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To ACT AS A FOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES WYETH'S LIQUID MALT! IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

ARMINH.

BY CHRISTIAN REID. CHAPTER XV.

A bright spring morning is always certain to find the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne thronged with equestrians, and the morning when Egerton joined the party consisting of Miss Bertram, Miss Dorrance, and an elderly gentleman who, being a distant connection and great friend of the Bertrams, acted as chaperon, was no exception to the rule.

The party of people who entered the Bois on this particular morning were pleasantly exhilarated by the brightness and beauty around them. Egerton was at first a little puzzled to imagine why he should have been asked to join what was already a partie carree, but he was soon enlightened by the manner in which Miss Dorrance appropriated him.

"In my opinion it was all nonsense asking old Colonel Faure to accompany us," she confided to him when the gentleman mentioned was in advance, riding with Miss Bertram and Talford. "Mamma would never have thought of such a thing. She sees no reason why I should not go about with Cousin Marmaduke here as I would in America; and I see no reason either. But Mrs. Bertram is full of foreign ideas—I suppose because she has lived abroad so much—and she insisted that Sibyl should not go without a chaperon. There was no lady eligible for the position whom we could ask, so we finally compromised on this old gentleman. He is very nice, and a great friend of the Bertrams, you know; but I did not care to have him bestowed upon me as an escort—and that was, of course, what would have come to pass—so I insisted on your being asked to join us."

"You are very kind indeed," said Egerton. "I am immensely flattered to learn that you think my society preferable to that of Colonel Faure."

"Now, that is one thing about you that I don't like," said the young lady frankly—"that sarcastic way of talking. You are evidently not flattered about something. Yet I am at a loss to know what it is, for I consider it decidedly a compliment to have asked you to join us, without comparing your society to Colonel Faure's at all."

"I am ashamed that you should think I meant to be sarcastic," said Egerton, unable to explain the slight disappointment which had prompted the tone of his speech. "It proves that there was something amiss in my expression, though not in my intention. For I am sincerely flattered, I assure you, and delighted to be able to rescue you from Colonel Faure."

"Oh! I have no special objection to Colonel Faure," she replied. "But he is tiresome—as old men mostly are—and I did not see why I should bear the burden of propitiating the propitiated when I care nothing about them in this particular form, while Cousin Duke would of course devote himself to Sibyl."

"His devotion, then, has come to be a matter of course?" said Egerton. "It seems to me that jumps at the eyes," said the young lady, with a shrug as Gallic as heridion. "I really think he is in earnest—matrimonially in earnest—at last."

"Ah!" said Egerton. "And do you think that Miss Bertram is matrimonially in earnest also?"

"That is hard to tell," answered Miss Dorrance. "Sibyl is difficile. She always has been. People think her capricious, but it really is not caprice so much as that men—for we are talking of men—disappoint her. I have heard her say that she likes them as long as she can fancy something heroic about them; but she very soon discovers that there is nothing heroic at all."

"Then we are to suppose that she is in the stage of fancying something heroic about Mr. Talford," said Egerton, with the inflection of sarcasm in his tone to which his companion objected. "It does infinite credit to her powers of imagination."

Miss Dorrance shook her head. "I don't think," she said, "that even with her powers of imagination—and they are considerable—she can fancy anything heroic about Cousin Duke. He is very nice, and I have always been very fond of him, but he makes no pretensions of that kind."

"No one could possibly accuse him of it," said Egerton, with the same inflection of tone. "He would tell you," pursued Miss Dorrance, "that in consequence there is no room for disappointment. And he may be right. Certainly Sibyl appears to like his society very well. One must see that."

"Yes," Egerton assented, "one must see that." Then he paused, not caring to add that such a liking seemed to him the keenest of satires on Miss Bertram's high ideals and pretensions. The old sense of injury and indignation rose in his mind as he looked at the graceful figure riding in front, at the fine, spirited face showing in profile as Sibyl turned toward one or the other of her escorts. "No doubt Talford is right," he said to himself. "She has two women in her, and the idealist will go to the wall before the woman of the world. But it is impossible not to be amused by her inconsistency."

added, turning to Miss Bertram; "and although a priest was saying Mass while I was there, I had the feeling of which you speak—a sense as of an infinite charm of quiet, of repose, of devotion."

