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under the roof of Princess Zorokoff." under the root of l'rincess Zorokoff." "Ah! Monsieur le President, such charges are wicked slanders. My sister Narka was too pure and good to associate with any but those who were pure and good like herself." It was not often that so great a treat as this trial of Narka's was provided for the sensation - loving Parisian public. Amongst the numbers who crushed in to assist at it there was not one who remem-bered a trial which contained such orig-ing dramatic alements. The prisoner

NARKA. THE NIHILIST

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

inal dramatic elements. The prisone

was a young girl of rare beauty and brilliant gifs, and among the witnesses were to figure a grande dame and a Sis-

ter of Charity. The judge and counsel had been besieged with applications for ten times more places than the court con-

even outside was so great that the court con-tained, and when the day came the crowd even outside was so great that the police had much to do to facilitate the entrance of those who had tickets. The court was densely filled long be-

fore the entrance of the judge, but curios-ity reached its climax when the door op-posite the judgment-seat opened, and the

prisoner, walking between two gendarmes

was led to the bar. Narka had been so exhausted and

and with it the challenge for immediate

ously bad characters, etc.

Th

to order.

followed.

Several other witnesses, friends of Olga Borzidoff, were heard, and these swore to

the prisoner's presence at the meeting or the 10th. This testimony was, so far, th

only substantial charge against her. Then the counsel for the crown made his

harge, and the witnesses for the defence

There was an indescribable charm in the way Sibyl said "my sister Narka," in her softly agitated voice.

" Madame," continued the judge, court cannot accept sentimental evidence, however convincing it may be. Can you assert upon your oath that to your knowledge the prisoner never associated, was never in communication, while in Russia, with any persons disaffected toward the imperial government?

Sibyl seemed too horrified to answer. With a marvellous play of feature she looked up at her husband, and clasping her hands nervously, looked back at the Judge. " Am I suspected of being dis-affected to the Emperor's government?" Nothing could have been more perfect than the little bit of comedy; her face and her hands expressed amazement, amusement, and wounded loyalty all at once, and the pantomine told more effect. ively in Narka's behalf than if she had olemnly sworn to belief in her inno

strained by the week's imprisonment that on the eve it had seemed to her im-possible she could go through the ordeal of this trial; but when the morrow came, "You, madame, are absolutely above " 1 on, madanie, are absolutely above suspicion," protested the judge, feeling that he had made a mistake in rousing the sympathies of the public on the side of this sensitive, high-bred lady by in-ferentially accusing her of a vulgar crime. Sibble our here advantage and invandi effort, her spiendid young vitality assert-ed itself, and her high courage rose to the occasion. She was luminously pale, but there was no lack of fire in her eyes, and Sibyl saw her advantage, and immedi-ately the great crystal drops welled up into her light blue eyes and trembled there, and then rolled off her curled there was no lack of fire in her eyes, and no trace of weakness in her bearing, as she stood at the bar. A murmur, partly of admiration, partly of curiosity, rose from every part of the audience; but this quickly subsided, and profound silence reigned in the court. The case against the prisoner was briefly stated—irom the time of her arri-val in Paris she had consorted with con-spirators of various nationalities, and atlashes. She was one of those dangerous lashes. She was one of those dangerous, not-to-be-trusted women to whom tears are becoming, and she knew it. "I beg your pardon, M. le President," she said, her voice quivering with repressed emo-tion; "but if you have ever had a sister whom you loved and trusted with your whole heart, you will understand that I cannot listen unmoved to such horrible spirators of various nationalities, and at tended revolutionary meetings where plots were hatched against the govern-ments and the lives of kings; she had whole heart, you will inderstand that it cannot listen unmoved to such horrible insinuations against mine." Overcome by her feelings, she covered her face and solbad gently. A hum of admiration and respect made itself heard in the court. Si is after strengting for a moment gone to live in a district where disaffec-

tion was rampant; she had received trea-sonable documents and sheltered ringleaders of the recent emeute and notori

