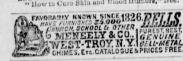
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ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XXXV.

Having yielded and given her promise that she would see M. de Marigny, Armine made no farther dede mur on the subject, and when, a day or two later, Helene came to her, say ing that he was in the salon awaiting ner, she rose at once, though her re luctance was evident in the paling of her face and the slight trembling of the hands which closed the book she had been reading. Touched by these significant signs, Mile. d'Antignac put her arms round the slender figure and pressed with her lips the soft cheek. God direct thee, petite!" she said ently. Armine looked at her with gently. Armine looked at her with something very wistful in her clear glance, but she did not answer save y returning the caress. Then she turned and passed into the salon.

The recollection of how and where she had seen M. de Marigny last was so strongly present in her mind that, as he came forward to meet her, she almost felt as if she were back in the churchyard of Marigny, with its quiet graves on which the sunlight fell, and its stone Calvary.dominating the scene She stopped short: was there not indeed a grave between them? Had not death alone made this meeting possible?

The thought was like a dagger to her heart, and in its sharpness she in-voluntarily clasped her hands together and so stood, gazing at him with the pathetic eyes he so well remembered It would have been an awkward moment had he not been a man endowed with great quickness of intuitive sympathy. But to him also the memory of the meeting under the old church porch of Marigny came; and not only the memory of the meeting, but of all that followed it. Those slight fingers clasped so nervously to gether had sent the warning which might have saved his life, and the golden eyes, which he had thought so eautiful and expressive when he saw them last, had now the sadness that comes of many tears and settled grief. He would fain have put out his hand and taken hers in token of sympathy with the grief; but he, too, remem bered the shadow between them, so he

"I hope, mademoiselle, that I have not made too great a demand upon you

in asking this interview."

The exquisite courtesy and consideration of his tone touched her and made her realize the apparent ungracious ness of her own attitude. She un-clasped her hands and came forward.

"No, M. le Vicomte," she answered quietly, "you have not made too great a demand upon me but, but ourself I fear that you have. I know that you have come from a sense of duty, on an errand which must be unpleasant to you, and which, so far as I am concerned, is altogether unnecessary. I bade M. d'Antignac to tell you this."

"I hope to make you understand why I could not accept your answer rom M. d'Antignac," he said.

Then he moved a chair slightly forward for her, and, as she sat down, seated himself in front of her. Their eyes met, and again Armine felt the ense of confidence of which, even in their brief intercourse, she had been conscious before. That glance, so penetrating yet so gentle and kind, inspired her with a trust which, save in the case of D'Antignac, was new to her experience. For hers had not approached, and when she held out the been one of those lives which know the certainty of sympathy and reliance upon strength. In her own strength she had long been forced to stand alone, and if she felt now that under other circumstances she might safely have vielded to the guidance of such a nature as that which was revealed in the face before her, she also knew with instinctive certainty that the luxury of such guidance was not for her-tha as she had been forced to rely upon herself during her father's lifetime, she must rely upon herself and her own judgment still.

As she did not answer his last words, save by a glance that seemed to say, Speak," then! M. de Marigny after a moment went on :

"You are right in saying that it is duty which has brought me here, but you are wrong in believing it an un-pleasant one. On the contrary, few hings could give me more pleasure than to be permitted to repair an injustice." He paused a moment, then went on: I know that you have heard the story of the marriage of your great grandparents, so I need not repeat it. When such a story was told to me it became at once my duty to verify it. I come now to tell you that I have done so and that it is true. The marriage took place exactly as you have heard and the house of Marigny has gained another daughter."

There was a charming grace as well s cordiality in the tone of the last sentence which it would have been im ossible for Armine not to have felt. Her eyes thanked him even before she said

"You are very kind; but if my wishes had been regarded you would never have heard the story of which

you speak. "You must pardon those who disregarded your wishes," he answered, It was right that I should hear it-I,

O NURSING MOTHERS

who am now your kinsman, with a kinsman's right to protect your inter-

She looked at him for a moment in

apparent surprise.
"And yet," she said, "my interest -if I have one-is opposed to yours. In other words, my gain must be your

loss."
"What does that matter?" he asked. "The question is simply one of justice, not of individual gain or loss. And loss is a relative term. I can lose noth-ing that I should regret."

