## NARKA, THE NIHILIST. Horrors of Dyspepsia

## Sour Stomach, Heart Palpitation, Nervous, Sleepless

### Now Able to Do All the Housework -What Cured Her.

The excelient qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a stomach tonic and appetizer enable it to relieve and cure dyspepsia even when cure seems hope-Read Mrs. Willett's letters: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen: — I have been sick for about six years with dys-Letter pepsia with all its horrible nightmares, such as sour

No.1 stomach, flatulency, palpitation of the heart, nia, etc., and all that time I have tried almost every known remedy and the best doctors in the state, but nothing did me any good. I was very

## Weak and Nervous.

About five months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using five bottles I am able to do all my housework and feel better than I have in several years. Also, my husband had pneumonia last winter and his blood got very bad; he had rheumatism and could scarcely walk. He commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time he was better in every way, his rheumatism has left him and is in better health than for a long time." MRS. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

#### Still Praising Hood's.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs:-I am still praising Hood's Sarsaparilla for the

Letter great benefit both myself and husband derived from

No. 2 its use and I do not hesitate to say it is the best medicine we have ever used in our family."

MRS. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

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Hood's Pills Sick Headache. 25c.

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de Beaucrillon, looking at her with amused incredulity. "I seriously believe in precedent and tradition," replied Narka. "I is a thing unprecedented for the wolf to come down before the snow without some calamity suddenly following. In the Prince's childhood a wolf was seen in the village one night in October. and the next day a fire broke out, and

It was evidently the

two thirds of the houses were burnt down. "That is conclusive evidence, cer tainly ; the wolf was evidently an in cendiary," observed M. de Beaucrillon,

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER III.

sportsmen came home without having

been discovered, however, that a peasant in one of Larchoff's villages had trapped a cub two days before, and carried it off to his father in the

village beyond Yrakow. This dis-covery was a great relief to the popu-lation, and calmed their terrors by

giving a natural explanation of the

premature appearance of the unwel-

mother that had come down to look for

her stolen cub. "All the same," Narka remarked

"I wish the week were past, and that we were safe over the adventure."

"You don't seriously believe that it forebodes evil, mademoiselle?" said M.

or scented the game of which

had gone in search. It had

The

The wolf hunt proved a failure.

seen

come visitor.

gravely "It is very well for you to laugh, Gaston," said Sibyl; "but you have your superstitions in Burgundy too and a score of precedents that every-body at Beaucrillon believes in. I wish we were safe out of the week."

"A week is the limit of the danger? said Gaston, with provoking coolness "If it is not fulfilled within that time the wolf is voted a false prophet?'

" It so happens that hitherto it al. ways has been fulfilled within the

veek," replied Sibyl. M. de Beaucrillon in his secret soul hoped that it would be fulfilled this week. He was beginning to feel the place so deadly dull that it would have been a mercy if the wolf brought any change to enliven things. Even a fire in the village would be better than nothing. Gaston had only been three weeks at Yrakow, and it was palling on him horribly. The magnificent vastness of the castle, the barbaric splendor of the interior, the immensity

of the grounds, the immensity of th forest, the scale of immensity on which everything within and without was constructed, made the sense of desolate ness produced by the smallness of the social element proportionately im-mense. The immobility of life in this enormous palace, with its galleries as long as streets, and its rooms as big as courts, and its halls as vast as ordinary squares, was overpowering. There were seventy servants in the house There hold, but they made no more life in the place than the flies on the pane. de Beaucrillon sauntered through the vast apartments, and smoked countless cigars, and felt as if he were walking in an enchanted castle where every body was under a spell of somnolence Basil was an excellent host, and did all could to wake up the sleeping in-

habitants, but Basil himself was under He did not understand the the spell. need for being always awake ; he went spasmodically from mercurial activity to absolute idleness, from hunting a wolf, and similar out door exercises, to lounging by the hour on the flat of his

creature made of contradictions.

and Narka went out for a ride.

exaggerations.

riage.

enough,

will that he ?"

impulses, of passionate emotions and

The day after the hunt, Marguerite

they passed through the village, Narka

pointed out the cottage where she and

her mother resided since Sibyl's mar-

to Madame Larik as soon as she's well

" In a few days, I hope," Narka re

plied, looking pleased and grateful.

Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure-

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the

Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as

Ever-She Says it is a Great Remedy

"Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell," said a comely,

pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, "and I will

very gladly tell you what you want to know.

About three years ago my husband was very

ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the

night and go for a doctor or to the druggist.

In my hurry I often neglected to properly

clothe myself, and contracted several heavy

colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh

I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not

cure me, and several special catarrh medicines,

I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering

intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me

to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at

once to help, and in about two months had

entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly

of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully

recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh."

The blower included is a great help to sufferers.

ATARRH

You must take me to pay a visit

said Marguerite. "When

Mrs. Dobell, of London. Ont ..

Cured for 25 Cents

As

"She has been much better this last that he would not shoot at the night for week, and has had good nights : that is why I have been able to stay at the a month ; but one night he jumped out of bed and emptied his revolver castle. It is seldom that her rheuma hrough the window as fast as he could tism is so bad at this season, poor, dear shoot; the Princess rushed in and caught him in the act, and he declared

with

out speaking.

mother !' "Ought she not go to some German baths for it?" said Marguerite.

"Yes, she ought; and I hope day to be able to take her to Aix la Chapelle. Some day sounds vague, Narka added, in answer to a look in Marguerite's face ; "but we are wait-ing on a legacy that is to come to us from an old relative of mother's. I have never seen him, so it is not very cynical of me to look forward to enjoy his money — is it? And the doctor assures me Aix would do wonders for my mother.

"And then you will come on and spend the autumn at Beaucrillon and the winter in Paris.'

"That would be a charming pro gramme," said Narka, smiling, " but mother has a great desire to spend a month in Munich, her native place, and then to make a little tour in Germany ; and I don't know whether the legacy would admit of all that and a journey to France. Though, with our simple habits, a little money would go a long way.

Marguerite had lost sight of this speak. "He is a little eccentric," fact in Narka's position, that she and her mother were very poor, dependent almost wholly on the generosity of the Zorokoffs, who had given them a cot age and a large garden. in a lesser degree." "I don't wonder you miss Sibyl." But you have travelled already?

Marguerite said.

"I have been to St. Petersburg several times with the Princess ; we spent some winters there, and had masters. It was there chiefly that I learned singing. The Princess had me taught by a great Italian master from Rome. What a delightful man from Rome. What a delightful man he was, and how I did enjoy his lessons! We used to go twice a week to the opera-your aunt was so good to me ! She was an angel, the Princess. I was always sorry she was not Russian." Marguerite smiled. "I hope you

will come soon to France and stay with us," she said. "I do so long to con vert you !

"That would be a cruel trick to play me. I should be be either sent to Siberia or put into a dungeon for the rest of my life.

"Oh! I did not mean a religious conversion ; I meant to convert you to being a little more French and a little less Russian. They would not put you in prison for that?

"No, they would not put me in prison for that. But ought you not to be satisfied with having converted Sibyl? Don't you think she is a very creditable convert?

"On the whole ; but she has many heresies still; she maintains, for in stance, that the climate here is better than in France, that she never felt so cold in St. Petersburg as she does in Paris. She also cliugs to the belief that a paternal Muscovite government There is is the best in the world. only one point on which her conversion is entirely satisfactory. She ad mits that French husbands are perfection. Would it be hopeless to try to convert you to that belief, Narka? " Quite !" - spoken very emphatic

don't wonder you owe a grudge to the race for having stolen away Sibyl. What a loss she must have been to vou !

