

LOSS OF POWER

and Manly Vigor, Nervous Debility, Paralysis, or Palsy, Organic Weakness and wasting Drains upon the system, resulting in dulness of mental faculties, Impaired Memory, Low Spirits, Morose or Irritable Temper, fear of impending calamity, and a thousand and one derangements of both body and mind result from pernicious secret practices, often indulged in by the young, through ignorance of their ruinous consequences. To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunate to health and happiness, is the aim of an association of medical gentlemen who have prepared a book, written in plain but chaste language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The World's Renowned Medical Association, Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., will, on receipt of this notice, send by express in stamps for postage) mail, sealed in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man, parent and guardian in the land.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELLS.

HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 BELLS. PUREST BEST.

TO MCMURRAY & CO. WEST-BROOK, N.Y. BELL-METAL CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE PRICES FREE.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES.

PURSEY BELL METAL, COPPER AND TIN. Write for prices. Manufactured by the

ESTATE OF JOHN BATTLE, THOROLD, ONT.

References: Very Rev. Dean Harris, St. Catharines, Ont.; Rev. Father Kreidt, Carmelite Monastery, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Rev. Father Sullivan, Thorold, Ont.

PLUMBING WORK

In operation, can be seen at our warehouse

Opp. Masonic Temple.

SMITH BROS.

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers

London, Ont. Telephone 53.

Sole Agents for Purest Water Heaters

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, LTD.

SPECIALITIES:

High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales.

XXX Porter and Stout.

Pilsener Lager of world-wide reputation.

E. O'KEEFE, W. HAWKE, J. G. GIBSON, Pres. Vice-Pres. Sec. Treas.

STAINED GLASS

FOR CHURCHES.

Best Qualities Only.

Prices the Lowest.

McCAUSLAND & SON

76 King Street West, TORONTO.

Father Damien, S.J.

One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damien, S.J., on the subject of the "Private Interpretation of the Bible." The Catholic Church, the only true Church of God, "Confession," and "The Resurrection." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Order may be sent to Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record Office, London.

POST & HOLMES,

Architects.

Offices—Rooms 28 and 29, Manning House, King St. West, Toronto. Also in the

Garrie Block, Whitby, Ont.

A. A. Post, N. A.

FARMS FOR SALE

AT A BARGAIN

AND ON EASY TERMS.

Lot 19 and 24, 20, con. 12, Gore of Downie, Perth; 100 acres, more or less; soil good clay loam; house, barn, etc.; good locality; about five miles from St. Mary's; would sell or rent.

W. had 100 acres, more or less; small buildings.

E. had 100 acres, more or less; house and barn.

Lot 23, Con. 7, Tp. of Biddulph, Middlesex; 100 acres, more or less; good house, barn, etc.; orchard; an excellent farm.

North half west half Lot 20, Con. 10, Dawn, Lambton; 100 acres, more or less.

Letter to P. O. Drawer 341, London.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS

SANDWICH, ONT.

ERNEST GIRADOT & CO

Altar Wine a Specialty.

Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

For prices and information address, E. GIRADOT & CO, Sandwich, Ont.

D. A. L.

An authentic copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be sent to any address on receipt of 60 cents in stamps. By doing so, you will receive a copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. and a copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. and a copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A.

Thos. Coffey, The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

IT HELPS DIGESTION

WETH'S MALT EXTRACT

is largely prescribed

TO ASSIST DIGESTION TO IMPROVE THE APPETITE

FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND AS A VALUABLE TONIC.

PRICE 10 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMINI.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVI.

Perhaps those last words—which Egerton felt afterwards to be rather presumptuous in what they implied—made an impression on Miss Bertram, for the next time he called at the D'Antignacs' he heard that she had been there with Miss Dorrance.

"And I do not know when I have been so much struck by any one," said Helene D'Antignac. "What a brilliant, handsome, intellectual face she has! I confess that I am very fond of clever people; and one has only to look at Miss Bertram to see that she is very clever."

"Yes, she is certainly very clever," said Egerton—"too clever for her own good, I am afraid."

"How is her good threatened by her cleverness?" asked Mlle. D'Antignac, smiling.

"Oh! in many ways," answered Egerton rather vaguely. "You will soon find out what they are, if you know her, as I hope you will; for I think your friendship would be of infinite benefit to her."

"I am afraid I do not feel within myself the power to be of infinite benefit to any one," said Helene simply; "but I should like to know this girl well, for I am quite sure that she is worth knowing. The cultivation of the acquaintance will depend on herself, however. I cannot pretend to pay visits. Those who wish to see me must come to me. My life is here."