Si.yl, after struggling for a moment with her emotion, lifted her head with the air of one nerving herself for courage first witness called up was Olga loff. She swore that the prisoner Borzidoff. She swore that the prisoner had to her knowledge habitually freous effort, but the judge, obeying the murmured desire of the court, said, "The quented revolutionary meetings, and that on the 10th instant she had been present "Let Sour Marguerite be heard."

at one where a scheme for the assassina No more striking contrast could have been found than that which this witness presented to the last. Instead of the blonde elegante, trailing her silken skirts tion of the Emperor of the French had tion of the Emperor of the French had been arranged, and the prisoner was chosen by lots to give the signal for throw-ing the bomb-shell into his carriage. The witness had been so horrified by the pro-ceedings and plans discussed at this meeting that she had gone immediately and given warning to the police, she had with undulating grace, scattering the scent of violets around, and playing on the court with her wiles, her sudden and given warning to the police; she had herself assisted at former meetings of the sort, ignorant of their sinister character; tears, her harmonies and blandishments there appeared at the bar a small, well shaped young woman clothed in a gray woollen gown and a broad white head gear, from under which there looked ou a youthful face with irregular features, s but her eyes had been opened on this oc casion, and her conscience awakened. Ol ga Borzidoff deposed in a spirit of vindict ive personal rancor which greatly dam ose full of character, imperceptibly re trousse, and a pair of wistful brown eye alight with courage, simplicity, and trut d the the weight of her evidence, and at last she became so violent and aggress ive that the judge was obliged to call her The shapely hands, roughened with worl and the weather, were slipped into he wide sleeves, and Marguerite in the wi Madame Blaquette was next called up ness box looked like a diligent littl and came on whining and whimpering scholar who came up for examination primed and loaded, afraid of nothing ex and conveying her distress to Narka by glances and gesticulations. She gave her evidence incoherently, contradicting her cept of being confused into a wrong an self at every sentence; she had been be-guiled and deceived, she said, by a beggar-woman toward whom she had exercised benevolence to the utmost extent of her swer from nervousness. What is your name ?" asked the

judge. " Sceur Marguerite, M. le Juge."

benevoience to the utmost extent of her means, having on one occasion given the last penny she possessed to relieve her wants; the woman's ingrati-tude was a bitter drop in the cup of her manifold disappointments. The land-lady was wandering on to explain the nature of these disappointments, when the " Say, M. le President," corrected some one in a sotto voce. " Pardon! M. le President," she re peated, with a blush.

The usual interrogations followed, and then the judge said, "Why did the prisoner go to live at La Villette?" judge cut her short, and after a series of direct questions discharged her. Her evi-dence had neither served nor hurt Narka.

"Because it is cheap, M. le President." "How did she spend her time there —

do you know ?" "She gave lessons, M. le President; and she went about with me visiting the sick poor. She is a capital sick-nurse." "Did she not keep low company ?"

"She kept company with me, M. le President.

You know what I mean, ma sour she associated with the bad characters of

that you had lost your voice before that LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMI. the other people who hid Antoine from the police; but I don't deny that we did. day ?" "Yes; M. le Docteur X — could certify to the fact. He gave me a consulta-tion not long before. I do not recall the date, but he probably could." The judge was going to put another methods are not way measured up to

Was the prisoner alone ?

"Chats." "What was it like? Describe it to the

You remember what the song was

" Stop !" interrupted the judge, quickly. " Write down the name and send it up to

While the witness proceeded to do as

" The first was-

" but

ourt.

He came to us one morning and asked us to shelter him, and we let him in, and he went away without telling us." "Yes, he went away to intercept the police, who had jost got possession of a box containing papers that would have convicted the prisoner beyond any doubt. Ma scenr, do you know what these papers ware?" rule judge was going to put interest question, when a note was passed up to him. He read it, and recognized the signature as that of a detective well known to the authorities, and highly esteemed for his honesty and skill.

were?" "No, I do not ; I never saw them ; and Mademoiselle Larik never told me what they were." "You know that she held revolution-

" for know that she held revolution ary doctrines, and connived at, if she did not participate in, the crime of regicide?" "I know nothing of the sort, and I don't believe a word of it." " She frequented meetings where such lots meetings where such terror.

plots were discussed " If she did, it must have been as the Prophet Daniel frequented the lions' den she was taken there by force or by fraud maker, the judge said :

But I don't believe she was ever present at such a meeting." "There are witnesses to swear that she

was present at one where she was desig-nated as an accomplice in an attempt on the life of the emperer." " M. le President, if a court full of witnesses swore to that, I would not believe her figure.'

them." "But if they proved it, ma sceur ?"