"And not to me only. Her depart ure left all these poor people "-glanc-ing round over the country-" at the mercy of the Jews and the bureaucrats who prev on them like wolves

As she threw back her head, and guerite's nature, and that glimpse had put this question to the winter sky, there was a light in her eyes that contrasted was a trikingly with the flame in Narka's — the light of love and the flame of hate—hate just in its cause he had been asleep and dreaming, and had no intention of breaking his word. and cruelly provoked, but even in those beautiful eyes its effect was re-He went back to bed ; but presently pulsive. Narka was surprised to see what she and all of us heard a noise from down stairs of some one howling in

trength of feeling lay beneath the and seemingly pain. We all rushed out to see what bright, buoyant, was the matter, and there in the thoughtless happiness of the young middle of the hall was the Prince whin-French girl Sibyl was right : there were slumbering forces underlying ping himself with all his might, and roaring like a bull. He said he could not go to sleep with remorse for having Marguerite's nature which only needed certain opportunities to develop. Narka felt this recognition forced upon broken his word, and felt he must ge up and whip himself as he would have her, and she would not perhaps have acknowledged that the discovery caused had one of the servants whipped for offending in the same way. The Prin-cess besought him to stop, but he would The Prinher something like a sense of alarm or disappointment. The two girls, as by not; he went on whipping and yelling tacit consent, put their horses into a till he had given himself the number of canter, and rode on a long way withcanter, and roue on a stand stripes he thought proper, and then he went up to bed ; his back was scarred

forget that we have to get back." She looked at her watch, and saw that it praying. was 4 o'clock. They turned their horses' heads homeward.

to rein in her horse and go at a foot's pace till it was over. "Why, he is as In those Northeastern countries the mad as any maniac in Charenton !" twilight is short, and night closes in almost as suddenly as the dropping of she exclaimed, when she was able to a curtain. When they re-entered the village of Yrakow it was growing dark; the moon had risen, and a few said Narka ; " but his eccentricities are all very harmless. The Princess kept stars had sprung out. Just as the castle came in sight the two riders them within bounds, and so did Sibyl were startled by shricks that seemed to come from the forest. They pulled They cantered on a little way with up their horses and stopped to listen In a moment the groom, whom a curve "There is one good thing that has in the road had hidden, came trotting up, and said something in Russian which evidently alarmed Narka. She come to me out of Sibyl's departure," Narka resumed. "It has led to mother's and my living in the village. was going to turn back, when some further information from the servant You can't get really to sympathize with the sufferings of people, and help caused her to change her intention,

them, until you come close enough to and she went on. share them ; we never realize them so "What has happened?" inquired Marguerite.

He does not know, but he say Sophie Gorff running from the road without anything on her head."

"Wasshe running from the wolf, do you think ?' "That is not likely : the wolf would have been pursuing her." Narka stopped her horse again and hesitated Narka but after a short parley with the groom she rode on again.

"Sophie is out of harm's way now, at any rate," she said. "Dmitri saw her cross the road toward her own house. What could it have been ?"

Moved by lingering curiosity, they both cast a backward glance toward the forest. As they looked, they heard the report of a gun.

"Who can be shooting at this ir?" exclaimed Narka. "It must hour ?" exclaimed Narka. be as black as night in the forest.'

Presently they saw the figure of a man carrying a gun emerging from the road adjoining the park. "It is Basil, I do believe," said Mar-

guerite. "I dare say it was he who frightened Sophie." She called out and made signs with her whip, but Basil held on his way, and strode across the park without looking round. "How stupid of him not to hear !

said Marguerite. "Perhaps he hears, but does not

want to come out of his way." "Is he such a boor as to do that? No Frenchman alive would be capable of anything so rude," protested Marguerite, indignantly.

Narka's face positively beamed as she looked at her. "You think Frenchmen are so much more gallant? You think Russians are boors ?