"Did Miss Bertram see M. D'Antignac?" asked Egerton.

"No, Miss Dorrance said something about desiring to see him; but he was not well enough to be disturbed that day. If they come again—as I asked them to do—they may see him then."

"I think they will come—at least I think Miss Bertram will come," said Egerton. "She desires to see M. D'Antignac very much."

"Raoul will like her," said Helene. "She is a person who is sure to interest him. He likes brilliant people even if they are a little erratic."

"So you have discovered that Miss Bertram is a little erratic," said Egerton smiling.

"I have not discovered, I have only suspected it," answered Mlle. D'Antignac. "Brilliant people often are. But I am sure she is none the less attractive for that."

"She is very attractive," said Egerton, discreetly holding his peace with regard to certain drawbacks to this attractiveness.

When he came again it was on Sunday evening, and he was not surprised to find Miss Bertram sitting by D'Antignac's couch. He had felt quite sure that she would return, and the expression compounded of gentleness, compassion, and vivid interest—told him how deeply she was impressed, even before he found an opportunity to speak to her. Indeed, it chanced that just then two or three intellectual men were gathered around D'Antignac, and their talk was different from that which Miss Bertram was in the habit of hearing in the social circle which she chiefly frequented. One slight man, lean as a greyhound and dark as an Arab, was a professor of the Sorbonne; another was a journalist of note, the author of a political brochure of which just then all Paris was talking; while a third was an Englishman with rugged face and lionine mane, whose name was Godwin, who occupied an apartment above the D'Antignacs' and was one of their warmest friends. This man had been talking when Egerton came up.

"Oh! I grant that, as a nation, logic is your strong point," he was saying to one of the Frenchmen, "but it seems more likely to prove your destruction than your salvation. Taking

certain principles, such as liberty of thought and the rights of man, you carry them out to a conclusion which cuts every belief from under your feet and reduces life to chaos. Whereas the Englishman, strong in common sense and recognizing the multitude of mysteries that surround him in life, accepts with philosophy an illogical position for the sake of its practical advantages."

The professor shrugged his shoulders. "The *mot de l'enigme* is in the last sentence," he said. "Your countrymen, monsieur, would do much more than accept an illogical position for the sake of its practical advantages, especially since you will not deny that, generally speaking, their sense of logic is not keen."

"Generally speaking it is very obtuse," said Godwin, "and so much the better for them. What has the fine logic of the French ever done but lead them into atheism, revolution, and anarchy?"

"And does it not occur to you," said the other, "that the temper of mind which seeks truth, and truth only, even if it leads to what you call atheism, to revolution, and to anarchy, is better than that which contentedly compromises with error for the sake of the practical advantage of present peace and prosperity?"

"No," answered Godwin, "I cannot admit that it is better until you prove that your atheism, revolution, and anarchy have been of benefit, or are likely to be of benefit, to the human race."

"It appears to me," said the other, "that it is late in the day even to make a question of that."

"But it is a question—in fact, the supreme question—of our time," said Godwin. "And I, for one, deny that you have accomplished any good in comparison with the evils inflicted upon France, for example—evils which every man must see and acknowledge, and for which the panacea is revolution, still revolution; so that in the end this once great Frank nation will sink lower and lower in the scale of nations until no man can predict her degree of final abasement."

His words struck home, and there was a moment's silence; for no Frenchman of any sagacity, however much of a revolutionary doctrine he may be, can close his eyes to the waning influence of France abroad and to her shrinking population, her failing credit, and her moral decadence at home.

It was D'Antignac's flow but clear voice which broke the silence: "You are right enough, Godwin. The evils are tremendous—almost beyond calculation—which have been brought upon France by revolutionary principles. But I should not blame the logic of the people for that. It is only by following principles out to their logical conclusions that we can truly judge what they are. Now, in France alone has this test been applied to ideas which in a more or less covert form are working in every nation of Europe. Here alone were men who did not shrink from carrying out to their utmost consequences the principles of the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century; and if the French Revolution—which was the ultimate outcome and expression of those principles—started the world, and especially England, into a reaction, you have surely French logic to thank for that."

"Oh! yes," said Godwin, with a laugh. "I grant that we have that much to thank it for. But the result for France was not so fortunate as for us."