"But if they proved in, has done it ! What a "Above all, if they proved it ! What a pitful sort of faith that is that could be invalidated by proofs !" There was a laugh in the court. The judge peered over his spectacles at the witness, as if debating whether to join, at prisoner

least tacitly, in the movement d'hilarite, or call her to order for disrespect to the solemnity of justice. His human sym-pathies and his sense of humor prevailed.

"Ma rocur," he said, and his sharp eyes twinkled unjudiciously as they peered at her through his glasses, "your doctrine concerning faith and testimony differs in toto from that of the court. There are witnesses to prove that on the 10th inst. the prisoner was present at the meeting in question, and that evidence makes fatally against her, unless you car

said, with a humorous smile; "can fancy a score of nightingales in a woman's throat, with old cognac and oil bring forward witnesses to swear that she was in some other place that day while the meeting was going on." Marguerite's face lighted up with a

triumphant expression. "On the 10th ?" she said. "At what hour was the meet ing, M. le President?" "From 1 in the afternoon to past 3. laughed. "Parblen! If I would know it! It made the blood run warm in my veins. I would know it amongst a thousand." "Then I can swear, and bring others to swear, that she was not present at it she was with me, visiting a sick child."

There was a sudden excitement in the

- ourt at this. "You are sure of that, ma sour?" " I am perfectly sure of it."
- And you say there were others pres

Marguerite hesitated a moment : An toine Drex and his old mother were not

imposing witnesses to bring forward. "There was a crowd outside who say us both come out of the house where Ma demoiselle Larik had been singing to the child. I can easily find out some of the people who were there." Marguerite was conscious of a certain collapse in the strength of her testimony when it came to producing it; but the court was with her, and she felt it. Her own word, her

oath, would weigh with them and with the jury more than a score of the most creditable witnesses that could be brought forward, and the timid humility which seemed to make her forget this, and lose sight of her own value altogether, only

GRANT. The Authoress of this Famous Song.

OCTOBER 30. 1897.

Helen Selina Sheridan was the eldest daughter of Thomas Sheridan and the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her younger sister, Caro. line Elizabeth, afterwards became famous as the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and a "You may sit down," the jndge said to Narka. Then he added, "Let Jean God-art come forward." And a middle-aged third sister, Jane Georgiana, as Queen of Beauty " and the Duchess of Somerset. These three remarkable sisters inherited a large measure of the The art come forward." And a middle-aged man, dressed like a well-to-do workman, stepped into the witness box. Narka's heart began to beat again with terror. Was this a choice data with wit and beauty which was characteristic of both their parents and grandparents, and were known in society as "The Three Graces." In 1825 Helen Selina, then in her eighteenth year, married Was this a clever false witness come to spring a mine under her feet? The witness having stated his name and surname, and his trade of cabinet-Mr. Price Blackwood, who succeeded to the title of Dafferin in 1839 and maker, the judge said : "You were present that afternoon when the prisoner sang in the room occu-pied by Antoine Drex and his mother?" "M. le President, I was amongst the crowd under the window, and I waited to see the singer come out. I wanted badly to see her. I did not see her face well, for she wore a veil, and a hat that came down over her forehead; but I noticed her figure?" died two years later, the title going to his son the present Earl of Dafferin. Lady Dafferin does not appear to have had the strong literary impulse of her sister Caroline, and happily for herself lacked the mo tive of necessity which drew greater efforts from the Hon. Mrs. Norton's pen, but she wrote songs which have been sung wherever the English lan-"No; she was with Sour Marguerite It was Sour Marguerite who told us she guage is spoken, and which give lyric ad been singing to the sick child." "Why did you want so badly to see the expression to some of the tenderest emotions of the Irish heart. Sung by "Because of her voice ; it was the mos "Because of her voice; it was the most wonderful voice I ever heard. I am fond of a good song. It is my petit vice. I spend many a franc on a ticket up with the gods when a great singer comes to Paris. I have heard the best of them these twenty years past, but I never heard anything like the voice of the per-heard anything like the voice of the per-heard anything like the voice of the per-

