

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.

MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

"A lonely mourner kneels in prayer before the Virgin's face, With white hands clasped for Jesus sake—so her prayer may not be vain; Wan is her cheek, and very pale—her voice is low and faint, And tears are in her eyes the while she makes her humble plaint; O, little could you deem, from her sad and humble mien, That she was once the Bride of France, and still was Scotland's Queen.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE. (American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

PART II.

He comes at last, the dashing officer of the Imperial Guards, who is to pay down a fortune for the beaux yeux of Cousin Sacha. He comes, and a very clever cavalier he is. His guardsman's uniform never set off a finer figure. He is not old either. Bland, fair-skinned, Vassily looked little more than half his age. And Madame kept her word. She showed him the ghost.

whose praises she had heard pronounced, the very beau ideal of manhood. Blandine had her own beau ideal of a noble gentleman; but she contented herself with answering simply that she was too young to think of such a thing, that she had not the least wish to think of marrying.

"But you are poor; you are too delicate to work as you have worked during the past year." And this was a hint as to her fate, should she refuse the offer. Still she shook her head. "Better that," was still her answer.

When every effort to change her resolve had failed, it remained only to carry out their will in their own fashion. Vassily was ready to give her up at times. At others he was ready to double the sum agreed upon, or even to carry her off by force. There were good reasons for preferring the safer course, of honorable, open marriage; and Mile. Donzelli declared she had foreseen the whole affair, and he was to go back to Petersburg, as he was indeed forced to do, his furlough having expired.

"There shall be no more coaxing," she assured him, "and no more effort to persuade a wilful child to say 'yes' to what is best for her. Come and take her, when I give you the word that all is ready. I promise you a willing bride; but, willing or unwilling, she shall be yours."

"She will never yield, Appoline! I see her mother's spirit in her eyes." Mile. Donzelli smiled such a confident smile that Madame Karloff Vallinski felt rebuked at her own doubts. She was beginning to lose faith in the omnipotence of her companion. At present she sees little profit from the immense outlay. She certainly derives no personal gratification from witnessing the weakness of Colonel Vassily on the one hand, and the firmness of Blandine on the other. She does not at all relish the story of battle. She likes well enough to hear of the victory, and share the spoils; but Mile. Donzelli's promised victory tarries.

"All I can say is, that I wash my hands of the whole business, Appoline, from this hour."

"Just what I was about myself to propose. I am called to Moscow. I must see Sakharine. You will allow me to choose two maids to accompany me?"

"Four, if you like."

"Two will suffice. And you will look for notes, by the way, no reports, no wired information of any kind?"

"If I must not?"

"It will be better so. Where ignorance is bliss, follows the security of innocence. You can swear, with clear and quiet conscience, that you know nothing whatever of my whereabouts. After Sakharine's verdict, only, will she know herself, you may add with equal confidence. Hint at Saki. I am disposed to think his mud baths will be the mighty doctor's prescription, and I do hope to see the Crimea some day."

The last guest has departed. The Colonel went away three days ago. Blandine is falling into a daze, when she feels a light touch, soft as a caress, upon her cheek, and a low voice asks, close to her ear, "Are you awake, Sacha?"

"Yes, Sonia, I am awake." Not only broad awake, but in fear now. No good news could come to her at that hour or from that source, she instinctively feels. She tries to rise, but Sophie pushes her gently back upon the pillow.

"Sacha, why do you not wish to marry Vassily Danilow?" An oft-repeated question; the answer still

the same. "Because I do not love him, and I do not wish to marry." "Sacha, are you sure you do not love him? Will you swear, as before God, that you do not love him? Tell me this, as truly as you hope for a good death!" There was a tone in the speaker's voice Blandine had never heard before.

"I need not, and even do not know how to swear, dear Sonia; but you may believe my word, for truly as I do hope to join my dear parents one day in heaven, I do not love this gentleman, and would far rather die than consent to what they wish."

"There was no mistake in the caressing touch now. Sophie was bending over her. 'I have made your life very hard, Sacha; you must hate Karl off and your Cousin Sonia.'"

"I love you, Sonia. You must never think otherwise."

"Bad as I am, I did not come to disturb your rest for my own sake alone; though I did wish to hear from your own lips the very truth about this Sacha. I came also to warn you. In a few hours you will be aroused to go on a journey."

"O, Sonia! Sonia! What are you going to do with me?" Blandine's heart throbbed painfully. Dismal indeed seemed the gray dawn now breaking.

"It is that hateful, that despicable Donzelli!"

"I thought you were fond of her, Sonia?"

"And so I was, and trusted her, and gave her all my confidence, letting her see even my most secret thoughts. In spite of this, she is bent on forcing you to marry the man—' Sophie stopped short—then continued. 'But why should I be ashamed to tell you, Sacha, when I trusted one like her? Listen, then. Vassily has gone to his regiment. He will be on active service for a month. Donzelli will take you away; and when the month is ended, he will (she has given him the promise at least) find you ready and willing to give yourself to him. If not summoned suddenly to join his regiment, she would have carried out her will sooner."

