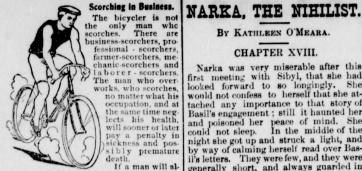
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ways watch his health and correct minor irregularities by a resort to the right rem-edy, he may do a reasonable amount of scorching without serious results. Nearly toy, he may do a reasonable amount of a scorching without serious results. Nearly all serious maladies are the result of im-perfect nutrition. Imperfect nutrition is just another name for starvation. A man may eat voraciously and still starve. He may put on an eighth of a ton of sickly fabby flesh and have a big, corpulent stom-ach, and still be starving. He may scorch mil he goes to the opposite extreme and gets thin as a rail, and he is still starving. The trouble lies in the fact that no matter how much food is taken it is not properly assimilated. The blood does not receive the life-giving elements of the food that build firm, healthy flesh, solid muscle and vibrant nerve fibers. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the assimilation perfect. It makes solid, healthy flesh, without raising the weight above Nature's normal. At all medicine stores.

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arrive by the evening train. You know the 16th is Marie's birthday? I am going to Worth's to order my dress. Put on your things and come with me. It on your things and come with me. At will amuse you, dearest. Come !" Narka did as she was told : fate seemed to be making sport of her, making her play comedy in spite of herself. She was

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laugh rang out clear on the staircase. "Nonsense! I want you to look youn best. You are going to sing. I have de-cided for a concert instead of a ball, and it was chiefly on your account. I want you to shine out as a star to all my friends. Marie is going to sing with our cousin Henri de Beaucrillon, and I shall Narka was very miserable after this first meeting with Sibyl, that she had looked forward to so longingly. She would not confess to herself that she athave several good artists, but you will outshine them all. Mind, you are to be in splendid voice !" would not confess to herself that she at-tached any importance to that story of Basil's engagement; still it haunted her and poisoned her peace of mind. She could not sleep. In the middle of the night she got up and struck a light, and by way of calming herself read over Bas-il's letters. They were few, and they were generally short, and always guarded in expression; cold love-letters, most lovers would have called them; but to Narka they were; all-sufficing; they were writ-

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

and blew out her candle and went back

and blew out her cante and whit back to bed. "I am like that woman," she said to herself, "who declared she did not be-lieve in ghosts, but that she was mortally afraid of them."

afraid of them." Two days elapsed. Narka was at her plano when the door opened and let in a sudden puff of violets. The violets an-nounced Sibyl before she had time to an-

"He will be here on the 15th! In seven days! Can you believe it? Can

She kissed Narka, and sank down on the sofa and pulled off her gloves ; the first thing Sibyl did when she wanted to talk

play comedy in spice of inferent. Sine was in no mood to be amused, and yet Sibyl was right, the ordering of the dress did amuse her. It amused her to see the mobility with which her companion sprang away from Basil and became ab-sorbed in the question of toilette. It amused her to see the devoit attention

amused her to see the devout attention which the man dress-maker bestowed on the matter. The consultation lasted half an hour, and was conducted on both sides

with the gravity befitting the importance

fied; her dress will be the event of the season," Worth remarked, with quiet as-surance, as he flung aside the costly stuffs

ne subject. Madame la Comtesse may rest satis

you believe it

They drove about giving orders at the shops for some hours. Narka had to go back with Sibyl and spend the evening. After dinner she had to sing. Sibyl declared her voice was finer than ever. bu

clared her voice was finer than ever, but M. de Beaucrillon remembered how that love song at Yrakow had melted the heart in his breast, and he felt that though the instrument was still beautiful, the passionate soul which had inspired it that night was absent or silent. Every day for the next six days Narka was at the Rue St. Dominique almost from morning till night. There was no escaping from Sibyl. "I can't do with out you, dearest," she repeated; "I want your sympathy and your calm strength to support me through this nervous time." would have called them; but to Narka they were all-sufficing; they were writ-ten as a man whispers when the enemy is listening to catch every word he says. This, she knew, was why he had not written now to tell her of his immediate arrival. Still he might have contrived to make her a sign somehow. Then, again, she remembered how necessary caution was atsuch a crisis, how fearful he must be of exciting suspicion. She took out her ring, and the sight of it seemed to re-buke and reassure her. She kissed it, and blew out her candle and went back time

