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ternity, during the period auguring motherhood.

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compared with what I had with the others."

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NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ivan Gorff arrived punctually at Koenigsberg, and proved the kindest and most efficient escort. He was one of those rare persons whose entire sim-plicity and selfishness make you feel perfectly at ease; his companionship mposed no effort; he exacted noth ing; he only asked to be made use of. Narka, who had never cared much for him, suspecting rightly that he cared too much for her, had grown quite fond of him by the end of the tete a tete jour ney. It was like having a strong, ney. It was like having a strong, sagacious dog always by her side, on the qui vive to do her bidding, never expecting thanks, but radiantly happy when she threw him a bone in the shape of an affectionate smile or a kind word. He never alluded to her relationship to Basil, but it was borne in upon her that he was aware of it.

Basil, but it was borne in upon her that he was aware of it.
On arriving in Paris he found her very pretty lodgings in the Rue Chaillot, with a salon that overlooked gardens and beyond them the river. Ivan thought them expensive, but he made no observations; that was soon at home in her new abode. She had that gift peculiar to some

Narka was soon at home in her new abode. She had that gift peculiar to some women of making beautiful any place where she dwelt. Her rooms were very simply furnished, but her grand Plyel piano, covered with its Turkish cloth, a rich piece of Muscovite embroidery in gold and silver and many colored silks, gave an air of splendor to the salon; flowers and plants set on every available spot lent it an aspect of refinement, and books spread about on the tables suggested that intellectual interest which was never absent where Narka was. She took pains to make the rooms attractive. Basil was to meet her here, and as the frame sets off the picture so would she borrow some additional charm from the help of harmonious surroundings.

Sibyl had not said a word to her of his nomination to the the Russian Embassy. "She means to let it come on me as a great surrorise" thought Narka, with a

"She means to let it come on me as a great surprise," thought Narka, with a pleasant consciousness of being herself

preat surprise, thousands of being herself pleasant consciousness of being herself much deeper in Basil's secret.

Sibyl's absence from town at this juncture was rather a relief; but Narka was impatient to see Marguerite, and her first expedition was to the Rue du Bac. She learned to her disappointment that Sœur Marguerite had been sent to Havre a Margnerite had been sent to Havre a month ago, and it was quite uncertain when she would return. Narka found herself, consequently, as

much alone in Paris as if she had strayed into the Sahara; for Ivan Gorff, as soon as he had done everything that was with in his power for her, went back to Rus-

The weather was intensely cold; the winter was an exceptionally severe one; and Narka now understood Sibyl's appropriate incredible assertion that in parently incredible assertion that in Paris the cold was more cruel than in Paris the cold was more crue than management and massia you were protected against it by thick walls, and fires that were like furnaces; but here in Paris the wind that blew with a shrill blast from the north pierced the thin walls, too porous to keep it out, and whistled through chinks in the doors and windows, until it seemed to blow as hard in-doors as out. Narka, who had not yet found out what a costly luxury a good fire was in Paris, piled on the logs in her three rooms unsparingly. She spent her time between singing and reading and dreaming, and fought against the cold with a blazing hearth. hearth.

So one month sped away. She was a the piano one morning, singing a Russian ballad, when the door of the salon opened Narka took no notice then closed. thinking it was Eudoxie, her bonne, with the newspaper; but when she finished her song some one cried, "Brava!" brava!" and before she had time to turn round, two arms were hugging her back-ward, and a face under a stiff white head-gear was pressed against hers.

Narka stood up, and "Marguerite!" Narka stood up, and returned the caress with genuine delight. These two had often wondered how would be when they met; whether the ory of those last days at Vrakow, s pregnant with events which had influenced the destinies of both, would come enced the destinies of both, would come between them like a presence. And now they met, and Marguerite was looking up into Narka's face with eyes full of wistful tenderness, and unabashed simplicity, and the innocent gladn ss of a child. But, with that intuition which sometimes belongs to children, she saw that the memory of those days had rushed upon Narka with a kind of poignant consciousness.

"Do you know," she said, still looking up with her bright brown eyes, "I feel as it we were a pair of ghosts meeting in the other world."

"We are in another world than the one

we parted in," replied Narka; "I believe we both of us died a death at Yrakow be-fore we left it."

fore we left it."

"But we came to life again, didn't we?" asked Marguerite, eageriy.

"I suppose we must have," replied Narka;" though you don't look a bit like

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a person who had ever been dead and buried."