herself they won their way in the brilliant society with which she mingled and found echo and re-echo outside that charmed circle in countless hearts and homes. Her amiability of temper-ament, and sweetness of manner exercised an irresistible charm upon her contemporaries, a charm which was on who sang that day in the Cour des rendered the more fascinating by the natural wit with which it was associated. Late in life she married Lord Gifford, who only survived the marriage two months. She died in 1867

The witness shook his head. "It would be a difficult thing to describe," he The following is the most famous of Lady Dufferin's songs:

I an sittia' on the stile, Mary, Where we sat side by side. On a bright May morain' long ago, When first you were my bride; The corn was springin' fresh and green, And the lark sang load and high— And the red was on your lip, Mary, And the love light in your eye. poured out all together, they will have some idea of the effect." The jury were amused, and the public You would know the voice if you

The place is little changed, Mary, The place is hitle changed, Mary, The day is bright as then, The lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green again; But 1 miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I still keep list ring for the words You never more will speak.

'I'is but a step down yonder lane, And the little church stands near; The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here. But the graveyard lies between, Mary, Aud my step might break your rest— For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep, With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, For the poor make no new friends, But, oh! they love the better still, The few our Father sends ! And you were all I had, Mary, My blessin' aud my pride ; There's nothin' left to care for now, Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary, That still kept hoping on, When the trust in God had left my soul, And my arm's young strength was g There was comfort ever on your lip, And the kind look on your brow— I bless you, Mary, for that same, Though you cannot hear me now.

thank you for the patient smile. I thank you for the patient smile, When your heart was fit to break. When the hunger pain was gnawing there, And you hid it for my sake ! I bless you for the pleasant word, When your heart was sad and sore— Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, Where grief can't reach you more !

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OCTOBER S

Written for the THE PIONEER VENTS OF SEVENTEEN

The important part which wom bear in the affai introduction of th tion plainly ind continue to be an Church and a fait the sacred minist scheme of redemp

The profound m of the Incarnatio manhood into Go one Christ-intre full of grace, bl. The Divine Fou having been sul period, to the ca aculate human His faithful comp our infirmities, and was wounde sions was one of t which ennobled a hood, in her r

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tively teaching ing penance a cannot adminis nor celebrate th Mass ; cannot absolving sinn driving away

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organization of the labors of t the ground for co operation. of the gospel by the mission der plants in woman's voca affairs is asso of the young, education of orphans, the r infirm, the re and outcast, th morality. T essential to the

"Can you tell the court what you sang that day?" "I sang first a Russian ballad, and then 'Mignon's Lament.'" Narka's conntenance, for all her self-control, showed plainly with what intense anxi-ety she was waiting to hear whether the testimony of the detective would corro-borate this answer. The court too was hushed in breathless expectation. "The witness," said the judge, "has written, 'A song in a language I did not understand, and then a song in French that ended, at every verse, Laissez-moi

made her more admirable and sympa thetic. A rare and winning advocate she was in her weakness and her courage, her pathos and her humor, clothed in the garb of that voluntary poverty which in its heroic renunciations represents the most persuasive power on earth

"And you can swear yourself that you were with her on the 10th at the hour named?" said the judge. "I can swear it. She came down to the hence into find

the House just after our dinner, and she staid with me till I went out, and then came with me to Antoine Drex's room, where she sang a little sick child to

that ended, at every verse, Laissez-moi mourir.' A perfect shout of exultation rose from every part of the hall. Narka flushed crimson, and then grew very white ; she was agitated almost beyond the power of self-control.

of self-control. The prisoner's counsel now followed with his plea, and then the jury retired to consider the verdict. They returned in ten minutes with a worket of generical

verdict of acquittal.

