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.

EASTER LILIES.

(Written for the S. H. Review.)

BY CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

'Mid the lilies walked the Saviour,
Coming from His Easter tomb,
Bowed and swayed the lilies toward Him,
Clouds of snowy fragrant bloom.

Consecrated by His presence,
Lo, they lifted high in air
Pearly chalices that wafted
Honeyed sweetness everywhere.

Cluster them about His altar.
Let them hallowed perfume pour
From their depths, all white and radiant
As the Easter-tomb of yore.

They the fairest are, of blossoms:
Resurrection flowers, that spring
Spirit-like from earthly darkness
To announce the Risen King.

Checkmated by Her Own Move.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

(Ave Maria.)

"Travers, my dear fellow," said Digby Everton, gazing intently and gloomily at the wreath of blue smoke that curled upward from his cigar, "I am going to ask you a very impertinent question."

Ned Travers laughed.

"I don't think you can. However, go ahead."

The two men were seated in Digby Everton's particular den, enjoying a last smoke before separating for the night. The other two men who formed the male portion of the party that had come to Everton Grange for the Easter holidays had already retired.

"Are—have—" Digby began twice and paused. "See here, Ned, are you in love with Mary Osmond?"

The man addressed flushed under his tan, and for a moment he seemed to resent his host's query.

"I think Miss Osmand one of the most charming girls I have ever met," he answered at length.

"Oh!" Digby said. "Alice was right."

"In what was Mrs. Everton right?"

"I hoped she was mistaken," Digby went on. "I wish to Heaven you had met the girl anywhere else than here, or that you hadn't met her at all!"

"Will you explain, Everton?"

"Yes, of course. I should have told you before this. Poor Mary! It isn't her fault."

"Please go on."

"Well, it is not generally known, but Mary's mother died in an asylum, and her grandfather as well."

"Her mother? Isn't Mrs. Osmond her mother?" asked Ned.

"No, no; her step-mother. Her mother died years ago. They are so attached that they are usually taken for mother and daughter.".

"Thank you, Everton! I know you meant well,—I think I shall make an excuse to leave you. I had, almost unconsciously, begun to hope that I might win Miss Osmond's love. Thank God, I have given no such hint in any way! It is bad enough as it is, but if I thought for a moment that the girl cared—" Ned paused.

"I had no idea that you cared so much, Ned," said Everton, after a long silence; and his friend smiled faintly.

"I did not know myself till now. And, though I have not the least reason to suppose Miss Osmond would have listened to me, your information is none the less a blow, Everton."

"I understand,"—Everton's voice was sympathetic; but after another pause he put a question to his guest regarding the Australian methods of agriculture.

At that same hour two women in a different part of the building were also engaged in a midnight conversation.

"I really don't know what Mr. Travers sees to admire in Mary Osmond," Miss Barrett said petulantly to her mother.

"Nor I," Mrs. Barrett agreed, with a satisfied glance toward her daughter's thick tresses of reddish gold hair, which a maid was patiently brushing. "She isn't handsome by any means, Helen."

Mrs. Barrett paused for a reply.

"No, indeed; rather the reverse. Nor is she brilliant in conversation," the lady went on, as Helen did not speak.

"And yet she attracts Mr. Travers, evidently," Helen remarked crossly.

"I should think so, my dear. Indeed, many men pay but little attention to the women they meet at mine," Mrs. Barrett said.

"Nonsense, mother! Why on earth do you say things you don't believe? I'm sure you don't mind Esther. She knows all our secrets."

Mrs. Barrett sighed. She and her daughter were trying to live fashionably on a very limited income. The poor lady would gladly have settled down in some quiet country place where her few hundreds a year would have brought her comfort; but Helen insisted on seven or eight weeks in London during the season, a like period at some favorite watering-place, and a round of visits to various country-houses during the autumn. Many people wondered that Miss Barrett at twenty-seven was still unmarried. Certainly her mother would gladly have seen her comfortably settled in life; for Helen's temper had not improved with years.

"I was quite certain that I had captivated Mr. Travers," Helen added, with a laugh musical yet unpleasant; and now, behold, he is at Mary Osmond's feet, so to speak! Why did the Everton's bring her here just now?"

"Mrs. Everton and she are close friends. The family estates border each other," Mrs. Barrett explained.

"I know. Well, I do hate her sly, sneaking ways."