"I think Basil is behaving like a boor, and I shall tell him so," said Marguerite, with the prettiest show of

# JUNE 12. 1897.

# EARLY E

Relation of the An Church to t shown her, beneath the light child-like exterior, a woman endowed with a

Rev. Father Cros course of lectures Anglo Saxon church In his first lec showed that the Ch showed period was Saxon period was hall marks of Pope then as now beli Eucharist and Con tised devotion to Ou for the Church suffe his arguments Fath tensively from histo that all these bel were taught by church. In his demonstrated tha Anglo Saxon times sect; it was the ( and not a separat as the "Bishop" Hook, and other falsely endeavored

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spair. This loss of faith in an Almighty love was perhaps the bitter. est suffering which the hard ways of God and man inflicted on their help. less victims, Narka thought, as she watched the happy young French girl his third lecture F as his subject They had not been many minutes in Saxon Canterbury The strongest a

believe

JUNE 12, 1897

supernatural creed which makes the

weakest creature invulnerable against

self, fitting her tocope victoriously with

perils against which mere natural strength is frail and faithless. How

fervently the girl prayed ! In the red light of the lamp above her Narka

could see her lips moving rapidly. She envied her being able to pray like

that. But it was easy for Marguerite

in God's love, and call Him Father, and ask that His will might be done.

He had been a father to her, and His

will had been always kind and loving. He had not tried her faith by injustice

and cruel wrong ; He had not con-

founded her hope and turned it to de-

This loss of faith in an

to do so ; it was easy for her to

the chapel when Father Christopher entered from the sacristy, and after kneeling a moment before the taber. nacle, went into the confessional. Marguerite stood up, and whispered to Narka.

. Would there be time for me to wait and go to confession now? "Oh no," Narka replied ; "it is too late. You had better come to-morrow morning. You will find him before

Mass.' Marguerite assented, and they went out and rode home. TO BE CONTINUED.

The Bible.

Lyman Abbot expressed a profound, though generally overlooked, truth when, in a recent address to the New Jersey Congregationalist Conference, he said, speaking of the Bible :

"We find that the book is a growth and that it grew out of the Church of God. The Church was not founded on the Bible. The Bible was founded on the Church. There is no question about that."

It is their inspiration that gives authoritative character to the collection of books called the Bible. As this inspiration is a fact that does not fall under any or all of the senses, it can become known to us only by means of external authority. The only external authority competent to testify to the inspiration of those books is the Church of Christ, commissioned, enlightened The Church and directed by Him. affirms the inspiration of the books. and this affirmation makes them the Bible. Thus the Bible rests on the Church, not the Church on the Bible. The Church is the first fact. the Bible the second. Hence to proceed in logical order we must seek the Bible through the Church, not the Church through the Bible.

But why then quote the Bible to prove the Church? We do not. Those books are quoted not as Bible, or inspired writings, but as histories, just as Josephus, Tacitus, Livy and other historians are quoted to prove a fact of history recorded by them. The fact sought is the establishment of the Church. To prove this fact we quote Matthew, Mark, Luke and John simply as historians, and with no reference or thought of their inspiration, for as yet we know not and cannot know that fact. Having, by means of these his-torical records, established the institution of the Church and its characterjust as through Livy and Tacitus and others we find the institution of the Roman Empire-we follow Christ's adnonition and hear the Church. forms us that certain of the records we have been consulting are more than ordinary histories, that their authors were inspired by Almighty God. information is what gives the books their authority among Christians.-N Y. Freeman's Journal.

long as we are in a fool's paradise of luxury and ease. The pain of poverty is like every other pain ; nothing but personal experience can make us understand it, and teach us the kind of relief it wants. It is like a man born in the tropics trying to realize cold from a description in a book. He never could do it. No description could give him the physical sensation of feet and hands tingling and perish ing, of blood chilled in his veins, eyes blinded and smarting in a bitter icy wind. He must leave the tropics and go up into a Northern climate to know what it all means. To live in a great palace amidst luxury and abund ance of every sort is like living in the

welts, and hurt him for days.

Marguerite was seized with such an

immoderate fit of laughter that she had

tropics. I never realized what our wretched peasants had to endure until I came to live amongst them in the village, and saw how they suffer in every way-from poverty, from the climate, from ignorance, and, above all, from the cruelty of the Jews and

the government officials." "But is there no redress? Is there no justice to be had for them?" "Father Christopher keeps telling them they will get justice in the next

world.' "Even in this there are laws to pro tect the weak against the strong. God has not left Himself without witnesses

on the earth." "I wonder where His witnesses are in Russia ?" Narka laughed.

