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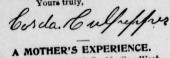
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## ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XLV.

"If you should meet Miss Bertram will you tell her how much bette Raoul is, and that he will be glad to see her whenever she can come?" It was Mile. d'Antignac who said

this to Egerton as he was taking leave, and the words lingered in his memory when he found himself again in the streets. Indeed, as he crossed the Pont du Carrousel he said to himself that they were in fact a message which it would be well to deliver at once, since he had nothing else to do, and -he renembered it suddenly-this was the Bertrams' reception day. A minute tater he had stopped a passing flacre and was driving toward the Parc Mon-

ceaux. It was a very familiar scene on which he entered when the door of the Berram salon opened - a fragrance of flowers filling the air, sunshine streaming on the pretty, fantastic appointments of the room, while half a dozen voices were talking, and the clatter of teaspoons indicated the usual accompaniment of these informal social occaions. Egerton knew most of those present, and after he had exchanged everal greetings he found himself approaching Miss Bertram. She was standing near one of the windows of the salon, talking to a man who turned as she said, "How do you do, Mr Egerton?" and revealed, to Egerton's great surprise, the face of Winter.

"Ah! Egerton, is it you?" he said eerfully. "You are in Paris yet, cheerfully. "So it appears," answered Egerton.

"Why should you imagine that I was

"I called to see you a few weeks ago, and the concierge told me you had left. I thought it very natural, considering your experiences just at that

"Yes, it would have been quite natural," said Egerton a little dryly.
Then he turned to Miss Bertram. "I
think," he said, "you have heard me
speak of my Red Republican friend of the Quartier Latin, who gave me my first impulse toward Socialism. Be-

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As some have asked if this is really the portgand Websier's Hould this is really the professional Websier's Hould this really the professional websier's Hould the published a little. perfect right to ask," she said, "since we have only talked together for ten "I re minutes, and it is therefore rather strange that I should have formed any opinion concerning you. But, in point of fact, do we not conceive an idea of a person as soon as we hear of him? If your aunt"—she glanced across the room at an elderly lady talking to Mrs. Bertram—"had said, I want to bring my nephew, who is a student of the Quartier Latin, to see you,' I should immediately have imagined Red Republicanism of the most furious type. But what she did say was, I want to bring my nephew, who is a great Oriental scholar, to see you,' and how could I imagine anything so incongruous as Orientalism and Red Republicanism?"

Egerton laughed at the expression of Winter's face. "The oldest and the newest ideas of the world brought into cared to come." contact—the Avesta, the Veda, and the Philosophic Positive! Confess, Winer, that it is incongruous!" he said.

But Winter was far from confessing anything of the kind. "I am very sorry," he said, "that Miss Bertran should have been led to believe that I am 'a great Oriental scholar,' who am merely a student of Oriental languages and literature; but I fail to perceive that there is the faintest incongruity in studying the oldest myths of the world and believing in its latest creed of progress. On the contrary, the one naturally leads to the other, as childhood leads to manhood."

"And so the Philosophic Positiv marks the manhood of the human race!" said Miss Bertram. "But may it not-I merely throw out the sugge tion — mark its second childhood? With the idea of gradual development there must be connected also the idea of decay. And since we do not know the length of life allotted to the race how are we to tell that it is not the downward instead of the upward

path? "Humanity is immortal," said the Postivist very positively. "There is no downward path for it. The race will constantly advance in knowledge and the application of knowledge until-

"Yes, until - what?" asked the young lady as he, paused. Until we attain social and politica perfection," said he, boldly.