"The final result for France we do not yet know," said D'Antignac. "How far she is to wander, how deep she is to fall, we cannot tell. The false light of human reason, the false ideal of human liberty which she is following, will certainly lead her into misfortune and humiliation greater, perhaps, than any she has known yet; but the depth of her fall may be the measure of the height to which she will rise when she, who was the Eldest Daughter of the Church, the first among barbarous nations to recognize and embrace the truth, shall again lift her eyes to that truth and be the first, perhaps, to return to that faith which so many of her noblest children have never forsaken. That is what the fine sense of logic which you deride may do for her. It is not logic which has been her bane, but the false principles which she accepted as a basis for thought. Given just principles and there is no intellect in the world so lucid and so luminous as the French in its demonstration of truth. The compromises with error, the building up of high sounding premises on unstable foundations, which are the characteristics of English thought, are unknown to the French mind. It either embraces truth in its entirety or it does not shrink from the utmost consequences of negation."

Those who had never heard D'Antignac talk on some subject which deeply moved him could form little idea of how his eyes would glow, his whole face light up with the energy of his feeling. As Sibyl Bertram looked at him now she thought that she had never before realized how clearly the spirit might reveal itself through its fleshly covering.

"*Bien dit, mon ami*," said the professor. "On that point we agree. The French mind does not shrink from the utmost consequences of negation. And therein lies our strength and our best hope for the future. The present may be dark and uncertain; but it is by following the pure light of reason that we may at last solve our problems, rather than by returning to the twilight of that superstition which you call faith. For

France, which has ever been in the van of human thought, is not likely to retrace her way. It is true that she was the first among barbarous nations to accept Christianity, but it was then a step into the light. It would now be a step into darkness."

"That," said D'Antignac, is a favorite assertion of your school of thought—or rather of opinion, for I do not honestly believe that there is much thought in the matter—but assertions without proof, as you must be aware, carry little weight. And it is difficult for you to prove that Christianity is synonymous with darkness, when every ray of the light of your boasted civilization directly or indirectly emanates from it. There are many travesties of history, but none which can absolutely blind men to the fact that modern Europe, with its whole civil and moral order, is the creation of the Church, and of the Church alone. She rescued from barbarism and built up into nations the people who now turn against her and wreathe to their own destruction the knowledge which she taught; and it does not require a prophet to tell that in proportion as her influence diminishes and the traditional hold of the morality which she taught grows less the relapse of these people into essential paganism is certain."

"We may see it in progress before our eyes," said the journalist. "What else is the tyranny of the State, the exaltation of material ends, the tampering with rights of property, the abrogation of the marriage tie—for the law of divorce practically amounts to that? There can be no doubt that we are more and more approaching the ideal of a pagan state, with a corresponding pagan corruption of morals."

It was at this moment that D'Antignac glanced toward Sibyl, and, meeting the bright intelligence of her eyes, he said, with his exquisite smile: "I fear, Miss Bertram, that you think us sad pessimists. Have you ever reflected much on these subjects?"

"I have reflected on them—not very much, perhaps, nor very wisely—but enough to be exceedingly interested in all that you have said," she answered. "You would not think so from my appearance, probably, but such discussions interest me more than anything else."

"It is from your appearance that I have arrived at the conclusion that they interest you decidedly," he said, still smiling. "Why should you do yourself so much injustice as to imagine otherwise?"

"Oh! said she, smiling too, "I know that I look like a young lady who thinks only of amusements and toilettes and conquests. At least Mr. Egerton—with a slight glance toward that gentleman—"has more than once told me so."

"I," said Egerton, who had drawn near in time to hear this speech. "Of all unjust charges which I have ever made against me—and I must be permitted to declare that they have been many—this is the most unjust! When did I ever intimate in the remotest manner that your appearance so far belied her?"

"I thought I remembered something of the kind," said she indifferently, "but it does not matter. I only hope M. d'Antignac will believe that though I may look as if my soul was in *chiffons*, I have a few thoughts to spare for higher things."

D'Antignac regarded her with a penetrating yet kindly expression in his dark, clear eyes.

"I should never suspect you of putting your soul in *chiffons*," he said. "And I am quite sure that you have many thoughts to spare for higher things."

"But to think even of the higher things with profit one must know how and what to think," she said quickly. "And that is difficult. For instance, what you have just been talking of—the tendencies of modern life and modern thought. There are so many conflicting opinions that it is hard to tell what is and what is not for the benefit of humanity."

"We may be quite sure of one thing," he answered: "that nothing is for the benefit of humanity which ignores or denies man's dignity as an immortal being owing his first and highest duty to God. That is the necessary condition for morality, public and private; and although there is a benevolence widely preached at present which substitutes man's duty to his fellows for his duty to God, it is like endeavoring to maintain a tottering house after destroying its foundation."

