It takes a man who s a whole man, at east physically, to be western cow-boy. His every-day life s must also be

working business man if he could turn cowboy for a couple of months each year. It would give him a chance to get the free, pure, in chance to get the free, pure, in sungers, a little steel into his muscles, a little steel into his muscles, a little steel into his muscles, a little edge to his appetite and a little of the calm of the boundless plains into modern business will not permit the average hard working business man to turn cowboy even for a short time each year. The only resource left him, if he does not wish to break down prematurely, is to keep a watchful eye upon his health, and when he finds that he is getting out of sorts, let up a little on work, and resort to the best of all known tonics. That tonic is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promptly puts a worked out man into condition, because it starts at the right place. It begins by restoring the lost appetite. It corrects all disorders of the digestion and makes the assimilation of the food perfect. It invigorates the liver. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It is the great blood-maker and fleshbuilder. By enriching the blood it nourishes and builds up every organ and tissue in the body. No man ever broke down with nervous exhaustion or prostration who resorted to this great medicine when he felt himself threatened by ill-health.

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An honest dealer will not urge a substi-tute. There is nothing in the world "just as good," although avaricious drug-gists will sometimes say so for the sake of the greater profit to be made upon the inferior article.

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CHURCH BELLS SHIMES

NARKA. THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA

CHAPTER XXII.

On reaching home Narka found a note from Sibyl which a servant had just left. She opened the violet-scented missive, and read :

and read:

"My Darling,—I bring you a wonderpiece of good news!" (Narka stopped to take breath. Had Basil surrendered?)

"It has come so suddenly I can almost fancy it a fairy trick. Fortune is going to be kind to you, my Narka, and reward you after all you have suffered. Listen: I have just had a visit from Signor Zampa, who was director of the Italian opera here last year, and is now managing La Scala, at Naples. He gave me lessons when I came to Paris. Well, dearest, he is in search of a soprano voice to take the place of prima donna at La Scala. An artist who heard you here that memorable night carried the fame of your voice and your genius to Naples, and Signor Zampa has come on here to see if you would suit him genius to Naples, and Signor Zampa has come on here to see if you would suit him and accept his overtures. I gave him your address, and with difficulty dissuaded oim from rushing straight off to you, there and then. I said he would not find you till 2 o'clock, and I promised to send word to you to expect his visit at 2. I am beside myself with delight. Come to breakfast to-morrow morning, and meantime attune your voice to its heavenliest key, and sing the soul out of Zampa's breast, and millions out of his

pa's breast, and millions out of his pocket.

Your own
Sibyl." Narka dropped the letter with an in-articulate exclamation. She was bewil-dered. It might, no doubt, be a most dered. It might, no doubt, be a most brilliant career that opened out so unexpectedly to her, but at this first moment she could not realize anything but the shock of the proposal. To turn public singer, to go on the stage—she who was engaged to Prince Zorokoff? Was it possible to contemplate such a thing? And yet how was she to refuse it without incurring Sibyl's deep displeasure, rousing her suspicions, and in that case alienating her, perhaps irrevocably? And there ing her, perhaps irrevocably? And there was not even time to think it over. It was 1 o'clock, and Signor Zampa was

likely to be punctual. She threw aside her bonnet, and went to the piano, and excitedly turned over the leaves of a music-book. She could not well refuse to sing, if he asked her, and in the midst of her perplexity the desire of the artist to win the approval of so great a critic as-serted itself.

As the clock struck 2, Signor Zampa rang at the door. Narka, flushed with excitement, looked

Aarka, flushed with exchement, looked her best when he came in.

"You have heard from the Comtesse de Beaucrillon the object of my visit, ma-demoiselle?" he said, conquered at once

demoisele?" he said, conquered at outer by her beauty.
"Yes. It has taken me by surprise.
I never dreamed of going on the stage. I have not had the necessary training for it. I don't think I am at all fitted to be

"Perhaps I am a better judge of that than you. Will you let me hear you

sing

sing?"
She rose without any pretence of shyness, and went to the piano. Zampa pulled off his gloves.

