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## ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER III.

"That is an interesting face," said the Vicomte de Marigny, as the door closed behind the two feminine figures. " Armine's?" said D'Antignac "Yes, an interesting face, and a more interesting character. You have heard me speak of her—the daughter of a red hot Communist, a man who devotes his life to forwarding revolu-

tionary aims all over Europe."
"And yet she has that Madonna countenance!" said the other, smiling. Nature indulges in odd freaks some

times. "Oh! Duchesne is himself a man of refinement, a man of talent, andthere is some suspicion — a man of birth," answered D'Antignac.

"Duchesne!" repeated the vicomte, with an expression of surprise. "Are you talking of him? But how is it you chance to know such that

I do not know him at all : I have never seen him," replied D'Antignac. But in the house in which we lived before coming here he had an apart-Helene used to meet Armine on the stairs and took a fancy to her This led to acquaintance and finally to intimacy. You may conceive my surprise when I found this girlthis child almost-pondering upon the deepest problems of life. Her mother had been a Catholic, and some faint memory of her teaching remained in Armine's mind together with the wild doctrines she had imbibed from her father. When one finds such mental confusion it is usually difficult to clear the ground sufficiently for the reception of first principles; but I have never met with an intel-

ligence which apprehended the logic of truth with greater quickness than that of Armine. It had been so long in darkness that it seemed almost

to leap toward the light.
"And how did the father take her onversion?" asked De Marigny

with interest. "I do not fancy that he knows any thing about it," said D'Antignac. "A man who is busily engaged in trying to overturn all the governments of Europe is not likely to have time to inquire closely into the beliefs of his daughter. The time may come, however, when she will be forced to astonish him by declaring them, for he makes her of use in preparing matter for the revolutionary propaganda, and she begins to question how far it is right to lend her aid to such work. She has just asked my opinion; I confess that I shrank from giving a pos-

itive one. " Has she no director?" D'Antignac shook his head. faith is only an intellectual conviction with her as yet. She shrinks from the practice, learning that it will bring her into some attitude of antagonism to her father. I see that and press her. God. I think, has His own designs with such a soul as hers. But enough of this! Tell me, Gaston, of yourself, of Rome.'

"I will tell you first what will inter est you most," said De Marigny. " received in private audience by MRS. PAYNE the Holy Father and had the happiness plans and hopes. I wish that you could have heard him speak of France.

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Orleanists and Bonapartists could meet, he said, 'It is a noble aim.

"Yes, it is a noble aim," said D'An-tignac. "But have you forgotten that such a conservative alliance was formed once before and betrayed by

"No. I have not forgotten, "replied the "but I trust to the wisdom which time has taught them. All thinking men must recognize the deadly nature of the peril which menaces us now, must see the darkness of the gulf on which France stands. Those who would blot out every glory of our past will soon leave us no hope in future, if men cannot be roused from their partnership for this or that dynasty to act together as Frenchmen and Catholics and thus save their country and their faith.'

"France is so cursed with party madness and party blindness that I have little hope of their doing so," said D'Antignae; "but ends apparently as hopeless have been gained by courage and ability like yours, my You must expect, however, to be accused of disloyalty to your own party.

"By some of its membersfor example, who have not hesitated to attack even the Papal Nuncio-it is likely. But what then? It does not matter in the least to what misunderstanding or accusation I am subjected, if the end is gained. And if it is not gained—well, then I shall at least feel that I have not been one of those who stood by and saw France fall into the gulf of atheistic revolution without an effort to save her.

"And what battle-cry will you find to unite Legitimist, Orleanist and Bon-

apartist?

"We know," said De Marigny, "that there was once a battle-cry which stirred men's hearts and carried them victorious through many a conflict. It was 'God and the king.' But since It was 'God and the king. we are not agreed what king we desire, I shall inscribe on the banner which I wish to raise the name of God alone. For the line of battle is now sharply drawn. It is not for any political pref erence that we have to fight, but for the very existence of faith, right to hold, practice, or teach relig-ion at all. Whatever else they disagree upon, our opponents are united in enmity to all that is signified by he name of God; and we therefore should sink our differences to unite

in defence of it. "But, unhappily while they are fiercely united on that point, you have to overcome the indifference of multitudes of those whe nominally hold the traditions of faith ; you have to awaken generous ardor where there is now

only selfish apathy."

Then, in addressing such men one must touch their selfishness by showing them the dangers that lie before a godless people. Surely France, of all countries, should not need to be taught by another revolution of what atheism is capable! Those who have ears to hear may hear on all sides the sound of a coming storm which will not be content with throwing down the church only, but which will not leave one stone of social order standing upon another. If men are prepared to supinely yield their religion they must be prepared to yield also their property, and probably their lives."