They sat down near the fire; Narka threw on a fresh block, and made a hospitable blaze.

pitable blaze.

"How pretty your room is, and what a splendid view of the sky you have! said Marguertte, glancing toward the windows, and round at the flowers and the home-like touches visible everywhere. Then, with a sudden change from gay to grave, "Oh, dear Narka," she exclaimed, "what you have suffered since we met! Many a time I have wondered how you lived through it."

"Yes, it is wonderful what we can live

"Yes, it is wonderful what we can live through, some of us. I must be very hard to kill, I suppose."

"That time in the prison! The very thought of it turned life into a horrible dream. I used to go about my work as if I were in a nightmare. Dear, I do believe that I prayed for you with every breath I drew all those dreadful months."

months

Narka's features contracted with pain Marka s leatures contracted with pain; she opened her lips as if to speak, but they quivered and closed again. After wreating for a moment with herself, "Perhaps it was those prayers that kept me from going mad," she said, "for it was like being in hell. I never look back at it. If lidd even now it would sand me it. If I did, even now, it would send me out of my mind." Then, seeing her own shuddering horror reflected in Marguer-ite's face, "Let us not talk about it," she snuddering horror reheated in Anaguetie's face, "Let us not talk about it," she said. "Tell me about yourself. You look much stronger than you ever did at Yrakow, and you look so happy!"

"I am so happy!"

"Are you, dear? Well, I suppose the martyre on the rack would have said they were very happy if the pagans had oues.

were very happy if the pagans had ques

tioned them."

Marguerite laughed. "I can't tell
what the martyrs would have said, not what the martyrs would have sale, ho being one myself, any more than you are a pagan. I only know that I am as happy as the day is long."

"And you regret nothing?"

"Nothing on this earth!" She opened out her hands, palms upward, with an

emphatic gesture.

"Yet the life you are leading is that o a common servant? Narka said, in a tone of incredulity. "Sisters themselves described the hardships as dreadful."

"They exaggerate the hardships—"They have exaggerated the hardships—

"They exaggerated the hardships—they always do; what they never exaggerate is the happiness. I don't believe any one in this world could be happier than I am. I would not exchange my lot with the most envied one on earth." "Thank God!" Narka murmured, almost involuntarily. There was a moment of sudden cousciousness to both, and then, by a common inpulse the two women

of sudden cousciousness to both, and then, by a common impulse, the two women bent forward and kissed each other.

"It is wonderful to hear you say that, Marguerite," Narka said, as if this tacit understanding had set her free to enter frankly on the subject. "How can you like being a peasant, and carrying burdens on your shoulders allday?"

"I love the burdens, and love, yon know, makes everything light and easy."

"Your old theory. But for all the love in the world there are things that you must miss—music that you were so fond of, and flowers that you so delighted in. How you used to revel in the winter gar-

of, and flowers that you so designed in.

How you used to revel in the winter garden at Yrakow!"

"Yes; but I don't miss anything. I am quite satisfied with the music in church on Sundays, and the canticles the children sing in the school; and I'm not sure that a hospital ward or a sick-room is not a good as a garden to me."

is not as good as a garden to me."

Narka held up her hands. "It all sounds so unnatural!" "So it would be if it was not my voca-That is what makes it natural and

I could understand it in a measure if all this discomfort and sacrifice on your all this discomfort and sacrince on Your, side lessened the misery of the world," said Narka; "but it doesn't; it never will; the cruelty of life will remain just as universal for all your sacrifice; you will never do away with suffering."

"God forbid! What would become of the world if suffering were done away

"God forbid! What would become of the world if suffering were done away with? There would be an end of hero-ism, of so much that makes life beauti-ful. Suffering is the salt that keeps human nature from corrupting. Besides, salt or not, it is the law, and there is no escape from it. But it is not the suffer-ing itself that is so bad; it is the revolt against it. Human nature is in rebelagainst it. Human nature is in feeler-lian against suffering, just as science is against pain. And it is a vicious circle from which there is no escaping — the more science rebels against physical pain, the more moral pain increases. If people the more moral pain increases. If people did not rebel so fiercely against it, pain would lose half its sting. Don't you think, now, for instance, that it would be much better to bear the natural pain of disease, and be content with the legitimate means of relief, than to escape from it by drugs that destroy consciousness, and end by destroying the moral strength, so that human beings are reduced to the state of animals, without nerve or reason to bear up under their suffering?"

fering?"
"You would have us all turn stoics, and, like that Spartan man, stand and grin while the fox eats into our vitals." 'I would have us bear our pain like Christians, instead of running away from

it like cowards. You are behind your age, dear Marguerite," said Narka, with a smile. "The triumph of science is to abolish pain." "The triumph of charity is to alleviate it: and it is better to alleviate it with love

and help than to drug it with morphine. and help than to drug it with morphine."

