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Without regular action of the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

THE BEST DECEMBER NIGHT.

I had fed the fire and stirred it, till the sparkles in delight Snapped their saucy little fingers at the chill December night: And in dressing gown and slippers I had tilted back "my throne" The old split bottomed rocker—and was musing all alone. I could hear the hungry winter prowling round the outer door, And the tread of muffled footsteps on the white piazza floor; But the sounds came to me only as the murmur of a stream That mingled with the current of a lazy flowing dream.

Blantine of Betharram.

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

PART II.

It is hard to think that only sixty versts away there is a church, and a priest, and yet have to wait years and years for the Barquet of God's Altar. For that priest, who can doubt but he would risk Siberia to carry joy to one heart? But he has no right to involve others in his own risk. So Blantine waits, and honest Gregory waits till a passing missionary can bring them the Bread of God. Charles Barde is greatly changed since the boy was taken away. He keeps Gregory occupied reading to him words of peace that had not seen the light for long years. He is coming back to the faith of his race, the creed of his forefathers. He is trying his best to be brave, and Gregory, who is working out for himself as apprenticeship that is to earn for him the title of "Brother" in a community he loves in the Holy Land, has become invaluable to him in this respect. They have exchanged confidences on more than one subject. Gregory knows that this will be the last time as star will rise in the little sitting-room where Barde died. He prays that three may kneel before it on this occasion, and his prayer is heard. "Uncle John" and the good missionary have only had time to come and go when Madame and her guest arrive. Blantine needed the God given strength she had just received to welcome the guest, who looks down upon her as haughtily as of old, as she coldly offers her hand.

"I need not introduce you," said Madame. And she was right. Blantine needed no introduction to Mlle. Donzelli.

Time had made little, if any change in this supercilious lady. Mlle. Donzelli soon took the reins of government here, as she had taken them in Paris. Here too, "she took all the cream," to quote Daria's words, and left nothing for the retainers of the place. Karloff became a little despotism; he autocrat, who ruled it, ruled without scruple or remorse. Madame Karloff Vallinski suffered no appeal to reach her ears. She abdicated, and the succession was legally in the hands of the person of her choice.

Perhaps the mistress of Karloff had ceded her rights only to put the work she planned into unscrupulous hands. Her other she had no definite plan in view for Blantine's future. Nothing but vague intentions to satisfy a deep-seated sense of the slight put upon her by a high-spirited, pure-minded girl.

Mlle. Donzelli saw in Blantine the cause of some trifling vexations under the roof of the Princess Vallinski.

So the two women, agreeing in their bitter inclination to magnify slight offences, made out a clear case for themselves in planning for the young girl whatever future they chose. That they should have tried his moulding her easily and quickly to their will, they never once imagined. It would be passing strange indeed, if the poor dependent should assert herself. So

far she had shown entire obedience to every command or whim. In the matter of dress, in the choice and time of occupations, or amusements, she was ready to follow the lead of Sophie, or the rules of her teachers. But she must call a halt now. Her complacency in paying the way for resistance, though to resist means to take formidable enemies. There is talk of Sophie's being now well enough to perform the rigorous work of fasting and prayer necessary for receiving the Sacrament. She has not been well enough to do this since Blantine came to Karloff.

But there was a little current of Anglicanism in high favor among the nobility at that particular epoch. The Island Apostle of the Ideal was then a popular guest in great houses.

(1) The preacher of the new Protestantism, Anglicanism if you like, favored many of Madame Karloff Vallinski's friends with charming caustic conversations. He was a real nobleman, titled, rich, very distinguished. If he made few converts, he made many tapers from the strict discipline of the Russian-Greek observance. But he hid his day, his brilliant day, and the world that knew him then knows him no longer. So there is a communion-table laid out for Sophie and another for Blantine of Betharram. Sophie must soon begin her work of fasting. Blantine may fast or not as she chooses, but she "must make her devotion" at the same time. The hour has come for her to declare herself a Russian subject and to prove the declaration by a public, avowed act, "the reception of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, according to the schismatic rite."

She willingly accompanied Sophie to church each day. It was very hard for Sophie to abstain, almost impossible to fast, but with help and encouragement and the example of her companion, she had now reached the last hour of trial. She was very well satisfied with herself, and consequently in good humor, helping her cousin to paint the Easter eggs and prepare the Easter gifts.

Mlle. Donzelli came upon the two girls as they were thus pleasantly employed. "You may go and rest now, in an hour prepare to dress for midnight Mass."