"The last arguments may touch them," said D'Antignac, smiling. "I am inclined to think that the world is perishing for lack of logic. Certainly a little clear thinking would make many of the evils which afflict modern society impossible. Well, I can do nothing save wish you God-speed," he added, with a touch of wistfulness: "but you know that in this battle, as in the many we have fought together. my heart is with you though I lie useless here.

"Useless!" repeated De Marigny, much as Armine had spoken before him. "That you are not, or ever can be while life animates you; for animate others to battles which might else be fought with but half-heartedness. I can answer for myself that when courage or purpose flags I come here for a spiritual or mental aid which has never failed me."

D'Antignac's look of thanks was at once eloquent and pathetic. said, "you do not exaggerate in order to please one who has few pleasures—"
"You must know," interposed the other quickly, "that I do not exagger

ate in the least; that you are what I have said, not only to me but to many

"Then there is compensation for all that I miss or endure," D'Antignac went on; "for to sustain in any degree those who fight is as much as fighting one's self, without the dangers that attend victory. You don't need for me to tell you what those dangers

are," he added, with another smile.
"I do not think that there is any need for me to guard against them. said De Marigny, answering the smile. 'If I succeed it will merely be the success of one who lays a foundation

for others to build upon."

"So much the better," returned D'Antignac. "To dig deep is better than to build high. Foundations are the most necessary as well as the most difficult part of any work, and if you have not glory with men your glory with God will be all the greater. now let me hear your plans in detail.

These details the vicomte proceeded to give, and they were not only istened to with interest, but eagerly canvassed and discussed by this man who, prisoned on his couch of pain, showed, nevertheless, the most intimate acquaintance with the various phases French politics and a striking knowledge of the world in his suggestions and advice.

But the conversation was presently interrupted by Helene, who entered with a card in her hand.

"Do not fear," she said, with a smile at her brother, "that I am going to introduce a visitor. I told Pierre to deny you to any one as long as M. de Marigny was with you. But here is Mr. Egerton's card, with his compliments and hopes that you are better

Egerton!" repeated D'Antignac. "If any one but Gaston were here I should say that I was sorry not to have

"Then I am sorry to have been the "Then I am sorry to have cause of your not having that pleasure," But who said the vicomte, smiling. "But who is this Mr. Egerton who is to be regretted ?"

To be regretted only when you are out of the question," said D'Antig-nac. "Who is he? A young, rich, idle!American, clever and with intellectual tastes—a man of whom something brilliant is expected by his friends but who will probably never verify their expectations, because he has no motive for exertion.

" Has he no ambition?" "None. And, when one thinks of it, why should he have any? He already possesses in large degree that to which all, or nearly all, modern ambition tends—wealth. What has he to gain by subjecting himself to the drudgery of labor in any form?"

"It seems to me," said De Marigny, "that the best answer to that question lies in the fact that in all ages menthat is, some men-have felt that there is much besides wealth which is worth the price of labor: rewards so great, indeed, that wealth will bear no com parison to them."

"This is very true," said D'Antig nac: "but it must not blind us to the fact that in our age those rewards are constantly diminishing in value-are of worth only as they lead, indirectly perhaps but surely, to a golden end. We hear much of work which is to be unselfishly undertaken for the benefit of humanity, but as a matter of fact we see less of it than ever before in the history of the world. Egotism is more becoming a controlling force: men are more and more asking themselves. Cui oono? of any end which does not promise them power or pleasure."
"But the gratification of ambition

does promise both," said De Marigny.
"Yes; but wealth can purchase both without the long vigil of labor which is essential to attain any really high degree of excellence in any path of human effort. And when a man has that golden talisman he may say, 'Why should I 'scorn delights and live laborous days' for an object which is certainly remote, and which may prove very unsatisfactory if I gain it, when here in my hand is the key to unlock all the doors of life, to enable me to taste all pleasures and most powers, to fill with varied enjoyment the few years granted me in which to live?

"If he thinks those few years are the sum of his existence there is no reason why he should not ask such a question," said De Marigny.

'An answer is impossible until you have proved to him that he has a spir itual as well as a physical and mental life, and that these few years are no all in which he has to live,' "As philosophers, if not D'Antignac. as Christians, we must perceive that every disease which is afflicting our age has its root in the same causewidespread extinction of religious faith. When man loses his dignity as an immortal being no end remains to him which is not worthless and illusory save the end of gratifying his personal tastes and desires.

"And has this man of whom you speak no faith?"

Not the least. What man of culture, outside the Catholic Church, has

faith now?" "Yet I am interested in him," said Helene, who, with some needlework had sat down near the open window 'He is intellectual and he is reason

terizes so many of those who are known as 'positive thinkers.'"

"And who are at least positive in the expression of their crude opin-

able. I have not found in him any of

that ignorant arrogance which charac

ions," said the vicomte, smiling.
"Well, that Mr. Egerton is not, she said. "He has the good sense not to be positive in anything - not even in denial—when all is doubt with him It is honest doubt, I think - which makes me sorry for him.