"That sounds admirable as a theory,"
said Narka, with a touch of the old scorn,
"but it is a fallacy; it is like your dream
of reforming the world by love. You
must first call in hate; hate must clear
the ground before love can build. Society, as it exists, is an organized system
of murder of the majority by an omniporder imposity. Their class.

of murder of the majority by an omnip-otent minority. That old machinery must be smashed and swept away before ove can come in and raise a new order of things. " Hate would be a dreadful foundation to build on," said Marguerite. "Hate is suicidal; it destroys itself and everything suicidal; it destroys itseif and everything else. It would be like building on a volcano. Oh, Narka, I will convert you into believing in love!" she exclaimed, vehemently; and she laid her hand, once so dainty, now coarsened by work, on Narka's arm, and gave her an angry shake. "What ails you that you can't believe in love?"

believe in love? 'I wish I could, but—one can't become a child again. To ask me to believe in love as the factor that governs the world is like asking me to believe in the fairies."

"How strange!" Marguerite murmured. "Not to believe in love is like not be-lieving in God; for God is love."

"Your God, perhaps."
"Oh, Narka! Then tell me, if God gave you happiness, everything you desire, would that make you believe in Him, in His goodness?"
"I suppose it would help me. Everybody is a better Christian for being made happy."

happy."
Marguerite threw up her hands and Marguerite threw up her hands and burst out laughing. "What theology! Did you ever read of a saint who was sanctified by having everything his own way? For that is what you understand by happiness? Oh, Narka, what a dreadful doctrine! Why, surely you know as well as I do that suffering is the road to God; that the more we soffer, the greater our likeness to our Lord Himself?"

"In that case I am as like to Him as any saint ever canonized," said Narka, with a ring of passion in her voice, "for I have suffered as much as any saint you pray to; but it hasn't sanctified me, not that I know of, unless, perchance, it be part of divine justice to make suffering meritorious, without consent or merit in the sufferer."

the sufferer.' Marguerite was silent a moment. "I'm not sure but it may be so," she said, musingly; "I sometimes think that the mere condition of suffering has a saving power of its own." She remembered Narka's father and brother cruelly mur-dered, her mother's heart broken, and then that dungeon that was "like being She could not argue with the these. Neither, perhaps, A great poet says, "Aimer,

in hell." She could not argue with wounds like these. Neither, perhaps, would God. A great poet says, "Aimer, c'est la moitie de croire." It would have been nearer the truth if he had said, "Souffrir, c'est la moitie de croire."

"Are there no pleasures at all in your life?" asked Narka, irrelevantly.

"No pleasures? Why, everything is a pleasure! It was an intense pleasure just now to see a sick child gobble up a pudding I had made for it. I committed guttony by proxy looking at it. I must tell you," she said, confidentially, and assuming an air of innocent self-importtell you," she said, confidentially, and assuming an air of innocent self-importance, I have developed quite a genius for cooking. My puddings and tisanes are in great request, and I have invented a poul-tice that is the delight of all our rheuma-

tic old women."
Narka was amused, and in her secret soul a little disgusted. She could sympathize, at least intellectually, with the sublime ambition that aimed at revolutionizing the world by love, but she could not enter into the glory of making slops and poultices. It was disenchanting to see Marguerite's grand vocation degener-ate into such performances, to see her gifts and graces lowered to such vulgar

"You are not a bit changed, Marguer ite, she said, observing her curiously; "always the same funny mixture of the natural and the supernatural. You supernaturalize everything without growing the

naturalize everything without given in the least supernatural yourself."