"You will accompany me?" she said.
"Certainly. What will you sing?"
"Choose anything you like, "motioning indifferently to the books and songs that were scattered about.
"Let's try this," he said, opening the partition of Norma at the "Casta Diva."
It happened to be a favorite piece of Narka's; she sang it well at all times, but stimulated by his presence she rendered stimulated by his presence she rendered it now with a perfection of art that must have delighted the maestro, even if her voice had not enchanted him by its rare voice had not enchanted that by its late qualities. When she ended, he burst out with a rapturous "Bravo!" and seizing her hand, kissed it with the demonstrative enthusiasm of his nation. He entreated her to sing several other pieces, each chosen with a view to bring out the various qualities of her voice. Narka, in-spired by his admiration and discerning criticism, sang at her best, feeling that ecstasy in the expansion of her splendid powers which is by turns the triumph and the despair of the true artist. Every fibre in her was thrilling to the music of her voice. Something of the grand, untamed creature that was visible in her tamed creature that was visible in her majestic lines and strong supple limbs began to throb in her pulses and course in her blood; and when the Italian started up and described the brilliant future that was before her, she was more ready to respond to his offers than she could have believed possible an hour ago. could have believed possible an nour ago.

As he stood there, with his fiery eloquence and mercurial gesticulation, she
could almost fancy a wizard had sprung
up on her path, waving his wane, and
bidding the mountains roll down and the
desert blossom at her feet.

"You will be a star that will outshine
yeary star in the musical firmament of

every star in the musical firmament of our age!" he declared, executing a sort of war-dance on the hearth-rug in his ex-citement. "Europe will ring with your fame; crowned heads will bow down be-

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Zampa saw that she was won, and he kept throwing in the incense, till the fames enveloped her and went to her brain. It was a delicious intoxication. But suddenly the great angle became. brain. It was a delicious intoxication. But suddenly the sweet smoke began to choke her. She had forgotten Basil. What would he say? How would this contemplated step affect their common destiny? Would the prima donna millionaire be almore suitable wife for Prince Zorokoff than Narka Larik? "I am so taken by surprise," she said, not attempting to disguise her emotion, "that I cannot answer you to-day. I must have time to think over your proposal and to consult my friends before I decide. I will write to you in a day or two."

But the impressario went away confid-

But the impressario went away confident and exulting. He had no doubt of having secured the prize.

When he was gone, Narka asked her-self whether she was waking or dream-ing. Had she done wisely in leaving him ing. Had she done wisely in leaving him to believe she would entertain his offer? As to consulting her friends, whom had she to consult? Sibyl would think her insane if she hesitated for a moment, and would never forgive her for rejecting an offer that she, Sibyl, so wholly approved of. There was Marguerite: Marguerite was sure to cry out in horror at the mere notion of the stage; to her it would seem like walking into the lion's den. Still Narka must speak to some one, and there was only Marguerite; and Marguerite's sympathy was sure to be comforting, and it might possibly be illuminating.

Early next morning she set out to La Villette To her great surprise, Marguer-ite, far from being horrified, met the idea

complacently.
"I expected you would have shricked at the bare notion of my risking my soul in such a wicked place as the theatre," s id Narka.

'Is it such a wicked place?" said Mar guerite. "I didn't know. A school friend of mine, a very pious girl, lost her fortune, and went on the stage, and sang for a year at the Opera Comique, and she re-mained as pious as ever, and died like a little saint. But that was in Par.s; per-bars at Naples it is worse."

little saint. But that was in Pars; perhaps at Naples it is worse."

"I suspect it is the same everywhere, pretty much," Narka replied. "But I have no fear on that score," she added, bridling inwardly, "Self-respect would protect me as well on the stage as walking about Paris alone. I was not thinking of any danger of that sort; it does not exist for me. I was thinking how the thing will appear to Sibyl."