"There is no need to be sorry for him on that account," said M. de Marigny. "If is the best ground for congratulating him. If he is honest in doubt he may at length receive light to

say Credo."
D'Antignac made at this point slight negative motion of the head "He does not desire to say it," he ob-served. "That is the worst of eras like this. Men do not wish to be left behind in what they regard as the great intellectual movement of the age They regard it as the highest triumph of human intelligence to be in doubt about everything. Eve for faith is dead in them.' Even the desire

"But it may be wakened," said Helene. "Yes," said the vicomte, "it may be

wakened. He glanced as he spoke at the ivory crucifix, and then at the worn face beneath. "And here," he added, "is

CHAPTER IV.

a good place to waken it.'

The same sunlight which was stream ing over the wide boulevards and over pleasure-grounds thronged with people poured on this afternoon some of its rays into one of those narrow streets of old Paris which seem to have been purposely built to exclude all such rays street in the immediate neighborhood of the Sorbonne, where two young men met face to face an hour or so

after Helene d'Antignac had taken to her brother the card of a visitor whom he did not see.

"What, Egerton, is this you?" er claimed one. "How comes it that a butterfly from the Champs Elysees has "How comes it that a

fluttered over here into the Quartier Latin?

The speaker was evidently a denizen of the region. On him the stamp of the student was set, in dress and air as well as in the large portfolio which he carried under his arm. He was short and thick set, with little grace of appearance, but his dark, heavily-bearded face was pleasant as well as sensible, and out of it looked bright, good-humored eyes. He might easily have passed for a Frenchman, not only from resemblance of type but from resemblance of manner, acquired naturally by long residence among Gallic people; but when he spoke English it was at once apparent that he spoke his native tongue, though—an English ear would have detected with an American accent.

The man whom he addressed was a much more distinguished looking per-Tall, slender, handsome, with an air of elegance pervading his careful toilet, he was certainly the kind figure more likely to be encountered in the Champs Elysees than Quartier Latin. But that he did not deserve the epithet bestowed upon him was sufficiently evident from the intellectual character of his face and from

the observant glance of his clear eyes Any one who had followed the regard of those eyes for some time past would have seen that he did not move indifferently through this classic quarter of the colleges of Paris, this spot sacred to learning, where for so long Europe sent her scholars and students in multitudes to gratify that passion for which, except among philosophers of Greece, never existed in the world to a greater degree than in the schools and among the schoolmen of the middle ages.

Like most of his generation, Alan Egerton knew little of those ages save that they were generally credited with having been "dark;" but he would not have been an educated, much less an intellectual, man, if he had not known the fame of the University of Paris, and if he had not felt a certain thrill in passing over ground which has been the chosen arena of the human intellect, and where the very stones were suggestive of a thousand kindling memories. Nor was he one of those with whom custom stales such memories. Many times before had he looked on the ancient, time stained walls of the Sorbonne, many times before trod the narrow streets, but never without a keen realization of all that the first had enshrined and all that the last had witnessed. He was looking down one of these streets with a glance which noted all its picturesque ness when accosted by the salutation recorded above

Ah! Winter," he said, with a smile, "you are the man I am in search of. I have been to your apartment, but, not finding you, strolled in this direction, thinking it likely I

"Yes, the lecture is just over," said Winter, shifting his portfolio a little. "And what may your lordship want?"
"I want," said the latter, " to say

that I have changed my mind on the subject we were speaking of last, and that I believe I should like to hear your revolutionary tribune. Winter gave him a quick glance.

"You are in need of a new sensation, then?" he said.
"Partly," th the other answered: "partly, also, I am in need of informon that gentleman. ation. It struck me after our last conversation that I know very little about

this tremendous movement called Socialism-

"Very little indeed," put in Win-"And that since it is well to inform one's self on all subjects, and since I am here in Paris with little to do, I might as well embrace the opportunity you offered me, especially as you promised that I should hear some real elo

quence.

"You will undoubtedly hear it," said Winter emphatically. "But you will also hear some very plain speak 'But you ing. Duchesne does not wear gloves when he deals with silken gentlemen like yourself, who, possessing all the goods and pleasures of the world, still find life only a weariness and a bur-

"It strikes me that we should rather be pitied than denounced for that, said Egerton pleasantly. "However, I shall not mind how roughly M. Duchesne handles us, if he affords me a little intellectual amusement."

