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ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER X.

As Armine had said to Helene, the wishes of D'Antignae had such weight with her that it is likely she would have gone to Notre Dame to hear the Pere Monsabre, whatever obstacles had been thrown in her path. But, as it chanced, there were none. Her father had been called away suddenly by a telegram from Lyons—one of the mys-terious summons which always op-pressed the girl with the dread of some unknown catastrophe — and she had nothing to do but set forth in the bright afternoon with Madelon, who had been her bonne in the past and was maid and companion in the present, for the Ile de la Cita and the great cathedrai

of Paris. They found, when they arrived, a crowd pouring into the church through its vast portals-that is, a number of persons, and those persons chiefly men, which would have formed a crowd elseimmense space of its nave and aisles offered room for an army. Near the sanctuary, however, and especially in the neighborhood of the pulpit, the throng was already dense, a serried mass of entirely masculine forms, for at the entrance of the nave a gendarme on each side waved back all feminine

intruders.
Into that charmed space Armine made no effort to enter. She passed with Madelon down one of the aisles, that seem to extend indefinitely before the gaze, with their massive columns and the majestic pointed roof which, having "set itself like a conqueror upon those broad Roman capitals," rises to a height and into an obscurity which the eye can scarcely pierce. Pausing as nearly as possible opposite the pulpit, which is placed against one of the great pillars of the nave, she selected her position and would have kept it had not Madelon begged to make a short visit to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin.

"We need stay but a few minutes and see! Vespers have not even begun," she whispered.

It was true that Vespers had not begun, and, with the prospect before them of a long time of waiting, Armine consented. They passed around the choir-the outer walls of which are covered with the quaint carvings in alto-rilievo of the principal events in the life of our Lord, begun by Maistre Jehan Roux and finished by Maistre Jehan le Bontelier in the fourteenth century—to the Lady Chapel, which is immediately in the rear of the high

As is generally the case in French churches, it was filled with a quiet, devout throng, many of whom, in the present instance, were men. Armine knelt down by Madelon on one of the low chairs, and as she did so perceived in front of her a slender, graceful man about whose appearance there was something familiar, though his face was buried in his hands. Presently, however, he lifted it, and then she recognized the Vicomte de Marigny. It was no surprise to her to see him there. She had heard the D'Antignacs there. She had heard the D'Antignace speak, of him too often not to know a deal about him, and several times he had been mentioned by her father's friends as one whose ability and ardor might give the friends of freedom trouble. Her father, too, had once said a few words which showed that he regarded him as no common foe. These things had impressed De Marigny's name on her memory even before she saw him; and when she did see him the clear-cut face and dark, earnest eyes stamped themselves quite as ineffaceably

But soon, like rolling thunder far in the distance, the sound of the great organ reached them, and Armine, rising, touched Madelon, who was

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Armine. A slight, courteous bow indicated his recognition and brought a

faint flush to the pale cheek of the young girl as she acknowledged it; for she had not imagined that he would know her, and, for some reason which she did not explain to herself, she was pleased that he did.

A great disappointment awaited her when she returned to the aisle and attempted to regain her place within hearing distance of the pulpit. The attempt was hopeless. In the interval of her absence the tide of humanity had overflowed from the nave, and a dense throng extended along the aisles

as far as there was the least prospect that the preacher's voice could be h Armine paused at the end of the choir and stood looking hopelessly at the dark mass of people. The Pere Monsabre had not yet appeared in the pulpit, but when he should appear how was she to hear him?

Her disappointment and concern were written so plainly on her face that the Vicomte de Marigny-who, like herself, had been stopped by the crowd - observing it, hesitated an instant, then stepped aside, spoke to an official of the church, and after a moment returned and went up to her.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said, but you are anxious to hear the sermon; is it not so?
"Yes, M. le Vicomte," she answered,

turning to him, surprised by the address, yet with the ease of perfect simplicity. I am very anxious to hear it. But there seems no hope."

