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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.

A PILGRIMAGE.

BY ALOYSIUS COLL.

I journeyed into Nazareth to day, And saw the Christ Child by His mother's knee; I watched Him gambol humbly at play, Unmindful of the sad days yet to be.

I came unto the Temple. Lo! the door Stood open, and within, the Child Divine

I heard, disputing with the doctors, more Learned than they in prophecy and sign!

I travelled out into the desert waste. Again I meet the Christ, His human face

Faint with the Godly purpose—not to taste The honey and the locusts in the place.

Into the Holy City journeyed I, And in the panic of His triumph then

I lost myself, while rang the worship-cry, "Hosanna" and the shouted praise of men.

I wandered late into a garden lone, Where darkness settled down, and said to me:

"Yonder He drinks His chalice, by the stone, Deep in the shadow of Gethsemane."

And then I stood on crowded Calvary, And wept a space beside the lifted Cross;

For some wild grief was given unto me, To join the few who knew the bitter loss.

Think you some miracle was mine to day, That I went down the sorrowing way of Christ?

Ah, yes! I went into a church to pray, And knelt before the Holy Eucharist!

Blandine of Betharrain.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

PART II.

"It is for you, Madame; it will explain itself. With your permission I will go to rest, only asking your ladyship," Nau's voice fell to a whisper, "to forgive those who deprived you so long of what you will find here." She placed the key of the box in Margaret's hand. Antony opened the box, his own heart full of misgivings. Uppermost lay a letter directed to Margaret, in her maiden name, at the Franciscan convent. Her husband opened it and placed it in her hands. She glanced at the first lines, at the signature—"My dear cousin, Margaret,"—"Your loving cousin, Rick Danroby."

"My dear cousin Rick," repeated Margaret. "Then it has nothing to do with Blandine after all. Read it, Antony." Antony made her place herself comfortably on a couch; after arranging the cushions he drew a chair close beside her and unfolded the letter once more. "Read it to yourself, first, dear; my head throbs hard once more." Antony read and reread every word. There was a new light in his eyes, new joy welling up in his heart. Margaret, who had been lying still, with closed eyes, glanced up after a time; she caught his glad look and sprang up. "Then it is of our child! She is well, O my dear cousin!"

"It is indeed of her, dearest, and let us hope and trust in God that she is well. But, well or otherwise, she is yours, all your own."

"What do you mean, Antony?"

"Blandine is the child of your cousin. You were her god-mother by proxy. She is left to your sole care by her father's will and her mother's consent. Our mother will be proud indeed, to have discovered the likeness that is now accounted for."

There was the certificate of birth and baptism—Mary Alexandra Patricia Blandine Danroby, which proved that the young mother had not called her baby by the name of St. Blandine without warrant.

"She will be sixteen in June. Oh, if we could only have her here to keep that feast, that month of joy!"

Antony looked into his wife's eyes. He read her wishes. "Would you consent?" he asked with a meaning smile?

"To what, Antony?"

"To let me carry out what you are thinking of at this moment?"

"You would take me with you?"

"And the babies?"

Happy and busy were the ensuing days. "Papa is going for our sister! Aunt Anna is going with papa to bring home our sister!" Nau

Clough's head is fairly giddy with joy to hear herself thus called by little Antony and his sweet sister. It was with right glad heart and good will that Nau responded to Margaret's suggestion, that some good woman should accompany her husband, to take charge of her child. She promptly offered her services and was as promptly accepted for the post of chaperone. A week before Antony could be free from his parliamentary duties Nau started for Paris, to complete her own preparations there, to see Daria and tell her the rare good tidings.

"Well, well!" cried Daria. "And to think that they have the right after all, those good loving people, to claim the little one! Oh, if they had only known it from the beginning!"

"Had they known it from the beginning," said Nau, "would grace have found a way to save my brother and myself? Al is for the best. But, Daria, you look preoccupied."

Nau was coolly installed in Daria's private room, in a comfortable chair beside a great table.

"Come now, Nau, there are things to speak of that I could not write, being too ignorant. How comes it that you are not asking about the heir or the division of the property? Are you not interested in it?"

"Indeed I am; and chiefly for your sake, Daria; I hope there will be no change here."

"That I would not heed so much if I could go to my people, though they despise me for not taking my freedom like the others. But in the division this house had to be sold. It was bought by a French gentleman, who was to come and live in it. But now I hear it has been sold again by him, and the present owner is a stranger to me. He writes that he will be here in six months from now, and asks me to keep all as it is till he comes."

"Why was the settlement so long delayed?"

"For the coming of age of one of the family, the brother of the heir. Till then there could be no division. Oh, how my Barina would have rejoiced to see that heir of hers! A fine, handsome young officer he is, of the Preobrajensky Polk (regiment). You do not want to hear about him, Ania?"

"Oh, yes, Daria. Was he good to you?"

"So good," said Daria, "that when I showed him the paper my mistress wrote, the night you and she were talking together, the night before the blessing left the house, he declared that every item in it should be fulfilled."

"How noble he must be!" said Nau.

"Do you not wish to hear more?"