"The people themselves are His witnesses ; they believe and they hope in Him.'

Then why does He let them be crushed and tortured and destroyed?" "Oh, Narka, that pagan 'why' is always in your mouth !'

"It is in the mouth of the people erywhere-everywhere. T



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A new home treatment, "known as the "Dyke Cure" by which every victim of the liquor habit can be permanently cured of all crave or desire for intoxicants. In from three to five days all crave for stim-ulants is removed, and at the end of twenty one days' treatment the patient is restored to the condition he was in before he acquired the habit.

This is a purely vegetable medicine taken by This is a purely vectable modicine taken by the mouth, and can be taken without the knowledge of any other person. No injec-tions. No minerals. No bad atter effects, and no loss of time from business duties. Corre-spondence strictly confidential. Copies of tes-thonials from patients cured in many parts of Canada, by permission sent on application. Cure guaranteed in every instance where the remedy is taken as directed. Fee for treat-mont, es in advance, which may be remitted to the proprietor of the CATHOLIC RECORD in London. Ont. or sent direct to Dr. A. MCTag-gart. 534(Queen's avenue, London, Ontario.

gart, 534jQueen's avenue. London, Ontario.
We can speak (from personal knowledge of the good work done in this city by the Dyke Cure for Intemperance, and the consulting physician. Dr. A. McTaggart, guarantees that the remody will do all that is claimed for it. In proof of this, he is willing that we become the custodians of each fee paid, until the end of the treatment, when, in the event of its failure to cure, we are authorized to return the same to the party who sent it.
Many cases in this city have been cured since August last, and only such families can truly appreciate the creat happiness they now enjoy. Thos, Coffey.

back with a cigar in his mouth : he " But don't the Prince and Basil spent hours dreaming and writing in protect them ?"

his private study, emerging thence in alternate moods of high excitement "Basil does what he can ; but he has not much power. As to the Prince, he is nearly always at St. Petersburg, and profound melancholy. M. de Beaucrillon was very fond of his looking after the future. Meanwhile brother-in-law, but he did not underthe Stanovoï, who is a grasping, cruel stand him ; Basil, for all his physical man, has it all his own way ; he and strength and reckless courage, seemed Larchoff are in league - a pair of to him more a woman than a man, a devils.'

" The Prince must be a very odd Marguerite said, looking conman, fidential. " My maid tells me stories about his goings on when he is here that would make one think he was stark, staring mad.'

Narka laughed. "I dare say he would be locked up as a lunatic in any country but Russia ; but his madness is harmless enough-more so, indeed. than his saneness. He keeps every-body in commotion day and night while he is here. He never goes to bed or undresses at night ; he smokes and drops asleep in a chair, sitting bolt upright; every now and then he falls off his chair and bangs himself on the ground ; and then he starts up, seizes his gun, that is always beside him, rushes to the window, and fires out at the night. He does this four times, rushing to the four sides of the house as fast as he can go, and throwing open the windows with as much noise as he can make. Sibyl and Basil had the greatest difficulty to prevent him doing it this last time ; they said you would all be so frightened, and they should not know what to say to you to explain it."

Marguerite's eyes grew round with amazement. "And was that why the Prince ran away in such a hurry?

"Probably that had something to do with his flight. He says he can never sleep a night through here without exercising himself in fire-arms, and he pretends it is protection to the village against wolves and Larchoff "

"He certainly would pass for a luna-tic in France," said Marguerite, her face breaking into dimples of sup-pressed laughter. "And used he go on in that way when Aunt Isabelle was

alive?" "Not so badly. She kept him in order. He gave her his word once be people can't believe in love?"

downtrodden, and oppressed, and made to suffer injustice.

"Not in France," protested Mar uerite. "The people are not down guerite. trodden there."