time." Madame de Beaucrillon's house was the apex of the world in which she moved; the domestic events which had closed it for a time had been bewailed as social calamities, and the announcement that it was going to be opened on so bril-liant an occasion was received with gen-eral satisfaction. Sibyl wanted Narka to take the management of the musical pro-gramme ; but Narka refused ; she knew it would bring her into immediate, perhaps intimate, contact with Princess Marie, and there were limits to what she could bear. She was in constant terror o meeting Marie at the Rue St. Dominique but fortune spared her that trial, althoug Sibyl had made more than one appoint ment to introduce them. She was pro sented to a number of other ladies, wh thing Sibyl did when she wanted to talk was to pull off her gloves. Those nerv-ous, dimpled, bejewelled little hands played a great part in her discourse; they had a language of their own, without whose help much of her speech would have been incomplete. "Narka, put on your bonnet and come assured her they were "ravished to make her acquaintance." It would have been pleasant enough to be welcomed by thes high-bred French women if Narka had not felt that she was under false appear-ances. Would they have been ravished to make her acquaintance if they had known she was going to carry off the prize so many of them were coveting for a

been incomplete. "Narka, put on your bonnet and come off with me. I can't enjoy my happiness fully unless I have you to share it. Gas-ton is an angel; but he is a man; he can't understand. No one but you can sympathize with me, and feel what it will be to me to have Basil free, and married, and safe out of mischief. I have-heen to the Krinsky. Marie is radiant. daughter or a sister ? Since that letter from the Prince ar ouncing Basil's arrival for the 15th there had been no news from St. Petersburg. Narka would not own to herself that this silence made her uneasy, that she was frightened, in fact. But she was. been to the Krinskys'. Marie is radiant. But we have no time to lose to get ready the soiree for the 16th. It falls on a On Tuesday afternoon, the day before

Wednesday, which is unlucky, as that is work which is unlucky, as that is my day. It will be a bore if he comes in the afternoon. But he will most likely arrive by the evening train. You know the 16th is Maria's hirthday? Large Basil was to arrive, she was with Sibyl, when the servant brought in a telegram. It was from the Prince: "Expect Basil Wednesday."

"How delightful !" exclaimed Sibyl "he will come to find us all en fete to wel-come him ! If only my father had said 'morning' or 'evening !' It will be tire-

some if he arrives in the evening just a the people are flocking in. Dear me, he dreadful this uncertainty is!" She mov She move about, and sat down, and got up again, and was fluttered and ecstatic and alarmed and impatient all in a minute. M. de Beaucrillon thrust his hands into his pockets, and leaned against the mantel, and gazed with serio-comic grav-ity at his wife. " How you Russians do dramatize every crisis in life " he said, putting his head to one side with a movenent that resembled Marguerite, and he turned to Narka. The expression of her face startled him. There was no dramaizing there ; there was poignant emotion that she was straining every nerve to keep under control. What need was there for this fierce effort at self-restraint '

he had been coiling and looping to illus "There is always something about that girl that I cannot understand," M. de Sibyl was flushed, but cheerful and con Beaucrillon said within himself, and he looked away.

