#### THE STROKE THAT SAVED.

The great palace of Moscow was brilliantly lighted. It was Christmas Evo, and the opening ball of the festive season had brought wealth and royalty together at the winter home of the Czar.

festive season had brought wealth and royalty together at the winter home of the Cars.

In the salon all was magnificence, Gorgeous decorations and splendid flowers graced the room; costly mirrors throw back the light of a theusand candles, and the walls were beautiful with coloured tapestries. The royal divan was unoccupied, Peter the Great had for the evening thrown off the mask of stern authority, and moved among the quests with courtly grace, greeting all with kind and pleasant words. The great Ozar went slowly through the room. The quiet smile seemed to have crased the lines of care from his brow, but there was an anxious, watchful look in the leep gray eyes that told of the sleep-lessness of his mind.

The rounds had been made. Everywhere he had been mot with expressions of humble submission and thorough good-will, but his mind was estless: he had a dim foreboding of some impending evil, and sank into a cushioned chair, a prey to uneasiness and unhappy thoughts. How long he rested he know not, but presently he was called back to his situation by await you, sirs" And with a hurried glance at the seene of gaicty and joy hes lipped away.

Outside in the avenue all was different.

pering voice of his page: "They await you, sire?" And with a hurried glance at the scene of gaiety and joy he sliped away.
Outside in the avenue all was different. Long lines of heavy carriages and graceful sleighs awaited the ending of the ball; horses stamped impatiently on the crisp hard snow; and weary drivers, mufled in their great fur costs, huddled in the protecting shelter of their carriages

Far off in the west wing of the place there was bat little signs of lestivity. The great massive building loomed, a tower of black. One single window was lighted, and the slender ray that struggled forth seemed almost swallowed in the darkness. Figures passed repeatedly before it, and the drivers noted it and wondered.

Inside of the palace the ball was at its height; soft strains of music floated through the long suitee of rooms; foreign ambassadors, stately notice, young and dashing officers, chatted in little groups, danced with through the grand rooms.

Long since the Czar had shpped away, not unnoticed, for the watchful it. The Czar had gone through as mall door to the left, hatchidden by hanging curtains, and through dark, narrow corridors up long flights of stairs to the little room of the left wing, where the solitary light peared in the test out into the darkness.

His Majesty was expected, matters of state had called him away from the

narrow corridors up long flights ofstairs to the little room of the left
wing, where the solitary light peered
out into the darkness.

His Majesty was expected, matters
of state had called him away from the
gay seene in the salon to the council
chamber. As he stopped into the
room every knee was bent, and, when
he had acknowledged the outsomary
selutation, a sigh of relief passed from
the lips of the councillors as they
proceeded to their places around the
central table. They were old men,
silver-harrod nobles of great learning,
men eminently worthy of the high
offices they occupied. One alone
in the room was not a counciller;
young and handsome, tail and broad
of shoulder, the Count of Bolkhew was
there, by right of his position as
captain of the Czar's bodyguard, to
stand between his royal master and
the dangers of secret societies. And,
after a few whitspered words from the
Czar, he left the room and took his
stand in the dark hallway.

Nihiliste were strong in Russia,
and the pale young nobleman who sat
apart from the crowd in the gay
salon, was the Count of Kharkov, of
all the socialists the most powerful,
fearless and dreaded. There was a
wild, unnatural light in his eyes that
seemed to tell of strange workings in
his mind. He smiled to himself, but
it was a dark, forbidding smile that
bodd no good. He was evidently
waiting for something, for as minute
after minute passed he sat tapping his
foot impatiently on the mable floor.
Finally he arcse, and, with forced
calmness, quietly walked toward the
half-hidden door that led to the left
wing. He entered unnoticed and
waited in the darkness. Presently the
door opened—a form entered noiselessly. Again and still again the
door, opened, and each time a new
figure jointly him, until twelve men
were gathered there in the gloom.

Not a word was spoken. Quietly
the little 'and statled down the long,
dark hall that so lately echoed to the

door, opened, and each fine a new figure jointly him, until twelve men were gathered there in the gloom.

Not a word was spoken. Quietly the little 'and startled down the long, dark hall that so lately echoed to the footfalls of the Czaz. Up the stairs and down another hall; up the stairs again, and still no sound.

Suddenly the sword of the watchful captain of the guards rings from its scabbard, and a stern, commanding "Halt!" schoes through the narrow passage way. For a moment all is still. Then the sound of quick footsteps, and that dreaded yell of the Nibilists—"Down with the Czar!" With a loud warning cry the captain kneels low and lunges at the dim figure that is almost upon him, and with a wild cry the Count of Kharkov staggers and fall:

But the fight is not ended. Scarcely has he raised his steel, when the hall is crowded with armed men.