said to the prisoner, "Can you tell the court what you sang

sleep." There was a loud murmur from every part of the court; it rose almost to

cheer. Narka's eyes were fixed on Mar-guerite as if she could not look away ; the

while the witness proceeded to do as he was desired, a movement rose and spread in the court. It was arrested im-mediately when the judge, after reading the paper handed up from the witness, and to the prisence

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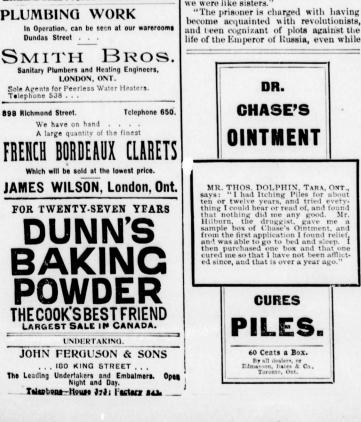
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the place?" "So do I and my sisters, M. le Presi-The first called was the Comtesse de Beaucrillon. Sibyl was one of those persons whose charm never deserts them under

"Vive Sour Marguerite !" shouted a any circumstances. As she advanced now to the witness box, leaning on her husband's arm, she looked just as charm voice, and the cry was taken up in chorus at the end of the hall, where La Villette was largely represented. The judge turned round angrily; but before he could speak, Marguerite drew her hand from her sleeve and made a little ing, just as much at her ease, as if she had been taking part in a court ceremonial, or dispensing cups of tea in her boudoir. She sat down with that languishing grace downward gesture, as if she were slap-ping a naughty child. "Hush, will you!" she cried; "do you want to get me into which always suggested a nymph sinking into the water, and then drew off her gloves and pulled out her Lilliputian ploves and pulled out her Lilliputian handkerchief, scattering a scent of violets

trouble This irregular proceeding had the de-sired effect; so the judge overlooked it, and went on.

'You are acquainted with a man

"You are acquainted with a man named Antoine Drex ?" "Yes, M. le President; I have long been acquainted with Antoine Drex." "He bears a detestable character — a rioter, a drunkard; he was a notoriously bad husband; he used to beat his wife?" Marguerite put her head first a little to one side, then a little to the other, like a meditative robin. "Well, M. le Presi-dent, he was not a model husband; but bis wife was very avgravating; she had a his wife was very aggravating; she had a tongue that was going all day long, and she took to drink before he did. Our sisters always pitied Antoine very much."

"What! a wicked revolutionist who incited the people to bloodshed ?" " M. le President, he was not so bad as

that; c'etait un desespere, mais pas un revolte. That is the difference. When he was out of work and had no food, the hunger went to his head. It is so with them all. But he was not a bad fellow. He loved his mother, and was always good to her; and he would often share his crust with a hungry neighbor."

So would any man who was not : brute.

Ah ! M. le President, if that were true, there would be no emeutes. hunger that sends the ouvier down into the street. He is not wicked ; he is bon enfant if you give him bread enough ; but he goes mad on an empty stomach, and that hunger-madness is the worst of

There was a rumor in the court express

There was a runnor in the court express-ing horror and assent. "That is a subject that would carry us too far from the point in question, ma sceur," said the judge : " the question is, did the prisoner, knowing the character Antoine Drex bears, associate with him, and connive at his evil doings by hiding him from the purprisit of the law?" him from the pursuit of the law ?" " M. le President, I cannot answer for

half-fierceness had melted out of her face and in spite of her immobility those dark eyes, burning under her level brows, be-trayed the relenting emotion that was in-vading and disarming her.