"And then?" said Miss Bertram Excuse me, but this is very interest ng, and I always like to press things to their ultimate conclusion. After we have attained social and political per

ection-what then?" "Why, then we-or if not we, for l fear there is no hope that we shall ever

see it, but those who do see it—will enjoy it, "said Winter, smiling.
"And become immortal?" asked she. It began to occur to him that this

TO ACT AS A FOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES )

face was covertly laughing at him.
"You are surely aware," he said,
"that we do not believe in immortality for the individual, but only for the

"Yes," she said, "I am aware of it, but I really cannot understand why you should deny what the world has believed for ages with regard to the one, and assert what it has denied with regard to the other, unless you have Sunday. had some new light upon the matter."
"We have had the light of positive

science," said Winter. And has positive science discovared anything about immortality? thought that it was a subject which lay entirely outside of its domain-that it refused to advance one step beyond the

"True; but there is no grave for

humanity. That is the point."
"It does not seem to me a point very well made," said she, smiling. If you will not recognize any power outside of nature, I am unable to see where you find ground for believing that anything is exempt from the law of decay and death which governs everything that we know. had a beginning must have an end— is it not so? Or if you believe in the immortality of the race, for which you have no warrant in nature, why not believe in the immortality of the individual soul, and a heaven that will not be only for some distant mortal generations, but for the immortal hosts of all ages?"

As she asked the question, with her eyes full of the brilliant light that always came into them when anything roused her interest, Egerton thought hat he had never seen her look more peautiful, and the same fact probably made Winter hesitate before saying "Ah! that old dream of heaven-

what a fascination it exerts over the human mind!" "Yes," said Egerton. "One may be permitted to doubt whether your

ideal of human progress will ever exert a like fascination."
"Perhaps not," said Winter.
that ideal at least is tangible."

"So far from it—but you and I have been over this ground before without appreciable result, so we will not inflict a fresh discussion on Miss Ber tram.

"I assure you that it interests me said Miss Bertram. very much," said Miss Bertram. "There is nothing I like more—you ought to know that, Mr. Egerton."

I know how delighted you always look at the D'Antignacs'," said Egerton, smiling.
"Yes," said she, smiling in turn,

"and that reminds me: why have you never taken Mr. Winter to the D'Antignacs? It would be just the place

think it the place for him." "I cannot give him credit for such bad taste," said she. "I cannot im-agine any one not enjoying M. d'An-

tignac and the atmosphere which he creates. I wonder" - she paused a you know as well as I that the so-called moment, and her face as well as tone changed—"if we shall ever en-joy that atmosphere again! Do you know, have you heard, how he is?

"I am just from there," Egerton answered, "and I found him very much better-so much better that talked to him for half an hour-and when I was leaving Mlle. d'Antignac asked me to tell you of his improve-ment, and to add that she knew he would be glad to see you whenever you

"How good of her!" said Sibyl. And how good of you to bring me the message at once. It makes me happy to think of seeing M. d'Antig-

"You will be terribly shocked when you see him," said Egerton. "He looks more like a spirit than a man." " He " He always looked like that."

"Oh! he looks as much so again now. He has evidently passed through the most horrible suffering possible; but he puts it aside, like a thing of no importance, and begins to talk about the affairs of the person visiting him. t was a way he always had, you know and of course one's egotism falls easily into the trap. I am always disgusted, when I go away, to remember how much I have talked about myself."

Miss Bertram laughed. "I know very well what you mean," she said, but on such occasions I am not disgusted with myself, because I am sure that M. d'Antignac's interest has not been pretended.

"This M. d'Antignac must be an accomplished man of the world," said " To set people to talking of hemselves and make them believe that they are thereby immensely interesting him-that is the perfection of worldly tact."

"Yes," said Miss Bertram; "but worldly tact is only the imitation of something better-of real self-forgetfulness-and that M. d'Antignac possesses. To put others before one's self—that is what spiritual perfection and good-breeding ooth demand. But one is to the other what gold is to paper currency. Some

long ago said that." Well, one must admit that paper currency is more convenient," said Winter, "but one likes now and then

a person with whom you have little in sympathy, but if you really care to see him I am sure that he would be willing to receive you."

Winter hesitated. A Papal soldier, a passionate Catholic—certainly he had little in sympathy with the man who was these things. He was about who was these things. He was about to say, "No, thanks; on the whole I have put her in her carriage we will come over him. The best thing that sage: "Johnnie ast me ter come an tell moments ago and a great change has yer he'd like ter say good-bye ter yer,

spoke:
...M. d'Antignac is a man who has something in sympathy with every one, and his friends—or at least his acquaintances—seem to belong to all shades of opinion. I do not think you will find yourself at all out of place in his salon, Mr. Winter; and if you take my advice you will certainly allow Mr. Egerton to present you next Sunday. We always go there on Sunday, if he is able to receive.

