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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XIV.

With that deep note of warning still ringing in his ears, Egerton, however, felt less inclined for the meeting of the Salle Rivoli.

It was characteristic of the man that the answering of this question seemed to him just then of paramount importance, and that he felt Duchesne's son-deration rather distracting than interesting.

Duchesne was probably not sorry, for it is notorious that the scenes which the Salle Rivoli witnesses do not incline one to hope for much in the matter of order from these vociferous and turbulent reformers of the world.

It was natural enough that after all this he should have dreamed of Arminie that night—dreamed of her more than once as St. Margaret holding aloft her crucifix before the dragon—or that his first thought in waking should have been of her; for whatever idea has colored our dreams in sleep is quite certain to be with us when we wake.

The soft swing of the closing church-door made him turn as Arminie emerged, the lilies in her hand, the same look of repose on her face. But the look changed and she gave a slight start of surprise as she saw who it was that came toward her with easy assurance, uncovering as he came.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle," he said. "I am happy to have another glimpse of you before you leave Paris." "Good-morning, M. Egerton," answered Arminie, pausing and regarding him with her grave, gentle eyes.

It was a charming sight which the broad esplanade of the Madeleine presents on these spring mornings, when Paris is so fresh, so radiant, so like a city swept and garnished, and for a short space the country seems to have brought all its floral treasures and poured them out here in lavish wealth. The sunshine falls on great heaves of blossoms, the air is full of fragrance and the hum of cheerful voices, as people gather like bees around the flowers, then go away laden with them.

As Egerton crossed the street toward this animated scene his glance was attracted by a slender figure pausing just in front of him, and which, before he could reach it, moved on with hands filled with lilies of the valley. With a somewhat crest-fallen sense of being, as it were, anticipated, he recognized Arminie, and for a moment looked after her, uncertain whether or not to execute the intention which had brought him out; and while he looked she turned into the enclosure surrounding the Madeleine and ascended the great steps of its portico.

Egerton at once decided to follow. A church was free to every one, and he might exchange a few words with Arminie as she came out. What particular words he wished to exchange, or why he should have wished to exchange any at all, he did not ask himself. It was not his custom to inquire the end of any fancy which occurred to him, nor indeed, to trouble himself whether it had an end at all or not. Just now it was sufficient that his interest was excited by Arminie, that she was a new type of character, which he liked to study; beyond that he saw no necessity for going. He turned, therefore, as she had done, through the open iron gates, mounted the steps of the portico, and entered the church.

The first impression which it made upon him was of a size which he had never realized before, having always heretofore seen it when crowded at High Mass and Vespers. Now it was comparatively empty—quiet, cool, and dim. A priest was saying Mass in one of the chapels, and before it a number of figures were kneeling. Egerton drew near and sat down on a chair behind these figures. For some time he did not remember or look for Arminie. It was the first time he had ever seen a Low Mass, and he was absorbed in watching.

Strange to say, it impressed him more than High Mass had ever done. Then the number of ceremonies, the music, the lights, the crowd, had distracted his attention from the great central fact. But now he seemed to realize what it meant—for those who believed. The slow, majestic movements of the priest, the reverence of the server, and the silence of the worshippers, all seemed in harmony with the idea of offering to God a supreme act of worship. Unlike many of those who are brought up outside the Church, Egerton was at least able to conceive this idea, to understand that what he saw before him was that which the whole world, for more than a thousand years, had revered as the stupendous Sacrifice of the New Law. So

courage as the maiden of Antioch who has been so long enrolled on the list of God's saints.

"But if she should ever be forced to put herself into an attitude of antagonism to her father it will go hard with her," Egerton thought, with a sense of painful pity. At that moment he felt that D'Antignac had done ill to shatter her belief in her father's ideals. Surely it would have been better for her to go through life dreaming of a glorified humanity than to have ever before her eyes the red spectre of revolution, and to hear constantly the enunciation of a faith which she could not share. It was hard on both sides—for Duchesne was evidently aware that his daughter's sympathy was withheld from him—and might become much harder as events developed.

It was characteristic of the man that the answering of this question seemed to him just then of paramount importance, and that he felt Duchesne's son-deration rather distracting than interesting. Consequently they had not proceeded very far when he suddenly paused, pleaded a forgotten engagement, and begged to be excused from attending the meeting.