fident. "And now, dearest," she said, in Russian, to Narka, "you must order a dress;" and without giving her time to answer she turned to Worth: "Madem-At Sibvl's request he took up the railway guide, and made it evident to her that Basil must come by a morning train, so that the excitement of the soirce would oiselle is in mourning, as you see, but she that Basil must come by a morning train, so that the excitement of the sorice would not be made too overpowering by the emotion of receiving him in the midst of five hundred guests. Sibyl wanted Narka to come and sleep at her house on the eve of the concert; but Narka had a series of reasons—all foolish ones, Sibyl thought — to prove that this would be a most inconvenient arrangement for her. wants you to make her a white dress that can be worn at a soiree de contrat." The potentate of fashion fixed his eyes on Narka, as if to take in the characteristics of line and color that were to guide him. He called for white tissues, and proceeded to roll out velvets and gauzes round Narka as if she had been a statue In her secret soul she was convinced that Basil would arrive by the early train, and come straight to her before going to Sibyl. The idea of meeting him in Sibyl's pres-ence was too dreadful to be contemplated. She could never go through the ordeal without betraving herself. And yet, after all, she reflected, did it matter so very much? A few days, a few hours prob-ably, sooner or latter, and the crisis must

calm, was tembling with excitement. "You will be the Queen of Beauty to-night as well as the Queen of Song, my Narka," Sibyl exclaimed, in frank ad-miration, when she beheld her. "How pleased Basil will be to find you looking so well! Come, and let us see how the rooms look lighted. It will help to pass the time while we are waiting. Stop ! there is a carriage driving in." She flew out to the landing and called out "Sontthere is a carriage driving in." She flew out to the landing, and called out, "Sont ce ces messieurs

ce ces messieurs?" "The groom of the chambers answered from the hall, "M. le Comte has returned alone, Madame la Contesse." Presently M. de Beaucrillon came slow-

ly up the stairs. "What can it mean?" Sibyl asked, fluttered and vexed.

fluttered and vexed. "I don't suppose it is the first time Basil has been uppunctual to an appoint-ment," her husband said, in his solemn way; "the singular thing would be if he

way; "the singular thing would be if he were to keep one."
"He must have missed the train somewhere," said Sibyl, "unless he was taken suddenly ill; but then he would have telegraphed."
"He is not ill, ma chere amie; I will answer for that; he is simply your brother — the best fellow in holy Russia, but horn without the faculty of keeping.

but born without the faculty of keeping an appointment. Where is Narka?" Narka, whose heart had begun to pal-

pitate violently at the prospect of seeing Basil appear in a moment, had stood clutching the back of a chair until she heard Sibyl's exclamation of disappoint. ment, and then, regaining possession of herself, she walked quietly on toward the landing. The effect she produced on M de Beaucrillon was so great that she could not pretend not to see it. He started, and for a second looked at her positively dazzled. For the first time in her young life Narka realized that she possessed a sovereignty to which men were ready to bow down. By the time she had given him her hand, and he had raised it to his lips, as was his graceful habit with her, Sibyl had joined them; she was so agi-tated and full of her disappointment as to dispel the momentary bashfulness that Narka had felt under M. de Beaucrillon's unspoken admiration. There were a few moments of excited talk, Sibyl asking and answering a score of questions in one breath, and then the carriages rolled in

quickly one upon another, and guests arrived in rapid succession. Sibyl stood to receive them at the head of the stairs. Narka escaped to the music-room, but Sibyl missed her in a minute, and sent M. de Beaucrillon to bring her back. He soon captured her for the crowd was not yet large enough to give her shelter.

"I have orders to take you, dead or alive," he said, drawing her arm through "Must I hold you bodily in durance, or will you be my prisoner on parole?" " I give my parole?" he said. He bowed and released her.

The gay and brilliant crowd kept streaming in, and soon the spacious suite of salons was filled. At 11 o'clock the concert began. It op ned with a find orchestral performance; then Marie Krinsky sang her duet; this was fol lowed by several other pieces, vocal and instrumental; and then it was Narka's turn. The suspense of the day, culminating in the disappointment at the end of it, had so excited and exhausted her that It, had so exclude and extinue of a note; her she felt incapable of singing a note; her tongue was parched, her throat felt as if it were paralyzed. When M. de Beaucrillon went up and offered her his arm, she did not move, but looked up at him

entreatingly. "I can't sing!" she said. It seemed cruel to insist, but he felt sure that she could. "Sibyl will be terribly disappointed," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

Narka stood up. The movement, the sudden resolution, seemed to say, " Then I will do it or die.'