"Intellectual amusement!" repeated the other. "Yes, that is all you care for. Questions which are convulsing the world, shaking nations to their centre, and making thrones tremble. only serve to amuse an intellectual sybarite like yourself.'

not?" demanded the other, with undiminished good-humor. "If their importance is so great it surely will not diminish it that they serve to amuse an insignificant intellectual sybarite. That is a good term Winter, by the way. I am much am much obliged to you for suggesting it."
"Don't let the obligation overpower

you," said Winter, " for I don't my-self think it very flattering. But it describes you exactly. I am never with you that I am not struck by the I am never manner in which you trifle with all beliefs and hold none.

"None has ever yet showed me good reason why I should hold it," replied Egerton. "I have not your faculty of enthusiasm. I cannot see a prophet in a revolutionary ranter, or a coming Utopia in the reign of the mob. Winter uttered something like a

growl, but beyond this did not speak. so they walked on in silerce for a moment-Egerton having turned and joined him-until, leaving the narrow street with its high, dark houses, they turned into the boulevard which under the Second Empire was opened through the quaint, winding mediæval ways, bringing daylight to many an obscure spot where crime and wretchedness welt in darkness, but also demolish ing much of the picturesqueness and spoiling much of the charm of this old famous quarter. As they entered the broad thoroughfare which is known on the left bank of the Seine as the Boul evard St. Michel, and which forms a direct line with the Boulevard de Sebastopol on the right bank - the Napoleonic and Haussmannic idea having been to lay out as many straight and tedious avenues, which cannon could readily sweep, as possible—Egerton said:

"You have not yet told me when and where I can hear this Duchesne. "I have not told you, "Winter answered, "because I don't know. I don't even know whether or not he is

haste I may be able to find a man who is pretty certain to know. "I am not in the least haste," Egerton replied.

in Paris now. But if you are not in

"Then we will go to a cafe which he frequents and where there is a chance of meeting him-at least he is often to be found there at this hour. They proceeded, therefore, along the Boulevard St. Michel until, after crossing the Boulevard St. Germain, which intersects it, Winter turned in to one of the cafes that are numerous in the neighborhood. It was a darklooking place, not rendered more cheerful in aspect by the clouds of tobacco-smoke rising from the groups of men who were sitting around various small tables, drinking moderately and talking excessively. Winter received a running fire of saluta tions as he passed among them; but he did not pause until he reached a table in a corner near a window only one man was buried in a newspaper, by which stood

a glass of absinthe. On this shoulder Winter laid his hand. "Bonjour, Leroux," he said.

am glad to find you."
"Bonjour cher Winter," returned the other, glancing up. How goes it with you to day? And why are you glad to find me?"

"Because I want some information

that you can probably afford," replied Winter. "But first let me introduce my friend Mr. Egerton, and, if you do not object, we will join you. "With all my heart," said Leroux,

adding, with a motion toward his glass as they sat down, Will you join me in this also?" "We prefer a bottle of wine—eh, Alan?" said Winter, "You had said Winter,

much better drink it instead of that poisonous stuff, Leroux. Leroux shrugged his shoulders. "I am getting up inspiration for my night's work, as an engine gets up steam," he said. "It is a matter

of necessity."

"M. Leroux is a writer, a feuille tonist whom Paris knows well," said

Winter, addressing Egerton. "Whom Paris does not yet know so well as it may, perhaps, some said the feuilletonist calmly. some day," bien, you have not yet told me what it is that I can do for you."

"Briefly, then, you can tell me whether Duchesne is in Paris, and, if so, when and where he is likely to speak. My friend wishes to hear

Leroux turned a pair of keen eyes "Monsieur has heard of Duchesne,

then?' he said. "Yes I have heard of him," Egerton answered; "but what I have heard would not have made me desire to listen to one of his speeches, if Winter had not assured me that he is singularly eloquent: and real eloquence is something very uncom-

mon."
"Monsieur is not, then, interested in the cause to which Duchesne lends the aid of his eloquence?"

"One cannot be interested in what one knows so little about," replied Ererton indifferently. "I confess Egerton indifferently. that I am not very favorably inclined toward it. But I am open to conviction," he added, with a smile. TO BE CONTIEUED.

Converted on the Pilgrimage.

Francis H. Throop, whose wife was one of the leaders of the pilgrimage to Lourdes, which left Brooklyn recently, has become a Catholic. Mr. Throop went with the pilgrimage, and he was baptized abroad by Bishop Keane. Mrs. Throop became a convert to the

Catholic Church about fifteen years ago while visiting a Catholic family in Dublin. Mr. Throop, after his marriage, began to show a leaning toward his wife's faith, and their two children
—a little girl of six and a boy of three and a half years of age, now dead-were baptized in the Catholic faith. Mr. Throop was a High Churchman, and regularly attended St. Martin's P. E. Church, on President street, Brooklyn, prior to going on the pilgrimage. He also attended to Catholic church with his wife. Since the sudden death of his little boy from concussion of the brain, which occurred in January last, it is said that Mr. Throop had inclined more than ever toward the Church to which his wife was a convert and in which his children were baptized.

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