. A whole year and more has elapsed since the lawn was gay with laughter, the laughter of little Rattle, who was as merry as a bird, lying in the sunshine on the pleasant terrace. And songs were sung that summer long, for Rattle's entertainment. Blandine sang the hymns she learned at Betharram, and Rattle's favorite was the "Ave Maria Stella," which she had to repeat over and over again. The songs and the sunshine of that summer are ended. Rattle is quiet. The clouds are gathering. Madame is coming home from abroad with a guest. She is impatient to come, but seems waiting for something. When she hears that there has been a grave dug on the hill yonder, near the church, she fixes the day and the hour. And she comes with the guest, who proves to be no stranger to Blandine; no stranger and no friend. And there shall be changes manifold, henceforth, in the family life at Karloff.

(To be continued.)

precious beads, the little black object bought for her at Lourdes by Sister Noelia, and blessed there, and at Betharram, too, and touched reverently to many a cherished spot. Gregory found an opportunity to whisper to her that his master had received them from Father Francis Dacre, and that he would be passing by Karloff some day, on his way to visit friends, and he would stop there to see him, and she might expect to hear more and fuller news from his family.

The long illness of poor little Rattle was not without its influence on the household. Madame was away at a neighboring estate on the dreadful night. She heard of it and came back in haste. She heard, too, that the culprit had not been punished, and she was full of just ire, and prophesied worse things from the same source. But when she saw the face of the criminal, more like that of a specter than a living child, she only turned away. She had come prepared to wall up the apartments of Mr. Barde, for her informants had talked freely of the visits of the lad, but she changed her mind on that point also.

"Let me alone!" she cried, turning to the sycophants, "and let the boy alone, and let him have his way!"

So Rattle had his way after that, which meant the freedom of Mr. Barde's apartments, and perfect docility to Blandine and to Gregory. He never felt so safe as when in the little sitting-room adjoining Mr. Barde's great library. There was a huge divan there on which he could rest at ease, among the ample cushions. He began to conceive a sentiment of deep gratitude to Mr. Barde for letting him come so often. He would hold out his hand to him and say, "Thank you, Uncle Charles, in a very earnest tone."

"What for, my boy?" Uncle Charles had once asked him.

"O, for not letting them kill me, when I was such a coward."

"And when was our brave Rattle such a coward?"

"When he tried to hurt people. Only cowards hurt people in that way. Gregory says one must first say 'look out!' before he hits."

"I am glad you are learning such good things, Percy. You will grow up to be a brave man, I hope."

"Are you brave, Uncle Charles?"

"I would not hit without first saying 'look out!'"

"I'm so glad!" cried Rattle. "Has my sister Sacha been telling you to love me?" he asked.

"No, my boy. No one has been telling me to love you."

B.B.B. Makes Blood Pure.

If the blood is pure the whole body will be healthy. If the blood is impure the whole system becomes corrupted with its impurities.

Burdock Blood Bitters transforms impure and watery blood into rich pure blood and builds up the health.

Disease germs cannot lurk in the system when B.B.B. is used.

Mrs. Effe McDonald, Lacombe Mills, Guy Co., N.S., writes: "I have found B.B.B. an excellent remedy for purifying the blood and curing sick headache. I had tried many remedies, but none of them did me much good. B.B.B. has made me so well that I feel like a new woman and I am constantly recommending it to my friends."

MISCELLANEOUS. Little five-year-old Bessie was told to go to the drug-store and get a dime's worth of sweet oil. After getting about half way she came running back to ask: "Mamma, how sweet do you want it?"

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.

"I wonder why they call the hotel 'Buttons,'" said the traveller.

"Probably," replied the bachelor, "it's because he's off when you need him most."

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.

Aunt Mabitabel (reading the police news)—Well, there's one thing I'd never do. If I had fifty children, I'd never name one of them Alias. Seems as if they were sure to go wrong.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

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

Jenks.—That baby of yours ought to be a good tennis player later on Jones.—What makes you think so?

Jenks.—Oh, the way he keeps up his racket.

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.

Tom.—If you had the privilege of kissing a pretty girl on the right or left cheek which would you do?

Dick.—It would be hard to make a choice, but between the two I should probably find a way out of the dilemma.

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

"That boy of mine," remarked the proud parent extravagantly, "is the genuine article. He's all wool, you can bet."

"Should wonder," commented old Grumpy. "I notice that he shrinks from washing."

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

If you want to get a supply of first-class Tea for winter use go to Beer & Goff's.

Go to Beer & Goff's for the best grade of American Kerosene Oil at the lowest cash price.