Egerton, who knew how attractive the idea of benevolence thus described was to Miss Bertram, could not refrain from a glance to see how she liked this chance shot. She met his eyes, smiled, and said to D'Antignac: "Mr. Egerton is triumphing over me. He knows that I am a great advocate and admirer of what you condemn—that is, the teaching which substitutes the pressing and immediate duty of helping one's fellow-creatures for a narrow and selfish personal religion."

"It is a very attractive teaching to generous and—forgive me if I add—uninstructed people," said D'Antignac. "In reality it is the revolt of such people against a religion which you describe very accurately as narrow, selfish and personal. Such was and is the religion of those who in their beginning proclaimed 'faith without works' as their battle cry, who seized and robbed every charitable foundation, who contradicted the words in which our Lord laid down the rule of perfection when He bade him who desired to be perfect to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and who absolutely obliterated from the minds of Christian

people the knowledge of the corporal works of mercy, as well as the sense of the obligation to practice them. The result was that order of material prosperity which has crushed and ground down the poor, until on every side they are rising with cries of revolt which are like sounds of doom in the ears of those who have so long oppressed them. We know this movement of Socialism—it was now Miss Bertram's turn to glance at Egerton—"and it is one direct consequence of the denial of the necessity of good works. Another consequence is the outcry against the selfishness of religion. It is chiefly made by people who only know religion in the narrow form of which I have spoken; but if you remind them that modern humanitarianism has nothing to show in practical result in comparison with the grand work of Catholic charity, they reply that this work is vitiated by the motive of being done for God rather than solely for humanity. They are not aware that all other duties are included in the supreme duty of serving God, as all the light of our material world emanates from the sun. Remove that great central light, and what artificial substitute can take its place? So good works undertaken without the motive of divine charity are but rays of artificial light, transient and unsatisfactory."

"But surely," said Miss Bertram, "you will allow that one may love one's fellow-man without loving God?"

"After a manner—yes," said D'Antignac; "but not as if the central sun were in its place. You realize what the old cavalier meant in the noble lines:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

Can you not, therefore, realize that a man must love his fellow-beings better for loving God supremely?"

Sibyl shook her head. "I am afraid that I know very little of what is meant by loving God," she said.

"Modern philosophers have certainly made Him unknown, if not 'unknowable,' to the generation they have educated," said D'Antignac. "But for all that He is to be known by all who choose to seek Him. And knowing Him—the pale face lighted as with a flame—"none can fail to love Him."

They were simple words, yet, winged as they were straight from the ardent soul, it was to Sibyl Bertram as if they revealed a world of which she knew nothing, and before which she stood in awe and wonder. Suffering, sacrifice—what meaning could such words have to souls which were filled with the love that seemed suddenly to shine on her like a light from the suffering-stamped face of this man?

Just then there was the stir of new arrivals, and two or three people—evidently intimate friends of D'Antignac—came forward to his couch. Sibyl drew back, and in doing so found herself beside Egerton, to whom she said: "I have you to thank for being here, Mr. Egerton. I should never have thought of coming but for your advice."

"I hope," he said, "that you do not regret having followed it."

"Do you know me so little as to imagine that possible? How could I regret finding myself in the most rarefied atmosphere I have ever breathed? I am inhaling it with delight."

"I thought that it was an atmosphere which would please you," he said, with a smile.

"If you really thought so you paid me a compliment which I appreciate. What an intellectual pleasure it is to listen to talk such as I have heard on all sides since I have been here! And as for M. d'Antignac—well, I have never before seen any one in the least like him; but if you hear of my sitting all the time literally as well as metaphorically at his feet you need not be surprised."

Egerton laughed. "I cannot imagine your sitting at the feet of any one, either literally or metaphorically," he said.

"That is because you do not know much about me," answered the young lady calmly. "I have a great capacity for hero-worship, but I have never up to this time found the hero on whom to expend it. But pray tell me who is the lady talking to M. d'Antignac now? She has the air of a *grande dame*."

"She is a *grande dame*—Mme. la Comtesse de St. Arnaud, sister of the Vicomte de Marigny and a cousin of the D'Antignacs. I have seen her here before."

"She has a striking air of distinction, and a charm of appearance without being at all beautiful."

"She is very like her brother. Perhaps if you saw him you might find another hero to your liking. He is D'Antignac's closest friend, and I presume, a man after his own heart."