You will lose nothing-nothing at all-through me," she said. "I have only consented to speak of the subject in order that I might tell you this Whether the marriage in question ever took place or not is a matter of indiffer ence to me and cannot influence my

"It is not in our power, except in a very limited sense, to say what shall or shall not influence our lives," said M. de Marigny. The event which you declare cannot influence yours is influencing it at this moment, else why are we talking here?

That is true," she answered. But we are talking in order that I nay tell you that the influence shall go no farther. And I should be glad if you would believe this without more words.

He shook his head, smiling a little at her tone. "I am sorry to force on you anything which is disagreeable," he said, "but I cannot accept such a decision without more words. promise, however, that they shall be as brief as possible. You have heard from M. d'Antignae, no doubt, that I went down into Brittany and examined all the records, as well as heardthe testimony of the sole witness in the matter. Then-for you will understand that I am not acting in my individual capacity, but as the guardian of interests which are only mine for a time-I laid the case before an eminent lawyer, and have here his written opinion, at

which I must beg you to look." He produced as he spoke a folded paper, which he offered her. She hesiated-evidently averse to taking itand said with an appealing glance:

"It can serve no purpose-I assure ou that it can serve no purpose. there any necessity that I should look

"Yes,"he answered gravely, "there is necessity. I could not accept any decision which you made in ignorance of the exact nature and extent of your

"Then," she said quickly, "you will accept my decision when I am no

onger in ignorance?" I shall have no alternative but to do so," he replied, "though you must allow me to reserve the right to re nonstrate.'

She did not answer, but, extending her hand, took the paper and opened it. It was of considerable length, and after a moment she rose and moved away to the window to read it.

M. de Marigny-sitting still, with

that perfect quietude which is one of the most stricking signs of high breed ing-watched the slender figure as it stood against the light, the graceful, well-set head and the delicate outlines of the profile, with its soft southern tints and the dark, outward-curling ashes of the down-cast eyes. There was no physical sign of race lacking and when, as in a vision, he saw that presence on the terrace or moving hrough the rooms of the old chateau he said to himself that no one could think it had found an unfitting mis-

Presently Armine turned and came paper he saw to his surprise that she was smiling.

"This is better than I had hoped, she said simply. "It seems that there is no certainty that I would be able to claim anything, if I wished to do so. am glad of that. I need not feel now that I am disregarding my father's wishes.

Her relief was evidently so genuine hat he was also forced to smil-

"I am sorry to lessen your pleasure, he said, "but I think you misunder stand the opinion a little. Remember, in the first place, that it is given to me the person in possession - and naturally presents the case in as favor ble a light as possible for my interest This lawyer says in substance: not certain that a marriage which occurred so long ago could be satis actorily established, according to the rigid requirements of French law with regard to marriages; but the case is strong against you, and you need not be surprised at an unfavorable result. Now, that is putting the matter very strongly, for you."

He paused; but as Armine, whose face had fallen somewhat, looked at him with mute interrogation, after a moment he went on:

"After giving the opinion the law yer was kind enough to advise an amicable arrangement with the claimant, if it were possible, rather than the expense and tedious delay of a lawsuit. And that amicable arrangement what I have come to make, if you will permit me, mademoiselle.

"But I have told you that I am no laimant," she said, with the first shade of haughtiness which he had ever per ceived in her manner.
"Nevertheless," he answered

'though you will not claim them, you have rights which neither you nor can ignore.

"It may be proper that you should not ignore them," she said. "But there is nothing which forbids my doing so-nothing. "Are you sure of that?" he asked

quietly. "It seems to me that there may be something. There may be a "It seems to me that there sense of duty." "To whom? to what?" she asked.

