

CENTURIES AGO.

BY FATHER RYAN.

[REPRINTED.]

'Twas night, a calm and silent night. Seven hundred years and fifty-three had Rome been growing up to might...

'Twas night, a calm and silent night. The clash of arms was heard no more. Mild peace held undisputed sway.

'Twas night, a calm and silent night. The conquered world in bondage lay beneath the rod of Roman might.

And tributes rich and tributes rare in ceaseless streams were flowing there.

And royal vassals came to pay their homage low to Caesar's sway. He sat upon his lofty throne.

That ruled the seas and ruled the land, And nations, with one loud acclaim, proclaimed his high immortal name.

'Twas night, a calm and silent night. The princely halls of Rome were gay. With glare of gold and streaming light.

With festive sound and grand display. And all was revelry and mirth for Romans high, of honored birth.

And there were slaves from every land, From Asia's soil, from Africa's sand, who, torn from country, hearth and home,

stood there to serve the lords of Rome, Centuries ago.

'Twas night, a calm and silent night, Triumphant Rome, in outline grand, stood towering on her dizzy height.

Her boasted name, the immortal one, 'twas written on her temple high.

Whose domes rose proudly to the sky. And every arch that spanned the way, mute emblem of victorious sway.

Had raised to grace a hero's name, seemed destined by great Rome to be— Her pledge of immortality, Centuries ago.

'Twas night, that selfsame silent night, Far, far away from Caesar's home, was born the rival of his might.

His throne was not of gems and gold. Within a crib of straw he lies, who rules the Earth and lords the Skies.

He had no crown to show his claim, To noble birth, to royal name; But there he lay, to all unknown.

An infant babe—the Promised One—The Prince of Peace—God's only son— Centuries ago.

'Tis night, a calm and silent night. And where is Caesar? where his crown? And where is Rome? And where her might?

Her glory, riches, and renown? And where are now her marble halls, Her arches proud, her temple walls?

Where are her slaves, her conquests wide? Where are her monuments of pride? "Immortal" was her boasted name.

Unrivaled was her lofty fame. Where now is that "immortal" Rome, The Queen of Earth, great Caesar's home?

The Rome of Caesar stands no more. Her star has set. Her power was o'er— Centuries ago.

'Tis night, a calm and silent night, And Caesar's rival reigns alone, With greater glory, wider might, Than decked his own proud pagan throne.

He has a crown and sceptre now; Before him nations humbly bow. He reigns. His name is Prince of Peace.

His sway of love shall never cease, Till all the nations, as a gem, Form one, peerless diadem, To crown the Babe of Bethlehem, Upon his throne of love.

Found At Last.

A Liver Pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and so roughly, that does not gripe. Laxa-Liver Pills possesses these qualities, and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick Headache, etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

PART II.

Quiet days and weeks monotonously passed. Mile, Gorse was still waiting for her money. Blandine was still faithful to her studies, when, on descending to the music room one morning, she found the piano locked and the key removed.

Then the drawing materials, the easel Blandine used, the picture she was at work upon, were removed and locked away. Last of all, her embroidery frame was carried to the general work room, and a message sent her that her work basket was to be kept there in future.

But it did come about that she was to see that appearance an ordinary worker in that hive of industry. Day after day she went to the young, neat, oval, or linen, or embroidery work, handed or thrown to her carelessly, and soon there was no question of piano or drawing, or daily drive.

From the Karloff-Dorszelli correspondence of that time we read: "—little S. (meaning Blandine), has found her level, as all things meet, in this merry world. She is happy and evidently fulfilling her useful destiny with my swarm of ants. As you would not wish her to keep on with her music while Sonia has no time for hers, Liza carries the key of the instrument. So with the fine arts, etc., there is no use for them in the absence of Sonia. Gorse has taken flight at last. Finding the apartment closed between S. and herself, and her services no longer needed as chaperone for walks and drives (S. spends all her time with the swarm, and likes it), she went off in a fit of some kind. A great relief, you will say; at the same time, pray put something down to my credit in the matter. It has been a case of Gorse versus Dorszelli since your departure. The end will more than justify the means, will it not?"

"What a clever creature that is, cried Madame Karloff-Vallinski when satisfied by the epistle that her will was being handsomely done with regard to the unruly little orphan. "She will finish by finding a husband for her, and I shall have to only give my blessing and ready consent to the nuptials. Of one thing I may not be certain, she will never think of claiming any interest in the Vallinski property. She has found her level!"