The "we" conquered. The student of Oriental literature, who had been dragged against his will out of his Bohemian retirement in the Quartier Latin, felt that he should like to meet again those brilliant eyes and hear

that charming voice.
"I shall follow your advice with

pleasure, mademoiselle," he said, "if Egerton will present me." "I shall be delighted," said Egerton, "to have an opportunity to repay your kind offices. I have not forotten that I owe my introduction to

Duchesne to you."
"Ah, poor Duchesne!" said Winter. "He was your enthusiasm for a time. But I never expected you to be a serious convert to Socialism, and I was therefore surprised that you should have been going to Brussels with him when he was killed."

"It was curiosity, idleness — I hardly know what, but certainly not conviction - which was taking me, said Egerton. "It was a narrow escape from death, and yet—I am and always shall be deeply indebted to you for having enabled me to know Du-

Miss Bertram glanced at him a little keenly as Winter said:

"He was a wonderful man and a great loss to his cause. We could have better spared many who are more famous. If he could not convert you, no one ever will."

"I am quite sure of that," said Egerton. "No one ever will—to Socialism. Though I am ready to acknowledge that Socialism has an ideal which is noble and generous compared to the selfish materialism of the society which it revolts. It is, in fact, he reaction against this materialism and it cannot be long before the two forces come to open war. There is a terrible judgment approaching for the world which has made Mammon its god and prosperity its supreme excel-

Winter regarded the speaker curi-

ously.
"What a singular person you are!" he said. "You are neither fish nor flesh. You acknowledge that materialism is crushing society, and yet you will not join the forces that fight against it."

Egerton, "but I fear Winter would not agree with you. He would not think it the place for him."

How do you know that?" asked Egerton tranquilly. "There are other forces besides Socialism which fight against it. It was not Socialism which

Blessed are ye poor.'"
"Oh!" said the Positivist, with contempt, "the great Founder of Christianity may indeed have said that, but Churches have long since abandoned such doctrines and made a com-Do you plete and lasting alliance with Mam-

"I grant you that the human socalled Churches, founded by men whose first act was to seize the heritage of the poor and to obliterate from men's minds the counsels of perfection, have done so," Egerton answered; " but we may put them aside. They have world; but their day is over. man who thinks recognizes now their want of logical basis, their absolute incapacity to teach or lead human society. But the Church — the one, majestic Church of all ages — which taught them all that they know, repeats for ever the words that I have uttered, and for ever proves her right to utter them by being continually slandered, persecuted, and led to Calvary like her Lord."

Winter stared for a moment. Then he said: "I told you how it would be! I am not surprised! When people have reactionary sympathies one never knows where they will end."

"Or, rather, one knows very well where they will end, if they have any logic," said Egerton. "Unfortunately a great number of worthy and excellent people have none at all. And we are all more or less prone to the amusement of setting up a man of straw in order to knock him down. We do not care to investigate doctrines which we do not wish to believe true The history of the perpetuation of error lies in that."

Some things one scorns too much to think them worth examination,

said the other. Egerton shook his head. "Ah, mon cher," he said, "there is fear as well as scorn, else you would not forget all scholarly and philosophical rules. You would not look at the most stupendous fact of human history solely by the light of partisan testimony. But—he turned to Miss Bertram—"I am afraid I must apologize. I forgot that I was not as M. d'Antignac's. In a salon like this one should not fall into such said grave discussions.

"No," said Miss Bertram, with a to touch gold. I think I should like this M. d'Antignac. "Who is he?"

Egerton gave his history in few words; then he said: "You see he is the said of do us justice, we were discharging our duty in that line-were we not, Mr. Winter, when you came up?"