"No, M. de Marigny; I have been over all this ground, and I have asked counsel of those who are wise enough to give it. There is no duty which requires me to assume a rank to which l was not born." She paused a moment, as if collecting her thoughts, then went on: "And it seems to me that you forget one thing: if it is doubtful whether I have any legal claim, whatever I should accept from you-were capable of accepting anything-would

be simply a gift of your generosity."
"No," he said quickly. "It would be an act of justice, not of generosity. I should have no right to be generous with the inheritance of those who are to come after me. It might be possible that the law would not recognize this marriage; but you must be aware that one may have a moral certainty of a fact which one may not be able to prove, and that there are moral rights which are not legal rights.

"That may be," she said, "and it is a noble view of the case; but I, who would not accept a legal right not if it were absolutely indisputablewill certainly never accept one based on a moral claim. Of that you may be sure.

She lifted her head as she spoke, and a light shone for a moment in the deep gentle eyes which gave emphasis her words and made M. de Marigny say to himself that further insistance seemed, indeed, useless. He felt in-stinctively the strength of her resolution, and he also felt that it was not based upon mere obstinacy, but upon reasons that were neither fanciful nor vague. D'Antignac had warned him of this result, and he was therefore not surprised, but even more reluctant than he had anticipated to abide by the decision so steadily announced—to let all things be as if that marriage had never taken place between the Breton noble and the peasant girl who saved him.

"Mademoiselle." he said at length, "I must beg you to consider, to take time to reflect. You are very young to decide so positively upon so important a matter

"I have had time, and I have not decided without reflection," she answered. "As for my youth-well, it is true I am young, but even in youth one may know what one desires of life. I desire neither rank nor wealth, for what should I do with either?"

Then, as a last argument, he said 'I am told that it was your father's wish that you should claim all that was yours.

He was sorry for the words almost as he uttered them when he saw the pained look that came into her eyes. But she answered very quietly:

"It was my misfortune to differ from my father on many points, but understood him thoroughly, and I am sure he did not wish me to claim or to take anything for myself, but only as these were; you can judge whether or not you would like any part of the revenues of Marigny devoted to such trust for his ends. Yet only in that way could I ends. fulfil his desire.

What could M. de Marigny answer to this? He thought of representing, as D'Antignac had done, that her father's wishes had no binding force upon her; but since he had just urged ne desire as an argument, it was difficult to declare another of no force. moreover, he felt that no words could change her resolution. pression of the pale, steadfast face assured him of that. After a pause of considerable reflection he said

"I perceive that it is useless to urge you farther. I wish that it were otherwise; I wish that I could induce you to accept whatever is justly yours But at least I trust that you will not refuse to take your position as an acknowledged daughter of the house of Marigny?

She regarded him with a faint, sweet

"You are worthy to be Sieur of Marigny, M. le Vicomte," she said. "It is noble that you, the head and representative of such a house, should me and desire to acknowledge as belonging to it the daughter of one who was a fee not only of your order but of yourself, and whose only claim to admittance into your house is through a mesalliance which you must regard as a blot upon your line. It proves that you think more of justice than even of the honor of a noble name; but I, the descendant of that peasant girl whom your kinsman married in secret and never acknowledged and the daughter of the Social ist who was yesterday your enemy, can no more accept your justice than your generosity. The house of your generosity. The house of Marigny and I have nothing in common; and while I appreciate your recognition and thank you for the kindness of your desires, you must receive my positive assurance that what I have been from my birth I shall remain to my death. And," she added, "the Christian and the Social ist are alike agreed that it matters little what name we bear during the brief space of our pilgrimage here."