The "level" that Blandine had found was not so low as these ladies had fancied. Indeed it was high enough to be quite above and beyond their comprehension. It mounted to the very gates of heaven, to the footstool of the throne of God. "If you are good, you will be God's slave," says the young girl to herself, when her cup is so bitter that she can hardly put it to her lips. And now Blandine takes her recreation as do the others. Her cover is at their table, and her bed in the long dormitory with them.

"Choose your own place," the directress had said to her, when she first stood, hesitating and uncertain, by the long table around which were already ranged the 'ants,' as Mile Dorszelli playfully called her workers. There were only two vacant places, a wide space purposely left open on either side of one of their lumber. That little unfortunate was a parish amongst them, although the most skilful worker, and the first of the village girls in whom Blandine had taken an interest. A bright-looking young girl she was, but her life was kept her apart from all. She was epileptic, and the irritable superstition that outlawed such a poor little Z's life bitter indeed.

"I will sit here," said Blandine, placing her chair quite close to that of Z's. "May I sit beside you?" she asked, looking kindly into the flushed face of the poor girl, who hardly knew how to control her emotion.

"We can make room here, Miss if you like," said a chorus of voices. Then there was a general move of chairs and several openings were made in great haste.

"Z's has no objection to being crowded a little; and I am very comfortable here." Blandine sat down herself, and dinner proceeded in unusual silence for some time. One seated at the further end of the board, her eyes fixed earnestly on Blandine and her neighbor, now made a sudden spring from her chair. But before she could carry out her intention Blandine had caught the sinking Z's in her arms, and with some help succeeded in placing her on the floor. "It is my fault," said Blandine, "and it is for me to take care of her. Please go on with your dinner and leave her to me." The offer was readily accepted, and although neither Z's nor Blandine took of the meal that day, they each found that nothing so sweetens the bitterness of suffering as sympathy.

And where is honest Nan Clough and what has she been doing all these years? Let us see. It is a month and more since the death of the princess.

"Well, all is settled, Daria. I must say good-bye, and God be with you," Nan is saying in rather doleful accents.

"Must it be so? Well, remember your promise to write, and always let me know where you are, and what you are doing, Ania Ivanovna."

"That will not be easy, Daria; for I must seek my brother, first of all, and I must work my way to do that, perhaps, in far distant places. But I am strong, I love work, and I wish to put into practice the advice of the man now in heaven, the holy old man, who befriended Rand and me so often."

"What a wonderful thing that you should have seen that funeral! It sounds like a 'kaka-kaka' (romance or fairy tale.)

"Yes, it was strange indeed; but part of God's plan, may be, to draw me to a better way. Till now I have thought only of this world, of the house we lost, and the money we hoped to get. In fact, Daria, I was just craving and planning for comfort in this world. But now I see that even if I had them, they could do me no real good. O Daria, if you only heard the preacher's words above that coffin. I knew him, the old Cracquefort; but when I heard the preacher go over all his deeds, and compare him with some 'poor man of God,' who loved his rage, I just felt the truth of every word, and the shame and hollowness of this world."

"And they carried him into that beautiful church?"

"Yes, he had crawled to the gates. He wanted to die in sight of the place, it seems; for he had lived in it when younger. O, perhaps he meant to go back to his poor room, no one knows. The porter found him in a dead faint underneath the wicket gate. He called the police to remove him. There was a great crowd around, and the litter could hardly be carried through. There was a carriage blocked by the throng, and when the person in the carriage saw what they were carrying he stopped them. 'A priest,' says the prelate, for it seems he was a dignitary of some kind, a bishop they said, 'and is he dead?' To make sure he went up and looked at the form on the litter. 'Follow me!' and at his word the porter threw them wide and could not close them, and the crowd surged in, and I heard a woman say, 'An old priest dropped dead.'"

Nan choked and coughed and Daria's tears fell like rain for sympathy. "I pushed through them all, and saw the prelate or bishop, holding the old man's hand, and walking on, holding the good old hand, and bending over him. And although they thought him dead, he opened his eyes when they laid him inside the door, and he looked up into the bishop's face and smiled. And the bishop spoke to him, and blessed him, and the old man just closed his eyes, smiling still, while the bishop was telling him where he was. He died so, and I went to hear the words the bishop spoke at his funeral next day. They are like a command to me. I will try to do as he wanted me to do, and treasure up the place he has gone to."