"There is always hope," he answered, smiling. "I can give you a chance to hear it—though I fear not a very good one-by going into one of the galleries, if you care to do so."
"Oh! I should like that," she re-

plied quickly. "You are very kind."
"This way, then," he said, with an air of such grave courtesy that it in-spired even Madelon with confidence. They followed him, and the official to whom he had spoken led them up a narrow stone staircase into the gallery that runs under the flying buttresses of the aisles. As they emerged upon this M. de Marigny heard Armine utter a low exclamation. She felt as if a new revelation of the majesty of the great church was borne to hor. How seldom were the lines of its noble architecture, how vast its glorious space, when seen from here! The pealing strains of the organ were rolling in waves of mighty harmony through the massive arches, and above its deep thunder rang out the choristers' voices, chanting those poetic psalms of the King of Israel which the Church has adopted to be her words of praise as long as time shall last. The cathedral itself was like an inspired psalm, eloquentin every line of faith and worship. The golden lights on the great altar shone as distant stars; the clouds of incense mounting upward from the swinging thuribles of the acolytes were a visible expression of the prayer they symbolized; while the play of light and shadow on the great arches and pillars revealed at once their immensity and their repose. It seemed to the girl as if a mighty hand were laid upon her, and, acknowledging its influence in every fibre, she sank upon her

It was the deep spiritual significance underlying these things which thrilled her so powerfully; but it is to be feared that only their outward beauty struck Egerton, who was leaning against one of the pillars of the nave near the pulpit. He was too thoroughly cultivated not to appreciate feel the perfeet harmony between the great cathedral and the majestic ritual which it enshrined; not to be conscious that, granting the premises of the Christian faith, just such homage as this man owed to his Creator and Sovereign. But culture, which can open the eyes of sense, is powerless to open the eyes of the spirit. Indeed, by dwelling too much upon eternal things it is quite possible that it may miss their inner meaning altogether. Yet to one sig-nificance of the scene Egerton was not meaning altogether. blind. He said to himself that it was no longer possible for him to think of the Catholic faith as a decaying and out worn force. Was that decaying which could bring together in the capital of modern civilization this vast multitude -not composed of women, nor even chiefly of pious men (though many of the latter were there), but of that class of intellectual men who in these later times have so largely parted with belief? And was that outworn which could put forward such a champion as he whose calm and thoughtful face looked now from the great pulpit of

Notre Dame? This is not the place to give a sum mary of one of those famous sermons which have so deeply and widely stirred intellectual France and arrested the attention of that keen French mind which is so logical even in its errors, and proved once again how capable of solving all problems of modern thought the science of God's truth is. As we are aware, eloquence was at all times singularly fascinating to Egerton; but this eloquence enchained him, not only from the perfection of its literary form, but because every forcible and clearlyelucided proposition carried to him a growing sense that here was a system of thought which was at least absolutely harmonious, not only with itself but with all the facts of human existence-a system which to those questions that modern philosophy declares unanswerable is ready with an answer clear, precise and logical. That an-

dropping the beads of her rosary through her fingers in apparent oblivion of her desire to stay but a few are some voices which have greater minutes M. de Marigny rose also at the same instant, and in passing saw message, and under the mighty arches message, and under the mighty arches of Notre Dame few have ever sounded more powerful than that to which men all around Egerton were listening now with rapt attention.

> At another time he would probably have felt that this attention was as remarkable as the sermon. But now he had no thought to spare for it. For was it not to him directly that the pen-etrating voice spoke, with its sharp lance of logic and its fire of eloquence Various and contradictory had been the voices sounding in his ears for many days, diverse indeed the gospels which they preached; but here was one which seemed able to reconcile all that perplexed and make clear what was dark. Something of what he had felt in listening to D'Antignac he felt now in greater degree — like one whose point of view is suddenly shifted, and to whom what has been before meaningless confusion now reveals itself as order and symmetry. But it must be added that in all this his intellectual pleasure was greater than his spiritual enlightment. It was his mind alone which received these impressions: his soul had no more share in them than if it had been as non existent as modern science represents it to be.

