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#### NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXX.

It may have been fancy, but when Narka went out next morning it certainly did not strike her that there was something abnormal in the looks of the people and the atmosphere of the place. But she set it down to the effect of Sibyl's shudderings and denunciations, and turned away from the idea. Moreover, her own away from the foea. Moreover, her own nerves, she knew, were always at full stretch, generally beyond it, and it was always safe to distrust her own impres-sions. She bethought her that she would go down to the House and hear what they said there. "Was Sibyl dreaming, or did she really

smell brimstone in the air yesterday? asked Narka, walking into the dispensary where Marguerite was pounding herbs in

a mortar.

"I'm afraid she smelt something,"
Marguerite replied, without looking up.
"I wish you had gone away with her."

"I would not have gone if she had

"I would not have gone if she had asked me; but she did not ask me."
Marguerite made no comment to this, but went on with her pounding.
"Oh, Marguerite, what a fool I have been all my life!" Narka burst out, passionately. "I see now Sibyl never cared a straw for me. She never loved me a bit, and she has been feeding me on false sacraments of love all my life!"
"Mon Dieu! how you do exaggerate

"Mon Dieu! how you do exaggerate everything!" said Marguerite, looking up and tossing her head. "You are so terribly morbid that you turn everything in life to tragedy."

"And whee!"

"And what has life been to me but a tragedy ever since I can remember? is easy for you to preach, but it is enoug to drive me mad to see how little Siby cares about me! To hear her talking cares about me! To hear her talking sentimental stuff about longing to hold my hand, when all this time she never asked how I managed not to starve Good God! if I were in her place and she in mine! But I am a fool—a fool!" she

repeated, passionately.
"Yes," said Marguerite, with uncivil acquiescence, while her cornette bobbed in merry accompaniment to the pestle;

"you were a fool when you made an idol
of a creature; and, as I told you before, it
it is the tumbling down of your idol that is hurting you so terribly. You expect too much from Sibyl, because you gave her more than you ought to have given to any human creature?" any human creature."
"Not near as much as you have

"Yes, you; you have given everything to your fellow-creatures—your time, your energies, your whole life. I never gave

as much as that to Sibyl."

The pestle stopped, and Marguerite looked up in amazement.

"But I have not given that to creatures. I have given it to God. That is just what makes the difference."

There was no answer to this. It shifted the ground of the argument too far. the ground of the argument too far

fter a moment's silence Narka said And so you think there is going to be an emeute "I am afraid there is something brew

ing. One feels the throbbing of the kettle before it boils over.' Marguerite laid her open hand downward on the air, as if touching water.
"Does it break out all in a moment like

that "So they tell me. Our Sisters have seen terrible explosions, just like gun-powder. The men go down into the streets and fight; barricades start up in every direction as if by magic, and then there is firing and slaughtering, and the seven devils are let loose and the people go mad; first their heads go mad, and then their hearts."
"Do hearts go mad, dear?"

"I think they must. I do believe that hatred creates madness, just as fever does when it gets to one's head. And it is so much harder to cure a mad heart than a mad head! Hatred is such a malignant force! Where it breaks out it devours everything; it is like fire. That is the dreadful thing in these revolutions; they

Are you afraid the people will attack

Oh no; they never hurt us. But a lot of our poor people will get into sad trouble. The police have been re-en forced, and the troops are consigned to the barracks, and swarms of detectives are prowling about the district. We have set the children to pray, two by two, in the church all day, and M. le Cure gave us leave to watch ourselves in prayer all to-

Is it so near as all that?" Narke exclaimed, in surprise; "and you never said a word about it to me!" "It was only this morning that we heard how alarmed the government was,

and the stringent measures that are bein

Marguerite put aside the pestle and ortar, and took down from the wall he little basket she carried on her err-

You are going to visit some sick pple? Let me come with you," said Narka.
"No; it is a case of small-pox; you had

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better go home. And if there be any movement in the streets to-morrow morning, stay in-doors. It may blow off, as these threats sometimes do; or it may be held down. But we shall soon know. Au

revoir. dear." revoir, dear.