Duchesne was probably not sorry, for it is notorious that the scenes which the Salle Rivoli witnesses do not incline one to hope for much in the matter of order from these vociferous and turbulent reformers of the world. It is quite certain that if the revolutionary army was altogether, or even chiefly, composed of such material society would have little to fear from it. But behind these noisy recruits is the trained and tremendous power of the secret organizations before which Governments stand paralyzed and helpless. Yet these Governments learn no wisdom. Everywhere the cry of persecution is raised against the only power which is able to cope with the evils that afflict the world; everywhere the Church is confronted with the pagan idea of State supremacy, and everywhere souls are wrested from her, to become victims of the shallow theories of the materialist in religion and the anarchist in politics. Surely it is true as of old, "Whom the gods would destroy they first deprive of reason."

It is the society which has revolted against God, and which replies to the solemn warnings of His vicar with scoffing jeers, indeed doomed to utter destruction? It may be so, for the movement which began by denying the authority of the Church has long since culminated in denying Him who said, "And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

It must not be supposed that thoughts like these were in Egerton's mind as he parted from his companion and walked down the long avenue. It was an artistic, not a moral, impression which he was striving to grasp, and suddenly it came to him; suddenly he almost cried aloud, "Eureka!" In the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome hangs a picture famous throughout the world—Guercino's beautiful St. Margaret. No one who has seen it can ever forget the majestic air of inspired fearlessness and command with which she lifts the crucifix in one hand, while with the other extended she seems to awe back the dragon, whose hideous head and fearful jaws are powerless to daunt her. It was of this exquisite picture that Arminie's attitude and expression reminded Egerton, though in hers there had been warning rather than command. But the general resemblance of face and gesture was striking, and he said to himself that, "meek and mild" as this girl appeared, he has seen a flash in her which proved that she, too, might face danger and death with the same lofty

much, at least, culture had done for him. It had emancipated him from the narrow ignorance which is the parent of narrower prejudice in those who are the unhappy inheritors of errors.

It was not until the Mass was half over that he perceived Arminie, who was kneeling at one side, somewhat in shadow. But as soon as he saw her he was struck by the expression of her face. The pathetic look of sadness which had been on the brow and in the eyes whenever he had seen it before was now replaced by a spiritual peace which changed the whole aspect of the countenance. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were fastened on the altar, the lilies he had seen were lying with her prayer-book on the chair in front of her—it was an exquisite picture that she made in the soft shadow out of which her sensitive face looked, with beautiful, clear eyes full of repose. Egerton could not but think that it was a strange revelation after all that he had been thinking of her since they parted the night before. Waking and sleeping he had seen her before him in an attitude of combat, resistance, warning; and now what cloistered nun could have worn a face of greater serenity?

In the midst of these reflections he suddenly woke to a consciousness that the Mass had ended, the priest was leaving the altar, and some of the congregation were rising. He rose also and left the church, having decided to waylay Arminie in the portico. He had the time, before she appeared, to admire the picture at his feet—the Rue Royale leading to the Place de la Concorde with its fountains flashing in the morning sunlight, the soft mist rising from the river, the front of the Palais du Corps Legislatif in the distance across the Seine; a famous space, a space which has witnessed some of the most terrible events of history, yet giving a little sign of it now as the sea gives of the wrecks over which it has closed!

The soft swing of the closing church-door made him turn as Arminie emerged, the lilies in her hand, the same look of repose on her face. But the look changed and she gave a slight start of surprise as she saw who it was that came toward her with easy assurance, uncovering as he came.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle," he said. "I am happy to have another glimpse of you before you leave Paris." "Good-morning, M. Egerton," answered Arminie, pausing and regarding him with her grave, gentle eyes. "You are very good, but this is not a place or a time when I should have expected to see you."

"I imagine not," he said. "But you know—or rather you do not know—that I live in this neighborhood, and therefore it is very natural that I should be here. I confess"—as she still regarded him somewhat incredulously—"that I am not in the habit of frequenting the Madeleine so early in the day; but the force of example is accountable for my presence this morning. I saw you going to church, and I followed."

"You can do nothing better than go to church, monsieur," she said a little coldly, "but I fail to understand why my example should have had sufficient force to draw you there."

"I see that I must make an entire confession," he replied, smiling. "I was waked by the odors from the flower-market, and it occurred to me that I might take the liberty of sending you some flowers. With that intention I came out, to find you engaged in anticipating me"—he glanced at the lilies in her hand. "So then it was that your example led me into the church."

"Where I hope that you found something to repay you for your kind intentions with regard to the flowers," she said, now smiling also.

"Yes, I was repaid," he answered. He hesitated an instant, then went on: "A face of which I had been thinking all night with almost painful sympathy rose on me like the morning-star, full of peace," he said.

He saw that she understood him at once, and though she looked a little surprised, she was plainly not offended. There was an instant's pause, then in a low tone she said: "Why should you have thought of it with painful sympathy?"