"Yes, Daria. Did he provide well for you?"

Daria was provoked. "How slow you are, Ania Ivanovna! Have you forgotten what was in that paper?"

"What was in it, Daria?"

"Have you lost your mind? Why, the reward and the redemption of your mother's house?"

"That was not written, Daria. Nothing of that, not one word of all that was written. It was only spoken of."

"It was both," cried Daria in an excited voice, "both, I tell you. She spoke of it, and she did more, she wrote it. When you went to bed she made me bring her pen and paper and sign what she wrote. And she put her own seal ring upon the blazing red wax. Still there was no lawful witness, for my name being in it, I had no right to sign it. But the young lord, he just read it!"

Blandine was indeed glad to return to her clean bed, to pure air, to outdoor exercise, glad to resume her studies, her music and drawing. But her eagerness for these pleasant occupations was subdued, when, as the days succeeded each other, she saw no sign of Gregory and heard no mention of Mr. Bards. Were they absent still from Karloff? With intense longing she listened for a word that might bring her the hope of hearing from those she loved, were they suffering on her account? Did they know that she had been in bondage; or are they, like herself, in ignorance of all that has been taking place? Blandine cannot answer any of these questions. She has developed physically and mentally in the course of the past year. Always thoughtful and serious beyond her years, she now wears the air of a young religious, never outside the convent walls. Her brow is as white as marble, and as pure; her eyes are full of deep thought, with a clearness in their depths such as is seen in the eyes of very young children.

Sophie has developed too, but into something of a hoiden. Under masters, she has learned a great deal of the ways of society and etiquette, polite manners and literature. She does not put the new knowledge into use daily. She hides it away for society, and is wilful and rom-

over, and after thinking awhile, he looked at me glad like, and he says, 'I am glad, Daria, that I now know a way of doing something that would have pleased my aunt, that will please her, I hope, in the Better Land. On my word of honor all that is here set down shall be faithfully fulfilled as soon I touch my part of the inheritance.'

"If it be God's will, Daria, that will be a great blessing for all mine; to rear those two, little Joe and Nanette, to free and stock the farm. But I dare not set my heart upon it."

"Come here on your way back, Ania."

"Oh, if you could only bring that angel here again to gladden the heart of Daria, I could die in peace! And, Ania, do not spare the cost. Take every rouble I have. Only bring her back!"

"If money can bring her back, the Daeres will not spare it. And they are rich enough to ransom half of France, I think."

"Are they so rich? Then there is little hope that Daria will ever have the joy of seeing her here. You will wonder at me, Ania, and think me very stupid, but that child got into my heart somehow, and I am craving a sight of her still."

"She got into every one's heart, Daria, even into mine, that was so choked with care for this world."

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 30 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont.:

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time."

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations."

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or \$ for \$1.25, at all druggists.

And inclined to make bold speeches sotto voce, to attract attention to her newly acquired cleverness. She begins to rule, to give orders, where she was wont to tease, and worry, and torment. She sometimes defies, and stamps her feet, even in the presence of her "aunt," who has begun to take notice of her, to call her "mon enfant," and who tries to reason with her instead of pushing, as formerly. The fact is Tatianna has betrayed to her the secret that was to be kept so scrupulously from the emperor. She knows she is a daughter of Karloff, a Vallinski, in some degree, and it makes her audacious and self-confident. It had been hateful to her always to feel that she was only the niece of an ex-tutor, or simply S phile Orlovna Bards; but now she can afford to patronize the disinherited Vallinski, the girl with low tastes, in spite of her beauty and cleverness and learning. Sophie knows another secret too. She knows the cavalier, who is to come, will give the means to travel, to winter in France, or the capital, to do a thousand things they cannot do now, and which she madly longs for. The passion for gayety, and amusement, and society, has got into Sophie's blood, and no one tries to stem the inclination. On the contrary, it makes her more attractive to her mother and Mlle. Dorezelli. These have only one regret, the fact that Vassilly Danilow had not shown any inclination to woo her for his second wife.

(To be continued.)

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence known in many different ways—sometimes by cheery sunshine and glittering snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twists harder, twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more annoying, and the many symptoms of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments. The medicine that cures them—Hood's Sarsaparilla—is easily obtained and there is abundant proof that its cures are radical and permanent.

"Your daughter," said the principal of a fashionable seminary, "stands well in her studies, but she lacks the—savor vivre which our other girls have."

"Well," said Mrs. Nurich, "but her one and charge it up in your bill."

"Would you rather have something else than a piece of cake?" asked the kind neighbor of little Freddie who had run an errand for her.

"Yes, ma'am," said Freddie, promptly; "I would rather have two pieces."

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe.

Friend (after dinner).—Your wife is certainly a brilliantly handsome woman. I should think you would be jealous of her.

His Host (confidentially).—To tell you the truth, Seymour, I am. I never invite anybody here that a sane woman could possibly take the least fancy to.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

13 Running Sores.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., gives the following experience with Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months; finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B. When one-half the bottle was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."

B.B.B. FOR THE BLOOD

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A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

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