"Sibyl? Why Sibyl has invented it."
"I mean about Basil. Would it not be a greater degradation for him to marry

greater degradation for him to marry me if I were a public singer?"

"Ah!" Marguerite slipped her hande

into her wide sleeves, and put her head a little to one side, and gave her whole mind to the solution of the problem. "Sibyl could tell us," she said, after a mo-

ment; "but we can't ask Sibyl."
"No, we can't ask Sibyl."
They sat silent awhile. Then Margne ite, like a person who, having passed every argument in review, arrives at a conclusion, said. "It always seem to me that the safest plan is to take what Provithat the safest plan is to take what Tovi-dence sends to us, and trust the conse-quences to Him. If you are running no risk to your soul, I don't see why you should not accept his offer. Instead of being an obstacle between you and Basil, it may be the means of drawing you to-gether. Perhaps Sibyl did not tell you, but her terror is that Basil in spite of the but her terror is that Basil, in spite of the prince and the police, may contrive to make his escape from Russia. And if he does, how is he to live? The prince make his escape from Russia. And does, how is he to live? The prince won't supply him with money, certainly; and he would not like to be dependent on Sibyl—that is to say, on Sibyl's husband. He would not mind, perhaps, being dependent on his wife for a time."

Narka threw out her arms and caught the small figure to her heart. "Oh, Mar-

the small figure to her heart. "Oh, Marguerite, what a blessed little Solomon you are!" she exclaimed, in delight. 'That would indeed be a joyful culmination—to would indeed be a joyful culmination—to be a supplied to the would indeed be a joynii culmination—to rescue Basil from poverty and dependence, and to be revenged on those who have been so cruel to us both!"

"Oh, never mind the revenge, Narka!"

Margoritz patractal "This was not the

Marguerite entreated. This was not the feeling she had meant to excite; but dis-cussing with Narka was like stirring the embers of a smouldering fire; the flame leaped up and the sparks flew out when you least expected it.

The bell rang, and Marguerite had to

say good by and hurry off to her duties. Narka went straight to the Rue St. Dominique. She found Sibyl in high excitement.

"Zampa has been here, and he is be-side himself with satisfaction! He draws such a horoscope for you as must make all the Malibrans pine with envy in the graves. Narka, you have a splendid career before you. I am so happy! It takes such a load off my heart!" She kissed Narka, and then turned to look at the practical side of the affair. The impresario was liberal as a prince. Narka was to proceed without delay to Florence, was to proceed without delay to Florence, and put herself in training under the great master there. The whole tenor of her life was changed in an hour; she was lifted from poverty, obscurity, and carking care to ease, brilliancy and the prospect of immediate fame. Sibyl entered into it all with that quick sympathy and subtle understanding that were part of

her power.
"But you take it all too coldly, Narka," but you take it all too coldly, Narka," she said, suddenly, her keen perception detecting the lack of response in Narka. "Are you not glad, dear? I thought you would be so excited."

"I suppose I ought to be." Then, after a moment, "Does M. de Beaucrillon say anything about it?" Narka asked, irrelev-

ently.
"Gaston?" He is delighted. Did you

think he would not care?"
"Oh no; he is too kind not to care." Narka repressed a sigh. She seemed tired. But there was something on her mind, Sibyl suspected. "I am just wondering whether it will make any difference when I am before the footlights," she said, with a constrained laugh—"whether you will feel quite the same to me when I

am a public singer."
"As if that could make the smallest difference!" Sibyl exclaimed, looking at difference!" Sibyl exclaim her in blank amazement.

Narka listened, and felt something like what the bird mustfeel when a kind hand is about to open its cage and set it free to take flight into its native element. She had been beating the bars of her cage all her life, even before she knew it.

Zampa saw that she was won, and he Zampa saw that she was won, and he was tired and wanted rest. wanted rest.