Mrs. Barrett did not speak: it was useless to combat her daughter's ideas, as she very well knew; and, after some further grumbling, Helen went off to her own room, which was just across the corridor. Mrs. Barrett remained in her chair, thinking of the difficulties of her life. In a few minutes the maid, who had accompanied her daughter, returned. The woman had been in her service for a length of time and understood a good deal about her embarrassments. The fact that her wages were a long way in arrears perhaps made Esther Vale more presuming than she would otherwise have been. She drew a chair close to that of her mistress and sat down.

"Now, look here, ma'am! Was this Australian gentleman paying attention to Miss Helen?" she asked.

"Really, Esther, I do not see why you put such a question," Mrs. Barrett said, with an assumption of dignity.

"You needn't mind that, but just tell me," the maid rejoined. "Maybe you'll find it to your advantage."

"Well, yes. I thought so and so did others. Then this Miss Osmond came—a pale, delicate-looking bit of a girl,—and since her arrival he has been as her shadow," Mrs. Barrett said.

"If I give you information that would keep the gentleman from marrying her, will you pay my wages and give me in addition twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds! Now, you know right well, Esther, that twenty pounds is a lot of money to me; and as for your wages, have I not told you over and over again that they will be paid to you?" Mrs. Barrett remonstrated.

Her maid listened calmy.

"Yes, but I must get your promise regarding the money."

And, after some further talk, Esther Vale had her way.

"But, Esther, what do you mean?" her mistress asked eagerly.

No mother could have been more anxious to see her daughter properly settled in life; and Ned Travers was certainly a good match, and at first seemed attracted by Helen Barrett's fair face and brisk society manners. Surely she was quite justified in thinking of her daughter's welfare.

"Miss Osmond has no more right to that name than me," the maid as firmly as ungrammatically said. "She is not Mr. Osmond's daughter."

"Not Mr. Osmond's daughter!" Mrs. Barrett echoed.

"No: her real name is Mary Fletcher, and she is the daughter of a gamekeeper and his wife who once lived at Osmond Court. It was this way, you see. The first Mrs. Osmond was a bit unsettled in her head from the time of her baby's birth. She was a foolish young thing at the best, and did not get on very well with her husband. While he was absent in Scotland attending to some law business, her baby caught a fever that was common around the Court, and died suddenly, without any doctor been called in. The nurse was just as neglectful as the mistress—"

"Go on," Mrs. Barrett said eagerly.

"Well, the two women conceived the idea of getting the gamekeeper's child and substituting it for the dead baby. Mrs. Fletcher had died a month before, and the man was ready enough to agree to his mistress' proposal. As I told you, the fever was very common; and when Fletcher gave out about his child's sudden death, the truth of his story was not doubted. Then Mrs. Osmond, with her nurse, went on a visit to some watering-place in France; and no one ever guessed that her child had died."

"How did you learn all this?"

"Because I was caring for the gamekeeper's child at the time. He tried to keep me in the dark, but I found out. Mrs. Osmond gave me a sum of money to hold my tongue, and I did so."

"Can I believe these statements?"

"It is all true as Gospel, and you can prove it so."

"How?"

"Well, the first Mrs. Osmond, as you know, died in an asylum; but now and then she would be sensible enough, and once when she was so she told her husband what she had done."

"Did he believe her? Did he not think it all a delusion?"

"Oh, no! He found out Fletcher and me, and the man told him the truth. Fletcher was in bad health then and died soon after. Mr. Osmond, you see, left the girl only a small fortune."

"Yes, yes."

"And he told his lawyers—at least he said to Fletcher he would,—but no one else was to know. He supported Fletcher to his death in fine style. I suppose he did not want the world to know of what his wife had done, and he was fond of the child."

"Who were the lawyers,—do you know their names?"

"I do; for, you see, once a year they send me a small cheque. Their name are Harland & McKay, London. Mr. Harland used to be a good deal at Osmond Court. He was a great friend of its master."

"And you never told me what you know, Esther?"

"Why should I, ma'am? I'm no great talker, and I was paid for holding my tongue. You'll not say anything of this to any one but the gentleman, and likely he won't want to marry Phil Fletcher's daughter. You can tell him, if you like, that Fletcher's eldest brother was transported." The woman gave a little cackling laugh.