"Indeed, I should hope not!" Marguerite laughed merrily. "I should frighten the wits out of my poor people if I turned supernatural. But you must come to see me. I want to show you to Sour Jeanne, our Sour Superieure, and to let you see, the schools and everything. let you see the schools and everything You will come, won't you?"
"Of course I will, dear," said Narka,

amused at her earnestness.
"I have heard nothing about your plan of life, dear Narka, or what you are busy

"I have been busy doing nothing, so "I nave been busy doing nothing, so far," said Narks, a little embarrassed how to explain her life of idleness and appar-ent ease. "I feel as if I were lying half asleep in a boat that had drifted into port

after a storm."
"Let yourself drift; you will be all the better for having taken a rest when you begin to work. Of course you must wait begin to work. Of course you must wait, anyhow, till Sibyl finds pupils for you?" "I don't see how I am to find them by myself," Narka answered, evasively. She would have gladly spoken out, and told everything, for there was that in Marguerite which invited confidence and invited spoken to the springed spoken to the spoken spired absolute trust, and at this juncture her sympathy would have been delic-ious; but Narka remembered Basil's desire for secrecy yet a little while, and was

Basil's name had not been mentioned, nor Father Christopher's. Many things had not been mentioned that both longed to speak of; but they kissed and parted, content to leave unspoken things that were unspeakable. vere unspeakable

CHAPTER XVII.

In the middle of January Sibyl re-arned to town. She sent to Narka the turned to town. She sent to Narka the day after her arrival, asking her to come

day after her arrival, asking her to come that afternoon and see her.

Narka's heart beat fast as she crossed the court of the Hotel de Beaucrillon, while the bell clanged loudly to announce her visit. A glow of hospitable warmth embraced her in the hall; palms and flowering plants spread a fragrance around that completed the illusion of a summer climate in midwinter, and her step fell softly on the thick pile of the scarlet carpet as she ascended the wide staircase, where ancestors of the de Beaucrillons looked down on her on either side in armor and hoops Beaucrillons looked down on her on either side in armor and hoops and wigs. One glance from the threshold showed her the whole aspect of the boudoir, whose folding-doors stood open: the pale blue velvet hangings, the Aubusson carpet, the crystal bowls and vases filled with flowers, and amidst these luxurious surroundings Sibyl reclining on a couch.

With a scream of delight Sibyl jumped up and fled with outstretched arms to empare the second of t

ap and fled with outstretched arms to em up and fled with outstretched arms to embrace her friend. She clasped her, and kissed her again and again with every expression of endearment. The excitement of the meeting, the joy of being thus welcomed by Sibyl, by Basil's sister, had flushed Narka, and the pink glow, delicate as a sea-shell, gave a peculiar brilliancy to her blue-black eyes, now liquid with tender emotion.

"My Narka!" Sibyl exclaimed, in

liquid with terder emotion.

"My Narka!" Sibyl exclaimed, in fond delight; and laying her hands on Narka's shoulders, she put her gently from her to get a better view of her.

"You are positively more beautiful than ever. And oh, darling, after all you have gone through, I dreaded to find your beauty quite destroyed!"

Narka grew suddenly pale, and a tremor of the lips warned Sibyl that she must not lightly touch that wound.

"And your baby?" Narka said, looking round, as if she expected to find the little creature somewhere amongst the flowers.

flowers.

Sibyl struck a gong, and in a minute there entered a large, blooming Bourguignonne with a marvellous head-gear, carrying a bundle of white muslin and pink ribbons. Sibyl seized the bundle, and with a pretty gesture of bestowal placed it in Narka's arms. It was a de-

licious baby, just now moist and scarlet from its sleep, but not a bit cross; it crowed and gurgled to Narka, and let itself be cuddled and kissed without struggling away, as is the habit of babies. Narka was satisfactorily enthusiastic over the paragon, and Sibyl was radiant. But the baby, having played its part, intimated a wish to retire, and had to be carried away. Then M. de Beaucrillon was inquired for, and Sibyl's health discussed, and every obvious question asked and answered, and the two triends found themselves face to face, conscious as people are who are full of feelings they must not put into words.

must not betray, and of thought must not put into words.
"Dear Narka," Sibyl began, throwing back her lace sleeves and clasping her hands, "I have a wonderful piece of news

hands, "I have a wonderful piece of news to tell you; it is about Basil."

"Ah!" said Narka, and she blushed.

"Oh, good news," Sibyl added, quickly.

"He is coming to Paris, and—he is going to be married!"

Narka said "Ah!" again, accompanied it is a partoning of surriving.

with a pantomine of surprise.

"Yes. Poor Basil! after all the worry "Yes. Poor Basil! after all the worry he has gone through, he is going to be happy at last. You remember Marie Krinsky, who used to take dancing lessons with us at St. Petersburg? She was four years younger than either of us, so we did not much notice her; she is now nearly eighteen, a dear little thing, pretty, accomplished, and her fortune is enormous. This is a great blessing, for, with all the drains he has on himself, my father can't do much during his life for Basil."