FUR COATS.—Raccoon Coats, Wombat Coats, Astrakhan Coats, Sable Coats, Buffalo Coats (rubber lined, warranted wind and water proof). If you are thinking of buying a fur coat we would be pleased to show you our stock and make the prices right.—B. McDonald & Co.

In the Clutch Of Consumption.

Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail.

Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

The old man eyed the blushing bride-elect for fully two minutes, then answered with deliberation, "Well, John, I can only say you have shown much better taste than she has."

Professional Men.

It's the constant strain and worry under which the professional man labors, the irregularity of his hours, and the loss of rest that makes him peculiarly susceptible to kidney troubles.

First it's backache, then urinary difficulties, then unless it's attended to by Bright's Disease and death.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Strengthen and invigorate the kidneys—never fail to give quick relief and cure the most obstinate cases.

Rev. Mr. P. Campbell, pastor of the Baptist Church, Essex, Ont., says: "From my personal use of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Sharon's drug store, I can say they are a most excellent remedy for kidney troubles, and I recommend them to sufferers from such complaints."

MISCELLANEOUS. Birnam Wood Tragedy.

The examination into the tragedy of November 18th, when Captain C. M. Morris, master of the British bark Birnam Wood, shot and killed the steward, Charles Jeffries, and three days later jumped overboard and was drowned, has ended at Mobile, Ala.

The affair took place as described by the mate on the craft's arrival at Mobile. Suspicion was entertained that there had been foul play, resulting in the murder of the captain and steward, but this has been set at rest by the following letter in Captain Morris's handwriting:

"Bark Birnam Wood, Nov. 29, 1901.

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have shot and killed the steward, Charles Jeffries, and I shall pay the penalty at my own hand. Let no man censure me too badly, but pray God that he may never be placed in the same position. What I have done was no part of my nature. I have done no man willful wrong. I write this to clear the officers and crew of any part in what has happened, not to clear myself in any way, or to ask sympathy from the world. I know what I have done and the sin I have committed.

"C. M. MORRIS.

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Lyle's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

MARCONI IN NEWFOUNDLAND. William Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy, arrived at St. John's, Nfld., on Friday accompanied by two assistants and bringing two portable balloons, which will be employed in suspending wires to be used in making his experiments. He will probably select Signal Hill, overlooking St. John's, which is topped with the Cabot memorial tower and is 600 feet high, as a site for his station, instead of Cape Race, as previously reported. He expects to transmit messages 400 miles, thus reaching ships when they are in midocean. He will spend three or four weeks in experimenting in St. John's, and will then proceed to Nantucket.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. I. LAGUE. Sydney, C. B.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHARLES PLUMMER. Yarmouth.

I was cured of Sciatic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LEWIS S. BUTLER. Berlin, Nfld.

She—Yes, and then we expect to spend the fall in the highlands of Scotland. By the way, Mr. Robertson, what would be a good pattern to wear—a E. W. Taylor, a Mac—Mac—

He—O, a mackintosh by all means!

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Huckley—Why, I hardly know you; you've got to look so round.

Tydale.—The effect of square meals, my boy.

PEOPLE RECOVERING From Pneumonia, Typhoid or Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, La Grippe or any Serious Disease

Require the Nerve Tonic, Blood Enriching, Heart Sustaining Action of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It is well known that after any serious illness the heart and nerves are extremely weak and the blood greatly impoverished. For these conditions there is no remedy equals Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. It restores all the vital forces of the body which disease has impaired and weakened.

Mr. T. Barricott, Aylmer, Ont., says:—"About a year ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe which left my system in an exhausted condition. I could not regain strength and was very nervous and sleepless at night, and got up in the morning as tired as when I went to bed.

"I had no energy and was in a miserable state of health.

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Richard's Drug Store here, changed me from a condition of misery to good health. They built up my system, strengthened my nerves, restored brisk circulation of my blood, and made a new man of me.

"I heartily recommend them to any one suffering from the after effects of Grippe, or any other severe illness."

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Ready-to-wear. You will see the same quality marked \$11.50 by other clothiers. We mark ours at \$9.00. This gives a very small profit. You should not fail to see these Coats. We have others at \$4.50, \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00. No icicles on our coats, they are too warm. We are prepared to give you the best value you ever got in REEFERS and ULSTERS.

D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block, Charlottetown.

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Now is the time for Bargains.

E. W. TAYLOR, Cameron Block.

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.

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That Cough Hangs On You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield, it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce la grippe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body. SCOTT'S EMULSION will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you are run down or emaciated you should certainly take this nourishing food medicine.

