

are you, command your... save this terrible place... last moments, the... friendship of a lady... you occupy, and it... believe that the day... will be able to tell... that I was true to... and that by reason of... called on by the world... it is ever thus, young... few short hours will... mortal coil will be v... away by the hands of... glad thought, I shall... mortality. "Florence, my child, what is the matter?" said the old man, much alarmed. "You are faint and ill; you have waited too long for your food. I will order refreshments immediately. I have longed so to see you back. I have been wishing I could get you here to live with me, but without the chance of giving offence in high quarters; it cannot be done, however."

THE TWENTY-FIVE FRANC PIECE.

By Francois Coppee. When Lucien de Hern saw his last piece of money raked in by the banker, and got up from the roulette table where he had just lost the remainder of his little fortune which he had brought there for his final effort, he was seized with vertigo and narrowly escaped falling to the floor. With a weary brain and trembling legs, he threw himself upon a lonely leather sofa which surrounded the gambling table. For several minutes he looked vaguely about these private gambling rooms where he had spoiled the most beautiful years of his youth, recognized the worn features of the different gamblers, cruelly lighted by the great shaded lamps, heard the soft tinkling of the gold upon the green table, felt that he was ruined, lost, and remembered that he had at home, in the drawer of the commode, a pair of pistols which had once been the property of his father, General Hern, when he was a captain; then only, worn out with fatigue, he fell into a profound sleep. When he awakened, his mouth dry and parched, he ascertained by glancing at the clock that he had scarcely slept half an hour, and he felt an overwhelming desire to breathe the fresh, cool, night air. The hands of the clock pointed to a quarter of an hour of midnight. At this moment, old Drouski, a pillar of the place, a typical Pole, wearing a rusty long coat, trimmed with braid and large ornaments, approached Lucien and muttered these words through his grey beard: "Lend me five francs, sir. It is now two days since I have left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. You may laugh at me, if you wish, but I will cut off my right hand if soon, at midnight, this number is not the one."

ESCAPE OF EUGENIE.

How it was Accomplished After Napoleon Fell. Miss Anna L. Bicknell, who was for many years a governess in the family of one of the ladies of the Empress Eugenie's household, writes of "The Tuileries Under the Second Empire" in the Century from which we take the following account of the escape of the empress after the downfall of Napoleon in the Franco-German war: The chamber of deputies had been invaded by the mob; the downfall of the empire had been decreed; the republic had been proclaimed. The cries of the popular fury were heard in the very gardens of the Tuileries, and the enraged populace was coming nearer and nearer. The crowd reached the reserved garden in front of the palace and tore down the emblematic imperial eagles. It was then 3:15 in the afternoon. The Austrian and Italian ambassadors now entreated the empress to leave the palace, but she warmly rejected the proposal. The daughter of a noble race, the heroic blood of the Germans flowing in her veins, she could not but consider flight as an act of cowardice. She was a sentinel left to defend the post, and she would die there. The roar of the mob became louder and louder; the cries of "Vive la republique!" were distinctly heard. "Madame," then said his faithful secretary, Pietri, "by remaining here you will cause a massacre of your attendants." She seemed struck by this, and turning to General Melinet she said: "Can you defend the palace without bloodshed?" "Madame, I fear not." "Then all is over," said the empress. She turned to those present. "Gentlemen, can you bear witness that I have done my duty to the last?" They hastily answered, "Yes," again urging her to leave. All her usual attendants of the service of *l'honneur* were assembled in the rose-colored room—a fair ivory, ill suited as a frame for such a tragic picture, and which she was never to see again. She bade farewell to all. Strange to say—and the inexplicable fact has never been denied nor excused—not one of those present offered to follow her, not one asked her where she was seeking a refuge. Let us hasten to add that her ever faithful friend and follower, the Duc de Bassano, was not there. He was at the senate house vainly trying to stem the flood. But there were others who could have filled his place. All were bewildered and absorbed by selfish fears. One lady who filled a secondary though confidential post in the household, Mme. Lebreton, sister to General Bourlinski, followed her unhappy mistress into exile. With one faithful attendant, Pietri, and the two ambassadors, the empress treaded the galleries communicating with the Louvre while the mob broke into the Tuileries on the other side. There was a door of communication which was found locked, and for one brief moment anxiety was intense, but the key was happily found, and crossing the splendid gallery of Apollo in the Louvre the fugitives found their way into the place opposite the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. Two columns of insurgents were coming in different directions. The danger was great, and the Austrian ambassador, Prince Metternich, went in haste to seek his carriage. Meantime a street boy called out, "There is the Empress!" Much alarmed, the Italian ambassador, Chevalier Nigra, hastily turned the empress and Mme. Lebreton into a hackney carriage and turned to silence the boy. The driver, frightened at the approach of the mob, drove off in violent haste, and the two ambassadors immediately lost sight of the vehicle. The empress had no money about her, and when, on reaching a quieter region, the driver asked her where he was to take her she knew not whither to go. Several calls were made at the houses of friends. None was at home, and the empress, utterly exhausted, and not knowing where to find a refuge, suddenly remembered that Dr. Evans, the American dentist, lived near, and to him she went. Dr. Evans was about to go to dinner and at first refused to see the unknown lady who came at such an unpropitious time, but as she insisted upon speaking to him he came out upon speaking, with astonishment on finding himself in the presence of the fugitive empress. To his honor be it said that never in the days of imperial prosperity could she have met with more re-

BAD READING.