She took his arm and walked to the centre of the platform. Her cheeks were delicately flushed, her great lustrous eyes

marriage to a woman of low condition, and that this had been at the bottom of his desire to get out of Russia. "He tried to deny it at first," wrote the prince, "but I put the holy image before him, and I put the holy image before him, and bade him swear the story was a lie. He did not dare do it, and he ended by de-claring that it was trae, and that he would never marry Marie K. or any other woman but the one he loved. I said if he mar-ried her I would curse him. I gave him three months to come to his senses ad his duty. If that does not do, I will have him circumscribed under surveillance of the police at Kronstadt. The sight of the fortress will have a sobering effect." Narka stifled a cry, and let the letter

Narka stifled a cry, and let the letter fall on her lap. "Well," said Sibyl, coming up and standing before her, "what do you say to this? The infatuated boy! It must be some woman he met in Italy. And with a foreign woman we are powerless. She can't be a Russian, or my father would have said so. If she were Russian, it would be easy to deal with her. A threat of the knont would soon bring her on her knees." She shut her right hand with a ouick inward movement that was too exknees." She shut her right hand with a quick inward movement that was too ex-pressive to be mistaken; those soft, dimpled hands were itching for the known to scourze the woman who had come be-tween Basil and the pride of the Zoro-koffs. Sibyl was horrible to look at; her white teeth showed between her parted lips; her words came hissing; her blue eyes glittered—they never flashed when she was excited, they glittered—her feat-ures were convulsed, her whole frame shaken with passion. Narka covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight. "Ob Sibyl''s she murmured

face with her hands to shar out the optimized. "Oh, Sibyl!" she murmured. "Yes, it is too loathsome to contem-plate," cried Sibyl, misunderstanding the plate," cried Sibyl, misunderstanding. "Could you have believed Basil such a weak you have believed Basil such a weak fool? If we even knew who and where this creature is, we might buy her off. That is our only chance, as she is a for-eigner. We must buy her off." "But if she loves Basil—" Narka ven-

tured, hesitating. "Love him! A creature like that! Allons donc!" Sibyl gave a laugh that sounded devilish. She looked like an incarnate devil, or some avenging python-ess, with her glittering eyes, and her small head reared, the blue sheen of her satin dressing gown shimmering in snake like folds round her tall figure. Narka could not believe her senses. Was this the Sibyl she had loved all her life and worshipped as the type of all that was good and lovable?—the Sibyl who was so tender to suffering, so generous to her peasants, so indulgent to their vices, so ready to forgive their lies and thefts and wrong-doings? What evil spirit had entered into her? And if she knew the name of the woman argingt whom this name of the woman against whom this outburst of hate was directed would the knowledge be a welcome relief, or would it only turn the current of her scorn and rage toward the culprit? The look of arge toward the current of her scorn and rage toward the culprit? The look of blank despair on Narka's face struck Sibyl even in the midst of her passion. "Oh, Narka," she cried, "if you feel this shame so keenly, think what it must be for me!" and she sank down beside Narka, and fell upon her neck, sobbing hysterically. hysterically

Narka, faint and sick at heart, waited till the storm of grief, of fury, should have spent itself. Sibyl, who knew that it was her way to be silent when she telt mos deeply, was satisfied to lay her head upon that strong and tender heart, and gave vent to her own passion in floods of tears. They had both been too much en

rossed to notice the clanging of the bell announcing a visitor. Presently the serv ant came in to say that the doctor was waiting to see Madame la Comtesse.

Sibyl raised her head and wiped he eyes, and, with that mobility which was had regained complete possession of her self

I am coming." she said to the valet and then, turning to Narka, "We have been so full of this horror that I had no

"I will go to Marguerite," she said, and she arose and dressed herself in the gray twilight of the winter's morning.

AUGUST 28, 1897

CHAPER XX.