With his back against the door he lunges once again with a grim determination to save the Csar from the hands of these furious men—there is one left to fight. Again and again he strikes. Fate seems to favour him in that unequal strife, for the brave sold for still holds his own in the dark hallway. There is nervousness in the steady parries and quick thrusts; death looks him in the eyes and he stready the rise blood on the rich uniform, and a half-met thrust had laid open the broad forehead. His strength cannot stand the furbus onelaught much longer.

Suddenly there is a signal from the room; it tolls him that his master has vecaped, and with a rapid thrust he clears a momentary passage through that circle of swords and is gone. Down the long hall, down the stairs, out into the chill night air he flees, with two of the bailled swe. Jemen at his heels. A sad smile passes over his bleeding face as he hears the hoarse cries of rage and disappointment from the room above. The Czar is safe and he is content.

Down the deserted streets the death chase continues, the stricken, bleeding man who colors the fresh white snow with his life blood at every step, and the two furious pursuers. Through street after street he flies. He cannot last long; his eyes are growing dim, but with a final effort he dashes down a marrow side street and turns to meet his death. He listens. Nearer and neaver come the pursuing footsteps. He shrinks into the darkest shadow of the houses. For a moment scarcely dares to breathe. Two panting man dash past and are gone. His mind becomes a blank; he resident file in the search of the share he hank; he resident in the surent scarcely dares to breathe. Two panting man dash past and are gone. His mind becomes a blank; he resident in the and falls heavily upon the pavement

The clock on the church in the great public square has struck three, and the city slumbers on, unconscious of the great tragedy that has been so narrowly averted. The salon in the palace is empty and dark, the festive guests have gone to their homes all in ignorance of the fierce contest that had occurred in that very building an hour ere their departure.

In front of a plain, unimposing house in a quiet street of the city, a dark figure lines prono in the snew. It is the body of the Count of Bolkhev, captain of the royal guard; the firm hand still graps the trusty sword; there is a crimson blot on the snew at his head, but he is still alive.

And a dream comes to him as hies there bleeding and unconscious. He is no longer the stern captain of the first troops of warriors in Russia. He is a little ourly-headed lad, lisping soft prayers at his mother's knee. It is again Christmas Eve, and he is imploring with inuccent. Hips the Sacred Infant to watch and guide his steps through life.

The dream changes. Now in the vigour of early manhood, he knaels with downcast head before the throhe of the great Caar. Peter is spasking: "Count Bolkhev, consider well what thou sayest, I offer these the captaincy of my guards; accept and it shall be thino—on one condition; thou shall renounce thy foolish fancies of Romanism forever." There is silence for a moment. Then with trembling lips he uttered. "Sire, thy will is mine" And the dreams ands.

But there is a novement in the house before which he lies. Someone is descending the stairs, the door is opened and there is a cay of dismay as the prostrate man is seen lying at the very doorstep. Strong hands are ready to carry him into the house, and tender, uninistering fingers are soon washing away the blood and applying restoratives to the wounded officer.

Over him bends a gray-haired man, who seems to recognize the handsome features. The officer is breathing more freely, and finally the large dark oyes open to stare vacantly, into the face above. Quiet yourself my son," says the

in a half choked whisper, "The Adde Nomory."

"Aye, son," answers the priest, and with a quick sign he motions to his attendant to withdraw, and he is alone with the dying man.

"Father," the pale soldier whispers, "you know my sin?"

"Aye, my child," the old priest answers, "nor is it too late to repent. Some unknown cause has brought you. wounded and dying, to the door of a hunted and despised priest of God. Ah it grieved me greatly to hear that you had perferred the honours of the world to the true faith; but repentance an make you once more a friend of the all-loving Father."

The sticken man was silent for a

the all-loving Father."
The sticken man was silent for a long time. A great struggle was going on in his soul; grace was fighting for the mastery. The old man saw it and said nothing. The minutes crept on. Then slowly the young soldier raised himself off his knees, and with a contrition burn a newly waskened love, he made a true and fervent confession at the feet of the old priest.
The strange pair, the white haired

fession at the feet of the out priest.
The strange pair, the white-haired
man and the handsome dying officer,
talked on through the night. They
talked of the deadly assault at the
palace, of other and happier days, of
the great fessivity of the morrow, and
of the heaven that seemed so near th
both.

A Queen will buy only the best of everytning. Queen Victoria buys

# Sunlight Soap

But it see a drap everybody can afford to use it, in fact a three best is the chapter in body on a slord artis are. We shave otherwishes ever thing with hest labor, go ater comfort.

