

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.

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 hu-
man 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-
ers,
"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 Gethse-
mane."

And then I stood on crowded Cal-
vary,
And kept 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 Eu-
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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 Nan 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 ac-
cepted for the post of chaperone. A
week before Antony could be free
from his parliamentary duties Nan
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 begin-
ning!"

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

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

"Come now, Nan, 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 gentle-
man, 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 re-
joiced to see that heir of hers! A
fine, handsome young officer he is,
of the Preobrajensky Polk (regi-
ment). You do not want to hear
about him, Daria?"

"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 ful-
filled."

"How noble he must be!" said
Nan.

"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
exalted 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 pa-
per 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 be-
ing in it, I had no right to sign it.
But the young lord, he just read it
and—"

"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 Pa-
tricia Blandine Dunroby, 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 Ania is going with papa
to bring home our sister!" Nan

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 faith-
fully 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 Nan-
nette, 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. Tak-
e every ruble 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."

"The days of persecution at Karloff
came to an end. The great house
was thrown open. One evening
Blandine was conducted to her own
room and to her pretty curtained
bed. Sophie was expected. The
mistress was preparing to return,
and there was once more animation
and life. The year of mourning
had ended. The days of grand festi-
vities and entertainments were
about to be inaugurated at last."

The year of mourning had ended
for the widower too, the year that
had to elapse before Vassily Danilow
could touch his inheritance. He was
it now, and is coming to Karloff with
the mistress, who has so generously
given him time, and aid, and wise
counsel. Thanks to the mistress of
Karloff, his children are in crown
schools till their majority. There is
a great surprise awaiting him at
Karloff. He has never heard of
a child of his lost love, and Bland-
ine's presence there is a secret from
him still. Madame has probed his
heart on the subject of his first love.
She found, under the uniform of the
dashing cavalier, under the rakish,
wine and license air, a heart sensitive
to the slightest reference to his
first love. She had seen Vassily
Danilow under many and various
circumstances, seen him at his best,
and at his worst; but he could al-
ways be brought to a dead halt by
the mere mention of the name of
Sacha Vallinski. And Madame had
made another discovery, one that
had escaped even the jealous eye of
his wife. This was a miniature of
his dead love, hidden away in his
bachelor effects. She had caught
him looking at it, and his expression
at that moment gave her an idea
that ripened speedily. "What,"
she asked herself, "would be not
now give to find her alive and well
and free?" That could not be,
Sacha is in her grave! But there,
in her power, is her living image,
young, beautiful and pure hearted as
Sacha on the day they parted; she
to go and seek wealth and fame in
the world's capital, he to turn trea-
surer.

"I will show him a ghost," was
Madame's conclusion; and she saw,
in anticipation, his start of surprise.
Madame's conditions were fixed in
her own mind. She knew the value
of what she had to offer. Brier of
this kind was too common a thing
to make her recoil an instant from
her project. Many a bride, noble,
high spirited, beautiful, had she seen
won or lost at cards or on the race-
course. It cost her no pang to fix
the price she would demand for the
child of her enemy. It would have
cost her almost as little thought to
barter off her own.

Blandine was indeed glad to re-
turn 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. Barde. 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 tak-
ing place? Blandine cannot answer
any of these questions. She has
developed physically and mentally
in the course of the past year. Al-
ways 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 chil-
dren.

Sophie has developed too, but into
something of a hoiden. Under
master's, 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-

antic, and inclined to make bold
speeches sotto voce, to attract at-
tention to her newly acquired clever-
ness. She begins to rule, to give
orders, where she was wont to tease,
and worry, and torment. She some-
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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
Tatiana has betrayed to her the
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Orlovna Barde; but now she can
afford to patronize the disinherited
Vallinski, the girl with low tastes,
in spite of her beauty and cleverness
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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 at-
tractive to her mother and Mlle.
Dorze. These have only one re-
gret, the fact that Vassily 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 de-
veloped 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 obtain-
ed 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, buy
her one and charge it up in your
bill."

"Would you rather have some-
thing 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 Westcott, Freeport,
N.S., gives the following experience
with Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I was very much run down in
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sores with fearful burning. I had
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All the medicine I took did me no
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B.B.B. When one-half the bottle
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greatly improved."

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work while you sleep without
a gripe or pain, curing bilious-
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you feel better in the morning.
Price 25c. at all druggists.

A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her
Daughter, who was Troubled
with Weak Heart Action
and run Down System
was Restored to
Health.

Every mother who has a daughter droop-
ing 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, 39 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
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pushing, as formerly. The fact is
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