Narka was just starting for La Villette, when a vehicle stopped at the door. She looked out, and saw Sibyl's brougham. Before there was time to consider how she should endure this new ordeal, it was made evident that Sibyl was not in the brougham, for the footman jumped down with a note in his hand, and disappeared under the porte cochere. Presently was a ring at the door. Eudoxie had gone out. "I will not open," Narka thought. "It is no doubt asking me to go to her, and I can't go; I won't go." The servant rang three times, and then gave it up. The brougham drove away, and Narka, after waiting a few minutes to make ange of its baing at a distance

to make sure of its being at a distance.

to make sure of its being at a distance, went down stairs. Passing the lodge, the concierge came out and handed her a note. "The foot-man rang at mademoiselle's door, but no one answered him," said the woman. The note was from Sibyl.

Come to me at once, darling. I am in sea of anguish. Baby has the smalla sea of anguish. pox! I am half mad. "Your own

"Poor little angel!" said Narka, with a pang. But his illness at this crisis was a boon to her, inasmuch as it would keep Sibyl away, and absorb her, and draw her mind from the woman she wished to scourge.

It was a miserable morning. The rain It was a miserable morning. The rain had been falling heavily all night. Every rut and channel was turned into a pool, and a cold drizzly rain was still falling. Narka had used cabs, and freely enough, since she had been in Paris, but the stern reign of economy which had suddenly set in reminded her that omnibuses were a chaener under of courserance, the order cheaper mode of conveyance; she asked her way to the nearest station, but when she got there it was so crowded that she had to push on to the counter for a num-ber, and then push her way out again. An omnibus was coming up; as it slackened pace a crowd trooped after it with their umbrellas spread, looking like a whale or some huge bird in the wake of a ship. They looked intensely ridiculous "making tail..." Narka did not care to "making tail..." Narka did not care to add her umbrella to the show; besides, she might be kept waiting an hour for a seat. Was it not better to take a cab at seat. Was it not better to take a cash a once? As she was balancing the question in her mind, a gentleman close to

Will this take me to La Villette "No, monsieur," said the conductor. "The blue ounibus there, with a correspondence." The gentleman hurried away, and Narka, with an inarticulate exhurried clamation of thankfulness for her escape, crossed the street after him to where the blue omnibus was standing, empty they got in almost together, and took seats op-posite one another. The stranger was a tall, lean man, with a sallow complexion and marked features, carefully dressed, with a certain air of distinction. Narka more than once caught his avec fastened more than once caught his eyes fastened upon her. It so happened that they stopped at the same place; the stranger got out first, assisted her to alight, touched his hat and wenton his way.

Narka stood in the middle of the street, Narka stood in the middle of the street, waiting for a break in the stream of carts and cabs to cross over. As she glanced eagerly right and left she descried, a little higher up, asmall figure in the costume of a Sister of Charity, waiting like herself to cross the busy thoroughfare. There are certain situations in which even Mel-pomene could not look dignified; for in stance, hopping over the puddles with stance, hopping over the puddles with petticoats slightly kilted on a wet day; and yet as Narka watched Marguerite and yet as hark watched hargdenie going through this trying performance it did not seem any more lacking in dignity than the steps and hops of a little child.

"Narka!" exclaimed Marguerite, in glad surprise, when they met on the foot-path. 'How did you get here? Did you walk?' path. walk

'No; I came in the omnibus. Where are you coming from ?" "I have been to the Rue du Bac. I got an omnibus to the Madeleine, with a

correspondence, but when I got out there was such a crowd I saw I should have to

AUGUST 28

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round Narka as it she had been a statue. He then made notes and lines on his car-net, and handing it to her, "I think, mademoiselle, something in this style will suit yon ?" he said. Narka uttered an exclamation of surprise. It might have been taken from the garment she had invented for herself at Yrakow. It will require a little relief," observed

trate his idea

fident.

