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ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XXXII. According to his promise, Egerton

went down into Brittany with M. de Marigny as soon as his attendant physician pronounced him able to travel; and those who were left behind in suspense—to wit, M. and Mile. d'Antignac—heard nothing of them for

Meanwhile Armine remained in the convent where she had been placed, and was reported by the Abbe Neyron as improving daily in physical health and spiritual peace. He came to talk with D'Antignac concerning her, and seemed more and more impressed with her character as it revealed itself to "It is a remarkable soul." he said, "and one with which I think God must have special designs."
"I have always thought so," D'An

tignac answered quietly. "But what do you take those designs to be, M.

The discreet priest shook his head "It is not yet possible to tell," he answered; "and there is no need for haste in trying to decide. God in His own time makes His will clear with regard to each human soul. The trouble s that so few souls are anxious simply to fulfil that will; they have their own plans and desires, which they prefer to God's. But this soul, I think, will

"Dear Armine!" said Mile. d'Antignac. "She has always thought so tignac. "She has always thought so little of herself or her own desires that am sure you are right. And when will she be received into the Church?"

"There is nothing of the kind necessary," replied the abbe. "She wa received into the Church at her bapism-her mother, it seems, was a go Catholic and had her baptized in her infancy-and she has never in word or deed renounced the faith. Conse quently, she has only to make her first Communion. She has already made her general confession.

"And when will she make her first Communion?"

"To morrow morning in the con vent chapel. I have an invitation for you, dear mademoiselle, to be present and afterward you can arrange with Mile. Duchesne about her plans.

"My arrangement is easily made, or rather has been already made,' said Helene. "I shall bring her home with me.

"It will be the best arrangement-

for a time," said the abbe. It was an arrangement to which Armine made no objection, though she, too, qualified her acceptance with the words, "for a time." happy at the thought of being with her friends, and especially of seeing D'Antignac ; yet Helene noticed how wistfully she turned and glanced back into the quiet convent court as they were passing out of the gateway to the street beyond. peace until I found it here," she said in a low tone; "and such peace!" Then she looked at her companion. Dy you remember." she went on,

how when M. d'Antignae told me that I must not return to him again, I said that I felt like one who was exiled from Paradise? I have the feeling still more strongly to day.

"I can understand it," said Helene : ' for here is the only foretaste of Par adise to be known on earth, and I have had the same feeling when I left one of these abodes of peace to go back to the jarring and distracted world.

"But we are going to M. d'Antignac," said Armine, as they entered the arriage waiting for them, "and I am dways conscious of the same atmost is one of Mr. Egerton's peculiarities ohere of peace surrounding him."

It was indeed a happy meeting

between the two, who had been faithful in affection to each other so long, when they met without any farther need for separation; when Armin been thinking and feeling, sure of absolute sympathy and comprehension, and when he could note all the change | derived from sympathy.' that had been wrought in her-the great change since the day when, in her grief and despair, she had come and knelt down by him, asking for Now the light of spiritual peace was in her eyes and on her face, and, though much of the sad sense of loss was revived by the familiar objects which surrounded her, it could not rob her of that deep and abiding joy of the soul which is the first result of the sacraments.

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had long known the life of which she was now to form a part, the girl settled into her place in the small household and soon made herself a useful member of it. But, while she But, while she was always ready to aid Helene in any way, she chiefly liked whatever enabled her to serve D'Antignac ; and, perceiving this, Helene resigned to her various duties which brought her into attendance on him. Of these, one which she enjoyed most was read ing to him for an hour or two in the morning; and she was engaged in this nanner one day when the timbre of the apartment sounded, and a moment

tignac would receive her.
"Yes," said D'Antignac; "ask her to enter." And then he said mine, who rose instinctively: This is some one whom I not go. should like you to meet." Armine might have remonstrated

later Cesco entered, saying that Mile. Bertram begged to know if M. d'An-

had there been time, but as she paused the door opened and a tall, handsome young lady, who gave the impression of something at once majestic and winning, came in. The fashionable richness of her dress might with some people have been the first thing which struck the eye; but costume was never more than an adjunct to Sibyl Bertram's beauty, and Armine saw the sweet, cordial smile and clear, brilliant glance rather than Virot's hat and Felix's dress.

Sibyl on her part was struck, a oon as she entered, by the slender, black-clad figure standing against the light, by the side of D'Antignac's couch, and she knew at once who it must be. One quick glance, however, was all that she permitted herself as hand that D'Antignac held out.

'I hope you have not allowed me to derange you, as our French friends she remarked, with a smile 'It has been so long since I have seen you that I could not resist the inclina tion to make an effort, at least, to do

eternal salvation — men reject for the liberty of entertaining vague opinions "I am very glad that you did no and being 'carried to and fro by every resist the inclination," he answered.
"I am always happy to see you when am able to see any one; and by coming just now you give me not only the pleasure of seeing you, but als the pleasure of making two of my friends known to each other. you let me present Mile. Duchesne? Armine, this is Miss Bertram."

The two young women -so different in character, circumstances, and association-regarded each other for an instant, and then by an impulse Sibyl held out her hand.

"I am glad to meet Mile. Duhesne," she said in her frank voice. 'I have heard a great deal of her."
Armine glanced at D'Antignac with "My friends here are very smile. kind. I know," she said.

Miss Bertram regarded her for moment longer before she replied. Then she said: "It is not only from your friends here that I have heard of you. The first person whom I heard speak of you was Mr. Egerton,

who has talked of you a great deal. D'Antignac was not surprised that Armine seemed to shrink at the sound of a name so lately connected with the tragedy which had such cruel meaning or her. She grew a shade paler, and er eyes seemed to gather a deeper shade of wistful expression. After an astant's pause she answered:

"I know Mr. Egerton, but not very well: and I cannot imagine why he should have talked of one of whom he

"I think he fancies that he knows good deal," said Miss Bertram. "It like to visit a convent very much in while being bathed and dressed. the slightly mocking tone of her voice just here would have been very famil-iar to Egerton's ear had he heard it to believe that he reads character with unusual penetration.'

