"Turn to the Right."

'You have not told me yet to whom she gave it," I said sternly. "She gave it," he muttered, "to a priest." "To what priest?" "I do not know his name. He is a Jack.

"And why?" I asked, gazing incredu-ously at the student. "Why did she give it to him? Come, come! have a care. Let me have none of your Sorbonne inven-

He hesitated a moment, looking at me timidly, and then seemed to make up his mind to tell me. "He found out—it was when we lived in Paris, you understand, leet lived the transport of the seemed to make up his wind to tell me. "He found out—it was when we lived in Paris, you understand, leet lived in the seemed to make up his wind to tell me." last June-that she was a Huguenot. It was about the time they burned the Fousards, and he frightened her with that, and made her pay him money, a little at first, and then more and more, to keep her secret.
When the king came to Blois she followed his Majesty, thinking to be safer here; but the priest came too, and got more money, and more, until he left her—this."
"This!" I said. And I set my teeth to-

gether. Simon Fleix nodded.

I looked round the wretched garret to which my mother had been reduced, and pictured the days and hours of fear and suspense through which she had lived; through which she must have lived with that caitiff's threat hanging over her gray head! I thought of her birth and her humiliation; of her frail form and patient, undying love for me; and solemnly, and be-fore heaven, I swore that night to punish the man. the man. My anger was too great for words, and for tears I was too old. I asked Simon Fleix no more questions, save when the priest might be looked for again-which he could not tell me -- and whether he would know him again-to which he answered, But, wrapping myself in my cloak, I lay down by the fire and pondered long

and sadiy.
So, while I had been pinching there, my mother had been starving here. She had deceived me, and I her. The lamp flickered, throwing uncertain shadows as the draught tossed the strange window-curtain to and fro. The leakage from the roof fell drop by drop, and now and again the wind shook the crazy building, as though it would lift it up bodily and carry it away.

CHAPTER VIII.

Desiring to start as early as possible, that we might reach Rosny on the second evening, I roused Simon Fleix before it was light, and learning from him where the horses are stabled, went out to attend to them; preferring to do this myself, that I might have an opportunity of seeking out a tailor, and providing myself with clothes better suited to my rank than those to which I had been reduced of late. I found that I still had 90 crowns left of the sum which the King of Navarre had given me, and twelve of these I laid out on a doublet of black cloth with russet points and ribands, a dark cloak lined with the same sober color, and a new cap and feather. The tradesman would fain have provided me with a new scabbard also, seeing my old one was worn out at the heel; but this I declined, having a fancy to go with my point bare until I should have punished the scoundrel who had made my mother's failing days a misery to her: a business which the King of Navarre's once done, I promised myself to pursue with energy and at all costs.

The choice of my clothes, and a few alterations which it was necessary to make in them, detained me some time, so that it was benefit. By this time my trouble assumed later than I could have wished when I the form of dropsy. I was unable to use turned my face towards the house again, bent on getting my party to horse as speedlly as possible. The morning, I remember. was bright, frosty, and cold; the kennels were dry, the streets comparatively clean. Here and there a ray of early sunshine, darting between the overhanging eaves, gave promise of glorious traveling weather. But the faces, I remarked in my walk, did not reflect the surrounding cheerfulness. Moody looks met me everywhere and on every side; and while courier after courier galloped by me bound for the castle, the townsfolk stood aloof in doorways listless and inactive, or, gathering in groups in corners, talked what I took to be treason under their breath. The queen-mother still under their breath. The queen-mother still lived, but Orleans had revolted, and Sens and Mans, Chartres and Meiun. Rouen was said to be wavering, Lyons in arms, while Paris had deposed her king, and cursed him daily from a hundred altars. In fine, the great rebellion which followed the death of Guise, and lasted so many years, was already in progress; so that on this first day of the new year the king's writ scarce ran farther than he could see, peering anxiously out from the towers above my

Seaching the house, I climbed the long staircase hastily, abusing its darkness and foulness, and planning as I went how my mother might most easily and quickly be moved to a better lodging. Gaining the top of the last flight, I saw that mademoiselle's door on the left of the landing was open, and concluding from this that she was up, and ready to start, I entered my mother's room with a brisk step and spirits reinforced by the crisp morning air.