There was some further talk before mistress and maid separated; but late as it was when Mrs. Barrett retired, she was up at an early hour next morning. As she was dressing she saw Travers walking slowly through the gravelled paths that were underneath her window. She joined him hastily, and in the course of conversation managed to introduce Miss Osmond's name.

"Of course that isn't her name," the lady said, with a little laugh; "But it is a great secret." And then she carefully disclosed to him the substance of her maid's story.

"How do you happen to know this, Mrs. Barrett?" Ned Travers demanded, quickly.

"Now, really, Mr. Travers, you must not expect me to tell everything. I have known the secret for a long time, but I never even told Helen. She is very sensitive. And you, too, must not speak of it. Promise me you will not."

"I certainly should not repeat a story of the kind without great deliberation," Ned said, reservedly "Besides, you have probably been misinformed."

"No, indeed, Mr. Travers. Ask the late Mr. Osmond's solicitors, Harland & McKay, of London."

The conversation between Mrs. Barrett and Ned had lasted some time, so that when they entered the breakfast table they found the rest of the company seated at the table. Digby Everton was announcing that his friend had to go to London on business.

"But I hope to return to-morrow, Everton,—that is, if Mrs. Everton and you will have me," interposed Ned, as he took a chair.

His host looked at him in some wonder. He seemed rather excited, but much brighter looking than when he had last seen him.

"Have you! Of course we will!" the lady at the head of the table said; and her husband muttered some like words.

Ned managed to obtain an interview with Mr. Harland that afternoon. The lawyer at once answered his question. Miss Osmond was not the daughter of the late Mr. Osmond, though she was supposed to be such. Neither her stepmother nor herself was aware of that act. He believed Mr. Osmond did intend then to know the truth, but he had died rather suddenly.

Ned reached Everton Grange early next day, and the first person he met was Miss Osmond. And Digby Everton to this day fails to understand how it was that Ned asked—and obtained—the lady's promise to be his wife; and Mrs. Barrett often mourns for her wasted twenty pounds.

Nerve Food

If you have neuralgia, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again, in a way to satisfy nerve and brain from your usual food.

That is cure.

If you are nervous and irritable, you may only need more fat to cushion your nerves—you are probably thin—and Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will give you the fat, to begin with.

Cure, so far as it goes. Full cure is getting the fat, you need from usual food, and Scott's Emulsion will help you to that.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample. Be sure that this will surprise you.
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50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

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, lead to consumption.

A Montreal Grocer in Trouble

With his Back and Kidneys, but at last found relief in Doan's Pills.

Mr. P. Guillemette, under date of Jan. 28th, 1901, writes:

Dear Sirs,—For ten years I suffered from pains across my back, both sides and between my shoulders. In fact at times I was doubled up with pain, and my urine was highly colored. I saw Doan's Pills advertised, so procured four boxes and must say they have effected a complete cure. I owe my present good health to Doan's Pills and cannot recommend them too highly to any and all suffering from backache and kidney troubles.

A Test of Orthoepy.

Through the following collection of hard words will be no great puzzle to those who are used to consulting a pronouncing dictionary, it would give pause to many a glib but half educated speaker. We need scarcely point out that several of the words collected here admit of two or three different pronunciations:—

"An interesting inquiry took place in the Court of Oyer and Terminer some time ago. Indisputable evidence was given toward proving that a heinous incident had taken place during a public pageant. It seems that a pretty girl, rather juvenile in appearance, having an extraordinary head of hair, like an albino, represented Thalia and sat on a pedestal erected on one of the floats. The procession was directing its course down the Mall, when the attention of the onlookers was drawn to the excited conduct of one of the spectators, who had fixed her eyes upon the tiara, set with jewels in the form of a caret, which Thalia wore upon her head as she sat in what seemed to be her wonted attitude of nonchalance and leisure. This person was afterward shown to be a maniacal laundress whose squalor and detestation and hideous grimaces were all unnoticed by the mock goddess. What vagary bade this reptile turn her servile eyes, full of rapine, on the beautiful maiden, it is hard to say; but suddenly, under pretence of seeing something on the ground, she produced a hiatus in the crowd, and thus obtained precedence of all. Simultaneously with her appearance the van drove past. She then filled the air with gross raillery and began to promulgate anarchism, society's lack of probity, and the general predilection of politicians for patronage. Then she besought her audience hear her dilate on the glaciers of the Alps, the ruins of Pompeii, the female franchise, the Pleiades and her patron saint. She was evently demented, and the flow of her vocables appeared endless. Suddenly she raised a pestle which had been hidden under her shawl and threw it directly at the visor on the girl's head. The pathos of the affair lay in the way the girl bore the ordeal. In the court the virago gave an alias instead of her own name. Her defence was that desutude in the matter of personal freedom, had produced an obsession which decreed the irrevocable death of the girl. An inventory of her belongings was made and she was then sent to an asylum as a victim of acute homicidal mania."