"Unless we absolutely renounce the world, it matters more than you think, perhaps," answered the vicomte 'But you make it impossible for me to say more. I am sorry that I have failed so utterly, and I wish that I had been able to command more arguments with which to convince you-

"No arguments would have had any

effect," she interposed "Then," he said, "it only remains "But for me to hope that, though you decline to receive me as a kinsman, you vill not refuse to consider me a friend, who feels he has a peculiar right to

serve you. She grew a shade paler, and, halfunconsciously as it were, drew slightly

"You are very kind," she said. "I understand and appreciate; but between you and me, M. de Marigny, there can be little question of inter-course or service. If it is friendship, however, to desire that all blessings may fall upon you, and that you may serve a noble cause as well in the future as in the past, then, believe me, I am your friend.

"And believe that I am grateful for your friendship," he said, touched by her tone and look. "I will trouble you no more at present with the subject we have been discussing; but l am glad that I need not lose sight of here with the best you, that you are of my friends. Whether you allow it or not, I have a right to feel interest in your welfare, and more than that—"
He paused. He was about to add, "I have a debt to pay." But his finer instinct forbade the words. But his Something, too, in Armine's face restrained him. It seemed to him that

he read some fear of such an allusion in the clear, golden eyes. Instead of finishing the sentence he took from a table by which he stood the lawyer's opinion that he had laid on it. "This," he said, "has, after all, proved useless. Yet—who knows? perhaps nothing in the world proves It has served to make us better known to each other, and I hope

that you do not regard this as an evil. To me it is a great pleasure. "I certainly could not regard it as an evil," she answered after an instant's hesitation; "but-forgive me if I repeat that you and I have nothing

in common. The words would have seemed very ungracious had not the wistful appeal of her glance softened them - that glance which had often before said nore to him than her lips uttered. Did it not say to him now, "Do not press me; do not urge upon me an ssociation and friendship which forbidden by loyalty to the dead ".
There was no doubt that it said this and no doubt also that he understood

he message, for he answered gently Pardon me if I disagree with you. I think that we have much in common -our friendship, our faith, and a line age of which you would be proud if you knew more of it. Cannot these things drive the past from your memory that unhappy past in which I declare to you that there was never the faintest feeling of personal animosity on

my part? "Do you suppose I imagine that there was?" she said quickly. "No, M. le Vicomte, I have no doubt that all animosity was on - the other side But do you not see-do you not feelthat this makes it harder to forget?'

"And do you not see," he said, "that you are thus perpetuating the animosity which I am sure you would have ended, if you could? Let us end He held out his hand as he it now!" He held out his hand as he spoke. "Let us bury all memory of it in the grave over which you mourn, was unworthy of honor in his life. Do not hesitate!" - she stood looking at him, but did not extend her hand to meet his. "The only existence which the hatred you regret has now is in its influence on your conduct. For your father sake, then, as well as for your own, let me beg you to end that influ-

ence at once. The thought was new to her; he saw that in the eyes that slowly filled with tears as she gave him her hand. Then, when the crystal drops began to fall, she turned and silently left the

room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Good Friday in Jerusalem.

Darkness had fallen upon the ancient City of David, when a few of us left a house upon Mount Acra and entered the gloomy, silent street. Wending our way by the light of a small lantern, we traversed the Christian quarter of the city. There are no municipal regulations regarding illumination or hygiene in the once proud capital of Judea, and as all the

streets, those who are obliged to go out

after nightfall must provide themselves with lanterns and walk cautiously amid the dirt-encumbered by-ways. Having reached the small paved ourt before the main entrance of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we soon found ourselves in an immense throng of pilgrims from all parts of the world. Through the kindness of a Franciscan friar, whose acquaintance we had made, we were provided with good places in the chapel of Calvary, where we could observe the ceremonies with out being subjected to the inconveni

ence of mingling in the crowd. The Latin altar on Calvary illuminated, and soon a priest appeared and began preaching. After a short discourse, another took his place, and so on until seven sermons had been given in as many languages. A large cross had been erected by the altar, upon which hung a life-sized and artic ulated figure of our Lord. When the sermons were ended, a ladder was brought and a monk ascended it, and by means of a pair of pincers he slowly and reverently extracted the nail which held the right hand of the figure. Gently lowering the arm, he held the nail a moment exposed to the view of all; then kissing it he deposited it in the hand of an assistant, and proceeded to extract the others, which he also kissed and help up in turn.