There is nothing which is more destructive of faith, religion, and Christian piety than the multitude of unhealthy books and journals which circulate to-day in the world. The council of Trent has declared that one of the most powerful means employed by the heretics of the sixteenth century to attack the truth were the books and pamphlets which were spread broadcast at a very low price. To-day, just the same as three hundred years ago, the same means are employed by Satan to combat the Church of Christ and to ruin faith in souls. Error, falsehood, calumny, hypocrisy, and sarcasm have alternately done their work against the truths and the teaching of the Catholic Church. We find these characteristics in all the literary productions of infidelity and free thought. Error, which comes from a profound ignorance of Catholic teaching, even of the simple catechism. In these books, nature, destiny, and chance take the place of God, the Eternal Spirit, Infinite Sanctity, the Creator and Sovereign Master of all things. After error comes the lying, effrontery without disguise, making science an arm against revelation, and it is this same falsehood which distorts both sacred and profane history and excites the multitudes against the Church. There are the grossest and most odious *calumnies* retailed, calculated to destroy virtue, charity, and respect for priests and religious. Again, it is *hypocrisy* which is hidden in little pamphlets, to turn away souls from the practices of the Catholic faith. *Sarcasm* is also not unfrequently employed to cover the Church and all that is sacred or holy with ridicule. To give you a proof of what I advance, you have only to open the first book or magazine which falls into your hands. When, therefore, you see those poisoned books and papers in the hands of every one, how can it be otherwise than that faith is shaken and finally extinguished? What poison more common, more pronounced, or sadder in its results? While bad books are the ruin of faith, they are also the ruin of virtue. We cannot tell the ravages which they daily make in hearts which should love God above all things. See, for example, a young woman of good family, innocent, pure and faithful. Her husband regards her as an idol. A man of the world, a reader of romances, a constant visitor of the theatre, a lover of adventure, visits her and places in her hands a book, which he says is at once beautiful and interesting. She accepts the book and reads it. What passes in her heart and mind I will not attempt to say. To relate the most scandalous stories, to despise honor, morality, and modesty, the great and noble virtues of domestic life, to place vice in honor and present it under the most seductive colors—this seems to be the aim of the novelist and the other writers who deluge the city and country with their unclean and trashy works. How is it possible for a mind so pure to remain pure after reading those pages in which there is only question of intrigue, deceit and all the refinements of degrading and debasing passions? It is a well-known fact that many go so far as to neglect their duties—even the most important—that they may follow those infamous narratives to the end. These pages exhale a poison which is certain death to all who read them, a poison which is so powerful that no virtue can resist it. Whatever may be said of the evils produced by bad reading, there are some who will employ pretenses, more or less specious, to justify them in reading everything which may fall into their hands. We must not forget that a formal law of the Church absolutely forbids Catholics to read books or journals which attack faith and morals. Even a priest cannot read such works without the permission of the Holy See. How then can a layman think he is exempted from the rules of the Index? But it may be urged that

SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

General Intention for May, "Splendor of Divine Worship." The general intention for May, 1894, presented by the Cardinal Vicar to His Holiness, who recommends it with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart, is "The Splendor of Divine Worship." Splendor belongs to the worship of Almighty God. All about Him in Heaven's brightness and magnificence. We cannot think of Him, surrounded as He is by His Angels and Saints, without fashioning in our minds a vision of the gleaming courts in which His holy ones are veiling their faces from His resplendent majesty and crying out: "Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen." Hence when we come to honor His sacred Presence on our altars, we must invest our worship with the splendor that belongs to it, and which will prove how we realized that God has visited His people. True to this principle our holy Church has never limited herself in aught that would add to the beauty and grandeur of her ceremonial. Temples, sanctuaries and altars; paintings, statuary and altarware, bells, and music, and psalmody; vestments and tapestry, incense and flowers, reverence in posture, grace in movements, and scrupulous fidelity in every detail, all speak the story of Heaven itself and declare the glory of God. All this the Church deems a service due to God; the patient study of detail, the outlay of money, the labor of those who keep and furnish the sanctuary and the altar, the time and fatigue required, are all a loving tribute which she expects her faithful children to make, as much for the honor of their Lord as for the good done themselves by an impressive service. Full well the enemies of our Holy Church know how pleasing to God is the splendor of her ritual, and how damaging to her children is the privation thereof. Hence, where they have for a time the upper hand, they have closed her sacred edifices, proscribed her priests, stolen her revenues forbidden her holy ceremonies, or at least they are preventing them from being performed with due splendor. While praying that our Lord may restore to His altars and His sanctuaries throughout the world the splendor which belongs to them, let us prove the sincerity of our prayers by adding to the beauty of our own altars or shrines of His Sacred Heart, to the attractiveness of the public League services, and to the solemnities which should mark the celebration of our Jubilee Year.—Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of strength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