"Do," said Daria. "Do, Ania Ivanovna; for he was one of God's own, and our little angel that went away from here was one of His. With her a blessing came and went."

"The Ladies Home Journal says a man should intrust his entire income to his wife. The time has arrived for some enterprising person to start a Gentleman's Home Journal."

"Will you get wings when you go to Heaven?" asked little Elsie of her father, who is baldheaded.

"Yes, dear," he replied.

"And will they put feathers on your head, too, papa?" she persisted.

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

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STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, hoarseness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all cases arising from weak heart, worn-out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

I am myself trying to do what I never could think of doing before the innocent one came to us. You will try to get to her, to send poor lone-some Daria news of her?"

"I will do what I can, Daria; but first my mother's charge. Rand is the best agent for Sister Superior."

Noella will help me about that. I will go back to the spot where they parted. If his enemy is still in prison, Rand is sure not to be far off."

And Nan is once more in the Pyrenees. Sister Noella has taken to heart all that concerns the lonely creature. She keeps her near her while seeking far and near for news of Rand.

(To be continued.)

The Christmas Dinner.

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, it will not be far for 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.

She—Do you really believe college education amounts to much? He—I wish you could see the bills.

Old Boarder.—What's for breakfast? Hope not ham and eggs again. Waitress.—No, sir; not ham and eggs this morning.

Old Boarder.—Thank the stars! What is it? Waitress.—Oatmeal.

Charles.—Did the tailor take your measure? Algy.—I think he did. He said I'd have to pay in advance.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leaves no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 10 and 25 cents All dealers.

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

For Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bites of Insects, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Hay fever's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

FUR COATS—Raccoon Coats, Wombat Coats, Astrakan Coats, Saskatchewan Buffalo Coats (rubber lined, warranted wind and water proof). If you are thinking of buying a fur coat we would be pleased to show you our stock and make the prices right.—J. B. McDonald & Co.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Painters' Kidneys.

The worst thing a painter has to contend with is the turpentine. The lead, of course, is bad too. But the turpentine cuts the kidneys, inflames and weakens them, makes the painter's life a dangerous and troublesome one. When a painter's back aches, it is time for him to begin treating the kidneys.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS will fix them up—take out the inflammation and congestion, give ease to the aching back.

Mr. J. Evanson, the well-known painter and decorator, 90 Oxford St., Toronto, Ont., said: "About eight weeks ago I was taken with an excruciating pain in my back over the kidneys. It was so bad that my wife had to apply hot cloths till the doctor came and gave me morphine."

He said the trouble was due to a stone passing from the kidney to the bladder. My water was loaded with a brick dust deposit and scalded on passing. While in this condition I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and started taking them. It was not long before I got relief from pain and have been improving in health ever since. My urine is now clear and does not smart me, and I feel better than in years."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. These little act easily and naturally on the system, clearing away all bile and effete material. Constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, waterbrash—all disappear when they are used. Price 25c.

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail.

Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"You mustn't associate with chickens," said Mother Duck to her ducklings.

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because they are not in the same line."

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined in to a perfect cough medicine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

"How do you know he loves you?" said Miss Cayenne.

"He writes me such beautiful letters."

"Humph! That isn't love, That's literature."

British Troop Oil Liniment is unsurpassed by any liniment of the market to-day. It is composed of healing, soothing and cleansing vegetable oils and extracts. It is put up in large bottles for the small price of 25 cents.

The Lawyer.—I really hope I don't annoy you with all these questions? His Client.—Not at all. I'm used to it. I have a six-year old son.

If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own cathartic.

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The first are with us and the others are sure to come.

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Beaver Cloth Overcoat,

Ready-to-wear. You will see the same quality marked \$11.50 by other clothiers. We marked ours at \$9.00. This gives a very small profit. You should not fail to see these Coats. We have others at \$4.50, \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00. No icicles on our coats, they are too warm. We are prepared to give you the best value you ever got in REFERS and ULSTERS.

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STOVES!

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OR ANY KIND OF

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TRY E. W. TAYLOR.

Now is the time for Bargains.

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New Tea!

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 a prettier 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

CEYLON TEA

that we offering in lots of 5 pounds and upwards for 18 cents per pound.

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