They parted at the gate, and Narka
went home. Now that her eyes had been
opened to observe the signs of things that opened to observe the signs of tangs that were coming, the rebellious element in the air had become distinctly sentient, and her pulses were quickened to sympathy with it. She, too, had wrongs to redress, and she was ready to side heart and soul with the people around her who were going to rebel and seek redress for theirs. She did not stop to ask whether theirs. She did not stop to ask whether these wrongs were real or not; she was in a mood to applaud rebellion; her whole heart went out in sympathy with it. These people, like her, were the vic iims of tyranny; they were politically free, but they were the slaves of those merciless tyrans, the rich; they were starved and exasperated to violence by the inexorable rapacity of the capitalists. This might be justice in the eyes of the law, but in the sight of God it was murder. In the sight of God the rich one had no more right to use the brute force of money against the poor man than the strong man to use the brute force of muscular strength against the helpless paraly-tic. But they arrogated the right, and this was the universal wrong that was crying out for vengeance all over the

The passion of revenge had been sleep The passion of revenge had been seeping in Narka's heart, ready to wake up at the first opportunity. Time had not made less heinous in her eyes any of the wrongs that she had suffered, or weakened her sense of their injustice. Herein lies the vital difference between pain and evil; the flight of time, passing over pain, offeres the very remembrance of its and effaces the very remembrance of it, and washes away the traces of suffering, but it leaves the memory of evil and the ruin it has made untouched; the lapse of years atones for nothing; forgetfulness is not remedial of guilt. It was not the fact of her father and brother having died in Siberia, of her mother lying in the grave-yard at Yrakow—it was not these sor-rows in themselves that rankled and testered in Narka's heart, making it burn for revenge and throb in passionate sympathy with rebellion; it was the fact that those deaths were the work of human cruelty and injustice. What could be done to better the world while these sin-ister powers of evil were ruling it? There was nothing but to rise up and destroy

She got out those articles of Basil's and read them. They were like the sound of martial music to her excited nerves. She was putting them away, when the con cierge knocked at her door and handed in a letter. It was from Ivan. Was this a letter. It was from Ivan. Was this news of Basil? Narka opened it eagerly

This is what Ivan said:
"On the 10th there will be a meeting at which some important news will be com-municated. If you don't write to forbid me, I will meet you in the gallery of the Luxembourg on Friday at half past one,

and we will go together.'

This invitation would have been to Narka like the braying of the trumpet the war-horse if she had not already been to one of the assemblies in question She suspected the news was about Basil but even this temptation could not lur her again into the company of Olga Bor-zidoff and the rest of them. She was ready to sympathize actively in every effort to overthrow tyrants, but she would rather go out and fight on the barricades, if barricades there were to be, than deliberately come into contact with the people she had met before at one of these clandestine meetings. Besides, who could tell what might happen between this and the 10th? She went to bed late, and dreamed all night of Basil, of dangers the 10th? shared with him, of hair-breadth escapes, of rescue at last, and then she awoke and found herself still alone, and life still a tragedy in which the romance of love had

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

When Narka went out to make her little provisions next morning she per-ceived at once that there was a movement of some sort on foot. The people were

of some sort on foot. The people were out in the streets talking excitedly in groups. She asked a young workman what was the matter.

"The people have risen!" he said, triumphantly. "I have been helping at the barricades since daybreak; I have only run off to get a mouthful of food. We are given to kaye a journey." Keen indoors. going to have a journey! Keep in-doors, ma belle citoyenne — the troops are com-ing the boulevards — unless you like to come and lend us a hand on the barri-

marched off in high good-humor, proud as a peacock; the women were looking after him; some like furies; others scared and anxious.

others scared and anxious.

Narka hurried home, made a hasty
meal, and put on her bonnet to go down
to the House. As she opened her own
door she saw Dr. Schenk on the threshold,
with his hand on the bell. "You are going out!" he said, in sur-

Yes; I'am going to the Sisters' House It seems there is an emeute." She stood

"Yes, a very serious emeute. You must not venture out into the streets; the firing may begin anywhere at any moment. I have come to take you away. You can't remain here in the midst of You can't remain here in the midst of such danger. Put up what you want in a little bag, and come away at once. I have a cab waiting at the corner of the Rue X—; we can get round through a back way." He spoke with quiet authority, just as when she had been his patient he had ordered her to do this or avoid that. Narka was bewildered.

"Where do you want to take me to?"

she said. Dr. Schenk looked at her in silence with steady gaze that had something maga steady gaze that had sometiming mag-netic in it. Then, drawing a step nearer, "There is only one place where you can go with safety and dignity,' he said; "that is your husband's house. Don't start, Narka; listen to me. I have loved you from the first hour we met. I did you toom here today, to tell you so. I you not come here to-day to tell you so; I should have been afraid it might have driven you from me. I knew you must be slowly won, and I was satisfied to wait. I would have waited seven years. wait. I would have waited seven years,
But there is no time to wait now; I am
driven to speak; it is the only way of
rescuing you. I love you. Accept me
for your husband, and I will trust to winning your love by the strength of my
own, by the whole devotion of my life."
Narka had been too started and surprised to speak.

"Why, I thought you knew? ...."
she said, hesitating, and her color rose

and spread to a beautiful carmine. "Did not Ivan tell you? I am engaged to Basil Zorokoff."

'That is an idle dream," said Schenk, unmoved. "You will never be Zorokoff's wife."
"What do you mean?"

"He will never marry you; he does

"He will never marry you, in a control love you."

"How dare you say that!" cried Narka, and the blue fire flashed from her eyes.

"He does not love you," Schenk repeated, in the same quiet tone. "If he loved you, he would not have left you all this time to work for your daily bread this time to work for your daily bread alone, battling with the perils and cruelties of want. Don't tell me he could not help it. If he had loved you he would have helped it; but he loves nothing but ambition. He might have married you, from a sense of honor, if he had been his own master. But love you! Child, your love sweeps over him in a high tide of passion that he no more vibrates to than an oyster vibrates to the roll of the Atlantic!" The words were full of passion, but Schenk's yolce was as cold and level but Schenk's voice was as cold and level as if he had been speaking on any ordin as if he had been speaking on any ordinary subject; the fire in him was at white heat; but it did not appear; it was concentrated within. There was something unhuman in this cold-blooded self-command that repelled Narka indescribably, but it helped her to be calm.

"Dr. Schenk," she said, trying to keep her loathing out of her voice, "I will not forget that you have shown me great

forget that you have shown me great kindness; but I must remind you that nothing can justify your speaking of what is strictly and sacredly personal to me. I am as sure of the love of Basil Zorokoff as I am of mine for him. You are not capable of understanding a nature like his.

able of understanding a nature like his. He is too far above you."

Schenk smiled compassionately. "Keep your illusions," he said; "I don't want to destroy them; I only want to prevent them from destroying you. You are sacrificing your youth to a phantom. Zorokoff will never break through his present bonds to marry you. His own indifference is in league with the strong will of his father and his sister. Give up that dream! Worship him as a patriot, that dream! Worship him as a patriot, if you will, but give your love to me. I love you with my whole soul; I will be your slave all my life. You care nothing Worship him as a patriot for the gauds that other women covet; but these too I can put at your feet; my fortune is ample. Be my wife, Narka, and let us work in the good cause to-gether!" He held out his hand to her, gether!" He held out his hand to her but she fell back with a gesture of denial. Schenk thought it expressed disgust "My hand is clean; there is no man's blood upon it," he said, and there was a sinister gleam in his eye. Narka, stung to the quick, flashed back

at him a glance of hatred and defiance.
"That taunt covers a cowardly lie!" she said; "but I am glad that you uttered it; it shows me your true character, and en-ables me to dismiss you without a shadow of regret. Go, and never cross my path again

She pointed to the door, but Schenk did not obey her. He turned away, and paced the room twice, three times; his head was bent, his right hand was thrust into his breast, his features were working convulsively. There was something terrible and pitiable in the sight of this sudden passion, in the agony of conflictions of the sudden passion, in the agony of conflictions of the sudden passion. that was going on within him. Narka standing by the mantelpiece, watched him, divided between fear, anger, and a rising sense of pity. He had flung his love so generously at her feet, she felt sorry for him, in spite of those insolent and cruel words. Suddenly Schenk came and stood before her. The change that had taken place in him within the last few minutes was trightful to see; his sa low pallor had turned to a livid gray there was a red line across his forehea as if he had been struck with a lash.
"Forgive me," he said, meekly; "I have
behaved like a fool and a brute. My love for you must be my excuse I love you so madly there is nothing under heaven I would not have done to win you! But I will never trouble you again. Try and forgive what I said of Zorokoff. There is nothing in it. It was the fling of a jealous man. Jealousy makes men mad. I was mad just now. But it is past. And now what can I do to help Is there no friend that you can go

Narka's passionate anger was disarmed, but with it her strength of self-command gave way. She struggled to command gave way. She struggled to hold it for a moment, and then burst into tears. Schenk forced her gently into a seat, and stood over her, waiting.

"I am very sorry this has happened," she said, after a while, lifting her head and swallowing a sob; "I am very sorry. ere is nothing you can do for me Good-by.

"I can't bear the idea of your being ere alone," he said. "Is there no one here alone," he said. "Is there no one within reach?—Madame de Beaucril-

Narka made a negative movement with her head. "I don'trun the risks up here that you imagine. The people won't hurt me. I am Scorr Marguerite's friend. I was going down to the House to see her."

She stood up. Schenk saw there was no use in urging her. "I will see you that far," he said; " as yet the road there is clear."

He opened the door, and they went out together. Narka noticed the beggar standing at the door of the house opposite. It struck her as odd that she should be quietly stationed there waiting for pennies at such a crisis, for nobody was abroad except those who were going to fight. The street had already undergone a change: every shop that had a shutter had put it up, and everybody had gone

Narka saw and felt the change without being conscious of it. Those cruel words of Schenk's, "he might marry you from a sense of honor, but he does not love you," were like the bite of a snake in her

flesh.

They walked on rapidly to the House, and did not speak until Schenk said good-by to her at the gate.

The court was a scene of extraordinary

excitement; people were coming and going; the children of the schools were flocking in; they had been sent home, but the parents had come back with them, entreating the Sisters to keep them over the night.
"But where are we to put them?" ex-

claimed Sour Jeanne, in dismay;
"every bed, every mattress in the house
is more than filled."
"Pack them up to the infirmary," sug-

"The infirmary?" retorted Scur Jeanne. "There are ninety children packed into it already; they have hardly

urged Marguerite; "where there is no room for ninety, there is room enough for a hundred. Get along with you all to the infirmary!" And the children, in high glee at the lawless opportunity, went tumbling up the stairs.

"Oh, Narka, I am so thankful to see you!" cried Marguerite, perceiving her.
"Here is a note from Sibyl; it has just come. She wants us both to go off with her to Beaucrillon by the noon express."

come. She wants us both to go on washer to Beaucrillon by the noon express.

"Are you going?" inquired Narka.

"1? What a notion! I thought no

body but Sibyl could have imagined such a thing possible," Marguerite laughed. "Just think how busy we are going to be!" she went on. "The big school-room is turned into an ambulance, and they will be carrying in the wounded as soon as the fighting begins."

While she spoke there was a detona-

tion of fire-arms, first a single shot, then a volley, followed by a prolonged shout that rose in the distance, and came gradually nearer as street after street took it up. The women who were in the court hurried away; the Sisters went quickly in-doors with the children, who had lingered outside, full of curiosity and de-lighted excitement. In the twinkling of an eye the place was cleared, and Marguerite and Narka were left alone at the

gate.
"You had better run home at once,
"You had better run home at once, said Marguerite; "the road is still clear. But don't loiter, and don't stir out while

The sentence was cut short by a terrific volley that sounded much nearer this volley that sounded much nearer this time. Marguerite turned pale, and made the sign of the cross.

"Why may I not stay here with you?" said Narka. "I could help in the ambul-

ance."
"Yes, you might"—Marguerite hesitated—"only I may be sent down to the barricades to attend to the wounded who can't be carried here. Still, if you

As she spoke there came rushing past the gate a band of roughs, shouldering muskets and shouting a ribald song.

"And these are the people you are going to risk your life for?" said Narka— "men who probably don't even know the name of God!"

name of God!"
"Perhaps not; but God knows their name, and has died for every one of them. That is why it is worth while," said Marguerite. She speke calmly, but Narka could see that she was agitated.
"Are you not afraid, dear?" she said, looking tenderly down on the small "Are you not afraid, dear?" she said, looking tenderly down on the small

figure.