"Because it gave me a revelation of how issues which I have treated lightly enough mean pain and perplexity to others," he answered; "and because I realized the hardship that a young and gracious life should be robbed of its natural sunshine by the dark shadow of misery and revolt."

She interrupted him with a slight gesture. "There was no need of pity for that," she said. "Those, I think, are happiest who do not try to ignore the misery which leads to revolt, but who are able to do something—however little, so that it be in the right way—to lessen it."

"Ah! in the right way," he said. "But that is the point, that makes the sadness—that people with the same end in view are so hopelessly disagreed about the means of reaching that end."

Something of shadow crept again into her eyes as she answered: "Yes, it is sad, but there is a thought which can give comfort, if we only dwell upon it often enough and long enough. God knows all, and God orders all. Out of the wildest tumult He can bring peace, if it be His will. Why, then, should we disquiet ourselves? All issues are in His hand."

"You have faith like that?" said Egerton, struck more by the penetrating tone of her voice, by the light which came into her face, than by the words.

"Sometimes I have," she answered. "It is a light which comes and goes—that is my own fault, no doubt—but this morning it was with me when I woke. I had gone to sleep almost overpowered by the sense of hopeless weight; but when I woke a voice seemed to say, 'What do you know of the end? Be patient and trust God.' Was that not a morning-star of peace, monsieur? And all things are easy when we can trust God."

It was a simple message, yet at that moment Egerton seemed to realize the deep wisdom which was contained in it. Surely, yes, all things must be easy to those who can trust with faith like this. It was no wonder that so great a change had come over the face which he had seen filled with pain and foreboding the night before. It was the difference between night and morning.

But at this point Arminie remembered herself and made a movement to go. "You are very kind to have thought of me—in that way," she said. "Believe me, I am grateful. And now I must bid you adieu. We leave Paris this afternoon."

"I know and I am sorry," he said. "But I shall hope to see you when you return. I trust that may be soon."

"So do I," she answered, but from her tone he knew that she was thinking of nothing less than of seeing him on that return.

She moved on as she spoke, and Egerton crossed the portico and descended the steps by her side, saying as he did so: "I hope you will permit me to fulfil the original intention for which I came out, and send you some flowers? It is true that you have already provided yourself, but if you are a lover of them you must feel that one can never have too many."

"You are very kind," she answered, "but because I am a lover of them I think one can have too many, if one must leave them to fade. And that is what I should be forced to do today. These lilies I got for M. d'Antignac. He likes them, and I am going to see him this morning, to bid him adieu. It is a word I must repeat to you," she added, pausing as they emerged from the gate and holding out her hand.

Egerton, understanding that it was dismissal as well as farewell, accepted it at once, made his best wishes for her journey, and stepped back while she walked away with Madelon. For a moment he stood still, watching the slender, graceful figure. Then, conscious that this attitude was likely to attract attention, he turned quickly, to meet the half-surprised, half-amused face of Mr. Talford.

"Good-morning, my dear Egerton," said that gentleman suavely. "Let me congratulate you upon having discovered the virtue and excellence of early rising. It is true that to the world in general the morning is pretty well advanced; but I believe that you are seldom seen abroad before noon."

"That depends entirely upon circumstances," replied Egerton. "But I was not aware that, as a general rule, you were inclined to the virtue and excellence of early rising."

"I may echo your words and reply that my habits in that respect entirely depend upon circumstances," answered the other. "But the circumstances are not usually of a devout nature, nor am I often rewarded by such a pair of eyes as those which were smiling on you a moment ago."

"Those eyes," said Egerton a little stiffly, "belong to a young lady for whom I have the highest esteem and most profound respect. It was by the merest accident I met her in the Madeleine; but since she is leaving Paris with her father to-day, I embraced the opportunity to make my adieux."

"Ah!" said Talford, elevating his eyebrows a little. He did not, however, permit himself to make any further remark, but merely inquired, after an instant's pause, if Egerton had breakfasted.

The latter replied in the negative. "I came out in haste," he said. "I did not stop, but my coffee is waiting for me, I am sure. And uncommonly good coffee Marcel makes. Come and join me will you not?"

"I have taken mine," replied Talford. "I did not come out in haste, but very much at my leisure; owing, probably, to the fact that the eyes which were the cause of my coming are behind and not before me. Though, indeed," he added reflectively, "I hardly think that I could be excited by the most beautiful eyes to the point of going out on an empty stomach. Such enthusiasm is part of the happy privilege of youth."

"It is certainly," said Egerton with a laugh, "part of my happy privilege not to think much of my stomach." "Ah! you will change all that as you grow older," said the other. "Then you will begin to understand that the stomach is a much more important organ than the heart—though of course at twenty-five one does not think so. One can get on very well—in fact, with great advantage in point of comfort—without a heart. But a good stomach is a first essential for enjoying life. So I advise you, my dear fellow, not to take liberties with yours."