"It is the feeling which induces so many Protestants so say that they feel so much more devout in Catholic churches than in their own," said Miss Bertram. "One can hardly define it, but every one who is at all impressionable must be conscious of it."

"That is a saving clause," said Mr. Talford, "for I was about to remark that I have never felt it. But then it is almost unnecessary to say that I am not impressionable."

"Quite unnecessary," replied Miss Bertram. "We are quite sure that a primrose on the river's brim is a yellow primrose to you, and nothing more."

"What more could it be?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows a little. "Without attempting to answer that question," said Colonel Faure, "one may be quite sure that there is such a thing as seeing too much in a primrose, as well as many other things. Now, about that 'infinite charm of repose and devotion in Catholic churches,' do you think that it is not simply an effect of the beauty which is so large a part of that system; and when impressionable Protestants feel more devout there than in their own churches, are they not yielding simply to a pleasure of the senses?"

Sibyl looked at him and smiled. "That is an argument which I have heard before," she said; "but it seems to me that those who use it forget that the senses are the only mediums by which we can receive any impressions. And if we receive great truths through our hearing, why should not devotion be roused through our sight? If certain forms of beauty are capable of putting us in a reverential frame of mind, a wise system would certainly employ them. Architecture, painting, sculpture, music—I am sure that the religion which neglects to use any one of these in its appeal to human nature neglects a very powerful aid. But in saying this," she added quickly, before any one could speak, "don't think that I mean to admit that it is the beauty of Catholic churches altogether, or even chiefly, which produces the effect of which we are talking. I have felt it in humble chapels that had no beauty, and I have missed it in great cathedrals which are no longer Catholic. Where is there in the world, for instance, a more beautiful building than Westminster Abbey? Yet who can enter it and not feel that it is like a body from which the soul has fled?"

"My dear Sibyl!" said Mrs. Bertram in a slightly shocked tone of remonstrance, "how can you talk so? I am sure Westminster Abbey is one of the most interesting churches in the world."

Sibyl smiled. "Yes, mamma," she said. "But about this that we are talking of, I maintain that it is peculiar to Catholic churches, and that it cannot be the effect of beauty alone."

Egerton regarded her curiously. Consciously or unconsciously, it seemed always her fate to be surprising him. Certainly he would not have expected to find in her this perception of what he had so lately felt himself—the mysterious influence of that Presence which dwells in Catholic churches, and which is manifest even to many of those who have not faith—but it was very plain that she possessed it, and plain also that he was very far from understanding her singular character.

Meanwhile Talford said: "It strikes me that an argument about something which half of us never felt, and which the other half cannot define, is something like discussing the nature of the soul, then we are not at all sure that we have a soul. Let me turn the conversation to a more mundane subject by asking—" he turned to Mrs. Bertram—"if you have seen the new play at the Francis yet?"

"No," she answered. "We have not seen it for the simple reason that it has not been possible to obtain places. Sibyl and I tried twice, but found every seat engaged for so many nights ahead that we decided to wait until the first rush to see it is over."

"And I wait with more philosophy," said Miss Bertram, "because I judge, from the amount of space which the journals give to descriptions of the actresses' toilettes, that it is a poor play."

"I hope you will soon decide that point for yourself," said Mr. Talford. "I have not yet seen it either; but I have been fortunate enough to secure a box for to-night, which I trust Mrs. Bertram will allow me to place at her service."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Bertram graciously. "It will be very pleasant to go to the Francis to-night, since it is the evening for the monde. Then if Laura will accompany us—" "Thank you, dear Mrs. Bertram," said Laura. "I shall be delighted. I am very anxious to see the play. I told Cousin Duke so at least three days ago."

"In that case no doubt it is to your desire that we owe his kind exertion," replied Mrs. Bertram, "and I am very glad to be able to be your chaperon."