Worth ; " a gold buckle here on the tunic, and a clasp on the shoulder fastening the long sleeves. Would that be too great a concession to ask ?

concession to ask ?" "Not the least," interposed Sibyl. "Your Russian gold ornaments will suit beautifully," she said, turning to Narka. "You must bring them when you come

Try on the dress." When they got out on the stairs, Nar-a said : "How foolish of you, Sibyl' y white cashmere would have done ka said My perfectly. This is only a second edition of it, and will cost a hundred times



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When it came, how would Sibyl meet it,? This question kept perpetually re-curring to Narka, and filled her with an anguish of uncertainty which even the joy of meeting Basil could not banish from her mind.

from her mind. Wednesday morning dawned, and it found her watching. She had been too excited to sleep. She rose feverished and unrefreshed and spent the morning coming and going from the window. Every cab that drove up the street made her heart leap. But the early hours went by, noon came, and no Basil, and no new from Sibvl

"He will come by the evening train, and I shall have to meet him before Sibyl!" she thought. And then a terror seized upon her, and she reslved not to go. But this panic did not last. It was quickly followed by a feeling of definee, and a longing to let Sibyl and all the world know that she was Basil's tiancee, and ready to brave the whole world rather

The day dragged heavily on till eve-ning, and then it was time to dress. Narka coiled up her shining gold hair, and robed herself in the wonderful white draperies that Worth had combined out of soft and costiv materials and then of soft and costly materials, and then clasped on her golden necklace and brace-lets, and waited for the carriage to come for her. As she beheld herself reflected in the

long mirror of the wardrobe, her heart exulted, not from any sense of vulgar vanity—she was too proud and too chast-ened by sorrow for so mean a vice as van-ity — but she rejoiced in her beauty for Basil's sake. "He will be glad to see me looking well amongst other women" she looking well amongst other women, 'she said to herself, with a soft thrill of happi-ness; and the flush of love and conscious power made her cheek glow.

When she reached the Rue St. Dominique, M. de Beaucrillon had gone to meet Basil. Sibyl was dressed, and sat watching impatiently for the return of the brougham. Narka, though outwardly

opening accompaniment, and Narka lifted up her voice and sang. M. de Beaucrillon was right. She could

Al. de Beaucrilion was right. She could sing. After the few notes assured her that she had command of her instrument, her voice poured out like a crystal stream, rising and swelling and trilling with as little effort as a bird's. The audience were quite carried away, and when the song was over they burst into a salvo of ranturous annous. Sibul deifted with

rapturous applause. Sibyl drifted with her serpentine grace across the platform and kissed Narka, and other ladies, following this example, gathered about her, kissing and congratulating. All round her people were exclaiming, "What genius!" "How beautiful she is!" The gentlemen were clamoring for the honor

of being presented. It was one of those moments that bring with them a kind of intoxication to the calmest and wisest. Yet there was something timid in the let there was something third in the glance of Narka's large dark eyes that seemed to deprecate all this homage and admiration. If only Basil had been there to enjoy it and to justify it! Without him, she felt the triumph was not wholly hers; she was receiving it under false pretences.

pretences. M. de Beaucrillon was charming. "Je suis tres fiere de ma belle-sour," he said, presenting her to a venerable duchess whose smile was social distiction in the great world. Even in Basil's absence it was some

thing to have been thus welcomed by the friends to whom he would soon present her as his wife. As she drove home Narka was conscious that it had been a

brilliant evening; Sibyl had been per-fect: everybody had welcomed and ad-mired her; and she was Basil's affianced wife.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two days went by, and there was no news from Basil. On the morning of the third day the brougham came from the Hotel de Beaucrillon with a message requesting Narka to come at once. Narka obeyed the summons, full of anxiety as to its meaning. She found Sibyl walking its meaning. She found stort watking up and down the library in a state of vio-lent though suppressed excitement. "There I read that," she said, drawing a letter from her pocket, and holding it out to Narka, without arresting her walk.

