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A Poem. To Right Rev. I. F. Horstmann, Bishop of Cleveland. Pooled in the deep infinities of blue, A star is shining. To its mission, true, It yearly rises in the far-off East. We wonder as we gaze; for in its light Heaven's nameless splendors dawn upon the night. And there, amid those days and endless calms Glad martyr throes we see, with crowns and palms; While ring the rapturous anthems far and wide: "Thy servants, Lord, are greatly glorified."

ARMINIE. BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXVI. "Has it occurred to you, Sibyl," said Miss Dorrance, "that there is a great change in Mr. Egerton?" The two young ladies were standing together at the window of Mrs. Dorrance's apartment on the Champs Elysees, gazing down at the broad avenue filled with all the world streaming toward the Bois; for it was Sunday afternoon, and the great thoroughfare was filled from side to side with its accustomed Sunday throng.

Sibyl did not answer for a moment; then she said indifferently: "I have seen very little of Mr. Egerton of late—too little to form an opinion. What kind of a change do you mean?" "Well, not a change for the better," answered Laura. "He is not half so agreeable as he used to be. I think the Socialists have spoiled him. He gives me the idea of a man who is absorbed in something. He was here a few days ago, but I thought him very distant and altogether mysterious about a journey he had just made."

"You cannot call a man mysterious because he does not take all the world into his confidence about his private affairs," said Miss Bertram. "What had you to do with his journey?" "Nothing, of course; but you know that, unless there is some mystery, a man naturally speaks of where he has been and what he has done. However, that is a trifle. The change I speak of is really in himself. I am surprised that you have not observed it."

"I have not seen enough of him to observe anything," repeated Miss Bertram carelessly. "And if he has changed—well, does that matter? We all change more or less as time goes on." "But he has changed rapidly." "Has he? I suppose under a strong influence one can change rapidly." She uttered the last words meditatively, and then, as if the subject did not interest her in comparison with the equipages and toilettes passing below, leaned a little farther forward to look down at the brilliant, crowded street. As she did so a mail phaeton suddenly drew up before their door, and a gentleman, throwing the reins to his groom, stepped down to the pavement. Miss Bertram drew back a little, and Laura said: "Ah! there is cousin Duke. No doubt he has come to take us to the Bois."

"To take you, very probably," said her friend. "He is not in the habit of troubling himself about me," she said. "But I told him last night that you would be here to-day." Miss Bertram vouchsafed no reply, but stood quite still, looking out, until the bell of the apartment sounded; and when the door of the salon opened she turned—to see two gentlemen enter. One was Talford, the other Egerton; and as Laura went forward with an exclamation of surprise, they explained that they had met under the portico. "I was just turning in as Talford drove up," said Egerton. "And I consider the conjuncture very lucky," said Talford, "for now we can form a charming *partie cartee* for the Bois. I called to see if these ladies would not like a drive. The afternoon is beautiful and all the world is out in force."

"I think it would be delightful," said Laura. "What do you say, Sibyl?" "I am sorry," she said, "but I never felt less inclined for the Bois. I must beg Mr. Talford to excuse me." Talford, at whom she looked as she uttered the last words, said: "I should prefer to change your mind, if that were possible. If you do not care for the Bois we will go anywhere else. A drive to St. Cloud will be pleasant." "You are very kind, but I do not care to drive at all," she answered. "Indeed, frankly, I have another plan for the afternoon, and—partially an engagement." She glanced suspiciously at Egerton. "In that case," he said a

little stiffly, "I cannot, of course, press the matter." "But how disagreeable of you, Sibyl!" cried Laura. "What is your engagement?" "One in which I fear that I cannot tempt you and Mr. Talford to join me," Sibyl replied, with a smile. "I half-promised Mlle. d'Antignac to meet her in Notre Dame this afternoon." "In Notre Dame!" repeated Miss Dorrance in a disgusted tone. "Why, it is miles away; and on this beautiful afternoon to go and bury yourself in that dark old cathedral, when you might be enjoying all the sunshine and life of the Bois—what an idea!" "No doubt it seems to you dreadful," said Sibyl calmly, "but you must allow for differences of taste. And I have never heard the great preacher who is to preach in Notre Dame this afternoon."