"They are in Russia. Why ar ey? Why does God permit it? In they ? If His justice is anywhere on earth, it ought to be everywhere-in Russia as well as in France.

"Wrong cannot be made right in a day. We must be patient. "We are patient, heroically patient

-under the wrongs and sufferings of others." The passionate irony in Nar xa's voice sounded more bitter than the words themselves.

"I am sure we are trying to make the world less bad and life less hard on the poor," said Marguerite. "Don't you think that they have much less to suffer now than they had a thousand years ago ?- or even a hundred ?"

"In France, I dare say, thanks to your glorious Revolution.

"Oh, Narka ! you call it glorious That dreadful reign of terror, when the people rose up against God and murdered the King !" Marguerite felt again that vague repulsion which had made her more than once shrink away from Narka.

"The people rose against a reign of tyranny that had ended by driving them mad. Would that Russia could follow the example of France, and have her revolution !"

Marguerite was shocked at the pas sionate hatred expressed in Narka's tone and words ; but she remembered her father dropping on the road into exile, and her young brother dying in Siberia, and revulsion gave way to

pity. "If you ever make a revolution in Russia," she said, "let it be a revolu-tion of love, not of hate." Narka laughed. "And burst our

chains by kissing them."

"There is nothing love might not do if people would only believe in it," said Marguerite ; "if only they would let it rule the world instead of hatred. If they would let it have its way like the blessed sunshine it would turn this

world into a paradise. I wonder why

offended dignity. Narka gave a light laugh that

sounded musically sweet.

"I want to stop a few minutes here, Marguerite said, as they came to the little Catholic chapel. "Do you mind little Catholic chapel. going on alone, and leaving Dmitri to mind my horse?

"Why may I not wait and come in with you !" said Narka.

"Oh ! if you don't mind." They both alighted and went in.

The chapel was merely an oratory attached to the house where Father Christopher lived. It had been built for him by the Princess when his office of tutor to Basil came to an end. The Roman Catholics at Yrakow were few. and these with others scattered through neighboring villages on Prince Zoro koff's estates were the persons who profited by the old priest's ministry His congregation was composed chiefly of foreigners--professors and servant -residing in families or living in the villages ; but, small as it was, it gave him a good deal to do, owing to the distances over which it was scattered. He had to visit the sick in places a long way off, and these distant visits were one of the whips that Larchoff held over the Father's head. They afforded an outward semblance of truth to the charge of proselvtizing which

Larchoff was constantly threatening to bring against him. and which in Rus sia is regarded as a heinous crime, visited, like high treason, with the penalty of death.

The little chapel was almost dark there was no light but the red glow of the sanctuary lamp. A few worship-pers were kneeling in the shadows, waiting for Father Christopher to come Marguerite into the confessional. knelt down at the altar rail, and was at once absorbed in her devotions. Narka, from a prie dieu a little behind, watched her with an odd mix ture of admiration, envy, and satis-faction. The faith that could thus absorb a human being in an instant must be strong very - too strong to be shaken by any earthly feelings, by any mundane inby any promptings of passion. terests. Narka had had a glimpse into Mar-

The Winter Cough of Children is often a source of anxiety to parents, and properly so, for if neglected the seeds of con-Cough medicines are objectionable ow-ing to their tendency to upset the stomach and to impair the appetite, thus reducing the nutritive power of the body and adding to the emaciation and in-cidentally to the pulmonary irritation. It is the tendency to upset the stomach and to the pulmonary irritation. It is the the pulmonary irritation and in-cidentally to the pulmonary irritation and in-cidentally to the pulmonary irritation. It is the tendency of the machine with Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites is admirably suided to these cases, not only because of its efficient action, but none the less on account of its palatability, for children soon grow ford of it. The remedial action of the oil is fortified by the nutritive value of wheat, oats, and barley of the maltine, and further by its action upon starchy foods, which are re-dered soluble, and thereby becomes fitted to afford that abundance of nourishment which affort hat abundance of nourishment which affort has a possesses ten times the remedial values of any emulsion. <u>More</u> The Winter Cough of Children

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