BROKEN IN HEALTH.

That Tired Feeling, Constipation and Pain in the Back. Appetite and Health Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Chas. Steele, St. Catherine's, Ont. "For 2 or 3 years I have been troubled with a general tired feeling, shortness of breath, pain in the back, and constipation. I could get only little rest at night on account of the pain and had no appetite whatever. I was that tired to my limbs that I gave out before half the day was gone. I tried a great number of medicines but did not get any permanent relief from any. I purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which made me feel better at once. I have continued its use, having taken three bottles, and I feel like a new man. I have a good appetite, feel as strong as ever I did, and enjoy perfect rest at night. I have much pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla. CHARLES STEELE, with Eric Preserving Co., St. Catherine's, Ontario. Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c. We Manufacture the THOROLD CEMENT. Thorold Cement was used exclusively in the construction of the old and new Welland Canals. 10,000 BARRELS of our Thorold Cement were used in the construction of the great St. Clair Tunnel. Joseph Hobson, Esq., Grand Trunk Railway, Chief Engineer; Wm. Gibson, Esq., M.P., Contractor. It is the best Hydraulic Cement for Abutments and Piers for Bridges, Concrete for Foundations, Cisterns, Cement for Pipe, Floor for Cellars and Stables, Sowers and all Mason Work in moist or wet places. ESTATE OF JOHN BATTLE, THOROLD, ONTARIO. Catholic Devotional Reading for the Month of May. A Flower for Each Day of the Month of May. Paper, 10c. New Month of May. Cloth, 50c. The Young World's Month of May. Paper, 10c. Our Lady's Month of May. Cloth, 25c. Tickets for the Month of May. Per page, 5c. A Flower Every Evening for the Month of May. Cloth, 50c. Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart. The Child's Month of May. Paper, 10c. Do. Cloth, 50c. New May Devotions. By Rev. A. Wirth, O.S.B. Cloth, 50c. The Month of May. For Congregational use. Cloth, 50c. Souvenirs for Holy Communion. The Great Day; or, Souvenirs of Holy Communion. Cloth, 50c. Councils on Holy Communion. Paper, 10c. Stories for First Communion. Cloth, 50c. Devout Communion. Cloth, 50c. Commendations and Sacraments. Cloth, 50c. ROSARIES in amber, amethyst, garnet, crystal, etc. PLEASANT BOOKS bound in French Morocco, ivory, ivory, pearl, etc. MEDALS—Silver, silver-gilt, and gold. COMMUNION CARDS of all sizes, for framing. Any of the above articles mailed free of postage on receipt of advertised price. D. & J. SADDLER & CO. Catholic Publishers, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles. 1669 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL. 115 Church St. TORONTO. Here's a Pointer When you ask for a 5 cent plug 10 cent plug 20 cent plug REGISTERED OF THE TRADE MARK POPULAR DERBY PLUG Smoking Tobacco be sure that the retailer does not induce you to buy any other in order that he may make a larger profit. MONTREAL. WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY AND—The Catholic Record for One Year FOR \$4.00. By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers. The dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no one hundred other volumes of the choicest books could supply. Young and Old, Educated and Ignorant, Rich and Poor, should have it within reach, and refer to its contents every day in the year. As some have asked if this is really the Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, we are able to state that we have learned direct from the publishers the fact that this is the very work complete, on which about 40 of the best years of the author's life were so laboriously employed in writing. It contains the entire vocabulary of about 100,000 words, including the correct spelling, derivation and definition of same, and is the regular standard size, containing about 300,000 square inches of printed surface, and is bound in cloth. A whole library in itself. The regular selling price of Webster's Dictionary has here before been \$12.00. N. B.—Dictionaries will be delivered free of all charge for carriage. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. If the book is not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser it may be returned at our expense. "I am well pleased with Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I find it most valuable work." JOHN A. PAYNE, Chairman, Ont. "I am highly pleased with the Dictionary," writes Mr. W. Scott, of Lancaster, Ont. Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, Thorold Cement, Catholic Devotional Reading, and Webster's Dictionary. Includes a portrait of Mr. Chas. Steele and a list of prices for various items.