"Afraid?" The tone held just a soupcon of haughtiness. The question implied something which stirred Marquer ite's blood, and reminded her that cer-tain inherited instincts of her race had not been as effectively repudiated as its outward insignia. Noli irritare leonem was the motto of her house, and though the lion lay dormant beneath the dove, just as the lady's silken attire had disappeared under the peasant's gown, there were mo ments when the lion woke up, and when the antique French patrician, than whom the womanhood of all the races offers no loftier or lovelier type, asserted her in-alienable dignity. "No, I am not alienable dignity. "No, I am not afraid," she said, with penitent humility.

What is there to be afraid of?"
"The firing, the bullets: suppose you were to be killed ?'

were to be killed?"

"Killed? No such luck!" Marguerite tossed her head and laughed.

A suspicion darted through Narka's mind. "Marguerite, you are wearied of wearlief." "arguerite, you are wearied of the control of the such that we have the mind. your life," she said.
"Wearied of my life? I should never be wearied of it if I did not get homesick

now and then."
"Ah! Then you do regret the life you

have renounced?"
Marguerite looked up in quick surprise, and then began to laugh, "I meant homesick for heaven. If I were shot down at the barricades in the service of charity, it would be like martyrdom, and I should go straight to heaven. Would not that be luck, dear Narka? [Only such a grand death is much too good for me to expect." She looked very tired, though she was excited. Something in her manner and voice struck Narka to the heart. Could it be that this longing for have renounced heart. Could it be that this longing for martyrdom was prophetic? Narka re-solved to stay and share the risks, whatever they might be.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

The emeute lasted six days. Then came peace and the day of reckoning. La Villette was cowering in its kennel like a whipped hound. Numbers who had been taken fighting on the barricades and in the streets were in prison; but greater numbers still had escapel, and amongst them many of the ringleaders, and these were skulking in holes and corners, nursing their wounds, and dodging the police, who were in hot pursuit of them. For there was no time to lose. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. In France, more than else-where, punishment brooks no delay. To be effective, it must be dealt out prompt-ly, while public feeling is at white heat of indignation against the culprits; delay is fatal; for this righteous anger cools very quickly, sympathy veers round to the criminals, the most deserved penalty is then looked on as tyrannical and vindictive, the heaviest offenses are condoned, and the law-breaker becomes a victim,

and not infrequently a martyr.

The white cornettes had been the confidantes of the people all through. Every day before dawn wives and mothers were day before dawn wives and mothers were to be seen waiting at the gate of the house, asking for help and shelter for husbands and sons and brothers; "mon homme" had held a barricade for ten hours, and was a dead man if the police caught him; and so on with scores of

others.

Marguerite's wish had been disappointed. She had been a martyr only in spirit and in self-sacrifice; but in the eyes of the people she had won the palm branch as fully as if she had shed her blood for them. They had loved her before: they now worshipmed her; and Narka, who had been her companion through those terrible days, shared in the prestige that surrounded her. Early on the morning of the seventh day they went out together on their stealthy round of illegal visits of mercy through the districts and it was a fresh wonder to Narka tricts, and it was a fresh wonder to Narka to see how Marguerite rose to the new and strange difficulties of the position. Sometimes she spoke to the culprits in a tone of severe command so amusingly a tone of severe command so amusingly at variance with her little figure and her sweet young face that it raised a smile; but this unconscious air of comedy in no way detracted from the impressiveness of what she said. To those who were expiating their criminal folly in bodily pain suffering from wounds and force. "What does that matter, ma sour?" pain, suffering from wounds and from re

morse, her compassion was boundless; morse, her compassion was boundless; her voice was full of pity and healing balm, and her smile had a pathos that is seldom seen except on lips that have quivered with pain. As Narka went with her through the reeking slums and tenements, and saw her exorcising the evil substitution of the property of spirits, subduing impotent rage to humble spirits, subduing impotent rage to humble penitence, making the haters ashamed of their hate, she bethought her how feeble were her own passionate theories for reforming the world compared to this simple philosophy of love. And yetsure, ly there was a flaw in the philosophy somewhat. It was not natural, it was not possible that Magnerite do Receiville. possible, that Marguerite de Beaucrillon could really feel for these low, vicious, enraged pariahs the love she professed Was her system, then for them for them. Was ner system, then a he, a fair edifice built on a rotten foundation of deceit and flattery? "I will have it out with her!" Narka said, as they emerged from a dank cellar, where Marguerite had been administering the salve of loving words and encouragement to a wretched man who had led a whole band of meaning lads to the slaughter, and come out of it with despair and a mortal wound.

wound.