"I move," said Egerton, "that we all go to Notre Dame, if Miss Bertram will allow us to do so." "I should have no right to forbid your doing so," she answered, looking at him with a friendly glance. "But Talford shrugged more unamusingly," he said, "than to sit for two or three hours in that great stone vault, listening to religious platitudes only for the childhood of the human mind."

"Have you ever heard them?" asked Egerton. "It might be well to do so before declaring what they are. For myself I can only say that I have never heard elsewhere such logic and such eloquence as I have heard from the pulpit of Notre Dame. And men who, like yourself, Talford, talk of religious truths as 'fit only for the childhood of the human mind,' simply prove their ignorance of the great philosophy on which those truths rest."

"A Saul among the prophets!" said Talford, with a slight, scornful laugh. "You have transferred your allegorizing, then, from Socialism to the philosophy of the pulpit of Notre Dame? My dear Egerton, suffer me to offer you this advice: it is well to determine what you believe before you proceed to preach it."

"I grant that it is well," said Egerton, flushing a little; "only in that case a man might think more of himself—of his character for consistency—than of truth. But I do not wish to preach anything. I only affirm what I know to be a fact." "And if it be—what then?" asked the other carelessly. "Would the verifying such a fact repay me for losing an hour of sunshine and pleasure? I do not think so; and I should be glad if I could persuade Miss Bertram to be of my opinion—to resign Notre Dame for the Bois."

"It would be a poor exchange, Mr. Talford," said Sibyl gravely; "and these two regarded each other, Egerton could not resist the impression that there was more than met the ear in their words. 'I have promised to go to Notre Dame, and I should disappoint myself as well as Mlle. d'Antignac if I failed in my appointment.' Mr. Talford bowed with grace. "Then it is I who must resign myself to disappointment," he said. "I am sorry that the attractions which I consider are so much less than those of Notre Dame; but there only remains for me to hope that you will enjoy the logic and eloquence of which Egerton speaks. Now, Laura, can I tempt you?"

"Well, do you know, Cousin Duke," answered Laura, "I do not think that, although we are cousins, I can very well drive alone with you in the Bois, and I am very sure that Sibyl cannot go alone with Mr. Egerton down to Notre Dame, so I suppose I must go with her. After all, no doubt one ought to go to church on Sunday—even if one is in Paris." "It is impossible not to admire your devout frame of mind," said Mr. Talford, with a liberal infusion of sarcasm in his tone. "My dear Laura," said Miss Bertram, "there is not the least necessity for such a sacrifice. Mr. Egerton had no part in my plans for the afternoon. I meant to drive home with mamma, then take my maid and go down to the cathedral, where I shall meet Mlle. d'Antignac. This is what I still propose to do. I beg, therefore, that you will not let me interfere with your pleasure, since you can easily find some one to propitiate the proprieties by accompanying you."

"Oh! yes, I know half a dozen people with a stone's throw who would be delighted to join us," said Laura, looking at her cousin. He assented, though not with a very good grace; for there was only one person whom he wished to join them, and her refusal was a revelation as well as a disappointment to him. In his vexation he discovered that Sibyl Bertram was more of a necessity to him than he had imagined, and that her power to move him was greater than he liked. The matter ended, however, in his driving off with Laura in search of some of the friends living within a stone's throw, while Miss Bertram and Egerton, standing together at the window, watched their departure. Then the latter said somewhat diffidently: "I understood, of course, that I had no part in your plans for the afternoon, but may I not have a part? May I not accompany you to Notre Dame? It seems to me that it is very absurd if you and I—who are neither French people nor moving in French society—cannot go there alone."