"And they are engaged?" said Narka,

"Not yet officially; but he made his court at St. Petersburg, and my father spoke to Prince Krinsky, who was delighted and immediately saked that Badi spoke to Prince Krinsky, who was delighted, and immediately asked that Basil might be appointed secretary to the Embassy here. The Empress was very unwilling to part from him; but when she heard of the marriage she at once consented, and was most kind. As to the Emperor, he could not have been kinder if Basil had been a member of the imperial family. I am so happy I can hardly befamily. I am so happy I can hardly be-lieve it is all real."

lieve it is all real."
A valet brought in the tea-tray, and
Sibyl, voluble and excited, sat down before it, and busied herself with the pretty
preliminaries for dispensing the fragrant
hospitalities of a Lillipution silver pot.

"I have been ruminating a little plan in my head ever since I heard this great news—that is three days ago," she went on, popping the sugar into cups. "The 16th will be Marie's birthday, and I want 16th will be Marie's birthday, and I want to make a fete that day to introduce her as his financee to our friends. I wonder what would be best—a ball, or a soiree musicale? What do you think?"

"I am a poor judge of such things, dear Sibyl," said Narka.

The tone, more than the words, reminded Sibyl what a mocking sound any merrymaking must have in Narka's ears —Narka, who had passed through such horrors only a little while ago, and who was still in mourning for her mother. She laid down the tiny teapot, and went over and put her arms round the girl's neck and kissed her.

"Forgive me, my sweet one; I ought to have remembered," she said, softly.

Narka returned her caress. They sipped their tea, and soon Sibyl went back to the subject of Basil's marriage. This at least most be interesting to Narka, and would not jar upon her.

"Marie is delightfully in love," she said; "it is very pretty to see how unconsciously she betrays herself. I went to the Embassy this morning, and the mothe Embassy this morning, and the mo-ment I appeared she blushed up like a red rose, and every time I mentioned red rose, and every time I mentioned Basil's name she grew scarlet. I only hope Basil is thoroughly in love with

Narka had gone through many ordeals, had been trained to stand and smile while the fox ate into her flesh, but it while the fox ate into her flesh, but it seemed to her that her powers of self-command had never before been put to so severe a test. She did not believe a word of this engagement; of course not; it was very likely a scheme arranged by the prince, and Basil might have played a consenting part in order to deceive him and escape; it was quite impossible there could be anything more in the story. Still, the very idea of such a scheme being on foot against her happiness was enough to make her tremble. There were treto make her tremble. There were tremendous forces in league against Basil, and things that were impossible sometimes happened; treachery might accomplish what open opposition failed to do. She could not shut her eyes to the fact that Marie Krinsky might be a formidable rival, young and pretty as she was, as well as high-born, weathy, and passion-ately in love with Basil. Horrible possi-bilities flashed through Narka's mind as she sat choking down the jealous terrors that made her feel by turns savage and sick, while Sibyl dilated complacently on the joys in store for Basil with another woman. She did her utmost to appear interested, but she only succeeded in ap-pearing indifferent; the part of a respons-ive listener was beyond her; she played it badly. Sibyl saw that a barrier of some sort had risen between them. There was something the matter with Narka; there something the matter with Narka; there was none of the sisterly abandon nor the exuberant delight at their reunion that she had looked forward to. Was it that Narka was hurt to find her so elated about Basil's new happiness, instead of being entirely occupied with the pleasure of meeting her? This was a little unreasonable, but perhaps it was natural. With able, but perhaps it was natural. With the tact that she excelled in, Sibyl glided gently from Basil and Marie Krinsky to gently from Basil and Marie Krinsky to various other points of interest in her own life, and then, as if thankful to dis-miss these subjects and enter on the one that was most in her thoughts, "And now, dearest," she said, taking Narka's hand on her knee and clasping it, "I have told you all there is to tell about myself, and I want to heer shout you."

I want to hear about you."
She put a series of questions to Narka about her health, her experience at Koenigsberg, her success there, her pupils, her singing, her present arrangements; and Narka answered them all as she could. When Sibyl heard the rent she was paying she said, "Oh!" and bit her lip, and held it bitten, as if arrested and

lip, and held it bitten, as if arrested and surprised beyond power of further speech.

"I thought it dear," Narka remarked, feeling very hypocritical; "but I could not stay at the hotel. It was altogether too dear. Everything is very dear."

"I warned you of that, cherie," Sibyl said, letting go her underlip.