"May I finish these, Madame?" Blantine pointed to a few eggs, partially decorated, "I am not tired, and will be ready when called for."

"Do as you are told" was the laconic reply; and Blantine withdrew in silence.

Her toilette completed, she took up a book, and was quietly reading when the noise of carriage wheels announced the departure of the family group. She had not been called. She felt a little rash of blood mounting to her cheeks, a sting of pain that she strove to pray down, or out of her heart.

"We are ready!" Blantine looked up from the pages, over which she had been trying to hide her emotion. Luba and Liz were standing, one with her pelisse, the other with her walking boots. Words would have been useless. The walk to the church cooled her heated brow. It gave her time to think and to resolve. There was a great crowd already gathered before the doors, while the benches beneath its windows were piled high with Easter oiled waiting to be carried in and blessed for the Easter banquet.

They walked so close to her, one on either hand, that she could not make a step to right or left. All she could do was to proceed straight forward, between them. Thus they led her into the church, and stationed themselves with a group to the left of the entrance. This group grew more compact each instant. Soon it was hardly possible to bear the pressure. Quick as a flash she comprehended her position, and the object for which she had been led there. She was one of the blessed herd of penitents, the workers, the sick, the absentees from the villages, who could reach the confessor only at the very last moment. Already necks were stretched to herald his approach. There was a little movement, he was coming. At that instant—

(1) Luba Radstock.

stant a tall form pushed Liza to one side, pushed the barrier and stood for an instant as if seeking someone in the sanctuary. This was Blantine's opportunity, she slipped past the new comer, at whom she did not look, slipped outside the barrier under the shelter of the tall form. The priest must come now! he had come, but Blantine was already among the congregation in the body of the church.

It was the work of a few minutes to confess to be absolved. Luba and Liz were once more beside their charge. That the public declaration of faith she had been almost tripped into making, would have been binding upon her before an ecclesiastical court, she fully understood. The Easter bells ring out at last, the chimes sound fall of Easter joy. Glad faces are lifted, glad voices, exchange the joyful salutations, Christmas vespers, Christ has arisen, and exchange, at the same time, the three kisses and the response, "He has indeed arisen." Luba and Liz exchanged greetings with their neighbors, then with their charge whom they lead home between them.

Luba by little the house settled down to the usual routine of life. There arose occasion for some slight mourning which the mistress resented. It necessitated relinquishing the unusual honors she had long promised herself, the meeting of the Hunt at Karloff. She had enjoyed a triumph in anticipation of this noble event. The whole place had been renovated at a little cost. There had been unpeaking of old silver and china, a bringing forth of the richest damask table linen, preparations for entertaining certain distinguished guests from afar, the chiefs of the Hunt Club. The widow was not taking much thought of them. She left even that responsibility to her companion, and gave her attention to the mourning that had to be ordered. Only a half niece, but there were interests involved, and ties other than blood relationship, that imposed mourning upon the Karloff family. "Poor Vera! it is a happy release for her; and, as to Vassily, he will be easily consoled," was the conclusion of Madame's remarks to Mlle. Donzelli. "We shall have him here after the funeral; you will be delighted with him, Appoline. Everyone is delighted with him!"

"Everyone," was saying too much. Everyone was not delighted with Vassily Danilow. Poor Vera Goerki had been a good wife, passionately, blindly devoted to the renegade bought with her father's influence and money. She had let him do as he liked with a great part of her immense wealth. He had lavished it, and thanks to that, he held a certain rank in military circles. Thanks to his good looks and dashing manners he was welcomed and flattered in society. A son and daughter consoled Vera for his long absences, his frequent falls into fits of mad folly, gambling and drunkenness. She died, leaving an estate tied up for her children. The remainder, which amounted to a handsome fortune, she left, together with his freedom, to her husband. He had what he cared most for, his freedom and money. He had never forgotten his first love, how could he? She was like a star, high up, inaccessible, forever shining down from high heaven, to remind him of his want of faith. It was the memory of her that stung him to take desperate means to forget the past. He had truly loved. He would, he thought, have died rather than to give up his first love. But the slow torture that followed his treason to the State, the cold, the hunger, the thirst, the chains that weighed upon his limbs in the dungeon of the grim fortress, robbed him of his courage. Then Siberia in prospect on the one hand, and on the other freedom and love and wealth made him doubly a traitor. He could not have been truly brave. Else he would have borne the worst they could inflict upon him. He would have gone into exile or died on the way. He fell morally, but he did not glory in his fall, or the freedom it purchased for him. Though all the wit of a brilliant woman was taxed to beguile him into forgetfulness, he could not forget. He felt his manhood wrecked. The good seed Susha Vallinski had discovered in him, seed which a nature like hers could have cultivated into something beautiful, fruitful, and nobly enduring, had totally perished. Not a green leaf grew on the stem. Not one! He was as wax in the hands of the usurper, and will be wax in the hands of Mlle. Donzelli when he comes to pass the first months of his freedom at Karloff.