"Certainly not on reason why we should not," Sibyl answered frankly. "It is very different from going to the Bois, and it would save me the journey home for Marie. Let us ask mamma," Mrs. Bertram demurred a little, but finally yielded to a common-sense view of the matter, and also, no doubt, to her liking for Egerton, and agreed that her consent should be obtained in the manner proposed, "since you will not be likely to meet any one who knows you," she said to Sibyl. "That young lady laughed. 'Most of our acquaintances certainly do not frequent Notre Dame,' she said. 'And those whom I shall meet will not be shocked. That I promise you.' So, according to the familiar proverb it was unexpected which came to pass; for certainly Egerton, when he litly turned in under the Dorrance portico, had little thought of issuing from it with Sibyl Bertram for a companion. As they stepped out on the broad pavement he said: 'The afternoon is so beautiful that, if you do not object to a little exercise, I can suggest a pleasant way of reaching the Ile de la Cite than by a carriage. It is only a short walk from here to the river, where we can take one of the boats that ply up and down it. It is rather a *bourgeois* mode of travel, but it has its advantages and pleasures. To one born on the Mississippi the Seine does not commend itself as a very imposing stream; yet I like to journey on it.'"

"Strangely enough, I never have done so," said Sibyl. "By all means let us take the boat. Here is a street that will lead us straight to the river." It brought them out on the Cours de la Reine, than which there is no more charming spot in Paris. On the fresh green foliage of the trees the spring sunshine streamed, and the river, flowing by its stately bridges, wore the color of the sky. Every bench along the *allées* was filled with orderly, well-dressed groups wearing that air of happiness and content with simple pleasures which is so marked a feature of French life, and makes one wonder afresh at the fierce storms of social discontent with which this nation has convulsed the world.

As Egerton and his companion walked toward the Pont d'Alma he pointed to one of the small steamboats that touch at the different quays and on Sunday are crowded with passengers. "Yonder is the craft on which I proposed we should embark," he said; "but after all I am doubtful; I remember that you have a horror of contact with your fellow-creatures who do not wear satin and brocade." Miss Bertram should not encourage such fastidiousness, she said. "And there is a novelty about this that I like, since the contact is in the open air and will not be for very long."

"Oh! no, a few minutes will land us on the Ile de la Cite," said Egerton as they descended the quay to the landing-place of the boat. After she was on his deck Sibyl felt that she was repaid for democratic contact with the *bourgeoisie* around her by the pleasure of motion, the enchanting softness and brightness of the day—which now for the first time she seemed fully to feel—and the beautiful view of Paris which this noble river-way through its midst afforded. Egerton thought that he had never seen her so simply and heartily pleased as when she presently turned her eyes on him.

"Why, it is charming!" she said. "I do not think I have ever felt the outward beauty of Paris more strongly. I always knew that the borders of the river were lovely, but never appreciated how lovely before. Has any other river in the world such splendid promenades along its banks, such wealth of foliage, such magnificent buildings? See, here is the Palais Bourbon, and yonder the great front of the Louvre! I think I must echo what I heard a French governess say once with enthusiasm: '*J'aime les bords de la Seine!*'"

Egerton smiled. "One would not think you had lived in Paris until its beauty was familiar to you," he said. "But beautiful things do not lose their beauty by familiarity, else we might even cease to enjoy the sunshine." She paused a moment, then with a swift glance over their companions said: "Of course you have read *Un Philosophe sous les toits*; do you remember the chapter called '*La Compensation*,' the description of the journey to Sevres of two poor working-girls? Our fellow-passengers remind me of it. How much more real their enjoyment is than that of the *beau monde* whom we left streaming out to the Bois! The philosopher of the attic is right: '*La jouissance est seulement dans ce qu'on sent, et les hommes blasés ne sentent plus; la sature a de a leur ame l'appetit, tandis que la privation conserve ce premier des dons humains, la faculte du bonheur.*'"