"Then there only remains for me to "Then there only remains to like to take myself away," said Egerton with semile.
"No," replied the priest; "that is im

a smile "Wait a moment," said Winter.

young lady with her grave, attentive do not care to know him," when Sibyl walk down the Boulevard together.

few minues later they were in the open air, strolling along the Boulevard Malesherbse toward the Madeleine. Both were silent for some

who spoke : time, and it was presently "What a beautiful woman Miss Berand it was presently Winter tram is! and as clever as she is beauti ful! I am tempted to wish that my aunt had come to Paris a little earlier; yet I know that things are best as they are. I should only have singed my

wings to no purpose."
"You cannot tell that," said Egerton

somewhat absently. The other glanced at him quickly

and, as it seemed, a little indignantly.
"Don't tempt me to knock you down!" he said. "As if I could not down !" see how she changed color when you came up! Well, there are some things that not even Socialism can set straight We can never give all men an equal chance with a woman.

" Nor with many other things," said Egerton, smiling, yet effectually startled. "But, my dear Winter, if you imagine that I have any chance with Miss Bertram you are greatly mistaken. Sometimes I think that she dislikes, and I am always sure that she scorns, me-though, honestly, I do not plied: know why."

"You must be uncommonly stupid if you believe that. It ever I saw a woman's eyes speak—but why should I enlighten you? You don't deserve such luck !'

Egerton could not restrain a laugh. "I never knew before that imagina tion was your strong point," he said. 'The idea of Miss Bertram-who is a veritable Lady Disdain-regarding me with favor is absolutely ludicrous, though I don't mind confessing that I have never at any time needed more than a grain of encouragement to precipitate me into a grand passion for her. But the grain of encouragement

has never come."
"Nor never will," said Winter, with scorn equal to that of Miss Bertram.
'Encouragement! Bah! does one look for a queen to smile like a grisette. The man who wins Miss Bertram must win her without encouragement-he must win her in spite of herself! And I only wish"- with an honest sigh that I were the man !"

CONCLUSION NEXT WFFK.

## HOW A NEW YORK NEWSBOY DIED.

"Extry! Extry! Terrible loss of

Big fire in a East Side tenelife! Seventeen people burned to ment! death! Oh de extry

A small boy, with one hand pressed against his flushed cheek, as is the custom with street criers, came with a wild rush around the corner of Rivington street, on his way up the Bowery. It was late in the afternoon in the first week of November. The sun had swung over to the southwest and in its shine the white steam from the chimneys of factories looked like silver feathers tossed about by the breeze There was just the hint of winter in the air, making the setting sun in its splendid frame of gold and red seem a little cold. The city's toilers who leave their work early were beginning to dodge the wagons and the clanging cable cars in their mad rush across the broad avenue. Groups of noisy "micawbers" encircled the telegraph broad avenue. indeed upheld the worship of material and electric light poles and argued prosperity which now curses the about the coming election somewhat in this manner:

"Why d'yer want to vote for him? He ain't no good. 'Ain't he a friend to the poor

No he ain't."

"Yes, he is. And thus the matter rested until the day for the casting of ballots should

arrive. As the excited newsboy rounded the corner, colliding with several persons and squirming through the press of men with all the agility of a back" on a foot-ball team, he was suddenly stopped by hearing his own name called. Turning about he saw a priest standing near the curbstone and beckoning to him. He raised his hat in a respectful manner and came over smilingly to where the priest

"I have just been to see Johnnie, said the priest, resting his hand affectionately on the newsboy's shoulder, "and I found him very ill. In fact I should not be surprised if he were to die to night, he looks so

The boy's face grew serious when he heard the news, and the color left his cheek, which a moment before had een flaming from his mad racing. He hung his head for a moment and looked sad and bewildered. At the same time, on the opposite corner, a man was gesticulating wildly in the hope of attracting the newsboy's attention, so as to get an evening paper and be ready to board a fast-approaching car. The priest was the first to notice the man's distress and called the

negatively at the astonished man, who barely escaped losing his car.
"Don't yer t'ink, Fadder, dat Johnnie can ever get better?" the newsboy asked, turning back to the priest and giving the heavy load of papers a hitch under his arm to prevent them

attention of the boy to it that he might

not lose a chance of making a sale.

The lad looked across the street in a

listless fashion and shook his head

possible now. I was with him a few

you can do is to collect the other boys and all of you go over to see him this evening. He spoke of you particu-larly while I was with him," the priest added, "And I know that he would like to see you as soon as you have time.