The figure being thus removed from the Cross was deposited upon a bier. A procession was formed, and amid a solemn chant it moved towards the Stone of Unction. Here perfumes and a winding sheet were in readiness, and sion continued on till it arrived at the

entrance of the Holy Sepulchre. Here the figure was reverently lifted up and carried into the sacred tomb, after which the immense crowd, having knelt for a while in silent prayer around the Sepulchre, dispersed. Pilgrim.

Wendell Philips on O'Connell,

(John Talbot Smith, in Donaboe's.) Philips went on with his portrait of Connell in the same unsparing fashion, never shirking a detail that might have spared his British audience a pang. He put an extra touch of color on the features that were sure to be offensive : the great leader's disike and distrust of treacherous England, his devotion to Rome, his scorn for heresy. Yet so did he mingle the bitter with the sweet, so manifest was his power when he seemed to be offendng worst, that his audience never missed the moment for applause, and even laughed indulgently when an Irishman in the gallery gave a Donnybrook yell of delight and defiance at some telling point in favor of his native land. You could see the cold people warming up as the orator hurried to the end : there was no longer any doubt of his power over them; they had seen themselves applauding his denunciations of what they had always favored; he had won them to passing enthusiasm for greatness which they hated, they became conscious that genius was hold ing its lamp to their blinking eyes, that they were taking part in a great

caution. The close of the lecture was as audacious and catching as the exordium It summed up in one paragraph the triumph of the whole evening. Phillips went no farther in O'Connell's triamph of areer than the moment of his greatest triumph, when the Irish leader had a party in the House of Commons, and he Government's majority had so diminished that without the Irish members no Ministry could stand. ures from Whigs and Tories made O'Connell the great hero of the hour.

scene; so they threw away reserve and

"There he stood," said Phillips, "this despised leader of a scorned people, this representative of an extinct nationality, as they thought, this priest-ridden Papist, this agent of a dead religion, this mere Irishman, with the Whigs in one hand and the Tories in the other " — and he raised both arms and looked from Tory to Whig in either hand in amused scorn-"debat ing to which he would give the Government of the British Empire. stood a moment thus with his tall figure and the great arms extended then bowed and withdrew from the stage, while the enchanted audience cheered and cheered again, and looked at the door which had hidden him from them, and could hardly persuade them

Sir John S. D. Thompson.

selves to leave the scene

G. M. Ward, in Donahoe's Magazine. Sir John's private life was simple. and unostentatious. He was a domestic man, and a genial atmosphere pervaded his home, to which he heartily welcomed all who visited him. Great as was his success in life, he remained perfectly unspoiled by it. It is a con-mon opinion that had he not entered on the arena of politics he might have lived for many years longer, but he never did live for himself alone; and, though personally averse to the turmoil of public life, he sacrificed his feelings for the good of his country. memory and his example will influence future generations. His marvellous powers of application and his habits of hard work can be imitated by all with advantage, but many of his gifts were personal to himself. One of these-his ability and readiness at critical moments, - was almost, if not quite, unique, and he was never taken at a disadvantage. He was the soul of honor. His honesty of purpose and purity of nature were unquestioned, and no blot defaces his record. He died a poor man, and in that lies the convincing and glorious proof of his intense in refuse and offal is cast into the narrow

tegrity. Sir John Thompson can take his stand with the first men of the empire. His real life is yet to be written, and all will look forward eagerly to seeing it appear; but his memory is already deeply graven on the hearts of all who knew and appreciated him and the glorious work he did for Canada. the future he will be spoken of as one of his country's historic characters, as one of her greatest patriots, and as one of the largest-minded and most clean-handed of those who have wielded the executive power in the Dominion of Canada.

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