But on the threshold I stopped, and stood silent and amazed. At first I thought the room was empty. Then, at a second glance, I saw the student. He was on his knees beside the bed in the alcove, from which the curtain had been partially dragged away. The curtain before the window had been torn down also, and the cold light of day, pouring in on the unsightly bareness of the room, struck a chill to my heart. A stool lay overturned by the fire, and above it a gray cat, which I had not hitherto notited. crouched on a beam and eyed me with stealthy fierceness. Mademoiselle was not to be seen, nor was Fanchette, and Simon Fleix did not hear me. He was doing something at the bed—for my mother it seemed.
"What is is, man?" I cried soft v. advancing on tiptoe to the bedside. "Where

The student locked round and saw me, His face was pale and gloomy. His eyes burned, and yet there were tears in them, and on his cheeks. He did not speak, but the chilliness, the bareness, the emptiness of the room spoke for him, and my heart

I took him by the shoulders. "Find your tongue, man!" I said angrity. "Where are

He rose from his knees and stood staring at me. "They are gone!" he said stupidly. "Gone?" I exclaimed. "Impossible! When? Whither?"

"Half an hour ago. Whither-I do not Confounded and amazed, I glared at him between fear and rage. "You do not know?" I cried. "They are gone, and you

do not know ?"

He turned suddenly on me and gripped my arm. "No, I do not know! I do not know!" he cried, with a complete change of manner and in a tone of fierce excitement. do know this. I know this, M. de Marsac | specially subject.

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with whom they went, these friends of yours! A fop came, a dolt, a fine spark, and gave them fine words and fine speeches and a gold token, and, hey presto! they

went, and forgot you!"
"What!" I cried, beginning to understand, and snatching fiercely at the one clue in his speech. "A golden token? They have been decoyed away then! There is no time to be lost. I must follow. time to be lost. I must follow.
"No, for that is not all!" he replied, in-

terrupting me sternly, while his grasp on my arm grew tighter and his eyes flashed as they looked into mine. "You have not heard all. They have gone with one who called you an imposter, and a thief, and a heaven and the state of the state begger, and that to your mother's face-and killed her! Killed her as surely as if he had taken a sword to her, M. de Marsac! Will

you, after that, leave her for them ?" He spoke plainly. And yet, God forgive me, it was some time before I understood him; before I took in the meaning of his words, or could transfer my thoughts from the absent to my mother lying on the bed before me. When I did so, and turned to her, and saw her still face and thin hair straggling over the coarse pillow, then, instraggling over the coarse pillow, then, indeed, the sight overcame me. I thought no
more of others—for I thought her dead; and
with a great and bitter cry I fell on my
knees beside her and hid my face. What,
after all, was this headstrong girl to me?
what were even kings and kings' commissions to me beside her—beside the one
human being who loved me still the one human being who loved me still, the one being of my blood and name left, the one ever-patient, ever-constant heart which for years had beaten only for me? For a while, for a few moments, I was worthy of her; for I forgot all others.

(To be Continued.)

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A little choppy weather was naturally expected in a month that came in like a

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by W. T. Strong. The back country farmer is the only fellow who gets the sugar question thoroughly boiled down.

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A new metal named powellite has been discovered in Idaho.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by drugsists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five central bottle.

"If think I understand now "spid Higgs."

"I think I understand now," said Higgs, "why they speak of Miss Wellaby's new Paris-made gown as a 'creation.' It looks almost as if it were made of nothing.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong. The Order of the Garter-"Give me a yard and a half of red silk elastic, please."

Piles Piles! Itching Piles. SYMPTOMS-Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale

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A retired French naval officer has invented a rifle which is capable of firing two kinds of explosive bullets at once.

A loud wardrobe speaks for itself. Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affec-"Only, may the fiend go with them! But I tions of the throat, to which the young are

WESTERN ONTARIO. ESSEX.

St. Andrew's Church, Windsor, is without a choir owing to differences on the singing subject. The precentor system has been adopted.

The late Venerable Archdeacon Sandys held a life insurance policy of \$4,000, Mrs. Sandys being the beneficiary. Levi Hartford has been appointed to the postmastership of Rond Eau.