"Yes," said Egerton, "that is very true." Then he glanced up at the window of a tall house on the Quai Voltaire which they were passing at that moment. "Yonder is an attic philosopher," he said, "who would agree with you." "Ah!" said Sibyl. She, too, looked up at the window, and a shade of sadness fell over her face. "To think that there he lies—prisoned and in pain, with no possible hope of release save by death—while all this tide of life sweeps by! It is a better sermon than any we are likely to hear at Notre Dame, Mr. Egerton." Egerton did not deny this. "It is a wonderful sermon," he said. "Speaking for myself, I am sure that I never came within his influence and leave it quite the same. But perhaps one might say that in lesser degree of every one; for there are few people who do not, for the length of time that

we are in contact with them, exercise some slight influence on our thoughts and feelings. Even if they only irritate or disgust, that is an influence." Sibyl laughed. "A very common one," she said. "But it is frightful to consider that we are influencing one another in some degree all the time. Have you not come in contact with people whom you did not know, and whose presence could turn your thoughts higher or lower? And there are others whose society is like a stifling moral atmosphere. One feels insensibly everything lowered and dwindling—one's conceptions of life, one's belief in goodness, one's standards for action—when one is with them. I can imagine nothing more horrible, more degrading to the whole moral nature, than such companionship, if one were unable to escape from it. But," she added, speaking as if to herself, "one can escape."

"I think," said Egerton, with a smile, "that we have escaped, with a few exceptions, from the influence of the Bois. She did not contradict him, and now they were drawing near the sharp point of that boat-shaped island which, being the cradle of Paris, was blazoned as a ship on the city's ancient arms. Above the mass of buildings the graceful spire of the Sainte Chapelle rose, bearing its *fleurs de lys* toward heaven, while beyond—dark, massive, magnificent—the towers of Notre Dame stood against the sky.

"They built for eternity—those architects of the middle ages," said Sibyl, looking at the great symphony of stone. Landing at the Pont Neuf, they had but a short distance to walk to the cathedral, and it was when they were entering the open space before the noble facade that Egerton said: "I fear that it will be rather hopeless to attempt to find Mlle. d'Antignac, unless you have some special place of meeting appointed."

"There was a place," Sibyl answered. "Not the third confessional. Between the pillar and the wall, but if Vespers had not commenced, the Chapelle de Notre Dame." Vespers had not commenced. The immense interior, with its twilight atmosphere and those vast, soaring arches where birds dwell as in the trees of the forest, held its silence still unbroken by the organ's rolling thunder and the chorists' silver tones. But there were some signs of preparation. A steady stream of people were pouring into the nave, and as Egerton and Miss Bertram passed down the aisle to the choir they looked along the vaulted passage, lighted by stained glass, which led to the sacristy, and saw the marshalling of a procession with shining robes and gleaming banners—a glorious effect of color in the dim, rich dusk.

By a fortunate chance they met Helene and Armine as they passed around the choir, before reaching the chapel. Mlle. d'Antignac smiled, though she also seemed a little surprised at the sight of these two so calmly proceeding together, and said to Sibyl: "I had given you up; but you are just in time. Come, let us take our places." They moved on together quickly, and so Egerton found himself with Armine. It was their first meeting since he had stood before her with her father's dying message, and the thought of that interview made it difficult for him to speak. It was she who looked up with her soft eyes, and held out her hand.

"I hope that you are well—again, Mr. Egerton," she said. "Yes, I am very nearly well," he answered. "And you, mademoiselle?" "There is nothing to say of me," she replied. "I am well and with my friends—that is all." "That is much," he said. "I have been very glad to know that you were with such friends." "There could not be better ones," she said in a tone of deep feeling. They walked on in silence after this, until, as they were passing a certain part of the aisle, Egerton turned and glanced at his companion.

"You may not remember," he said in a low, quick voice, "but I met you here—once. It was owing to you that I was here at all, and it seemed strange to meet you then—as strange as to find her with you now. I do not wish to pain you by any remembrance of the past, but I think you may like to know that you were once my friend, and that I am still your friend." She looked at him for an instant, and he never forgot the expression of her face as he saw it in the light of one of the great stained windows. Was it wonder, pleasure, or pain which he read chiefly in the deep eyes? There was only infinite simplicity in the voice which said presently: "We have much for which to be grateful to God, monsieur." And then they walked silently on.

