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### ARMINE

CHRISTIAN REID CHAPTER XLVI. CONCLUSION.

On Sunday evening, for the first time in many days, his friends gathered around the couch on which D'Antignac lay-pale, worn, but with tran-quil content in his eyes and smile. Not a single face was missing of those most familiar to him, and he looked at them as one who did not know how long such sight may be granted; for he was as well aware as the doctors that the sharp suffering which had withdrawn for a time might return at any hour, and that the exhausted forces of life must then go down before Something of this thought was in the smile with which he received congratulations on his improvement and put aside all discussion of his condition. "I am comparatively free from pain to-day," he said. "That is enough; we will not think of yesterday or to morrow.

Egerton was one of the latest arrivals, having gone to the Quartier Latin for Winter, who had forgotten his for Winter, who had forgotten his promise and was only animated to keep t by the thought of meeting Miss Ber tram. Yet even he was touched indescribably by the scene upon which he entered-by the pale, serene, almost radiant face of the man who lay helpless on his couch, and by the joyous cheerfulness of those around him. D Antignac held out his hand with a " Miss Bertram has been telling me about you," he said to the young man. "I wish you had come earlier. Egerton should have brought you before."

"I have seen very little of Winter of late," said Egerton. "His life and mine have somehow drifted into different channels.

"There was no drifting about it," aid Winter. "They have always een in different channels. Life for said Winter. me means work, and for you pleasure. There is a wide difference. "A difference altogether in your

favor," said D'Antignac. "There are few people more to be pitied than the man who lives for his own pleasure hough I do not mean to imply that Egerton belongs to that class.'

"I have belonged to it," said Egerton simply, "and I can testify that you are right. The man is indeed to be pitied who has no better end."

Winter shrugged his shoulders 'Here we are at once at our old point of disagreement," he said. who are elevated by fortune above the need to work will always live for their

own pleasure."
"You see the conclusion," said
Egerton, looking at D'Autignac with "Therefore-so runs the syllogism-no one should be allowed to accumulate enough of fortune's goods to elevate them above the need to

"The conclusion is as false in logic as in fact," said D'Antignac. "The man who is not restrained by a sense of duty from living for his own pleas ure as a millionaire would not be re strained as a laborer, except by the narrowness of his means. But even in narrow means there is scope for selfishness - and the selfishness of the workman who leaves his family without food while he spends his wages on drink is more keenly felt than the sel shness of the fine gentleman who lives

for his own amusement. "And, therefore, said Winter, "liv ing for his own amusement is a luxury which fortune secures to the fine gentleman, and of which a considerable part of the world desire to deprive

him. "In order that they may have greater freedom in living for their amusement?" said D'Antignac, with

smile "On the contrary, that no one shall

ossess such freedom; that every one hall be forced to do his share of the work of the world."
"That sounds very well," said D'An



FETH'S MALL EXTRACTS TO A SSIST DIGESTION, TO IMPROVE THE APPETITE EDIENIEVOUS EN PUNCTO DE SENTE DE SENTE

tignac quietly, "but have you a recipe for banishing selfishness from the world that you think it possible to prevent men-most men - from seeking their own interest and pleasure? Yet, notwithstanding this tendency of human nature, there are not many drones in the human hive, and demo crats like yourself should remember that for every great achievement of the world-for statecraft, for heroism, for art, for science, for all that gives permanence and splendor to civilization-you are indebted to men who were elevated by fortune above the need of servile toil.

"Even Oriental research might come to an end if its students were re duced to the necessity of digging for their bread," said Egerton.

"As it happens," said Winter, "it is exactly for my bread that I am digging among Oriental roots."

"Secondarily, perhaps, but not primarily," said Egerton, "else I am sure you might find a quicker way to make it. No, no; in the ideal republic of Socialism there will be no leisure for refined pursuits or high intellectual processes. The aristocracy of intel ect and attainment must low the aristocracy of birth.
What! do you think that we are going to tolerate scholars and genuises any more than dukes and millionaries Let us be consistent and have equality in all things. Nature, it is true, disdains to recognize it ; but then we may

improve upon nature." I can't flatter you, Egerton, that sarcasm is your forte," said Winter.
"If there is anything for which the Revolution is remarkable it is for the manner in which it fosters intellectual

It was at this moment that Sibyl Bertram, unable longer to restrain her impatience, abruptly ended another conversation in which she was en-gaged, and drew near. The smile which the last assertion had drawn to D'Antignac's lip at once attracted her

attention. "I am sorry I was not a moment coner," she said. "M. d'Antignac sooner," looks so much amused that something very entertaining must have been

"Something very entertaining was certainly said," answered D'Antignac, "though I acquit Mr. Winter of any intention to be amusing. He has just informed us that the Revolution is chiefly remarkable for fostering intellectual life."