> Meanwhile the little party of three in the high gallery found that their position was not very favorable for hearing. The voice of the preacher was lost in the great space which intervened between them, only fragments of his sentences coming now and then to the ear. M. de Marigny, having heard him frequently, regretted this less on his own than on Armine's account; and when, after an interval of painfully strained attention, she looked at him with her eyes of soft gloom, and, smiling faintly, shook her head to indicate that she could not hear, he said in a low tone :

"I am very sorry I Should you like

to return below?"

"Oh! no," she answered, with a glance at the closely packed crowd beneath. "What should I gain by that? I should hear no more, perhaps not so much, and I should miss the sense of freedom which we have here. Why, this "— she looked up at the mighty roof, out into the vast space is more glorious than any sermon.

"It is a sermon in stone," he said, smiling. "I am glad that you have some compensation for not hearing the It is a great compensation,"

said simply. "I was ne before, and it is wonderful." "I was never here Her face was indeed full of the wonder eloquent with admiration, as she stood gazing up at the great flying buttresses, at the multitude of carved forms in which the genius and faith of a past age still live. What the preacher was proclaiming below these nassive stones spoke even more eloquently above. It seemed to Armine as if they said: "O faithless and unbelieving generation, while you wan der far and near seeking peace in human ideals, we remain to testify to the one Ideal in which all peace abides." Surely it did abide here; and surely it was weary even to think of the feverish world, roaring and struggling so near at hand. A sudden memory came to the girl of the passionate unrest in which her father lived, of his hopes and aspirations, his struggle and revolt. She put her hand to her eyes as if to shut out the vision, and when she took it down it was wet with

tears. They surprised herself, and she dashed them quickly away, but not be-fore M. de Marigny had caught a glimpse of the crystal drops on her It was so clear and seemed so lashes and cheeks. He was a man of quick intuitions as well as of quick sympathy, and an instinct told him what she was feeling. He, too, had thought of the contrast between the social ideal which the preacher was painting in words that seemed almost inspired, and that which the false humanitarianism of the age presents he was a soldier in the thick of that battle, the sound of which rang in poor Armine's ear, and he knew-none better—how far off was any prospect of peace. But for him, also, the great stones of Notre Dame had a message a message of courage and faithfulness "Should we be here," they seemed to ask, "if the men who wrought upon us had not each done his life's work faithfully, patiently, for the honor and glory of God, leaving the completion of the whole to after time? They labored with eternity in their hearts, so they were content to behold only in vision the stately pile which they were building for the multitudes that were to come after them.'

Few more words were exchanged, but Armine caught the flash of com prehension and sympathy in De Marigny's eyes as she brushed away her tears: and when eyes speak, words are unnecessary. They listened quietly to such fragments of the discourse as reached them, and were thrilled by the great rolling burst of the organ which followed. Then when all was over and they had descended Armine paused a moment to thank him again.

"I shall tell M. d'Antignac that I owe it to your kindness that I heard anything of the sermon at all," she said, with one of her most exquisite

"I fear that the sum of your obliga-tion is very small," he answered, smiling in return, and thinking again what an interesting and touching face this Socialist's daughter had. you only heard enough to make you

desire to hear more."
"That could not be helped," she reswer, as those who belong to the house-hold of faith are aware, does not vary. I did, and for the loss of the rest there

was compensation, you know." Then, bending her head with a gentle gra-ciousness which would not have misbeome a princess, she turned away with Madelon

This short conversation took place at the foot of the stairs, and as Armine moved away she found that, although the greater part of the crowd had left the building, a number of persons yet remained, and one of these—a gentle-man slowly walking toward the choir and looking with interest around him -she met a moment later. It is doubtful whether she would have noticed or recognized him had not his recognition been immediate as soon as his glance fell on her.