Sibyl saw that she was both excited and depressed. "You are quite feverish," she said, holding Narka's hand, and then touching her hot forehead; "you ought stay here, and let me put you own, and bathe your temples with eau-

But Narka would not be persuaded, although she would gladly have lain down, and the touch of Sibyl's cool soft hand on her aching head would have been soothing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Narka was in a glow of heat when she Narka was in a glow of heat when she left Sibyl's warm rooms, and met the bitter wind that blew hard from the north. It was a long walk and a bleak one by the river, but she faced it with a kind of reckless desperation. She reached home very tired, and was scarcely in-doors when she was seized with a shivering fit. "Mademoiselle has taken a chill," said Eudoxie. "I must make her a tisane."

But the tisane did not prove as potent But the tisane did not prove as potent Endoxie expected. Narka spent a as Eudoxie expected. Narka spent a restless night, and in the morning her throat was swollen, her head ached, and

her hand burned.
"Mademoiselle has fever. I had better go to the chemist and ask him for some-thing to cut it," said Eudoxie.

But Narka took a pencil and wrote a line to Marguerite, and desired the maid to take it at once to La Villette. As Eudoxie was going out she met Ivan Gorff, and she told him on what errand

"Mademoiselle Narka must see a doctor at once," he said. "I will go and fetch one while you take that message to La Villette."

La Villette."
Eudoxie gave him the key of the apartment, and hurried off to the omnibus.
Ivan called a cab and drove straight to Schenk's lodgings, and was back with him before Eudoxie had returned.

Schenk knocked at the bedroom door; there was no answer, so he opened it and looked in. Narka was alarmed and narked in. Narka was marmed and amazed on seeing so unexpected a visitor walk into her room, but he calmed her at once by his manner as much as by his words, and explained how he came there, felt her pulse, and then, without troubling her with useless questions, withdrew. The visit did not last three minutes, and activing early! here here more discret. nothing could have been more discreet and professional than his manner

When Schenk went back to the salon, Marguerite was there, talking to Ivan Gorff. She was horrified to find that the vivisector had been called in, but she kept this to herself: he had the reputation eing a skilful doctor, and there was comfort in that.
"What is the matter?" she inquired,

when Schenk had closed the door of the

edroom.
"Inflammation of the lungs; it has advanced very rapidly; she is in high

ever."
"Is she delirious?" She will be in a few hours, I expect. Marguerite uttered an exclamation of listress, and went into the bedroom. Narka signed to her to stoop down. "Go to the trunk behind the door," she whispered; "you will find an ivory casket; the key is in the drawer of the writing-table. Take it away and keep it safe for me—or for Basil."

"It is safe enough where it is, darling, said Marguerite; "I will see that nobody

said Marguerite; "I win see that hobody touches it."

"But if anything happens to me—"

"You mean if you died? You have not the smallest intention of doing anything so sensible," said Marguerite, in her bright way. "You have caught a bad cold, and I am going to look after you till you get well. Our Sisters here in the parks will come and see you every day.

Narka made an effort to say something. but her throat seemed to close, she could only form the word with her lips, "Sib-

yl?"
"I will let her know you are not well."
Marguerite smoothed the pillow and the
counterpane, and kissed Narka on the
forehead; she then drew the curtain so as

During her absence Dr. Schenk and Ivan settled it between them that no one who understood Russian should be al-lowed near Narka, lest in her delirium she should betray secrets that might work mischief to herself and others. When Marguerite reappeared, the medical man said : "I think it right to tell you, ma ndid scent, that I see symptons which threaten diphtheria; the disease has not taken that She character so far, but it may develop it before to-morrow morning; in that case it will be necessary to find a nurse who is not afraid of the contagion. I have one whom I can trust.'

whom I can trust."
Our Sisters will take care of her," Marguerite replied. "I was going to write to Madame de Beaucrillon," she said, turning to Ivan; "but if there be any fear of diphtheria she must not come."
"It would be a great imprudence to expose her to the risk, especially as there is no necessity for it," Ivan replied.