'And can any one deny it?" demanded Winter with astonishment. speculative thought. Is not the educational question the burning question of the day in every country in Europe.

The smile had left D'Antignac's lip now, and a light came into his eye that meant, as Sibyl knew, the rous ing of his deepest feeling. But his voice was as calm and gentle as ever

when he answered:
"Yes, it is true. Every fetter is certainly removed from speculative thought, and the right to deny God's truth has ended in the right to blaspheme and denounce him. It is also very true that the educational question is the burning question of the day in every country of Europe. But why? because the Revolution is filled with zeal for learning? Every dispassionate man must be aware on the contrary, it is simply because the schools are the propaganda of revolutionary and infidel ideas. The battle is not for education, but for

godless education. Else why are the teaching orders expelled from France, and, with few exceptions, every reigious house of instruction "You will pardon me," said Winter, but we do not believe that education,

the word, can be given in a religious "And, therefore," said D'Antignac with unmoved calmness, "you forbid those who differ from you to send their children where they please. I will not pause to point out the admirable consistency of liberal ideas-for we have long since learned that 'freedom of thought' means freedom to oppress al who do not agree with you-but I will venture to ask when the Church came incapable of guiding the civiliza-tion which it created? For you, a student, a scholar, you who have your dwelling in the old Pays Latin, cannot be ignorant of the fact that 'there is not a man who talks against the Church in Europe to day who does not owe it to the Church that he is able to

"I am aware," said Winter, "that we owe a great debt to the ecclesiastics

of the middle ages, but-"But you think it well to repay that debt by exiling their descendants and converting houses of learning into barracks for soldiers. Eh bien, do you ever, in passing through the it seemed. famous quarter where you live, try to recall the idea of the great university which once existed there, with its swarming thousands of students, its forty two colleges, its abbeys, cloisters, and churches, enriched by an art that had been taught by faith? does it occur to you to remember that every noble foundation was laid in centuries that an age of shallow learning ventures to call 'dark,' by eccle siastics to whom the modern world pays its gratitude in reviling? and how and by what it was destroyed?"

Winter colored slightly. "The

Revolution, of course, did not spare it," he said, and then paused.
"No," said D'Antignac, "the Revolution did not spare it. Through

that it not only demolished churches and violated tombs, but that it also suppressed all houses of learning. Under its fierce blast the great Uni versity of Paris perished, and was replaced by a bureaucratic system of public instruction which has filled even the chairs of the Sorbonne with doctors of infidelity, and degraded such few of the ancient colleges as remain to mere lyceums, where the youth of France are trained to despise all that their fathers honored and to extol and imitate the deeds of men who, while calling themselves apostles of reason, strove to extinguish the light of human intelligence as well as that of divine faith.

There was a moment's silence as the clear, vibrating tones ceased. once Winter could not reply. He knew the stubborn facts of history, and confronted with them, had no word of excuse to make. Presently D'Antignac looked at him with a kindly smile.

"When next you enter the Sorbonne," he said, "think a little of this, and try to realize that the Church which did such great things for human learning when she was queen of all nations and no man denied her power is not likely to desire to doom men to ignorance now. On the contrary, she desires to rescue them from the ignorance and the false learning—that is, learning resting on false premises-which are destroying society and menacing civilization.

"He is certainly a remarkable man," said Winter to Miss Bertram, when he had discreetly withdrawn from the immediate neighborhood of the couch. says—one has heard that before—but he way in which he says it, and the ook with which he accompanies it. I understand now the change that has come over Egerton. A month or two ago he was as near a Socialist-by Jove! I beg your pardon, but that cannot be Mile. Duchesne yonder?"

"Yes," said Sibyl, smiling at the amazement of his tone, "that is Mile. You know her, then?" "I met her once at her father's. But it is impossible! It cannot be the

person I mean. How would she come "Very simply. The D'Antignacs are old friends of hers. And she is certainly, I think, the person you mean-that is, she is the daughter of

the Socialist Duchesne 'But his daughter here!" "It does seem remarkable, no doubt, especially when you knew him. But I assure you that she is his daughter ; and here is Mr. Egerton to support me

in the assertion "Yes," said Egerton, who drew near at the moment, "it is certainly Mile Duchesne. Should you like to renew your acquaintance with her

"Renew! I have no idea that she remembers me," said Winter. I wish you would tell me how her fath er's daughter comes to be here.

"There is not much to tell," said Egerton. "The D'Antignacs, strange as it may seem, were her oldest friends in Paris, and she had no relatives. Suppose you come and speak to her? I assure you she does not shrink from her father's friends.

Thus encouraged, Winter consented to be taken up to Armine, and, hav ing presented him, Egerton returned to Bertram.