"Mile. Duchesne!" he said quickly, not pausing to think whether he had a right to claim her acquaintance in this

She paused, and there was an instant's indecision in her regard. before he could speak he saw that she

"Ah! M. Egerton," she said. "I am glad to see you here."
"You are very good," he answered.
"But do you know why 1 am here? It is because by your advice I went to see M. d'Antignac, and by his I came to hear the Pere Monsabre.

A soft light of pleasure flashed into er face. "I felt sure that he would her face. "I felt sure that he would know what was best for you," she said. "And I hope that you had better suc-

cess than I in hearing the sermen."
"I heard every word of it," he answered; "and I have never enjoyed a greater intellectual pleasure-not even the pleasure of hearing your father, mademoiselle.

She shrank a little. "That is very different," she said hurriedly. "I-I do not think I would remember that, if I were you." She paused, hesitated an instant, then added, glancing as she spoke toward the distant altar: Here is order and peace-there chaos and tumult. It seems to me that one need not take long to choose."

Then, giving him no time to reply, she passed on quickly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE WARD.

A True Story.

(FROM THE MONTH.) II.

Before I go on with my story, I must endeavor to explain the geography of the place a little, The long ward, where the sick man was lying, had a door at either end; one of these opened on to the principal landing, by means of which it communicated with the rest of the building, and whence descended "the great staircase," as it was called, that led to the chief hall and entrance of the hospital, whilst the door at the opposite end took you into a small passage, off which was my room, and next to it "the operating room," which belonged only to the surgeons. At the end of this passage room. there was a flight of stairs running down to a smaller entrance and sidedoor, through which patients were occasionally brought, but which had no communication with the other parts of the house. So I was really quite alone when I reached my little sanctum, though I had left the door of the ward and my own ajar, that I might hear if I were to be called. But I did

could do something to ease him. Suddenly, through the dead silence close that I thought at once it was Brown coming in a great hurry to fetch me; and I ran directly to the door of the ward. There was no one there, and on peeping in I saw him sitting quietly by the bed just as I had left him. I went back to my room, supposing I had merely made a mistake, but no sooner had I sat down than there came the same sound again. This time I could not be mistaken ; it was the regular beat of a man's foot, as if some one was walking up and down quite near me. It was so distinct that it might have been in the very room, but I sat upright and listened intently, and then I found that the sound came from the adjoining chamber. I do not think I have mentioned that there was a door of communication between that room and mine, though each had another door as well, opening into the passage. This of course made everything that went on in the one room very audible in the other, and accounted for my thinking at first that the noise I now heard was actually in my own apartment.
"How very odd!" I thought; "it

must be one of the surgeons who has left his instruments there; but what a very queer time to come for them ! any rate he neeen't make all that noise and tramping about over it!

I was just going to open the door between the rooms and tell whoever was there to be quiet, when I suddenly remembered that I had myself seen the entrance door at the foot of the stairs barred and locked on the evening after the doctors had all left, so that no one could have got in that way. As I have said before, the only other means of reaching the operatingroom was through the big ward, and I was quite certain that no human being had passed through it since I had beguu my watch in the evening. Who, then could it be? Was it a robber who had secreted himself there? But for what purpose could be possibly have hidden himself in such a place? There was certainly nothing worth stealing, and he could not get into to himself, and every now and then he

any other part of the building without being discovered. At any rate I did not want any night-walkers in my room, so instead of opening the door. which had been my first impulse, I stepped across very quietly and gently turned the key in the lock; then I stood for a moment and listened. Yes, there were the footsteps still going on, backwards and forwards, louder as they reached my door, turning and growing a little fainter as they went to the other end of the room, and then back again towards me.