The boy's eyes filled with tears at the priest's words, but, holding his head down for a moment, he made a great effort and kept them back. When he had gained control of his feelings again he looked up at the

priest and said :
"I guess I'll take a run over to Mulberry street and git a little Eyetalian to sell me papers fer me, and den I can go round to see poor Johnnie right

away."
"No, don't do that," remonstrated
"No, don't do I shall feel the priest. "If you do I shall feel sorry that I spoke to you at all. I have already made you lose one sale and I don't want to do any more dam-

age. A man hurrying by noticed the boy with the bundle of evening papers with the bundle of evening papers under his arm, and giving him a sharp pull about, exclaimed :

"Here, boy, let me have a paper." The newsboy looked at him half angrily and half disdainfully, and taking a firmer hold on his bundle, re-

"Naw, yer can't have one. Dey "Because you are so stupid, I pre-ime," said Winter drily.
"Are not for sale?" the man asked

in astonishment, drawing in the penny which he had extended.

"Naw," the boy answered with a sneer, "dey ain't fer sale, dat's wad I said. Any man wad don't know no better dan interrupt two gentlemen

wen dey're speakin' ain't got no right to read a paper. I guess you're from de country, ain't yer?' The man seemed bewildered for a moment, and then putting back his money into his pocket, angrily exclaimed: "Impertinent puppy!" and hurried down the avenue. The priest had moved away a few paces at the beginning of the discourse, so as to give the boy a chance to sell his papers without any distraction. When caught the angry exclamation of the man and saw him hurrying down the

wonder from the boy what had happened. "Oh, I ain't in no humor," the boy explained, "to have a man pull me coat half off me, an' yell in me ear as if

street without a paper, he inquired in

I was deef—'paper!'"
The priest finally persuaded the newsboy to give up his intention of going over to Mulberry street by assurng him that it would be soon enough to visit his sick friend after the eve-

ning's work was over. "Run along now quickly and sell your papers," were the priest's parting words as he started down Rivington street.

"Extry! Extry!" listlessly cried the boy, making his way slowly up the avenue and suppressing all mention of the terrible conflagration and the seventeen lives which had been sacrificed in it. Several people who were passing stood and looked at him for a moment, struck by the sadness in his cry. The boy continued running on slowly a little longer until he caught sight of an acquaintance who was buying a paper bag full of roasted chestnuts from an Italian street vendor. A few hurried words passed between them and in a moment the boy with the pocketful of chestnuts had the evening papers under his arm and was rushing after a car, crying at the top of his voice, "Extry! Extry! Terrible fire voice. on de East Side! Seventy lives lost!" A smile passed over the sad face of the ewsboy as he heard the cry of his friend increasing the number of the dead, which in reality was "Seven in all," as Wordsworth's little cottage

maiden persisted in saying: About 9 o'clock that evening the same small boy ascended the steps of a rectory not far from the Bowery and asked to see one of the priests, men-tioning him by name. The priest who came down stairs in answer to his bell was the one who had been attending to

the dying newsboy. "Well," he asked, as he stood on the lowest steps of the stairs, swinging his biretta in one hand, "what's the news about Johnnie?"

The boy twirled his hat for a moment and then nervously answered:

"I guess, Fadder, he's a goner." Then his head dropped on his breast and for the first time in his life, perhops, he broke down completely. His little body shook with the violence of his abandoned grief, and sob followed sob in the uncontrollable sorrow. It was more like the reluctant bursting forth of grief in a man than in a boy. The priest, recognizing this, remained silent for a few moments, watching the boy with admiration. how wild a lad he had been before he came under the influence of the dying newsboy, whom he loved as a brother. How many a night he had slept in hallways or on trucks, under the summer stars. Taken according to his years he was a boy, it was true, but measured according to his experience of life, he was almost a man. the first violence of the boy's grief had passed away, the priest spoke a few sympathetic words to him, bidding him to have more courage, and especially not to give way to his sorrow when he returned to Johnnie's house, as that vould increase the sadness of the dying

boy's sisters. "Dere's no fear o' dat," he answered, drying his eyes with an old soft hat; 'dis is de foyst time I ever did the

goyle act, and its me last."
To prove his words, he immediately brightened up and delivered his mes-

sage:

