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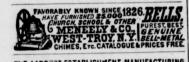
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### ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XXXIV. The next person who came to D'Antignac full of the affaire Duchesne was Egerton. He made his appearance greatly improved in looks and spirits, and after relating substantially the same facts that M. de Marigny had already related, asked if D'Antignac did no think that it was his duty to lay these facts before Armine.

"You will understand," he said, that I am not at all anxious to do sofor I have not forgotten how Mile. Duchesne received my former communication - but when I remember her father's dying charge to me I do not feel as if I could relieve myself from responsibility in the matter.

"It is a natural feeling," said D'Antignac; "but are you not aware that M. de Marigny intends to lay before Armine the full details of all that you have learned in Brittany, and to give her an exact statement of the case as it stands?" "Yes," answered Egerton, "I know

that is his intention. But M. de Marigny is one person, and I am another
— I mean that we stand in different But M. de Ma positions toward Mlle. Duchesne. have received a trust from her

"Which I thought you had fulfilled?"

said D'Antignac.

Something in his tone made Egerton for the first time feel as if he was not comprehended with that intuitive symmetry and the helf-word as pathy-understood at the half-word, as the French say—to which he was accus-tomed from D'Antignac, but that he and to explain and make good his posiion, which it is always a little difficult to do. After a moment's hesitation he

"I fulfilled it in part, but there were some things which Mile. Duchesne gave me no opportunity to say. And, whether I like it or not, I feel bound to deliver the message in its entirety."
D'Antignac looked at the speaker

with a quick, keen glance. "Is there," he said, "any reason of importance why you should deliver this nessage?

"Would it not be a sufficient reason of importance that it was given to me? Egerton answered. "But—yes, there is more than that. Duchesne charged me to convey to his daughter his wishes with regard to the use she should make

of his inheritance. "Ah!" said D'Antignac. It was a sound indicating thorough comprehension. So, he said to himself, Armine was right-her father had desired and endeavored to fetter her in the disposition of property which must either pass into her hands or remain in those of the Vicomte de Marigny. It was unquestionably an attempt to exercise that posthumous tyranny which Helene had from the first predicted, yet the pathos of it touched the man whose soul was so accessible to pity, as he knew that it would touch Armine. Dying, struck down in the power and prime life, Duchesne had, as it were, stretched out his hand in a last appeal to the daughter so widely separated from him in belief, to use for his ends the inheritance that might be hers. And to that appeal it was simply impossible for the daughter to respond. The sadness and the pity of it -- the pity that even in death the conflicts and discords of life could not find an end - made

ignac at last say to Egerton : "I comprehend your feeling that you should deliver a message which you alone can deliver. But let me ask if you think any good end is to be gained by delivering it? On the contrary, are you not sure that it will be erely the cause of useless pain to Armine, who has already suffered so

Egerton looked at him with the expression of one who is forced into an inpleasant position, yet is prepared to

face its unpleasantness.
"Even if it were so," he said, "have a right to withhold the message?" Then there was another pause. Thus confronted with the issue, D'Antignac could not but feel that it was one thing to remonstrate, and another thing to deliberately advise the suppression of what was virtually a man's last will and testament. Every honorable instinct of human nature shrinks from the last, however unavailing, how ever fruitful even for harm, such a will may be. For is it not the last, the only means by which the helpless dead have power to communicate their wishes to those who yet move among the accustomed things of earth?

"No," he said at length slowly, 'you have no right to withhold any message with which you are charged but I am sorry, for poor Armine's sake, that you could not have delivered it in its entirety when you saw her before. She has suffered so much-she has been so torn in a struggle of which you know little-that I should be glad if it

were possible for her to be spared now."
"And is it I whom you think likely to renew the struggle?" said Egerton, flushing a little. "I assure you that no one could less desire to do so. And assure you, also, that it is no fault of mine that I did not deliver the whole of my message to Mile. Duchesne. She simply refused to hear it; and, considering the state she was in at that

time, I could not insist. "Nevertheless," said D'Antignac,

you wished to tell her. Only yester-day, in speaking of this possible inheritance, she said that she was certain her father did not intend her to use it for her own ends, but for others others for which she could not use it

She is right," said Egerton. shall never forget Duchesne's tone when he spoke of the 'fatal influences inder which she had fallen, and said that he had meant to take her far away from them, to show her the 'great work 'to which he was pledged, and, when her eyes were opened, to tell her of this inheritance and say, ' Here is something which you must use, not for but for Humanity. ourself. then he added - it rings in my ears yet !- 'I shall never say it now, but you will say it for me.' Could I fail to say it, after that?" asked the young man quickly.

D'Antignac shook his head. "No, he answered. "You could not fail to say it, after that. And fortunately she is not unprepared. She knew him so well that she divined his wishes. And it is that which makes her most resolute to refuse the inheritance which he desired her to claim.'

"And she does still refuse?" "Positively, and I think unalterably.

Egerton was silent, but something the expression of his face filled D'Antignac with a sudden sense of unasiness and made him ask:

"Is there anything else involved in your message — anything likely to affect her resolution or to disturb

"Nothing likely to affect her resolu tion," replied Egerton; "but yes, I fear it may disturb her. Indeed"—he paused, hesitated, then went on des perately-"I am sure that it will dis turb her, in one way if not in another. And it is something which I can hardly bring myself to repeat - something which it seems gross presumption in me to utter, even though I merely speak her father's words."
"For Heaven's sake," said D'Antig

nac, lifting himself as he spoke, "what other injunction has he left to

be a fetter upon her?" "I cannot see that there is any reason why I should not tell you," said "It has been-it is - a Egerton. dreadful weight on my mind, and am wholly at a loss how to proceed To suppress the message — well, we have agreed that is impossible. Ye to deliver it-I fear I have not courage for that either !'

But what is it?' asked D'Antignac, full of anxiety which the other's tone was not calculated to allay.

"It is simply this," answered Eger-on: "Duchesne seemed to fear that M. de Marigny might desire to marry his daughter, and he left a positive command and injunction that she should under no circumstances make such a marriage.

D'Antignae lay back on his pillow and for a moment said nothing. Then he turned his glance on Egerton and asked quietly

"Did M. Duchesne tell you what reason he had for anticipating such a thing-I should say for conceiving it to be within the limit of possibility "No," Egerton replied. "But it was very plain that he thought M. de

Marigny would gladly snatch at such means of retaining his inheritance. D'Antignac smiled with a faint dis-"He knew little of a Breton he said. "It was natural that noble," he said. he should know little; that he, whose political creed rests broadly and simply on envy-however much high-sounding phrases may disguise the fact-should have been unable to imagine

sions as infinitely unimportant beside the honor of a gentilhomme "In other words," said Egerton "he was blinded by class hatred and individual bitterness; for unless he had been so blinded I really believe that no man was more capable of com prehending nobleness. It is strange," he added, "but I do not think it is imagination which makes me recognize some traits in common between him-self and the Vicomte de Marigny. The foundation of the character-the power of strong devotion to impersonal

ends-strikes me as much the same in "It is not strange," said D'Antig-"The characteristics of an old nac. race become very strongly marked. And Brittany breeds no triflers. The Bretons are a grave, a noble, and an earnest people. Those qualities Duch esne, no doubt, carried even into the wild errors that led away his judgment. But in the Vicomte de Marigny ou see the type in its best and nighest development.'

"M. de Marigny has been a revela tion to me," said Egerton. "Before I knew him I fancied that those who possess a vivid faith in this age of the world could be divided into three classes-first, the ignorant, who know nothing and feel nothing of what the Germans call the Zeitgeist : second,

recluses in cloisters, or-"Or in prisons like this," said D'Antignac, indicating his couch by a slight gesture and with a slight smile as the other hesitated. "I under-

stand. Go on. "No." said Egerton, coloring, "you do not understand, if you fancy that I believe this to be in any sense a prison for your mind. I only meant that hose who do not come into contact with the strong breath of the world can hardly realize its power."

"Nay, do not apologize," said D'Autignac. "In a measure you are right. And your third class?"

right. And your third class?"
"My third class is composed of those who maintain their faith in the face of the Zeitgeist, but whose mental attitude is one of protest, of warfare, and the daughter of Duchesne the Socialoften of apology. The high, tranquil ist," he had said; and now, by a Keep Minard's Lintment in the House

she has a very clear idea of what spirit of undoubting faith which we of medieval times is gone."
"And M. de Marigny has taught

you better than this?" "Yes : for in M. de Marigny I see a man with the serene faith of a Crusa-der united to a thorough intellectual apprehension of every phase of modern thought. In worldly knowledge and accomplishment he is a man of the -the world of this nineteenthcentury France-yet his faith is as high and as ardent as if he belonged to the France of St. Louis.' "You do him only justice," said

D'Antignac. "And the Church of where a higher law intervened would which you know so little-for you mus pardon me if il say that your general izations are based on very narrow knowledge-has many sons like him. But your words confirm what I have always believed, that we have special need at this time of men of the world, who to wide culture and knowledge shall unite strong faith and the ability to defend that The spirit of the age, of faith. which you speak, despises devout ignorance and has no respect for halting apology; but when confronted with courage and knowledge it shrinks and turns aside. For the basis of logic on which the Catholic Church stands is simply and absolutely un-answerable; and if the Zeitgeist is to e slain, it must be with the sword of logic as well as the lance of prayer. "M. de Marigny is armed with the

sword," said Egerton. "Again in that he reminded me of Duchesne. The same lucid and forcible manner of unfolding a proposition or series of propositions, which I found in the ne, I have observed also in the other. Grant M. de Marigny's premise, and you have no escape - short of stultifying reason-from his ultimate conclu-

D'Antignac smiled. "You have, then, come into contact with two typical examples - one of the logic would destroy, the other of the logic which will save, France," he said 'For as Voltaire was the last apostle of the movement which Luther b so no nation has given to Christendom such soldiers of faith, such apostles, and such thinkers as the France of these latter times.'

"I am aware of it," said Egerton. But as he spoke his mind returned to the pressing personal question which absorbed him. He was silent for a minute, and then he looked at D'Antignac with all the doubt and trouble

in his eves again. "What am I to say to her?" he

asked. "To Armine?" said D'Antignac "I think, if you will allow me to advise, that at present you will say noth ing of the last command of her father. It would pain her beyond measure; i would revive bitter memories of unust suspicion, and render more difficult such intercourse as she must hold with the Vicomte de Marigny there were any probability of that which Duchesne feared, the matter of that would be different; but there is not the

least probability of it.' "Is there not?" said Egerton. rose from his chair and walked to the window, where he stood for a moment looking out absently on the flashing river, the noble quays and bridges, the gay, beautiful city. D'Antignac, who could observe his face in profile, saw plainly that he was thinking of nothing that lay before him, and a suspicion that had entered his mind before returned to it. Had the fascination which drew the young man to Duchesne, after all, lain in Armine rather than in her father? He had the feeling that holds worldly posses always somewhat suspected this to be the case, and now he felt almost certain, when Egerton turned and came back to the side of the couch.

"You will be surprised," he said abruptly, "but I do not agree with you: I think that there is such a probability. And, in that case, the longer I waited to tell this thing, the worse.

"But what reason have you for such a belief?" asked D'Antignac, startled

by his tone and manner. 'It is not a belief: it is only an nion," he answered. "As for my opinion," he answered. eason, I suppose I can hardly be said reason, I suppose I can hard to have a reason. I simply derive my opinion from some things—trifles, indeed, yet significant—which I have observed in M. de Marigny. You know we were together in Brittany for some time, and now and then when he spoke of Mile. Duchesne there was tone, an expression - one cannot define these things, but one feels them

-which made me believe that he cares for her. I will not say that he is in love-that phrase conveys more than I mean, and more than it is likely he feels. But he has been interested and touched by what he has seen of herwho could fail to be interested and ouched?-and now that he knows her to be the daughter, not of a nameless Socialist, but of his own forefathers, and the heiress, perhaps, of Marigny, what should be more natural than that which Duchesne feared?"

The young man paused, a little breathless-for he had spoken quickly -but again D'Antignac did not re ply at once. He put up his hand to his eyes and so lay for a moment silent. It was true—he knew it to be true. Interested and touched most certainly M. de Marigny had been by the nature which like a breath of perfume moved sensitive souls even in its He remembered that the passing. He remembered that the vicomte had frankly spoken of this attraction, and that he himself had even uttered a word of warning. There can hardly be two people in the world farther apart than you and

strange turn of events, no one was speak of as the medieval spirit I nearer the head of the house of fancied gone as utterly as the genius Marigny than the girl who might claim the best part of its inheritance He lay lost in wonder, thinking that surely it had been no chance which had brought these two together and allowed them to know each other be fore the truth was revealed. And it was possible that that of which Eger. ton spoke might have come to passthat they might have united their lives and their interests—but for this prohibition from the grave, this dead hand stretched out to forbid. That rendered it impossible. He knew Armine so well, he felt sure that only

> she disobey the father she had so pas-sionately loved. He lifted his hand from his eyes and looked at Egerton. 'What are we to do?" he said simply. It was Egerton's question echoed back, but to the young man there was almost comfort in the fact that some one shared his perplexity. It was unusual for D'Antignac not to go to the root of a difficulty and solve it by a few direct words; but recognizing that his personal interest was too great to allow of his doing so in this

the matter in all its bearings.
"I am glad that you put your ques tion in the plural form," he said. "It is a relief not to ask, 'What am I to is a relief not to ask. do?' Yet, after all, it must come to that in my case, for I, unfortunately, was the companion of poor Duchesn and received the charge which my conscience, or whatever inherited in stinct does the duty for conscience,

instance, Egerton sat down to discuss

will not allow me to disregard. Even in the midst of his anxiety

D'Antignac smiled.

"Does it occur to you," he said, "that this is a penalty for playing with edged tools? If you had not zone with Duchesne you would not now be charged with this most unpleas ant duty."
"But in that case Mile. Armine-I

cannot call her Mlle. Duchesne any onger; the name always seemed absurdly unsuited to her, with its bourgois sound and revolutionary associa tion !-would never have known that she was the heiress of Marigny."
"Which she will neither claim not

'True; so, as far as that is concerned. the knowledge might have gone down with her father to his grave. But i the thing of which we have spoken should ever come to pass, it can only come to pass in the light of that knowl

D'Antignac bowed his head; this was true. "But it will never come to pass," he said, "if Armine hears of her

father's prohibition."
"Do you think that she would be bound by duty to obey that prohibition? "Not at all; for what is it save tyranny? And tyranny based on no reason except unprovoked hatred.

But I think that she will obey it. though she is not bound. The two men looked at each other. If it were only possible not to tell her

That was the thought in the mind of both. And yet both knew that it was impossible. " I am the more sorry for this," said Egerton, rising again, and beginning to move to and fro, "because since I have known M. de Marigny it seems to

me that a marriage between himself and Mile. Armine would be an ideal union as well as a most desirable arrangement, under the circumstances. I would do much to bring it about. Yet see! by the irony of fate I am appointed the instrument to prevent it. D'Antignac looked at him keenly for

moment. Then he said: "Either you are very generous or I am very mistaken. I have been fancying you

in love with Armine yourself."
"I!" said Egerton. He paused in his movement and stood facing the other, while a quick flush dyed his countenance. Then he smiled; and there was always something irresistible in the flashing brightness of his smile.

"I have been somewhat inclined to

fancy the same thing," he said ; " but I fear it was only a fancy, and, hon-estly "-the smile died away-" I do not think I am capable of anything Mile. Armine has touched some chords of my nature more exquisitely than any one ever touched them be fore, and I owe—I shall always owe— But the interest which she her much. has excited in me bears no likeness to what is conventionally known as love For one thing, she stands on a spirit ual plane as far above me as-as the heavens are above the earth. I have always felt that the atmosphere of her soul is like that which surrounds some stainless Alpine peak, while mineah!" cried the young man, with genu-ine humility, "it needs no words to tell that mine is like the plain where all lowering vapors of the world abide.

D'Antignac regarded him kindly. "Unhappy is the man who loves a woman whom he does not feel to be in any degree above him," he said.

Yes," answered Egerton, "but for such love some sense of equality must exist; the distance must not be too wide, the height too great for hope to scale. But the hope would be presumption which in my case should think to climb the height where this nature stands-a nature so ideal that could be worthy of it had I not met the Vicomte de Marigny."