The judge was going to speak, when a movement at the door arrested his atten-tion. A messenger full of haste frayed his way to the judgment-seat, and a short parley followed between him and the judge. Marguerite had recognized the commis-

sary of police from La Villette. She was alarmed, but not much surprised, when turning from the judge, he came straight up to her. The cur osity of the audienc was greatly excited, and it was not allayed when the commissary, having made some communication to Marguer-ite, which she received with evident horror and amazement, hurried away with her from the court. And now it was Narka's turn. It had

seemed to her before entering the cour that no chance of escape or acquittal re mained to her, and in crossing the thres hold of the judgment-hall she had left al hope outside; but as the trial went on and nothing transpired to incriminate Basil, and as one witness after another failed to substantiate any charge against nerself, her spirits rose; she began to hope, and regained courage. The only serious point made against her was by Olga Borzidoff, who had sworn to her presence at the meeting on the 10th, and presence at the meeting on the 10th, and to her having been designated there to give the signal for throwing the bomb-shell; but this false testimony had been wholly refuted by Marguerite, who had evidently carried the court along with her, and turned the current of justice and of public sentiment strongly in favor of the prisoner. When therefore Narka stood prisoner. When, therefore, Narka stood up to be examined, she felt ready to undergo the dreaded interrogatory with more self-possession than an hour ago she

Could have believed possible. When it came to the question of her having been with Sour Marguerite at the time she was accused by the woman Bor-zidoff of being at the meeting, the judge said, "Can you remember any circumstance which would help to prove that alibi ?

"I can. M. le President." Narka an-"I can, M. le President, Narka an-swered, in her clear, metallic tones. "I had lost my voice for more than a month, and that day, when I was with Scerr Marguerite, it suddenly returned. It was very unexpected, and I was greatly ex-cited by it; so was Scerr Marguerite." "Can you call any witness to prova "Can you call any witness to prove

The Pulpit of the Cross has a stor that will bear re-telling for the benefit of those who, as they say, can never understand why the clergy are always needing money, and whose offerings are always in inverse ratio to their com

plaints. A clergyman whose salary had not been paid for several months told the trustees that ne must have the money

as his family were suffering for want of the necessaries of life. "Money !" exclaimed one of the trustees, noted for his stinginess. " D) you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls." The minister re-" Do you preach for plied: "So I do; but I can not eat souls. And if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal.

Although the Catholic clergy have no families of their own to support, there are innumerable demands on their purses which the laity seldom take into account. The hidden charity of our priests is beautiful, and many who are most generous in their bene factions receive least credit for it. The poor and distressed know what the Catholic clergy do with much of the money that comes to them. We once knew a priest who had laid up a few thousand dollars against a rainy day, to expend it all on the suffering poor of his parish during a winter when the bread winners were out of work. The rainy day came, and it poured; but his trust in Providence did not fail him. He is now with God, and we feel certain his reward is immeasurably greater for that act of self sacrifice. The late Bishop Borgess, of the Diocese of Da troit, gave handsome sums in charity every year ; and was always most lib eral when there was least likelihood that any one would find out how generous he had been.-Ave Maria.

Linseed and Turpentine are not only popu-lar remedies, but are also the best known to medical science for the treatment of the nerv-us membranes of respiratory organs. Dr. ous membranes of respiratory organs. Dr. Chase compounded this valuable Syrup so as to take away the unpleasant tastes of turpen-tine and linseed. Mothers will find this medicine invaluable for children, it is so pleasant to take and will positively cure Croup, Whooping Cough and chest troubles.

Were it fifty times as fair

And often in those grand old woods I'll sit and shut my eyes, And my heart will travel back again To the place where Mary lies; And I'll thick I see the little stile Where we sat side by side; And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn.

When first you were my bride -Montreal Star

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswel, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well." *Engage Out* — None, but those who have

and one that will sell well." Fagged Out.-None but those who havebecome fagged out know what a depressed,miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone,and despondency has taken bold of the suf-ferers. They feel as though there is nothingto live for. There, however, is a cure-onebox of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will dowonders in restoring health and strength.Mandrake and Dandelion are two of thearticles entering into the composition ofParmelee's Pills.

Quackery is always discovering remedies which will act upon the germs of disease cirectly and kill them. But no discovery has ever yet been approved by doctors which will cure consumption that way. Germs can only be killed by making the body strong enough to overcome them, and the early use of such a remedy as Scott's Emulsion is one of the helps. In the daily warfare man keeps up, he wins best, who is provided with the needed strength, such as Scott's Emulsion supplies.

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