Marguerite determined to keep Siby

away. It proved a wise precaution as regard ed Narka. She was soon delirious, and raved incessantly about Basil, about Kronstadt, about Ivan and his revolutionary work; she talked chiefly in Russian, but now and then she spoke in French, and Marguerite, who very quickly detected the fiction that kept Sibyl away, and understood enough of Narka's wanderings to make her grateful to Schenk for inventing it.

Sibyl was unremitting in her inquiries and sent every day to know if there was nothing she could do to help. Meantime the illness, inflammation of the lungs, ran its course without complications; the ran its course without compications; the danger remained throughout potential, not going beyond the peril which must attend every serious attack of the kind. M. de Beaucrillon, having heard the word library and the word with the serious attack. M. de Beaucrillon, having heard the word diphtheria pronounced, would not hear of his wife's going near the house until Nar-ka should have been pronounced conval-escent, and until the atmosphere should have been provided to convolute. her in blank amazement.

Narka laughed in the same constrained way. "No doubt," she said to herself, "I shall remain just as far beneath the Comtesse de Beaucrillon, nee Princess Zorotkoff, whether I turn public singer, or remain in my native obscurity as Narka Larik."

Naka laughed in the same constrained is should have been pronounced convalides escent, and until the atmosphere should escent, and unti

was settled without reference to Narka herself, her acquiescence in Sibyl's wishes being taken for granted. She was going on very satisfactory, but just as the day for her removal approached, the baby fell ill with croup. After a week of mortal terror and suspense to the parents, the child recovered, but was ordered off at once to waters in Germany. Narka consequently received a note from Sibyl full of despair at the double disappointment. sequently received a note from Sibyl full of despair at the double disappointment, and entreating her to go down to Beaucrillon as soon as she feit equal to the move, and wait there until they rejoined

her.

It would have been a surprise to Sibyl if she could have heard Narka exclaim, on reading this note, "What a relief!" She had been looking forward with dread to the long term of close companionship with Sibyl. Weak as she was now, her one desire was to be left quiet. It would have taxed both her moral and physical strength too severely to be shut in with Sibyl, to be obliged to undergo her effusive tenderness, and respend to it, and to sibyl, to be obliged to undergo her ellus-ive tenderness, and respend to it, and to hear her outpourings of anger and despair about Basil. Once again the blessed baby had come like a messenger of mercy

CHAPTER XXIV.

Narka, white as an alabaster statue and all eyes, was sitting up in her pretty salon, looking out at the old garden, and listening to the birds singing, when Mar-guerite came in, bringing, as usual, fresh air from heaven with her. 'I was just thinking of you," said

"That was a very good and wholesome thought," said Marguerite. "Yes; and I was wishing I was a

dog."
"That thought was not so good."
"That thought was not I must lear "That thought was not so good."
"I was thinking that I must leave this apartment in a week, and I don't know under the broad face of heaven where to find another. Now if I were a dog, I msght lodge under the stars, which would be pleasant enough, as the warm weather is at hand; but as I am a human being, the police would take me up. As I went is at hand; but as I am a numan being, the police would take me up. As I went on thinking, it occurred to me that I might find a lodging at La Villette cheaper than in this part of the city. Do you think I could get anything clean and cheap near you?

cheap near you?

Marguerite considered a moment.

Madame Blaquette has rooms to let at
the corner of the Place; they are cheap
and bright, and they take in a good bit of sky, and they are not five minutes from

"Then Madame Blaquette's rooms are just the thing for me!

just the thing for me!"

A week after this conversation Narka
was installed at Madame Blaquette's.

Madame Blaquette was a character in
her way. She had been servant in a
gentleman's family till she was forty, and
now lived by letting these rooms that took
in a good bit of sky. She posed for the
decayed gentlewoman. She had had a
bachelor uncle, a grocer, whose money she
had always expected to inherit, and being
blessed with a lively imagination, she had blessed with a lively imagination, she has blessed with a lively imagination, she had enjoyed the inheritance almost as much in prospect as if she already possessed it. She felt, therefore, deeply wronged when at the age of sixty, this bachelor uncle took to himself a wife, and, dying at the end of a year, left all he had to her and her baby. Madame Blaquette always alluded to the event as "the loss of my fortune," and would heave a sigh when speaking of "the days before my reverses."