For a moment I almost lost my selfcontrol: I turned cold and shivered with fright. "Who or what could it be? What should I do? Should I call out or scream?" And yet some-Another five how I did not dare. minutes I listened, and still the footsteps went on, steadily tramping up and down, and there was no other sound—no moving of the furniture, nothing touched in the room, nothing audible save the regular beat of a man's foot on the uncarpeted floor. could bear it no longer, but ran a quickly as I could into the ward an beckoned to my fellow-watcher to con to me. He came into my room and told him there was some one in t operating-room, and that he must ta a candle and go in and see who it v and what they wanted.

"Don't you hear them?" I asked, as he looked rather astonished. He listened for a minute, and then shook his head and smiled.

"No, Sister, I don't hear anything ; nobody can have got in there without our knowing, but if you like I'll go in and have a look. He went to the door which I had

locked. "Not that door!" I cried, rather hastily, and without waiting for a light, he went outside and into the next room, I following him into the passage, but, I confess, feeling too much afraid to enter. The shutters were not closed, and there was quite enough light from the wintry moon to see if any one had been there. The man had closed the door and I waited outside, my heart beating quickly, for all the time there were those steps going on backwards and forwards as

steadily as ever! Was it possible that he could not hear them? In a minute or two Joe came back, looking grave and rather queer.

"I can't see no one, Sister," he said, "but there's some one walking about there for certain; I heard them sharp enough as soon as I got inside the room. Here, lend me the light a minute." He took up the candle and I summoned courage to go just inside the door with him and peep in, but there was nothing to be seen; the room was in its ordinary state, just as I had left it in the afternoon. Joe rummaged about and looked in all the corners, but there was decidedly no one there. He came out and shut and locked the door behind him. "It must be the wind, or rats, or something," he said: "there ain't nobody there anyhow, and 'taint no use your frighten-ing yourself any more, Sister. Have you had your tea? Then come along back with me into the ward. The party's locked in safe, now, whoever he is," and with a slight chuckle he departed. "Joe evidently did not be-lieve in ghosts!

His presence, however, had restored my self-command, and I tidied up the not think about the loneliness—I was too tired—and sat down by the fire and made my tea, and as I drank it I thought of the poor fellow lying in there on his death bed, and wished I could do something to ease him. ing to the ward I took my candle and went along the passage to the head of that reigned around, there came the distinct sound of a man's footsteps. dark hall below. All was perfectly still; neither sight or sound disturbed the silence of the night, and after listening for a few minutes I turned to go back. I had not, however, taken a couple of paces along the corridor, be fore I heard once more those ghostly steps-and this time not in the surgeon's room, but in the passage close behind me! Summoning up al! my courage, I turned sharply round—so sharply that my candle was blown out, I was left in darkness, but the steps had been so close to me that if there had been a body of any kind belonging to them I must have knocked up against it. There was nothing ! As I stood still the footsteps also ceased -and then, for one brief instant I was conscious of a spiritual presence of some kind. Who or what it was, I do not know to this day, neither can I describe in words how the sense of that mysterious presence was conveyed to me; it was so subtle and so short-lived that in another moment it though it had never been—yet I am as certain that for one short second I was was as actually in some kind of communication with an invisible spirit (whether of man or angel, I cannot say), as I am certain of being alive at this moment that I write. Whatever it may have been, it was gone almost as it came and as quickly as I could, I groped my way back into the ward, the sound of those invisible feet following me all the time. What did it mean? What could be the matter with me? I began to think that my brain must be overtaxed and excited, and if that were the case I knew the best thing to do would be to think as little as possible about it; besides, I did not want Joe Brown to find out how frightened I really was, for if he joked and told tales of me thenext morning, I knew I should never hear the end of it, either from patients, doctors, or nurses! So I sat down by the bed and resumed my watch as if nothing was the matter, and told Joe, who was beginning to look tired, to go and rest a while. My patient was lying very quiet, only his lips kept moving, as if he was talking