"I have returned good for evil in the most admirable manner," he said with a smile. "It was to Winter that introduction to Duchesne, and now I have repaid the debt by presenting him to Armine. If any one can counteroct her father's work she

"Did she counteract it in you? asked Miss Bertram. in the proper and enlightened sense of

"Yes," he answered. "I think I owe more to her than even to M. d'An tignac, since but for her I do not be lieve I should ever have been roused to sufficient interest to listen to him.

There was a moment's pause. without looking at him, Miss Bertran said: "Do you know-have you heard-

what her intentions are? "To enter the religious life?" he swered. "Yes, I heard that some answered.

"No," she answered, lifting her eyes now and regarding him with a scrutiny so keen that it puzzled him. only heard of her resolution to-day.

It surprised me very much."
"Is it possible?" said Egerton. did not surprise me at all. Of course there was a little shock at first, but in five minutes I agreed with M. d Antig nac that it is the only fit end for her It is what I always dtmly felt that she was intended for. I might have fallen in love with her but for that," he

ended, with a smile. "Are you sure that you did not do so?" said Miss Bertram-involuntarily

"I am quite sure," the young man answered, though he looked a little surprised. "My feeling for her was not at all of that kind. She seemed to inspire something altogether different —as if she had been a saint already. I always thought her like Guercino's St. Margaret," he added, smiling

'Saint or no saint, I think if I had been a man I must have fallen in love with her." said Miss Bertram : you see I only gave you credit for good taste in suspecting you of hav-

ing done so."
"You are very kind," Egerton answered, "but"—he paused, then

agement concerning the lack of which Egerton had complained, for he went

on quickly:

"I have long said to myself that there only needed a word, a glance, to make me passionately in love with you; but I am not sure now that the word or glance has been needed. You have always seemed to regard me with so much scorn that hope has been out o the question; yet I think it is possible to love without hope."

Sibyl did not answer—indeed, there

did not seem to be anything in this speech which required an answer—but after an instant she rose and moved away, not, however, toward any of the various groups, but farther away from them, to one of the open windows which overlooked the river. This emboldened Egerton to follow her.

"I know," he went on, in the tone of one who pursues an argument, "that my life has been deserving of your scorn, and that your vague aspir ations at which I used to smile were more than my contentment with lower things. Yet perhaps I seemed more contented than I was, and if self dis gust may lead to better things -"

He was interrupted here. With he old impetuosity Sibyl turned to him "And what was my life that I should have ventured to scorn any one?" she said. "You do not understand-you never understood-it wa because I thought you had the power to do something better that I was impatient. But I have grown a little viser. I know now that one should not criticise unless one has a better

way to point out. I had none."
"But there is a better way," said Egerton, "and, if you will, we may seek it together. This sounds presumptuous, perhaps"—as she stood still and did not answer—"and I have no right to expect you to believe in me. But we have both felt that life is meant for something better than mere living for one's own interest or one' own pleasure; and I think we both see that the nobler existence is within our reach. The question is, Shall w enter upon it together or apart?
That is for you to decide. But if if there is the least hope for me, I am -willing to wait-to serve-

"I have come to say good evening, dear M. d'Antignac," said Sibyl half an hour later.

D'Antignac looked up at her as she stood in her charming beauty by the side of his couch, extending her hand. He took it with a smile, and glanced from her to Egerton, who stood by. Did those kind, dark eyes read every-thing? It seemed so to the two who met them.
"We have a better salutation than

that in French," he said. "It is the most exquisite of all forms of greeting. For brief or long parting, for joy or sorrow, for life or death-what better can we say than adieu? It expresses all blessing and it places those whom we love where we would wish ever to leave them. So, my dear friends he held out his other hand to Egerton -" a Dieu!

## A Picture of "Ostler Joe."

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., draws a pen picture of "Joe" Chamberlain in the June Forum which is a masterpiece of literary style and keen satire McCarthy has a delicate touch and he imparts an artistic finish to his work that is really charming. He knows Chamberlain well : he under stands the motives and impulses which sway him in political and social life, and he dissects these with admirable "His very composure," writes Irish parliamentary leade

"stands him in good stead, for i seems to many listeners to sugges that he possesses an immense an of what the actors call 'reserved force which, so far as I can see, he does no I am indeed pretty well conpossess. vinced that all the goods are in the shop window - if I may use such a metaphor of such a man.