Margaret Dacre is happy not to see what is passing at Karloff during these long spring days, during the summer heats, and the first dull months of autumn. She would have seen Blantine, patient and gentle, indeed, but no longer treated as a child of the house. This change was almost imperceptibly worked out. First, indifference; then, neglect. When Madame went away to Tambon to settle the affairs of her late relative Sophie went on a visit to one of her cousins in Moscow. Fraulein Muller accompanied her. There was a suspension of lessons during their absence, and Blantine was free to study, to read, to work at her painting or embroidery, just as she liked. She

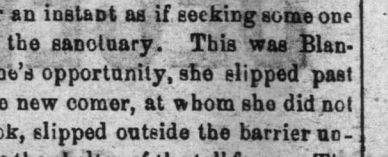
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Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, which the doctor pronounced Bronchitis and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and after using three bottles I was entirely cured."

Take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring. "I'll work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

profited by this freedom. To study was her natural inclination, and music was her dearest pleasure. For some weeks she gave several hours each day to her piano-practice. She felt her loneliness keenly. Although Mlle. Goose was in the house, she was there no longer as governess. She was only waiting for her money, to take her departure. Madame had gone away, leaving a debt of some thousand roubles to be paid her. She was free to depart, and promise was given that the sum would be promptly forwarded. She doubted this, and signified a willingness to wait. "She preferred to wait," she said. So she waited, in ill-humor, mostly in seclusion. Nevertheless, she daily presented herself for a walk or drive with Blantine.

(To be continued.)

The Christmas Dinner.

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, it may not be far from many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for any to do that let us hope so for the sake of the cook! The disease dyspepsia indicates a bad stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures dyspepsia, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

Some sermons certainly are long. But most of those we deem so are really not so long at all. It's merely that they seem so.

Richards' Headache Cure

He—Oh, by the way, the doctor advises me to eat a water cracker before going to bed; said it would prevent my insomnia. Are there any in the house? She—The only thing in the house approaching a water cracker is the ice-pick.

Richard's Headache Cure

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

Richard's Headache Cure

Higgins (with his youngest in his arms)—They do say the little fellow looks like me.

Richard's Headache Cure

Wiggins—Oh, well, I wouldn't mind what people say. The best way is not to notice 'em.

Richard's Headache Cure

It is human nature to desire to be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals.

Richard's Headache Cure

Our Saskatchewan Buffalo Coats are the best to keep you warm when driving. See them—J. B. McDonald & Co.

Richard's Headache Cure

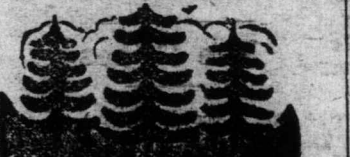
Richard's Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

White Watery Pimples.

Five years ago my body broke out in white watery pimples, which grew so bad that the suffering was almost unbearable. I took doctors' medicine and various remedies for two years but they were of little benefit, whenever I got warmed up or sweat the pimples would come out again.

A neighbor advised Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am glad I followed his advice, for four bottles completely cured me.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Do you find people generally pretty civil?" asked a life-insurance agent of a bill collector.

"Oh, yes indeed," answered the latter. "They nearly always ask me to call again."

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.

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.

Papa—See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. It is not wonderful? Do you reflect, try as he may, no man could spin that web? Johnny—What of it? See me spin this top. Do you reflect that, try as he may no spider could spin this top?

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

"John has five oranges, James gave him seven, and he gives Peter seven; how many has he left?" Before this problem the class recoiled.

"Please sir," said a young lad,

"we always does our sums in apples." Used internally Hagyard's Yellow Oil cures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Group, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

Of the 38 sultans who have ruled the Ottoman empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, 34 have died violent deaths.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder

contains 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.

The man who wants to prove everything he says

advertises the fact that his word isn't to be credited. 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. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

Richard's Headache Cure

contains no opiate.

Tailors' Bad Backs.

The cramped up position in which a tailor works comes hard on his kidneys and back. Very few escape backache, pain in the side and urinary troubles of one kind and another.

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The Stove Men, Ch'town.

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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

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