Bocks for Wrappors on Ltd 35 Seat St. Tamon a new Seat St. Tamon a new

#### THESE TINS ..

are found everywhere. They're on the pantry shelves of nearly every housewife, and in every grocery. They contain

Pure Gold



peered in through the frosty panes, the head of the poor young officer drooped, the weak hand fell, and his noble soul went forth to a holior land.

Days passed; there was a great funeral, for all Moscow had turned out to honour the remans of the Coun. of Bolkhev, captain of the royal guard. Strange stories were told of his death; the people coupled it with the slaying of the Nilhilist leadors who had been killed on Ohristmas Eve; but for political reasons Russia never know the real story of his bravery. And of all the people that followed him to the grave, only one, a grey-haired man, could toil of the brave acts and the braver death of the dead hero.—Prize Story in "The Dial."

SECOND ANNUAL BAZAAR

At Ronfield for Church and Presbytery

At Bonneld for Church and Presbriery.

DEAR READERS.—We would hesistate in calling again on you for almagiving and charity when we think of the so many calls you always answer generously with readiness most creditable to you. Still we remember how we were welcomed last year; it was wonderful and remarkable, and we are coming back again to you and hope that our presence will not be a sign of terror in your midst.

It has been decided lately to hold the drawing of a few articles on October 1st and a grand bazzar Christmas week.

the drawing of a few atticles on October 1st and a grand bazaar Christmas week.

The articles to be drawn on Oct. 1st are a table cover, a christc...mg dross and a rifle. Tickets on first two articles are 25c. each; on last article 10c. each, three for 25c.

Now, you can do a great good by taking tickets on said articles, or forwarding to the undersigned any article, suitable especially for a country place, for the bazaar, which, where every confidence will be a good one. "Every little helps," as you know. Write to and get acquainted with the undersigned. Personal answer for every donation.

The parish of Bonfield, in Nipissing district, is very new, and many things are to be done here which we can hardly do by ourselves. We have one church, three missions with chapels, one with a chapel to be built—all far from rich, and unfinished.

The place is too bip for one priest, and still there is no presbytery as yet. For many reasons we feel indeed that we should not ask you anything. However, we cannot help it very easily. We presume very confidently that you realize perfectly well all the reasons of our appeal, which is very sincere and hopeful.

The work of a missionary is always nice. But still nicer is the work of good-doers uniting together generosity and zourage for God's holy work and

good-doers uniting together generosity and courage for God's holy work and

and sourage for trous a not not not glory.

Every communication, letter or parcol should be sout to the following address: Rev. Henri Martel, Bonfield, Nipissing District, Ont.

We will keep in a richly bound book all the names of our benefactors, and, in case of large subscriptions to the general funds for church and presbytery, we will adopt a course to be made known later on.

Yours very humbly,

Hown Martel. P.P.

HENRI MARTEL, P.P.

The strange pair, the white naived man and the handsome dying officer, salked on through the night. They talked of the deadly assault at the place, of other and happier days, or it is down if any have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Euger the place, of the nearest testivity of the morrow, and of the heaven that seemed so near to both.

Death hovered over the little room, and as the first bright rays of the sun

# Niagara River Line

FOUR TRIPS DAILY

On and after MONIAY, JUNE SID, stemocra of CHIPTEWA " and a "CHIRORA" " will know your Stem Name of the Stemocra of the Stemoc

TRY Robt. Powell, 336 YONGE STREET,

GRANITE AND

MARBLE MONUMENTS, &c. PHONE 1627.

# SMOKE THE BEST

GOLD POINT

50. BOARD OF TRADE CIGARS.

ROYAL CROWN The KING of 10c Cigars.

# SPILLING BROS.,

137 JARVIS STREET

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

#### CARPENTER WORK Executed promptly by

JOHN HANRAHAN.

No. 25 MAITLAND STREET.

TORONTO.

EF ESTIMATES FUBRISHED Telephone £593

ASTABLISHED 1864.

### Charch Pipe Organs. EDWARD LYE & SONS, TORONTO.

SEND FOR LIST OF ORGANS AND TESTIMONIALS.

. MOVING SALE . TORONTO GRANITE CO. LTD.

MONUMENTS. We are now offering special indu creents to in tending purchasers before moving to our new prem-iers, 7:0 TONGE STREET. Call and see our work and get prices before placing orders

TORONTO GRANITE CO., LTD., Phone 4313. 484 YONGE 81

# RHEUMATISM.

Why Suffer When There is a Remedy so Safe, Simple and Sure as

## St. Leon Mineral Water.

Bosron, July 1st, 1896.

I had ten years suffered with rheumatism, and after trying all the noted mineral waters offered to the public. I was induced to drink St. Leon Mineral Water, which gave me relisf, and in a short time entirely cured ce. I consider it the best water in the world for atomach troubles, rheumatism and constipation. G. H. DEAN, 267 Cambridge street.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., (LIMITEL).
1014 KING STREET WEST.