D'Antignac smiled as a girl might at praise of her lover. "You pay him a high tribute," he said, "but he deserves it. I, who know him well, know that. As far as we can judge, marriage between Armine and himself

would indeed be an ideal union. And

"And yet it may be prevented by this prohibition!" said Egerton. "It seems intolerable! To be able to suppress it I would sacrifice anything but ny solemn word to the dead. I cannot

sacrifice that." "No one could wish you to do so. said D'Antignac. "But in my opin-ion there is no need for you to discharge the unpleasant duty at once What you have to tell would not only wound Armine deeply — as another proof of the narrow hatred of her father - but it would make her even more averse than she is at present to holding any intercourse with M. de Marigny Yet, in the position in which they both stand, it is absolutely necessary that such intercourse should take place. Wait, then, at least until he has, offic ially as it were - in his capacity as head of the house - laid before her the nature and extent of her claim on

Marigny." " Personally it can only be a relief to me to wait," said Egerton. the doubt in my mind is this: may not delay make the matter worse?

Not the delay which I counsel," answered D'Antignac. "I can only advise; but if you trust my judgment-

"I do," the young man interposed quickly. "I not only trust it thoroughly, but it is a greater relief than "I not only trust it thor express to have other shoulders on which to throw the weight of responsibility that has proved too heavy for my own.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THE BROKEN SQUARE.

How the Green Flag Saved the Day

The closing of one of Conan Doyle's stirring stories is given here and reates how disaffection broke out at a critical moment in one company of an Irish regiment fighting in the Soudan and how the raising of the little green flag turned the tide of battle. scene opens with the advance of the regiment of three thousand men, formed in a square toward the heights occupied by ten thousand Arabs and the breaking of its formation by a charge of the Arab advance guard. The place is on the edge of the Nubian

In their march in front of what looked like a face of cliff, the regiment had come opposite to the mouth of the gully in which, screened by scrub and boulders, three thousand chosen der-vishes, under Hamid Wad Hussien of the Baggarras, were crouching. Rat, tat, tat, went the rifles of three mounted infantrymen in front of the left shoulder of the square, and an instant later they were spurring it for their lives, crouching over the manes of their horses, and pelting over the sandhills, with thirty or forty galloping chieftains at their heels. Rocks and scrub and mimosa swarmed suddenly into life. Rushing black figures came and went in the gaps of the bushes. A howl that drowned the shouts of the officers, a long, quavering yell, burst from the ambuscade. Two rolling volleys from the Royal Wessex, one crash from the screwgun firing shrapnel, and then, before a second cartridge could be rammed down, a living, glistening black wave, tipped with steel, had rolled over the gun, the Royal Wessex had been dashed back among the camels, and a thousand fanatics were hewing and hacking in the heart of what had been the square.

The camels and mules in the centre, ammed more and more together as heir leaders flinched from the rush of he tribesmen, shut out the view of the other three faces, who could only tell that the Arabs had got in by the yells upon Allah, which rose ever nearer nd nearer amid the clouds of sanddust, the struggling animals, and the dense mass of swaying, cursing men. Some of the Wessex fired back at the Arabs who had passed them, as excited Tommies will; and it is whispered among doctors that it was not always a Remington bullet which was cut from a wound that day. Some rallied in little knots, stabbing furiously with their bayonets at the rushing spears-Others turned at bay, with their backs against the camels; and others round the general and his staff, who, revolver in hand, had flung themselves into the heart of it. But the whole square was sidling slowly away from the gorge, pushed back by the pressure

at the shattered corner. The officers and men at the other faces were glancing nervously to their rear, uncertain what was going on, and unable to take help to their comrades without breaking the formation. "By Jove, they've got through the Wessex!" cried Grice of the Mallows.

"The divils have hurrooshed us, Tiddy," said his brother subaltern, cocking his revolver.

The ranks were breaking and crowding towards Private Conolly, all talking together as the officers peered back through the veil of dust. The sailors had run their gardner out, and she was squirting death out of her five barrels into the flank of the rushing

stream of savages. "Oh, this bloody gun!" shouted a voice. "She's jammed again." The fierce metallic grunting had ceased, and her crew were straining and haul-

ature stands—a nature of would not have believed any man ould be worthy of it had I not met the officer. "This vertical feed!" cried an officer. "The spanner, Wilson, the spanner! Stand to your cutlasses, boys,

> His voice rose into a shriek as he ended, for a shovel-headed spear had been buried in his chest. wave of dervishes lapped over the hillocks, and burst upon the machine gun

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