

The Master's Question.

Have you looked for my sheep in the desert, For those who have missed their way? Have you been in the wild waste places, Where the lost and wandering stray? Have ye trodden the lonely high-way, The foul and the darksome street? It may be ye'd see in the gloaming The print of My wounded Feet. Have you folded home to your bosom The trembling, neglected lamb, And taught to the little lost one The sound of the Shepherd's Name? Have ye searched for the poor and needy With no clothing, no home, no bread? The Son of Man was among them— He had nowhere to lay His Head. Have you carried the living water To the parched and thirsty soul? Have ye said to the sick and wounded, "Christ Jesus make thee whole"? Have you told my fainting children Of the strength of the Father's hand? Have you guided the tottering footsteps To the shores of the golden land? Have ye stood by the sad and weary To soothe the pillow of death, To comfort the sorrow-stricken, And strengthen the feeble faith? And have ye felt when the glory Has streamed through the open door, And fitted across the shadows, That there I had been before? Have ye wept with the broken-hearted In their agony of woe? Ye might hear me whispering beside you "Tis the pathway I often go!" My brethren, My friends, My disciples, Can ye dare to follow me? Then, wherever the Master dwelleth, There shall the servant be!

Across the Sands.

BY MARION AMES TAGGERT in Benziger's Magazine.

To the woman living in the tiny house beneath the protection of the dunes the sands were at once the drama and its theater, art and the life and ideals which art represents, solitude and companionship. Each morning the sands welcomed her revival to another day, eventless except as they varied for her. They lay wonderfully glistening under the sun as it rose resplendent across the ocean, or shimmering gray with microscopic crystal white lights under the east wind sweeping the rain across them. As the day went on they burned with jeweled color in the dominant heat of noonday, unseen of all eyes but hers, or grew browner and smoother as the storm washed them trackless. At night they flashed in the sunsets small diamond points in a surface of reflected reds and golds, or absorbed the coming darkness, anticipating a night of storm. In the moonlight and wintry starlight they shone like a carpet spread for angels, like the borders of the Sea of Glass. On Sundays when she had returned from Mass in the village church, filled with the dark-eyed Portuguese fishermen who had drifted to her sands, the diapason of the sea continued to respond Et cum spiritu tuo to the perpetual Dominus vobiscum with which, it seemed to her, the sands blessed her. Day by day the sands offered up to her new acquaintances and flowers of the sea. Long brown seaweed chains, set at intervals with swelling brown ornaments, like a longon chain, were spread out before her feet when her steps made cooing prints in the smooth, sand surface uncooered by the receding tide. Delicate sprays of feathery red and white undulated for her in the ripples of the last line that had been a wave. Shells of exquisite sea carving were

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membranes, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption. "Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McClure, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

sewn before their solitary discoverer; sea creatures lay at her mercy till another tide should rise to take them back to their lost world. No day was without its incident, wonderful absorbing; no day but brought to the sands its special gift of beauty which they shared with her who lived beside them, dependent upon them for all that made up the sum of life. The small house in which she lived was like a lichen upon a rock. It had two rooms downstairs, two in the half story above that. It was weather-gray in color; its partook of its surroundings in a manner at once intangible and real. The woman herself partook of her surroundings. She was small, like a bit of gray seaweed that had been washed too far beyond the reach of the waves to return to its native element. Her pallor, through a sea-tint, was more the sands' gray than the brownness of the sea's painting. Her eyes had the far-off look of one who, like the sands, reached out into undreamed-of sea spaces. They were the eyes of the poet and mystic, of one who looked afar, yet eagerly combed the minutest details of the sands. They were the eyes, also, of one who saw, as her rosary beads slipped through her tender fingers, the Master walking on the sands of Galilee with his chosen fishermen following Him.

Whether she was old or young it would have been hard at first glance to have said. Solitude shortens youth, yet daily contact with the infinite prolongs it. In truth she was neither young nor old in years, while in spirit she was both young and old. One night the wind raked her little dwelling, low-sitting close to the sands though it was, and the rain drove against it and cast it in strong sheets, as if a pair of giant hands held the storm on two sides to capture any little dwelling that might be bold enough to oppose its progress. The little woman awoke early from what had been but a half-sleep, and hastened out to see her sands after their tempestuous night. The storm had been swept into the distant mountains before dawn and the sands glistened with thousands of lights beyond the heavy shadows of the outer dunes.

The little woman brushed back her hair with a girlish gesture and straightened her slender figure to the brisk wind, still blowing inward from the east. The ocean advanced toward the shore in its long, easterly roll, lesser waves preceding accumulated towering ones, like pages before a curled and white-haired king. The little woman's eyes widened and laughed, her face shone like her sands in the fresh morning sunshine after the storm. The beach spread its glories before her and her spirit accepted them.

"Magnificat anima Domini," she murmured. But what was this, shining among the brilliance of the sands? Nothing like this had ever before risen to greet her across their plain. It was golden, burnished gold. It turned toward her and slowly across to a greater height, then advanced upon her. A child's head, the golden shining fineness of a little child's hair.