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FATHER MATHEW'S CRUSADE. One of the Grandest Events in Irish History—A Wonderful Moral Warfare.

April 10 was the anniversary of one of the grandest events which has ever occurred in Ireland. It was on that date in the year 1838 that the great apostle of temperance, Rev. Theobald Mathew, commenced the great crusade against intemperance, which was the most wonderful moral warfare ever undertaken. The curse of intemperance was dragging down thousands upon thousands of the Irish people to the lowest depths of degradation and misery. The sights of drunkenness and the evils following from it stung to the quick many good and true Irishmen, among them a Quaker named William Martin. This William Martin was a native of Cork, and he was a friend of Father Mathew, a Catholic priest. These two men, both residing in Cork, although of different religious faith, still loved each other with that true love which all men should have for their fellow-beings. William Martin was deeply pained at the terrible scenes of drunkenness which he beheld, and in the goodness of his heart he appealed earnestly to Father Mathew to take the cause of temperance in hand to alleviate the condition of poor humanity.

"Oh, Theobald Mathew, if thou wouldst but take the cause in hand, thou couldst do such good to these poor creatures," he said. This appeal did not fall on unheeding ears, for Father Mathew, having from long experience become convinced of the terrible and blighting influence of drink, had resolved after careful consideration and earnest prayer to move against the drink evil. On April 10, 1838, the great crusade was inaugurated. Having gathered around him in his humble schoolroom a group of friends, Father Mathew spoke to them on the evils of intemperance and the remedy which he proposed.

"Indeed," he said, "if only one poor soul be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take. No person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks. My dear friends, you do not require them, nor do I require them, neither do I take them. After much reflection on the subject, I have come to the conviction that there is no necessity for the use of them by any one in good health; and I advise you all to follow my example. I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." Father Mathew then approached the table, and taking the pen said, "Here goes in the name of God!" and signed as follows: "Rev. Theobald Mathew, C. C. Love Street, No. 1."

This started the greatest temperance crusade of all time which has immortalized its progenitor and reflected undying credit on the land of his birth. In nine months after he had begun Father Mathew administered the total abstinence pledge to 156,000 people, and it is well authenticated that fully 4,000,000 names were enrolled in the cause before his labors were closed. The secret of Father Mathew's great success lay in the fact that he himself preached by example as well as by precept.

It is told of an Irish-American general in the late civil war that, on being found fault with for unnecessarily bringing his men into danger, he replied: "I never send my men where I would not go at their head myself." So it was with Father Mathew—he did not ask men to do what he was not willing to do himself. He first showed the example by publicly renouncing the drink himself. Are you, dear reader, willing to help the cause of Father Mathew on this anniversary by giving good example? If you do drink, even in moderation, I would address you in the following, which is from the pen of a Catholic temperance advocate:

"However pious and pure and charitable and forgiving and patient you may be, know this—so long as you continue to drink intoxicating liquors in moderation, you set an example which will help to send thousands of souls annually to eternal misery, not to speak of the wasting of your own substance nor of the temporal wretchedness, woe, poverty, anguish, disgrace and despair which accompany the life and death of the drunkard; and this is true whether you are young or female, in high station or in low. You yourself may not be ruined at once by what you drink, but some one less strong, less watchful, less safely guarded, less under religion's influences, will try to do as he saw you do, and his effort may result in his temporal and eternal loss. Your example will launch him on a troubled sea like a ship without anchor, rudder or compass. To urge the drinking customs and to be content with advising moderation, as some do, is a rule impracticable for general application. This is proven by the history of intoxication, and by the heartrending wall arising from the 1,000,000 slaves in our land to-day who have become drunkards gradually and unconsciously through the drinking habit."—Edmund Phelan in Boston Republic.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parnee's Pills than any other Pills we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parnee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."