Miss Dorrance glanced at Egerton and elevated her eyebrows in a manner expressive of her scepticism on this point; but she restrained her tongue, and a few minutes later they rose from table. It was when they returned to the salon that Egerton found his first opportunity to exchange a few words with Miss Bertram. She had moved to one of the open windows, and was standing there—a tall, straight, graceful figure—pointing out the pretty

lights and shades in the park to Colonel Faure, when he joined her. After a little desultory talk the elder gentleman stepped back to answer a question of Mrs. Bertram, and the two were left *tele a tele* just as Sibyl was saying that in the spring there was no pleasanter place of residence in the world than Paris. "And we have tried most places—that is most well-known places," she added.

"I, too, like Paris," said Egerton. "Apart from those things which lie merely on the surface, its attractions are manifold, and I should make it my home, if I had anything to do here. But that is the trouble. Existence without an object must end in weariness."

"You have found that out, then?" she said. "I never doubted it," he answered. "Yet it is difficult, in cold blood, without any compelling taste for any pursuit in particular, to decide what to do. The need to make money is the great spur to effort with most people; but I have money enough for my wants, so what is to be my spur?"

"The desire to benefit humanity," answered Miss Bertram. "What better could you wish?" "I might readily be excused for wanting a better," he said, "but whether I shall find it or not is another question. I don't think humanity is able to inspire one with much besides contempt—a good-natured or bad-natured according to one's disposition—when regarded in the mass. Yet I should like to be able to do something toward relieving its mountain-load of misery, and that is what has drawn me a little toward Socialism. But Socialism recognizes only one way of relieving this misery—that is, by seizing the property of those who possess any. Now, perhaps it is because I belong to the latter class that my sense of *meum and tuum* protests."

Despite herself Sibyl laughed. "I fancy," she said, "that you have only been amusing yourself with Socialism, as with most other things."

"No," he answered. "I have been seriously attracted by it, and again as seriously repelled. Among its leaders undoubtedly there is a sufficient ardor and spirit of self-sacrifice to revolutionize the world. But then I confess that I do not regard with lively satisfaction the idea of a world in revolution."

"Apropos of leaders, have you seen lately the one who interested you so much?" "Duchesse? Yes; I dined with him last night. And—although I did not choose to say so to Talford—it was Mlle. Duchesse to whom I was speaking at the door of the Madeleine when he saw me this morning."

Miss Bertram's gray eyes opened wide in surprise. "What! Does she go to church, and do you go there to meet her?" she asked.

Egerton laughed. "She goes to church—yes," he answered. "But as for my going there to meet her—well, in candor I confess that it was her example which induced me to enter the Madeleine this morning. But I had no intention of meeting, nor indeed hope of speaking to, her, though I did manage to exchange a few words with her on the doorstep."

"She is a very interesting person, I think you said."

"She is an exceedingly interesting person," returned he. "I never see her without wishing that I had an opportunity to know her better than I do."

"And do you not know her well?" "Very far from it. Measured by the rules which govern acquaintance, ours is of the slightest—I may say the very slightest—description. Yet each time that I have seen her there has been something which gave me a glimpse of her inner self such as is not common in conventional intercourse. He paused a moment, then added: "I think you would like her."

"Do you?" said Miss Bertram a little doubtfully. "I am not sure of it. What interests you might not interest me at all, you know. But the father, now—I should not doubt be very much interested in him, and I wish that I could see him."

"I should be happy to make an effort to gratify you," said Egerton, "but he is a bird of passage—much occupied with revolutionary schemes in many places; and he leaves Paris to-day to superintend an election in Brittany. His daughter goes with him—somewhat reluctantly, I think, because of the business in which he is engaged."

"I remember that you said she does not approve his schemes. It is strange that a girl—and a young girl, did you not say?—should evince so much independence of thought—or is it subjective of thought? Perhaps, like many women, having been brought up religiously, she is unable to emancipate herself."

"To the best of my knowledge she was not brought up religiously," said Egerton. "Her mother died early, and she was left altogether to her father's influence and training."