"What shall I do, Sonia? Oh, if I could escape!"

"It would be impossible to escape from here. The peasants would betray you, or the wolves devour you. You must go with her. But from some halting place, some city on the way, it will be possible. If you could escape in Moscow, or Petersburg, you would be protected."

"How, Sonia; by whom?"

"Indeed, I do not quite know. The police, perhaps. Do you not know anyone in Petersburg or Moscow?"

"I know only the Blanks! but they have forgotten me by this time. Besides, they were in Berlin when I knew them."

"The Blanks!" cried Sophie. "Do you mean the Priy Courtellor? Why, everyone knows General Blank and Blank House on the Court Quay, near the Winter Palace! Oh, Sacha, if you could only escape in Petersburg; even if they have forgotten you, and they would protect you. Do try it!"

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Antony Dere set out for the Russian capital with little or no fear for the success of his undertaking. He was armed with all the legal power possible. He had the acquaintance and friendship of the Ambassador.

A short halt at the Church of St. Catherine, which is one of St. Petersburg's attractions, then on to the Embassy, where he presents his credentials, and receives a British welcome. While his papers are being overhauled he has a few minutes leisure to glance at the gilded spiral just across the Nova. It shines like pure gold above the Fortress-church and prison of St. Peter and Paul.

I did not take the Embassy people long to obtain the address of Mile. Karloff Vallinski. No one can be long lost in any Russian city, thanks to the passport and the 'Barreau des Adresses.' "Let us

attend to this business," says the Ambassador, but Antony thinks it better to avoid publicity, and to do the work himself, although he finds the Karloff Vallinski are passing the winter at their estate of Samara. To follow them to Samara was tedious work, and yet a work not to be done by deputy. Antony is heartily sick of the roads before he half way across European Russia. Beyond Moscow and Nijni, by less important towns, it seemed like crawling, after the English lightning express. But there is Karloff Dmain at last. The white walls of the great mansion are visible through openings in the forest.

A blonde equestrienne passes, spurring sharply her beautiful English mare. How well she rides! She enters Karloff gates and Antony sees her moving across the great hall as he mounts the steps. He guesses she must be the cousin Sophie, of whom there is so frequent mention in Gregory's letters. He would like to see and speak with her; but Russian hospitality was unfaithful to itself that day. No one welcomed, no one sped the parting guest. After a long delay Antony is received by a stately dame. She is very stout, bloated, but of imposing presence and manners. She receives her visitor without a spark of kindly interest; answers his questions as if he had dropped in from the next room to propose them, instead of travelling three thousand miles for a vital purpose.

BRITISH TROOP OIL LINIMENT FOR Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Eczema, Itch, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings. A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

Professional Men. It's the constant strain and worry under which the professional man labors, the irregularity of habits and loss of rest that makes him peculiarly susceptible to kidney troubles. First it's backache, then urinary difficulties, then—unless it's attended to—Bright's Disease and—death.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Scene, a garrison town; time, sunset. Old Lady Visitor (startled as the gun is fired at sunset)—Dear me! What's that?

Native—Oh, it's only the sunset! Old Lady—Why, does your sun set here with a bang like that? It goes down quietly enough at our place.

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.

"They tell me," remarked the man with the furrowed brow, "that you barbers are very proficient in the study of physiognomy."

"That's right," replied the barber. "We can generally size up a man by his mug."

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"Well," said the editor after a pause, "do you really think it's an error?"

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Tomdix—Did you ever cross the ocean? Hojax—Yes; once Tomdix—What were your feelings? Hojax—Oh, same as usual. I wanted the carth.

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

The last incident between Argentina and Chile has been settled. The protocol between the two countries, which was signed on Dec. 25th, remains unaltered. Both Argentina and Chile have made declarations which bring about a perfect mutual understanding. Chile has declared her intention of reorganising her navy. She will sell three of her present war vessels. These will be replaced by new ships.

PEOPLE RECOVERING

From Pneumonia, Typhoid or Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, La Grippe or any Serious Sickness

Require the Nerve Toning, 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. Barwick, 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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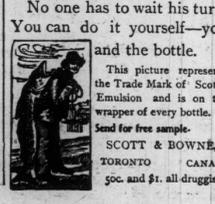
These poor bodies wear out from worry, from over-work, from disease. They get thin and weak. Some of the new ones are not well made—and all of the old ones are racked from long usage.

Scott's Emulsion fixes all kinds. It does the work both inside and out. It makes soft bones hard, thin blood red, weak lungs strong, hollow places full. Only the best materials are used in the patching and the patches don't show through the new glow of health.

No one has to wait his turn. You can do it yourself—you and the bottle.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle.

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