Curious Hobbies of Collectors.

Many people make collections of articles more or less interesting, but possibly few go in for such bulky objects as those chosen by a gentleman of Pontefract, in the north of England. Old doors are the object of his desire, and he has a most curious collection. His doors came from old houses, castles and abbeys that have some historical interest. An English paper is responsible for the statement that not long ago he offered as much as $5,000 for a door through which, during the French Revolution, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton and Robespierre passed to the guillotine.

Not quite as interesting in a general sense, but in all probability of quite as much interest to the collector, was a curious collection of corks owned by a Frenchman who died a few years ago at Paris. A fairly good history of his life was to be read on these corks, for he saved every one drawn for the delectation of himself or his friends, and on each he inscribed the date and particular occasion upon which the bottle was opened.

Probably nobody of to-day has a strong desire to bring together a great variety of teas and snuffs. Lord Petersham, however, a noted dandy in his day, had a hobby for collecting various kinds of tea and snuff. All around his sitting-room were shelves, on the one side laden with canisters of Souchong, Bohea, Congou, Pekoe, Russian and other teas, and on the other bearing handsome jars containing every kind of snuff the collector could lay his hands on.

The Queen of Italy is the owner of a curious collection, one that has in it the interest of association. It comprises the foot and headgear of royal and imperial personages of different periods. It is said to embrace a sandal worn by the tyrant Nero, a pair of white slippers which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, shoes worn by Queen Anne and the Empress Josephine, and gloves that were once the property of Marie Antoinette.

Benefit Derived From Using Milburn's Pills For Nervousness.

LOCUST HILL, Ont., Sept. 28th, 1900.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I wish to let you know of the benefit I have derived by using your Pills.

I am a widow with a family to support, and have to work hard, which is very trying on my nerves.

At night I was unable to sleep for hours after going to bed, and it seemed as if every nerve in my body was on the go.

I had a smothering, choking sensation, and had to spring out of bed to catch my breath.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me so much good that I can recommend them highly to any person afflicted with heart and nerve troubles like I was.

Yours, with gratitude,
MRS. WM. HARPER.

I feel better this morning, thank you. I took a Laxa-Liver Pill last night and it worked like a charm—headache and biliousness are all gone.

I've heard many ladies say they wouldn't be without Laxa-Liver Pills—they're such an easy pill to take, do not gripe or sicken, and cure constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, coated tongue, bad breath and all stomach and liver ills.

High Pressure Days.

Men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own nowadays. Never were the demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, more numerous. The first effect of the praiseworthy effort to keep up with all these things is commonly seen in a weakened or debilitated condition of the nervous system, which results in dyspepsia, defective nutrition of both body and brain, and in extreme cases in complete nervous prostration. It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigor and tone to the nerves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. From personal knowledge, we can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose. It acts on all the vital organs, builds up the whole system, and fits men and women for these high-pressure days.

The Irish Christian Brothers in Rome.

A writer in the Dublin Weekly Freeman, mentioning the places in Rome more particularly interesting to those of Irish birth or blood, says:

"Not far away from the tomb of O'Connell's heart, in a small by-street off one of those new thoroughfares of the Philistines, a little colony of Irish Christian Brothers have pitched their tent. It is a modest habitation to-day. A few orange trees grow in its make-believe of a garden; the upper stories of the house have not yet been annexed for the good cause that has brought the Brothers there; the narrow rooms of the basement are crowded with school furniture; and the three Brothers have scarcely where to lay their heads. But at night, when basilica and chapel are closed, and when the ordinary Roman gives himself up to rest or enjoyment, the rooms fill with hundreds of poor Roman lads who gather to learn from these new Irish missionaries the knowledge that they might otherwise miss unless they sold themselves to the proselytizers. It is a small beginning of the repayment of Ireland's debt to Rome; but it will grow. And if Celestine and Patrick watch, as they do, the progress of the fire kindled upon Tara, their blessing is assuredly upon that little Irish school in the Via Vessia of the new Rome. Turning from the Baths of Diocletian into the little home of Irish zeal, one gets an Irish welcome, and wonders at the ways of Providence."