## ARTISTS COLORS-

Every Art Store has a complete assortment of WINSOR & NEWTON'S colors. These colors are the best in the world and they cannot get along without them. Insist upon having them. They are low enough in price for anybody and always insure isppy results.

A. RAMSAY & SON, WHOLESALE POLY CANADA

#### TORONTO RAILWAY CO.

Service of Cars into the Parks.

ctoria and Munro Parks.

Open Cars on Ring Street run overy six min
connections are made at the junction of Qu
Street and the Ringston Road with the Ton
and Searboro Isaliawa cans which a

the Park gate.

High Park—
College and Vorge and Cutton and College cars
College and Vorge and Cutton and College cars
College and Vorge and Cutton and College cars
Open cers leave Sunryade by the Toronto and
Minico Italieva every? by minicotes Special rates
Open cers leave Sunryade by the Toronto and
Minico Italieva every? by minicotes Special rates
Upon the College and College and College
Toronto and Other ple-nic parties.

Partico cars and College and College
Toronto and College and College
Toronto and College
Superished and College and College
Superished and College and College and College
Superished and College and College and College
Superished and College and Col

Teacher Wanted.

WANTED—A tenober for Roman Cath-olm Separate School; Oakvillo, hold-ing 2nd class per fer lonal Certificate, State qualifications and salary expected. Address all communications to.

MAURICE WALSH, Sec., R. C. S. S. Board, Cakville Mestard - THAT'S - Mustard

Dunn's

Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard 



MANTEN TURBE: OF THE CREPRDATED

White Label Ale, India Pale and Amber Ales, XXX Porter.;

Our Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on

WM. RASS

## THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

LIMITED.

BETABLISHD UNDER LAGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.

CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000.

Office, No. 78 Church Street. Toronto.

DIRECTORS

HON, SIR FRANK SMITH, SENITOR, President,
EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President,
WM. T. KIELY, JOHN FOX, EDWARD STOCK,
SOLICITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C.

Deposits Received from 200. upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon.

Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy term of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Scourity of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures,

Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purcheed,

No Valuation Fee charged for inspecting property.

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays—5 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 5 p.m.

IAMES MASON, Manager.

## No Wonder

some storebeepers speals of the Matches they offer as equal to "Eddy's"

People naturally look upon Eddy's as the standard of excellence trists on gotting B. B. Eddy's Matches.

**業にからからからからからからからからかるかみ** 



AND PURE ICE AT THAT. We are the Only company dealing exclusively in LAKE SIMCOE ICE, therefore you may rely upon receiving the genuine article. Pure ice and

BELLE EWART ICE CO OFFICE: 18 MELINDA ST. Tolephones, 1947—: [COPYRIGHT

The Reliance System

# Annuity Re-Payments.

550 per month—or \$0 60 per year—paid for or ears will t. ereafter return to shareholder :

years will a recedire return to shareholder;
413 per year for 10 years.
Of \$10 per year for 15 years.
Or \$20 per year for 15 years.
The above annuties way bepaid half-yearly, quasitely or monthly.
Further-particulars on application to
HON, JOHN DRYDEN, PRESIDENT,
J. BLACKLOCK, MANAGER,

The Reliance Loan and Savings Co

OF ONTARIO 66 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. ... INVESTMENT ...

- THE -York County Loan & Savings

Co. of Toronto Offers until further notice,

6 Per Cen. Coupon Stock. Certificates wah Coupons attached, Dividends payable emi annually. Certifi-cates redeemable after three years at par. This Company's funds are loaned only on first mortgages.

..TELEPHONE 2596.

P.J. Brown, M.D. Cor. Queen St. East and Carlaw Ave.

Andertakers.

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER,

140 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

359 YONGE STREET.

J. YOUNG, Undertaker & Embaimer DR. JAS. LOFTUS.

DENTIST. or. Queen and Bathurst ets. . . To

POST & HOLMES.

ARCHITECTS.

PFICES:
MANNING AROADE,

Residence 3 D'Aroy st. . Talephone 3077. CALL TE

JAS. J. O'HEARN,

PAINTING Giacing, Kalsomining and Paper Hanging. Shop, 161 Queen Street West, Opposite Orgoode Hall

TINGLEY & STEWART MFG. CO.

RUBBER AND METAL STAMPS Corporate and Lodge Seals of Every Description.

10 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

# GAS **STOVES**

RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED).

COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

BOECKH'S BRUSHES

BROOMS.



EMORIAL .. TOLONIOO OF ARPALISTS. CLUMCH & SECURAL COMPONER MASS STAINED GL

MECHUSTAND & SOND