"Then how is it possible that she does not feel enthusiasm for his hopes?" "She has probably seen and known too much of what those hopes mean. It is very different to look at a thing from afar, with a poetic glamour around it, and to draw near and see it face to face. Mlle. Duchesse has seen revolution face to face more than once—in fact, she sees it, in anticipation, all the time."

such a life. But I suppose it is not possible?"

"Most things are possible, if one has the will to bring them about," said Egerton. "There is one simple means by which you can know Mlle. Duchesse, if you care to do so—she is a great friend of the D'Antignacs."

"Indeed! So besides being interesting themselves, they have the additional merit of possessing interesting friends! I shall certainly insist on Laura's fulfilling her promise of taking me to see them."

"What promise is it that Laura is to fulfil?" asked that young lady, hearing her own name and drawing near. "The promise of taking Miss Bertram to see the D'Antignacs," said Egerton. "I thought you had surely fulfilled it some time ago."

"I don't think you have either of us found the necessary time," said Miss Dorrance. "But you need not be so reproachful, Mr. Egerton. I assure you that I mean to go, and to take Sibyl."

"And I mean to be taken," said Miss Bertram; "for what I have heard of M. d'Antignac—not only from you but from others—makes me wish very much to know him."

"I hope that you will know him," said Egerton. "I am sure that you will then find that there is such a thing as heroism in the world, independent of any fancies with regard to it."

She looked at him with a quick glance. "Do you mean my fancies?" she asked. "I confess that I have begun to doubt whether it has any existence independent of them."

"There are times, I suppose, when we are all inclined to doubt it," he answered. "But it fares ill with us, in that as in most else, if faith dies into scepticism and we accept the lower for want of belief in the higher."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE DANGER.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

It is a favorite theory with some thinking people that humanity left to itself will revert to a savage type. The old saying, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," is no more true, they tell us, than the fact that if you scratch your nearest neighbor you will find an Apache Indian, or a fair-haired Norse pirate, or a Hun of Attila's day. To clinch their assertion, they bring forth the innate cruelty of the small boy—his propensity for pulling off the legs of flies, his joy in the maudlin utterances of the drunken man, his wild hilarity when a staid pedestrian slips upon an icy walk, and his fierce joy as he pursues a butterfly, robs the nest of a bird, or brings an English sparrow fluttering to the ground with his air gun.

Be this as it may, there is none of us who can not relate some incident, pathetic or amusing, concerning some small young man of our acquaintance, which confirms us in the belief that our race cannot dispense with the safeguards of Christian civilization, and that the seeds of the vice of cruelty seem to watch for a lodging place in the fertile soil of a tender child's heart.

"Harold is so tender-hearted," says Mrs. Brown. "I have to take the *Humane Journal* just to please him."

"I've coaxed my mamma to keep on taking the *Humane Journal*," says Harold himself, "because it tells so many new ways to plague cats."

Let's watch when old Joe Smith comes home to-night, and shy stones at him," says Billy Taylor; "to meet with discouragement from his companions, who think it greater fun to hang about the police station and male faces at the prisoners as the patrol wagon brings them in."

With proper care, a great change is wrought in the cruel and pugnacious human mite. But there are thousands who have no training whatever in the principles of kindness, or have only a very indifferent kind; and the lad who shoots the robin grows up to be a delighted spectator at a cock fight; and his sister, who perchance wears the robin in her best hat, is eager for the news from the prize ring, and rides gaily behind horses which fashion tortures with diabolical ingenuity.

It is easy to dismiss the latter-day humane enthusiast with the epithet of "sunk"; but it will become a follower of the Blessed One, who noted the sparrow's fall, to sneer at any movement which has for its object the elimination of cruelty from the world trod by these sacred feet. And the work is best begun early. The child who is taught to befriend a persecuted dog, to shelter a homeless kitten, to tend a wounded bird, will never become a savage hidden under a thin veneer.

When the Golden Age comes in again, the "manly" exhibitions in the prize-ring will perish from want of patronage—brutal crimes will cease; and the heralds of that blissful period will be tender-hearted little children.—Ave Maria.

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