"Oh yes, you warned me; if I come to grief, I have no one to blame but myself."

M. de Beaucrillon came in and cut short

M. de Beaucrillon had not liked Narka at Yrakow; but he met her now with the most cordial warmth. There was more than courtesy, there was genuine kindli-ness, in the way he raised her hand to his lips, and held it in his firm grasp while he bade her welcome to his home.

while he bade her welcome to his home.

"I called on you an hour ago, hoping to carry you back with me," he said; "but you had just gone out."

Narka felt her self-respect raised by the deferential kindness of this knightly gentleman. He called her Narka, which he had never done before.

"He will be a friend to me," she thought, remembering how soon she might have to put his friendship to the

TO BE CONTINUED.

RELICS OF CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

Places Furnishing Facts Fatal to the Claims of the "Lambeth Confer-ence" People.

If the Lambeth conference results in inspiring the American delegates to

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

visit the scenes of early Catholic ex-ploits on Britain's soil, then this strange gathering of men, clothed with many diverse views as to the teachings of their Church, will not be quite destitude of good effects. A journey to rural Kent, to the spot where Augustine, at the order of that great episco-pus episcoporum Gregory, first raised the cross on England's soil, ought naturally create a feeling that the Roman Pontiff was a power in the world even in that far off time, when the rude keels of the vikings were objects of terror to the Briton. A sense of the frail tenure that the Church of England holds upon its claim to true apostolic descent must steal upon those American visitors when they behold the cross, erected by Augustine, but trampled upon by the so-called re-formers, the then representatives of the English Church. Upon every spot in Kent, the Cantium of the Romans they will see objects and places replete with traditions that show the close connection that once existed between Rome and Britain. Prelates and monks died in defense of that spiritual monks died in defense of that spiritual connection. Here, in that glorious Cathedral of Canterbury, they may gaze upon the spot where the saintly Thomas a Becket fell beneath the blows of the courtly assassins of the Second Henry, with the words of the Psalmist upon his pallid lips, "Into Thy hands, O, Lord," Though in iconcelestic race the so called reformers of Elizabeth and James upturned and defaced the graves and tombs of the saintly dead that lay in those tranquil cloisters, yet the very footprints of the pilgrims still remain to attest that asceticism and piety were not strangers in the time when England was Catholic.

These relics of Rome's spiritual con-nection with England are strewn heavy and thick upon British soil. Upon the market-place in that imperthe market-place in that imper-ial Latin city the wants of England were brought to the attention of the Pontiff, Gregory, when he beheld the youthful British slaves with the fair hair and eyes of blue of their northern ancestors. "Non Angli, sed Angeli," ancestors. "Non Angli, sed An exclaimed the Roman Gregory. are not Angles (or English), but angels, and with these words he commissioned Augustine to go forth.

From that early time onward to the days of heretical Henry the Eighth, England was as Roman and Catholic as Italy itself. The ruined abbeys, the rifled shrines, the broken crosses and other insignia of the ancient faith that meet the eyes of research in that now Protestant land cannot fail to be profoundly suggestive to the tourist in quest of truth.

In vain does the schismatic Arch bishop of Canterbury set up a claim primal authority, to a kind of papacy, eneath the shadows of a cathedral erected by those who would reject his teachings with horror. The blood of a Becket, the sufferings of Wolsey, the martyrdom of Fisher and More, all rise up in loathing at the profanation. These men suffered and died in defense of the supremacy of Rome in spiritual matters. Just as when literary research resulted in the "Oxford Movement," the outcome of which was a considerable secession Romeward, so must a visit to the scenes rendered sacred and memorable from their association with the centre of Catholicity result in a denial of the false claim that England derived its Christianity from sources other than those coming from the Petrine See. To the student and thinker these are self-evident facts, which cannot be explained away by false and misleading theories concerning imaginary early independent national churches, which, had they existed in a state of spiritual sovereignty, would entail upon after generations a heritage of Babelic con-fusion, in which Christian doctrines fusion, in which Christian doctrines would crumble away for want of that unifying cement which can alone be furnished by a Supreme Head.

The fact of the Roman Pontiff send-ing over Augustine is fatal to the independent national Church claim, and if the projectors of this Lambeth conference wish to preserve a few shreds of their pet theory they should keep their American visitors away from the isle of Thanet, Canterbury, and other places connected with the triumph of Rome and its conquering claims, to speak now, as in the days of Gregory, in words of potent authority, "to the city and the world."
W. J. Purcell.

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