The child came steadily toward the little woman across the sands. It did not hesitate; its pace was purposeful and unwavering, remarkably purposeful for a tiny creature who bore that radiant

head at a height of about three feet. When it came near enough it developed from its vagueness into a little girl of three years, beautiful with the perfection of baby beauty, wistful-eyed, sweet-lipped, flower-like in every outline and movement. "I was wetted, dry me," she said, by way of introduction, still unhesitant, confident of welcoming kindness. "Dear heart," cried the little woman, gathering this marvelous blossom of the sands into her arms. "Where did you come from? What's your name?" "Out of the big boat. Blessing's my name. What is your name?" said the baby. "Margaret. Come, Blessing, come home with me; I'll feed you," said the little woman, not certain yet whether this gift of the sands with the significant name was living or a dream, even when the little petal fingers clasped her. "I'm hungry. Dave-dear fed me all up just before. I want Dave-dear," said Blessing. "Come home with me, little Blessing, whispered Margaret, guessing a tragedy. She carried the child across the sands, moving rapidly, although the little creature weight proved her ability after a few steps. Margaret threw salt-soaked logs upon her hearth, feeling that the prosaic fire in the kitchen stove would never be fitted for this high adventure. The deep-hued frames of the sea-driftwood leaped into beauty in the fireplace as she sat before it on a low stool and freed the dimpled body of her guest from the chill of its clinging wet garments. They were garments of the finest, beautifully sewn by a woman's fingers. Margaret's heart throbbled with pity for that woman who could not know that her Blessing was safe beside this prismatic driftwood fire. "Now warm milk, Blessing, even if you are not hungry," suggested Margaret, and Blessing accepted it gratefully in long breaths, till for the last time the baby's lips, all red and white and milky, quitted the edge of the old-fashioned silver cup, that had been Margaret's own, and Blessing remarked: "There" with the satisfaction of repletion. "Now this warm blanket all around you and a little napinee upon my knee" laughed Margaret, too blissful in her possession to be saddened by the grief that must have given it to her. "What's napinee?" demanded Blessing. "A scrap of a nap" cried Margaret, enveloping the child in a toasted blanket from before the fire. "Did have one after," said the baby. "After what, little Blessing" asked Margaret. "After I was on the beach, when the water put me on the beach," explained the baby wearily as if the density of the adult mind wore upon her. Margaret wrapped her close in the warm blanket, shuddering, her joy crushed down by the swift rising image of this little body beaten, then tossed to safety a toy of the sea's caprice. She bore the child out to her low doorsteps and seated herself in the sunshine. Softly she crooned to her, her own chin resting on the soft rings of golden hair upon her shoulder. And there rose involuntarily to her lips a hymn that she had heard sung years before by Acaadian girls in a Nova Scotia fishing hamlet, sung at the Offertory of the Sunday Mass, appropriately, for on Monday morning the men would set sail for their week's fishing: "Astre propice au marin, Conduiz ma barque au rivage; Sanevez, sanevez du naufrage, Douce Etoile de matin." The child fell asleep and became sweetly heavy against Margaret's arm. She would not have stirred or relinquished her burden for the world. She sat motionless and in the sunshine, her eyes wonderful with an inward light as she gazed seaward across the sands, like a study of the desert "Rest in Egypt." She saw a coastguard from the station two miles farther down the beach, come up within range of her vision; then disappeared, but she was too contented to see him consciously. A few minutes later a man came striding up the beach from the direction where the coast-

Entire Family Stricken With Cholera. Youngest Child Died.

The chief symptoms of cholera are vomiting and purging occurs either simultaneously or alternately, and are usually sudden and very violent, and the matter ejected by the stomach has a bilious appearance and a nasty bitter taste. On the first symptom appearing Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be taken, and the trouble cured. Mrs. E. Slade, 376 Logan Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: "When I first arrived in Canada, nearly four years ago, my entire family was stricken with cholera, from which the youngest child died. Soon after a friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and acting on this advice I administered it to all who were suffering, with the most gratifying results. Since that first attack my children have been subject to stomach troubles, but on the first symptoms I resort to "Dr. Fowler's" and it always brings relief. I have immense faith in this medicine, and always keep a bottle on hand. It is a real ail to recommend it to anyone who is similarly troubled." "When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" see that you get it. It has been on the market for the past 70 years. There is nothing "just as good." Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 35 cents.

guard had disappeared. He advanced rapidly upon the small house in the shadow of the dune, then broke into a run. When he got within a few feet of Margaret he stopped looked at her piercingly and dropped upon his knees in the sand, his face buried in his hands. "She's here; she's safe!" called Margaret, guessing the truth. The man arose, staggering from his dizzy sense of relief and came up. The child, aroused by Margaret's voice, stirred and yawned then smiled up at the stranger with a child's acceptance of unlikely events. "Was wis'ing you'd hurry up, Dave-dear," she said extending her arms. (Concluded next week.)

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gents—A customer's of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yours truly, VILANDIE FRERES.

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"What have you for dinner?" "Everything," said the waiter. "Bring it in." "One order of hash," yelled the waiter. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF. Her Nerves Were So Bad Thought She Would Go Out of Her Mind. Mrs. Hollis Knox, 45 Harding St., St. John, N.B., writes: "I suffered greatly with my nerves, I could not sleep at night, nor work, and the least little thing worked on my mind and bothered me. Last winter I thought I would go out of my mind, I would scratch out, and my mother really thought I was going crazy with my nerves. It was terrible I would hold my head and cry. I tried two doctors but they did not do me any good. I thought I would tell you that to-day I am perfectly cured by using three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can recommend them to all sufferers from nervous troubles so you can tell everyone that they are the only thing that did me any good." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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