"He seems to have a great variety of very different friends, this M. d'Antignac," said Miss Bertram. "By the way, did you not promise that I should meet your Socialist if I came here?"

"Duchesse? Good Heaven, no! That would be a little too much even for D'Antignac's tolerance. I only said you might meet his daughter, but not on an evening when they receive generally. I am quite sure that Mlle. Duchesse has too much sense for that. The Comtesse de St. Arnaud, for example, might be surprised to meet the daughter of the man who is at this moment most vigorously opposing her brother's election."

"Really, this is very charming!" said Miss Bertram. "It is my ideal of a *salon*, where people of the most different tastes and opinions can meet on neutral ground, and where there is a central mind of intelligence high enough and sympathy wide enough to attract them all."

"There is certainly that here," said

Egerton, looking at the man who lay on his pillows with interest so keen and charity so gentle imprinted on every line of his face.

"You called him a hero," said Miss Bertram, following the direction of his eyes, "but do you know that he looks to me more like a saint?"

Egerton might have answered that saintliness is the highest form and perfection of heroism; but he was prevented from making any answer at all by the appearance of Miss Dorrance, who from some point suddenly swept down upon her friend.

"Have you had enough of it, Sibyl?" she asked. "If so, I think we might take leave. Oh! how do you do, Mr. Egerton? You see here we are! Sibyl would give me no peace until I came. And now I suppose that she will be wanting to come all the time, for I think she has at last found an atmosphere sufficiently exalted to suit her. I confess that it is a little too exalted for me. I like something more sublimity; but no doubt that is owing to my unfortunate want of taste. I do think M. d'Antignac perfectly charming, however, and if I could fancy myself falling in love with anybody I believe I should fall in love with him."

Miss Bertram drew her straight, dark brows together in a frown.

"It seems to me," she said, "that there are some people who should be exempt from the association of such an idea."

"Do you think it a very terrible idea?" said Miss Dorrance, opening her eyes. "I thought it flattering—at least I meant it that way. What do you think, M. Egerton? Is it not a compliment to say that one is inclined to fall in love with a person?"

"I should certainly consider it a compliment if you were to say that you were inclined to fall in love with me," replied Egerton.

"Of course you would, and you would be a monster of ingratitude if you considered it otherwise. But Sibyl—well, Sibyl is so *exaltée* that one never knows how she will look upon anything."

"I look upon the use of French terms in English conversation as very objectionable, especially when they are used to stigmatize one unjustly," said Sibyl, with a smile. "If you are anxious to go, Laura, I am quite ready; but I must thank you again, Mr. Egerton, for having put me in the way of coming here."

TO BE CONTINUED.

POPULAR EDUCATION IN MEDIEVAL TIMES IN ENGLAND.

Cardinal Vaughan's sermon at the re-opening of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, Eng., was largely devoted to the education question. In the course of it, he said:

Catholics had been accused of being narrow, sectarian and hostile to popular education. He desired to address himself to that charge, so often made, and his first appeal would be to the history of this country, and if we would see what was the part taken by the Catholic Church in England he would refer them to an article in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "School Supply in the Middle Ages," which showed that the provision for secondary education was far greater in proportion to the population during the Middle Ages than it had ever been since, and that education was in some form ubiquitous, if not universal. "It was within the truth to say," the article continued, "that there was throughout the period of eight hundred years more secondary schools in proportion to the population than there had been since. And again, 'There was in the Middle Ages in England four hundred grammar schools to two million and a quarter of people, and the contrast was one grammar school for every 5,625 people then, and that presented at the present day when there is one grammar school for every 25,750 people.' The contrast was not flattering to ourselves, but, as we learned from the article in this review, the Catholic Church supplied the education, supplied it most abundantly, and that without charge, for the people in those days received their education gratuitously, and the expense of it was not taken out of rates and taxes, or out of the public purse, but out of the revenues of the Church herself, so that upon her endowments a first charge was made in every cathedral and collegiate church and parish church for the education of the people. The Church, therefore, not only gave more abundant education in her day than was given now, but she gave it gratuitously. She, therefore, was the friend of education, as she always has been in every land, and as she was to day."

To the aged, with their poor appetite, feeble circulation, and impoverished blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a boon beyond price. Its effect is to check the ravages of time, by invigorating every organ, nerve, and tissue of the body. See Ayer's Almanac for the new year.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Paralelle's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

No article takes hold of Blood Diseases like Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It works like magic. Miss C. writes: "I have to thank you for what Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has done for me. I had a sore on my knee as large as the palm of my hand, and could get nothing to do any good until I used the Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it."

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.