"You are very good," said Egerton, "but I think that you had better come and give me the benefit of your advice over a cup of Marcel's coffee, when I can apologize at my leisure for not keeping my engagement with you last night."

"You owe me an apology," said Talford tranquilly, "since I should not need to be here this morning if you had kept your appointment. I was on my way to your apartment, when to my surprise I saw you descending the

steps of the Madeleine. My object was—nay, is—to inquire if you are inclined to join me in accompanying my cousin, Laura Dorrance, and Miss Bertram to the Bois this morning."

"On horseback, I presume?" "Of course. They have been anxious to ride for sometime, and I believe that all preliminaries with regard to habits and horses are now happily settled. You are to join the party, and I thought I should have an opportunity of doing so to-day. But since you failed to enter an appearance I was obliged to come forth in search of you or else run the risk of disappointing the ladies."

"I am sorry you have had the trouble," said Egerton. "I should not have broken the engagement last night, only, if you remember, it was not positive. I shall be very happy to go. And now you will come in while I send for my horse?"

"No, thanks. I must return to my own apartment, where I shall expect you in the course of an hour." He nodded and turned away, then looked back to add, "We shall take our dejeuner with Miss Bertram."

HOLY FACE OF JESUS.

Third Means of Making Reparation: Imitate His Virtues.

[Translated by Rev. Edmund Didier: Read at Carmelite Convent, November 4, 1894.]

The canvas being prepared the painter applies his colors, and regarding his original at each stroke of his brush, he imitates exactly its features. So after having effaced the stains of sin from our souls, after having divested ourselves of the old man according to nature, we must raise our eyes towards Jesus Christ, so as to clothe ourselves with His virtues, by a faithful imitation. That is the way of making to Him an agreeable and true reparation for all the affronts of His Passion; for, as teaches St. Augustine, "the essential obligation of the Christian religion is to imitate the virtues and perfections of the God whom it worship."

Remember then what were the thoughts and occupation of the mind and of the heart of Jesus when the Jews despised Him and covered Him with ignominies and insults. He glorified His Father by a profound humility and by an invincible patience for the satisfaction of our sins. Humble yourselves then in His presence, considering your miseries, your lowness and the sins by which you have so often displeased and dishonored Him.

When the Jews saluted Him and adored Him in mockery He adored His Father, so as to repair the irreverence which we commit in the church during divine service. Let us adore Him then in spirit and in truth by a perfect respect, by acts of faith, of hope and of love.

While they were tormenting Him He conformed Himself by an entire resignation to the will of His Father, who had ordered Him to suffer thus for our salvation. Resign yourselves, then, entirely to His good pleasure in all your pains and afflictions.

When the Jews hated His death and demanded His condemnation He offered Himself in sacrifice to the justice of His Father to satisfy for our crimes. Offer yourselves, then, to Him as victims of penance for your sins.

When the Jews showed Him a mortal hatred He loved His Father with a tenderness and ineffable ardor, so as to repair our tepidity. Love Him, then, with an affection the most cordial and sincere and desire with all your heart that He be loved perfectly by the whole world. Zeal for the glory of His Father made Him languish and grow faint, seeing Him offended by the sins of the Jews and of all mankind. Be you afflicted also through a similar zeal.

His heart by the ardor of His infinite charity was likewise penetrated with a tender compassion for the loss of the Jews and of other sinners. You also pray fervently for their conversion.

The infinite love of His Father and of the salvation of men strengthened Him interiorly in the midst of His sufferings and ignominies. Christians suffer, therefore, with joy and in His sake love the pains and injuries which men heap upon you, acknowledging that you have merited them by your sins.

Jesus suffered with an invincible patience, and instead of complaining and of having any ill feeling towards His neighbors. He excused them to His Father, and prayed that He would forgive them. You also suffer after His example, without murmurs, without wishing evil to your enemies, so as to obtain immortal glory. It is thus that you will testify your love for God, your faith, your hope and the strength of your soul, as says the prophet, "In silence and in hope shall your strength be." [Isaiah xxx., 15.]

In fine, to make reparation for the extreme and unnatural repugnance which the Jews manifested towards the adorable face of Jesus, carry about you a medal or an image of His Holy Face, which you should regard often, remembering His outrages and afflictions, adoring your Saviour, praising Him, loving Him and compassionating Him from time to time with all the powers of your soul. Have also a picture of the Holy Face, and place it, framed, in the best room of your house, so as to excite those who visit you to think of our Saviour and to offer Him their homage and reverence as reparation for the insults and injuries of His passion.

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