out to Narka, without arresung her walk. Narka, sick with suspense, sat down and read the letter. It was from Prince Zorokoff. He had discovered on the very eve of Basil's departure that the boy had entangled himself in some promise of

brougham will take you home now, and you can put up what you want, and come straight back. Oh! she exclaimed straight back. On she exclaimed, looking into the girl's agonized face, "what should I do without you to feel for me." She kissed her, and hurried out of the room.

out of the room. But Narka had no notion of coming back to have her own suff-rings made tenfold bitterer by the sight of Sibyl's hate and anger. By the time she had driven home she was, indeed, unequal to the effort, if she had been ever so anxi-ous to make it. She sent a message to Sibyl saying that she had nearly fainted on getting to her own door, and must be quiet for that evening. quiet for that evening.

quiet for that evening. Poor Narka! An earthquake had come and shaken the earth under her feet since morning, and shattered her paradise to ruins. Was it possible it could be rebuilt again? Basil was now more fatally sep-arated from her than he had ever been before. There was no charge of his before. There was no chance of his escaping; the Prince would take cars of

escaping; the Frince would take car of that. Had he Prince any idea, she won-dered, who the low woman was? And if not, would it propitiate him to hear that she was the one he had sheltered under his roof, and called his child, and record from a group activity?

rescued from a cruel captivity ? The day passed in a sort of stupor. It was only when she lay down to rest that, in the silence of the night, Narka awoke to the remembrance that apart from the wreck of her hopes, and the blow that had crushed her heart, other trials had over-taken her which would not let her sit at taken her which would not let her sit at home and weep. What was she to do now? How was she to live? Practical dilemmas of many kinds surrounded her; urgent difficulties were pressing to be dealt with. She spent the night ask-ing herself how she was to meet them; but the dawn broke and found the pro-hem unsalved. Davlicht seemed in. blem unsolved. Daylight eeemed, in-deed, only to magnify, by letting in a more vivid mental light upon them, the troubles that had loomed, dark enough, but still vague, during the long, sleeples

night. She must leave her present apartment, She must leave her present apartment, for one thing. It was much too expens-ive for her means and prospects now. She had been spending money freely, and her funds were running low. And where was she to find pupils? Sibyl was her only resource, and her whole soul writhed at the thought of having to de-pend on Sibyl. Suddenly Narka remem-bered Marguerite.

was such a crowd I saw I should have to wait an hour for a place. So I started off on foot. Life is too short to be spent waiting for the omnibus. Oh, that hor-rid man!" she exclaimed, casting a glancefull of something as near hatred as her sweet force could express at some one her sweet face could express at some one coming out of a shop. "I should like to coming out of a shop. "I see that man flayed alive."

Narka followed the direction of the glance, and to her surprise saw that the object of this murderous desire was the gentleman who had been her vis-a-vis in the omnibus. "Who is that man?" she asked, as the

stranger passed them. "He is a Prussian; his name is Dr. Schenk. He stole away our dear old dog Tempete, and put him to death. Nobody saw him doing it, so we could not attack him, but there is no doubt he did it. His business is to bribe little boys-our boys -to catch dogs that he tries experiments on. He ties them down, and cuts them up, and tortures them alive. He is a for d.². fiend.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sin Brings Suffering.

The lines of suffering on almost every human countenance have been deepened, if not traced there, by unfaithful ness to conscience, by departure from duty. To do wrong is the surest way to bring suffering ; no wrong deed ever failed to bring it. Those sins which are followed by no palpable pain are yet terribly avenged, even in this life. They abridge our capacity of happiness, impair our relish for innocent pleasure, and increase our sensibility to suffering. They spoil us of the armor of a pure conscience, and of trust in God, without which we are naked amid hosts of foes, and are vulnerable by all the change of life. Thus, to do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves whenever and however we violate any moral or religious obligation.

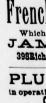
Montreal, Que., Jan. 2, 4 Edmanson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard St., Toronto, Can. Messicurs the Manufacturers, ----------------bottle of Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for ulcerated sore throat. It cured me in two days. It is an admirable preparation. Believe me, votre ami, D. F. LAFLECHE.

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