"the days before my reverses."
"She is a sentimental old goose," said
Marguerite, "but as honest as the sun,
and her lodgers are always respectable

they are generally friends of mine."
Narka had not yet discovered that to be
a friend of Marguerite's was a title to repectability open to discussion. It was not long, however, before she became aware that Marguerite was on intimate terms with all the waifs and strays and drunk-ards of the district, for Narka being curiards of the district, for Narka being currous to make acquaintance with the neighborhood, and having as yet no work to do, went about occasionally with Marguerite on her rounds. In this way she came soon to see the influence Marguerite exercised, and the position she held, in spite of her youth—perhaps, indeed, because of it — with the population of La Villette. It was very amusing to see how she queened it over them all, tripping along in her heavy shoes, carrying a along in her heavy shoes, carrying a bundle or a basket like any little peasant woman. The children left their play to woman. The children left their play to pull at her gown and get a pat on the head; women at their wash-tubs stopped soaping or scrubbing to exchange a word with her, or call out some piece of domestic news; shop-keepers in the act of selling turned to nod and say, "Bonjour, ma seur;" gamins and roughs suspended their wrangling, and waited till she had passed to finish their carbs. It took Passed to finish their oaths. It took Narka's breath away to see the refined, delicategirl walk up to a group of quarrelling men or boys and order them to the right about as if they had been children in her school. And the horney-handed ouvrier who had spent his week's earnings at the cabaret would take the pipe out of his mouth and listen meekly while she gave him a scolding. There was something of the mother in the genial cruelty with which she looked them in the face and said the hard thing to them, and told them they made her ashamed, or angry, or sorry. Her anger would be very hot, but it never took the form of cold displeasure. She abhorred cold, cruel cold that hatches hate, the least touch of whose icy breath is more fatal to love than the hottest blast of anger. Marguerite's sympathy was an open fountain, always flowing; when the poor went to her with a grievance, she waxed so indignant with them that they felt themselves avenged; when they took her a selves avenged; when they took her a sorrow, she pitied them so tenderly that they left the sting of it behind them. One day after a long morning of hard

work in the dispensary and the school Narka, who was going out with her on a round of sick visits, said, "What a tiring life it is that you lead, Marguerite! Do

you never weary of it?"
"Never for a minute!" was the unhesitating reply. "That is the happiness in God'sservice: it may tire one's body, but

"It seems to me everybody says it; it is the constant complaint of all the good according to the constant complaint of all the good according to the constant complaint of all the good according to the poor that the constant complaint of all the good according to the poor that they got people who do for the poor that they get no return."

"What nonsense! I wonder what sort

go about complaining that they don't get it: the disappointment sours themselves, and the complaining sours other people, for nine people out of ten are ungrateful and the complaining hits home and hurts their self-love.

their self-love."

Narka was amused at this touchiness concerning the poor which Marguerite displayed on the slightest provocation. They were passing by a public-house at the moment. A sound of voices raised high in altercation came through the classed door.

closed door.
'I do believe that is Antoine Drex that I hear," said Marguerite. She stood to listen, and at the same moment the door opened, sending out a villanous whiff of alcohol and tobacco, and there stood An-toine Drex, bumper aloft, apostrophizing

the company.

"Ah! this is how you keep your proise, Antoine Drex!" Marguerite cal Marguerite called

out from the street.

The big black-bearded man stared open-mouthed, as if the small figure in the doorway had been the ghost of his dead wife. A loud laugh from the spectators showed their sense of the comical wide of the tebleau.

tators showed their sense of the comical side of the tableau.

"They look drunk; come away," said Narka, under her breath.