LAMBTON. The funeral of the late Alfred Ireland, of Sarnia, took place Sunday afternoon from his uncle's residence, James Lockhart's, to Lakeview Cemetery. The deceased was a member of the Boys' Brigade, connected with St. Andrew's Church, and until lately was in the employ of the Huron and Lambton Loan Company as bookkeeper, when he was compelled to go south for the benefit of

MIDDLESEK.

It is thought that sufficient pressure will be brought to bear on the Grand Trunk authorities to recommence running a daily freight train between London and Wing-

The trustees of school section No. 3, Ekfrid, have let the contract for a new school house to W. W. Gordon, of Glencoe, for

The petitions praying for the formation of a Union school at Melbourne have not been entertained by the Ekfrid Township At a recent meeting of the Lucan Council. S. W. Gibson was appointed to fill the unexpired term of James Saddleir, resigned. and J. R. McComb to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Wm. Haskett.

OXFORD.

The Tilsonburg W. C. T. U. have petitioned the council to enforce the curfew bell enactment. It will probably be done. A very pleasant gathering of friends and relatives took place at the residence of Mr. John A. McDonald, Whiting street, Ingersoll, on Wednesday evening, March 21, when Mr. McDonald's daughter Lizzie was united in marriage to Mr. James A. Forbes, well-known young and progressive yeoman of North Oxford. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. R. Hutt, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Ingersoll, of which church the bride has been a member and regular attendant since her father took up his residence there some years ago. Mr. Thomas Moffat, barrister, of London, and cousin of the groom, acted as groomsman, and Miss Minnie Blain, of Paris, assisted the bride, who was tastefully attired in a becoming gown of fawn-colored silk, trimmed with white lace and worn with white roses. Miss Blain was also prettily attired in a crimson gown and wore red roses. Among the guests present, besides the immediate and near relatives of the young couple, were Mr. and Mrs. (Rev.) and Mr. Raymond Hutt, Mr. and Mrs. William Richter, Miss May Breen, Mr. John Ross and Mr. Ed Elliott (Ingersoll), Mr. and and Mr. Ed Elliott (Ingersoll), Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Banbury (brother-in-law and sister of the bride), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Turnbull, Miss Turnbull and Mr. W. Turnbull (St. George), Mr. and Miss McPherson and Miss Minnie Blain (Paris), Miss Mary McPherson (Drumbo), Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henderson and Miss Henderson (Thamesford), Mr. Robert and Miss Ella Turnbull (Komoka) and Mrs. and Miss Ella Turnbull (Komoka) and Mr. Thomas Moffat, London. After the cere-mony the guests adjourned to Mr. Mc-Donald's spacious dining-room, where an elegant repast was partaken of, amid congratulations. The older members of the company then dispersed and the younger continued to celebrate the joyous occasion with music, during which time Miss Margueretta McDonald and Mr. Moffat favored the company with several solos and duets. There was the usual accompaniment of a

PERTH. The death is announced of C. J. Smith, son of Peter Smith, township clerk of Downie, who has been ailing for nearly two years with consumption, which had developed from an attack of pleuro-pneumonia. He had gone south for his health,

sack of rice, etc., when the happy couple

left for their home in North Oxford, where

Mr. Forbes has been a resident all his life-time. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were the

recipients of many and appropriate presents.

Her Objections. O maiden, thou art passing fair;
No charms with thine are worth comparing.
I love thee, yes, I vow, I swear—
Said she, "I much object to swearing."

O, from my suit, love, do not shrink, I feel bright eyes fascination; Intoxicating love-draughts drink— Said she, "I hate intoxication."

If thou reject, my race shall end Beneath the turf the earth embracing.
The last remains of thy fond friend—
Said she, "I hate the turf and racing."

But if he had taken with him as a present a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, he would have been more successful in his suit. She doubtless owed many of the charms which captivated him to its virtues. For brightering woman's eyes and giving her that healthy look so much admired by the opposite sex, it has no equal. Guaranteed to cure or benefit in all cases of "Female Weakness," irregularity, painful periods and kindred ailments or money paid for it returned.

The prisoners in the Maryland Penitentiary have contributed \$435 to the fund for the relief of the poor of Baltimore.

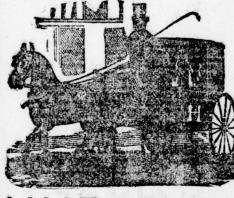
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