"How could you play the hypocrite to that poor wretch, and make believe you love him?" Narka said. They were crossing to the opposite side of the Cour des

"It is not hypocrisy; I do love him," "Nonsense! Say you pity him—that I can believe; but that you love that dirty savage—it is impossible!"

savage—it is impossible!"
"There are many kinds of love," said
Marguerite. "There is a love of the head,
and a love of the senses, and a love of the
will—that is the best, the true one; it is the only love that is commanded us: 'He who does the will of my Father.'.'
The Italian girl is a true theologian when she says of her lover, Mi vuole tanto bene

I don't know about the theology of it, but I am sure if these people knew that your love for them is part of the ten commandments it would not be so effica-cious; what flatters them is the belief that you have a personal love for them, whereas you simply pity them, and for-

give them."

"And what is love but an eternal forgiving" Margaerite murmured, saying it rather to herself than to Narka. They were at the door of Antoine Drex's house,

so the argument dropped.

Antoine was hiding. He had been recklessly prominent all through the riots, and the police were actively searching for him. The Sisters had broughthim food secretly, and Marguerite came to dress his wounds. He had left his own lodging, and taken refuge with his own lodging and taken refuge with his oid mother in his miserable tenement, re-cently inhabited by a man who hadfallen on a barricade, and whose idiot child was now moaning on its bed with fever, while la mere Drex tried to soothe it.

Narka assisted Marguerite in dressing

Autoine's wound; it was a bad one in the head, but not dangerous; then she went to see if the child wanted any help. "Santez! santez!" wailed the little crea-ture, staring at her with mindless eyes, now glittering with the light of fever. "What is she calling for?" Narka

asked.

"She wants me to sing to her," said the old woman: "poor Binard used to sing the child to sleep of a night; a good thing it was for him too; it kept him from the cabaret ever since his wife's death. I can't, ma petiote—I can't," she repeated, as the child kept on her monotonous cry: "Santez! santez!" "When I was young I could turn a tune as well as the rest of them," continued Madame Drex, with a certain complacency in the recollection of her lost powers, "but my old voice now is as cracked as an empty nutshell. You could not sing a cantique to "She wants me to sing to her," said the You could not sing a cantique to

quiet her, ma petite dame The question sent a sharp pang through Narka. In the excitement and busy exertions of the past week she had forgotten all about her lost voice, but this piteous Narka. supplication of the sick child reminded her of it, and smote her with a new regret. a sudden vivifying inward force, swift and potent as the touch of an electric spring. She cleared her throat and be-gan to warble, first in a soft undertone, as if trying an instrument that she was not sure of, whose strings might snap; but she soon grew reassured, and her voice rose, and gained in volume, and rang out in clear, sweettones.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Richmond Fire Hall,
Toronto, 26th, Feb. 1897.
Dear Sirs, — Constipation for years has been my chief ailment; it seemed to come oftener in spite of all I could do. However, some time ago I was told to use Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, which I have done, with the result of what appears now to be a perfect cure.

Truly yours.
J. Harris.

J. Harris.

Fagged Out. None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pils will do wonders in restoring teath, and strength wonders in restoring health and strength Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition Parmelee's Pills.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE

Anæmia means "want of blood," a deficiency in the red corpuscles of the blood. Its cause is found in want of sufficient food, dyspepsia, lack of exercise or breathing impure air. With it is a natural repugnance to all fat roods. Scott's Emulsion is an easy food to get fat from and the easiest way of taking fat. It makes the blood rich in just those elements necessary to robust hea'th, by supplying it with red cor-

> For sale at 50 cents and \$1.00 by all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

OCTOBER 2, ST. ANTHON

(FOR THE CATI This good work plans and design combined by men, work of the Provi often makes use means to accompl

of this matter : Miss Lousie Box shop in Toulon, Fr the lock of broken or out of unable to enter. smith, who tried h tools in vain, and there was nothing open the door. A spired by God," myself. If you Anthony some perhaps he would ithout breaking the promise, an man to make already tried an lock—and lo! th

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St. Anthony ir

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