But Marguerite held her ground intepidly. "Come out here, and go home to your poor old mother," she called out to the culprit, who stood sheepishly holding his bumper on the counter; "she is very suffering this morning, and you ought to be helping her instead of drinking here."

ing here."
To Narka's amazement, the stalwart man, who might have crunched up Marguerite with a finger and thumb, came guerte with a linger and tutumb, came out of the cabaret like a docile dog, and walked on before her. He looked danger-ous enough, Narka thought, for he had been drinking copiously. This was clear from his red eyeballs and swaggering gate as with clinched hanging hands tramped up the street before them, growling confidentially to the paving-stones.
"Is that the man you wanted them to guillotine?" Narka asked, when Antoine

was beyond hearing.
"Yes. How I wish they had! He res. How I wish they had: He would have been safe in purgatory now, instead of getting drunk at the Chat Botte. Those ten months they kept him in prison before the trial put a heart of rage into the poor fellow that will get him into trouble some day. And it is hard, for the rage is only suffering in disguise. It nearly always is with the poor. Another would not burt amployly. He is so toine would not hurt anybody. He is good to his mother! Even when h drunk he never touches her. And And he often shares his crust with a neighbor poorer than himself. If I only could keep him out of the wine-shop!"

him out of the wine-shop!"

"The wine-shop is the bane of the poor everywhere," said Narka.

"It is their resource, God help them! They drink to drown misery. I do believe he is trying to give me the slip, and steal into some other cabaret." She quickened her step until Antoine turned the right corner, and was out of sight. the right corner and was out of sight.

"Ah, he is gone home," she said, in a tone of relief. "There is not another.

wine-shop between this and his lodging." Life at La Villette was altogether a strange experience to Narka. At first the aspect of the place, its sordid ugliness, was so offensive to her taste as to be a positive suffering; but she soon discov-ered that this suffering had its compensaered that this safering had its compensa-tions; underlying the ugliness that re-volted and distressed her there was a hidden beauty, grander, nearer to the true ideal than the testhetic one that she missed; then the laborious courage of the population, the kindness that springs from a sense of common privation and mutual need, made a wholesome and genial atmosphere; the open acceptance of a hard lot, and the spectacle of general poverty unredeemed by any prospect o escape, made her own lot seem less cruel. She felt, too, more independent and secure at La Villette than she had ever done at Chaillot or in the Faubourg St. Germain Here she came and went unmolested there was nothing shocking to public opinion in a young girl's walking out alone. The utter unworldliness of the place, the absence of any necessity for keeping up appearances, was in itself a rest. In the early morning she went out on her little household errands, and carried home her bread and her can of milk, or her little baselful of weaking the content of the co or her little basketful of marketing, an the workmen's wives and daughters, bent on similar errands, wished her good morn-

Asshe walked along through the slums, where she was like no other inhabitant of the place, the people, struck by her state ly bearing, her beautiful pale face, wit ly bearing, her beautiful pale face, with the great eyes and the shining hair, used at first to watch her out of sight as if she had been some strange bird of gaudy plumage flitting through their dark region and brightening it for a moment. Butin a little while they ceased even to do this. "L'amie de ma sour Marquerite" soon L'amie de ma sœur Marguerite established her right of citizenship, and the title was a passport to everybody's good-will.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Yorkville Fire Station,
Toronto, March 3rd, 1897.
Dear Sirs,—Having used Dr. Chaes's Pills for Costiveness, I am very pleased to say that I consider them superior to any pill I ever used, as they have perfectly cured me of this trouble. Thos. J. Wallace, Fireman.

Wrapper Competition. JULY, 1897.

The following are the Winners in District

Winners of Stearns' Bicycles.

No. 1. Western Ontario

Mr. Allan Snyder, 1498 Queen street west, Mr. M. Hambly, 192 Dundas street, Toronto.

Winners of Gold Watches.

Mr. J. Milton Cork, 459 Dundas st., Toronto. Sweet Bros., cor. Elm and Elizabeth streets, Toronto. Mr. C. S. Philip, 39 McNab street, Hamilton

Miss Georgia McKee, Bridgeburg. Miss Annie Gander, 56 West Lodge avenue, Toronto.

The above competition will be continued each month of 1897.

LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto.

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