The Human Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."—Elihu Burritt.

PIMPLES.

These Troublesome, Disfiguring Blemishes can be Removed by the all Powerful Blood Purifying Burdock Blood Bitters.

The nasty little pimples that come on the face and other parts of the body are simply indications that the blood is out of order and requires purifying.

They are little irritating reminders to you that you need a course of treatment with Burdock Blood Bitters.

When B.B.B. makes your blood pure then the pimples will vanish and your skin become soft and clear.

Here is evidence worth considering:

Mrs. Morrice Ketch, Bristol, Carleton Co., N.B., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Burdock Blood Bitters to every one troubled with pimples. I was for years that I would break out with them at times on my face and back. I tried all sorts of remedies, including doctors' medicine, but everything failed to cure me.

"At last I heard of B.B.B. and thought I would try it.

"When I had finished taking two bottles I felt a great deal better, so kept on using it until I had taken in all six bottles. It has completely and permanently removed every pimple from my body and I never felt better in my life than I do at the present time.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned until April 25th next for the erection of a new Hall at Vernon River. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Parochial House, Vernon River, up to the 10th April, and after that date at the hardware store of R. B. Norton & Co., Charlottetown. Tenders are to be marked "Tender for New Hall" and addressed to the undersigned at Avondale P. O.

The Building Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any Tender.

JOHN A. O'KEEFE,
Sec'y. Building Committee.

Vernon River, March 30th, 1901.
Apl 3—3i. d ex 2 a w.

Baldwin Apples!

We have about 35 barrels of Ontario Baldwins left in stock. They are in first-class order, and a suitable size for retailing or for house use.

Valencia Oranges!

Just received—a lot of new Valencia Oranges, which we are still selling at the old price—15c per dozen.

CAPE COD CRANBERRIES!

We have several hundred quarts of cranberries still on hand.

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Spring will soon be here, and you may be making a change in your cooking stove. If so, and you want the best cooking and baking stove in existence buy

The Highland Range.

(MADE IN BOSTON.)

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New Patterns
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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.

NEW SERIES.

Calendar for April, 1901.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Full Moon, 3rd, 9h. 20m. evg.
Last Quarter, 11th, 11h. 57m. evg.
New Moon, 18th, 5h. 37m. evg.
First Quarter, 25th, 12h. 15m. m.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun Sets	High Water morn	High Water After'n
		h. m	h. m	h. m.	h. m.
1	Monday	5 38	6 26	10 04	22 10
2	Tuesday	36	29	10 38	22 54
3	Wednesday	34	31	11 08	23 31
4	Thursday	32	32	11 36	.. ..
5	Friday	30	33	0 06	12 04
6	Saturday	28	35	0 40	12 30
7	Sunday	26	36	1 16	12 52
8	Monday	25	37	1 54	13 14
9	Tuesday	23	39	2 37	13 41
10	Wednesday	21	40	3 26	14 19
11	Thursday	19	41	4 23	15 13
12	Friday	17	42	5 29	16 25
13	Saturday	15	44	6 45	17 59
14	Sunday	14	45	7 46	19 26
15	Monday	12	46	8 36	20 38
16	Tuesday	10	48	9 22	21 40
17	Wednesday	8	49	10 05	22 36
18	Thursday	7	50	10 46	23 29
19	Friday	5	52	11 23	.. ..
20	Saturday	3	53	0 19	11 55
21	Sunday	2	54	1 07	12 26
22	Monday	5 0	56	1 56	13 01
23	Tuesday	4 58	57	2 48	13 45
24	Wednesday	57	58	3 45	14 40
25	Thursday	55	6 59	4 48	15 53
26	Friday	54	7 0	5 55	17 17
27	Saturday	52	2	6 57	18 43
28	Sunday	51	4	7 54	20 04
29	Monday	49	5	8 41	21 03
30	Tuesday	4 48	7 6	9 19	21 50

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—AND—
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But we want to feel that we deserve it. That's why we give you the most and best for the least money.

This is a good Time to buy Parlor Suits. We have a fine assortment at from $24.00 for a solid walnut suit—up to $85.00—Quality as usual—right.

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Aug. 20, 1899—y

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