Speaking of Chamberlain's desertion in 1886, and his flop from the leadership of the Radical section of the Liberal party into the Tory camp, Mr. McCarthy says: "No one supposes that a man cannot honestly and sin cerely become enlightened as to the possible errors of Radicalism and find peace of mind and heart in throwing over the 'masses' and becoming a votary of 'the classes.' I dare not, therefore, venture to impeach the integrity of Mr. Chamberlain's sudden and complete change of opinions. He may have had some instantaneous internal revelation. But it is, perhaps, to be remarked that when Saul of Tarsus suddenly came round to new opinions he did not thereby secure any arm and patronizing welcome among 'the classes' of that ancient day. do not say a man may not be quite sincere in a sudden conversion merely because, while forfeiting the confidence of the Liberals and the democrats and the workingmen, he obtains at the same moment the favor and the welcome and the patronage of the dukes and duchesses." - Boston Re-

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it," he said, and then paused.

"No," said D'Antignac, "the Revolution did not spare it. Through those splendid halls, through the great libraries and stately cloisters, swept the storm in the name of freedom of thought, and those who now excuse this storm find it convenient to forget.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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## SHEPHERD AND SOLDIER.

A Hospital Sister's Story

One evening during the war of 1870, the night being dark, an unlighted wagon stopped in the courtyard of our hospital and the driver, without other

introduction, said : "Since noon I have been driving these unfortunate soldiers to every hospital in Paris; everywhere they have been refused. I shall go no further.

I have made up my mind to that."
I approached the enormous vehicle which was scarcely distinguishable in the darkness.
"Where did you come from? Who has sent you?" I inquired.

There was no answer to my ques tions nor a sign of life from within the wagon.

"Can you not speak? Who are you?" I asked.
Not a word! Evidently the word of command was-" Silence

The truth it was exhaustion that made these unfortunates dumb. But I did not know it. Finally I tried a supreme test.

You are Prussians, then?" At this word every voice cried out : "French! French! We

French !" This moral commotion gave a little energy to their bodies and all came out of the wagon ; one, two, three ; seven; seven giants surrounded me; they were artillerymen dying of cold and fatigue and exhausted to the last de-

They were brought in, washed, put to bed, and there they slept profound

For three days, notwithstanding our questions, they had not a word to say, and only came out of their physical and moral lethargy at the sound of our voices as we said :

Come, artillerymen, take this." Without opening their eyes, their lips would part to take some of the au This regime, together with complete rest, gave back movement to he lifeless bodies and awakened the faculties of their dormant minds. Then only could we question these

modern seven sleepers. Among them, as among those whom the Church ven erates near the tomb of St. Martin, we found more than one elect soul.

Soon all had been to confession and had the happiness of receiving holy

Communion. Afterwards one of them said to me, in his childlike joy: "I would not give my morning for five francs ! Another entered the Chartreuse as soon as peace was declared. The folowing is the story of the third :

Didier was a man of thirty, tall, straight, with black hair carefully brushed back, a poise of the head which was thoroughly aristocratic. He was far from what he looked, however ; he did not even know how to write; he was a simple shepherd of the Ardennes. When confession was mentioned to our seven sleepers, Didier

came to me.
"Sister," said he, "I did not like to tell you before my companions that I never made my first Communion. I was too much ashamed. But when I saw that Providence had led me to a convent hospital, I said to myself: Here is my chance! I shall not leave this place until I have made it. wished for so long to be instructed in my religion and to practice it like

"How is it," said I, "that you have neglected your Christian duties until

my fault." And then he told the folowing story of his life:

When three years of age Didier lost oth his parents, and was taken care of by his grandmother, who died two years later. The child was alone in the world and without means. A rich farmer living on the border of the forest—a man without religion, but who managed his temporal affairs well thought he would do wisely to take the little waif and give him as a helper o the shepherd of his flocks.

The little orphan was thus put with the flock as one more lamb, until he should be big enough to lead them. Like the sheep he slept on the straw of the sheepfold. At sunrise he fol lowed them to pasture, and while they browsed on the green herbs and the sweet-scented clover, with heads always lowered to the earth, the child. only a few inches taller than they, his feet touching the same earth, looked toward heaven and began to spell the name of God in the great book of nature.

Days and years passed thus, and he had not heard the sacred Name pronounced, nor had he ever been to church, nor ever been made to pray He returned to the farm only at the setting of the sun; then, after partaking of the evening meal, he went immediately to sleep near his sheep. Of a reflective mind and inclined to melancholy, he did not care to speak much with those around him; but, in the silence of his pastoral life, his intelligence, otherwise but little cultivated. sought an answer to the thousand questions concerning what he saw in nature—the vegetation of plants, the movement of the stars, the return of the seasons, and even his own faculties so different from the animal life of his

Didier, still very young, guessed at Creation's God. He recognized Him in His works, and, verily a chosen soul, he adored Him in the simplicity of his heart, but with a depth of feel ing which must have been the admira tion of the angels; it made my heart tremble with joy to hear expressions so tue, that the Holy Spirital one could