"He certainly brings an unusual could tell D'Antignac all that she had degree of sympathy to bear upon it, said D'Antignac's quiet voice ; the truest penetration is that which is

Egerton is very sym "Yes, Mr. Egerton pathetic," said Armine. ne understands so quickly. I have observed that."

"I see that he has two very good friends," said Sibyl, smiling. She sat down and looked at D'Antignac. "I am not sympathetic," she said. "I make dreadful mistakes about people, and I often feel as if I were horribly obtuse. How can one learn sym-

pathy "I think you do yourself injustice in fancying that you do not possess it, he answered. "If you really want to earn, however, there is one waycultivate comprehension."

"But if I had to define sympathy I should say that it was comprehen

sion."
"Not exactly. They are only very closely allied. One cannot have sympathy without comprehension, but it is quite possible to have comprehension vithout sympathy."

"I always hesitate to disagree with you, M. d'Antignac, because you know everything so much better than I do," said Armine; "but it seems to me that it is impossible to have comprehension without sympathy. If we horoughly comprehend why a person eels or believes a thing very strongly, even though we may condemn the belief, we may understand his point f view, his motive and meaning; and is not that sympathy?"

"Yes," D'Antignac answered, knowng well of what she was thinking, that is sympathy in the truest sense which we feel for those from whom we differ, and it certainly has its basis in an enlightened comprehension. To com- know that he had seen much of her. pare earthly with heavenly things,"he added, not unwilling to change the unhappy father."

Not as a stranger, but as one who subject somewhat, "such sympathy re minds me of the divine charity of the Church toward the adherents of error. While for the error itself she has sternest and most uncompromising condemnation, she has infinite compassion for those who are misled by it. that is the spirit which, as far as possible, we should imitate.'

"Only we may sometimes make mistakes about condemning error,

He looked at her with a smile. shall most undoubtedly do so if we make our own opinion the standard for our judgment," he said. is hardly an affair of life, and certainly not a question of importance. either political or social, which we do not need to try by a standard that that is never swaved by thought or fear of man.

always instinctively longed for," sh "Yet I wonder if you know the feeling of revolt - as if one were sur rendering one's liberty - which on who has been reared in Protestantism feels at the thought of submitting to the absolute authority of the Catholic Church ?"

"I do not know it from experience, he answered, "for - thanks to the mercy of God!-Ihave always belonged to the household of faith. But I have observed it very often in others, and to me there is no more striking proof of the 'darkness of our understanding' which theology teaches is one of the three consequences of original sin. For what save a hopeless darkness of the understanding could make men prize the liberty of remaining in gnorance and of formulating error Does any man of sense, when he is offered scientific knowledge and such certainty as science can afford, reject it in order to retain the 'liberty' of making wild guesses and forming wild theories on a basis of no knowledge at all? Yet what is any scientific cer tainty compared to the certainty of a truth which has been revealed by God Yet this truth-in a matter so vital as

wind of doctrine.' Surely the world has never seen such another proof of human folly !' "It is strange," said Sibyl musingly "One might think that people would be at least as eager to obtain certainty in a matter so important as they show themselves with regard to worldly knowledge. But so far from that, how indifferent they are! How little earn estness they display! One is tempted

to think that earnestness died out of the world with the mediæval saints." D'Antignac shook his head, smiling from narrow premises," he said. grant that earnestness such as you mean has no place in your world-the world of a society which is essentially Pagan, with a thin veneer of conven tional Protestantism over it-but it has not left earth with the mediaval saints. Ask Armine if she has not lately seen

een staving." " Ah! mademoiselle," said Armine. as Sibyl looked at her, "if you could see the life of that convent as I have ately seen it, you would not think that the saints had left the earth.

"Or rather she would realize that they have in all ages spiritual descend ants," said D'Antignac. "I think that Miss Bertram might find interest in a visit to a convent. You have never met any religieuses?" he added, addressing Sibyl.

"No," she answered, "I have never met any, and I confess that I would

"I am sure that Helene would be delighted to take you," he said. "She has an extensive acquaintance in the religious world. Or here is Armine, who could introduce you into the convent which she has just left."

"If I might take the liberty, I should be delighted to do so," said Armine. "Here comes Helene," said D'An

tignac, as his sister entered. will hear what she has to say of it." Helene had to say that she would take Miss Bertram to visit a convent with pleasure. "We will appoint a day," she said, addressing the latter, day, and I will not only show you a con vent, but also some of the most charming women in the world.'

Miss Bertram declared that any day would suit her, so the next afternoon was appointed for a visit to the convent which Armine had lately left. "I know that Armine is by this time anxious to see her friends again," Mlle. d'Antignac said, smiling.

Armine admitted that she would be

glad of an opportunity to do so, and after a little more discussion Miss Ber-tram rose to go. "I am sorry that I cannot stay longer," she said, in reply o a remonstrance from Helene, lest mamma at the Magasin du Louvre and promised to bring the carriage back for her in half an hour. But I shall come to morrow afternoon—there is no fear of my failing in that. And then, or at another time, M. d'Antignac, I shall hope to hear some more practical directions about cultivating sympathy. Adieu, mademoiselle; am happy to have met you.

The last words were uttered very graciously to Armine, and in the autechamber, where Helene accompanied her, the speaker added: "What an exquisite face Mile. Duchesne has! It s like a poem, as I think I have heard Mr. Egerton remark. I do not wonder now that he has been so enthusiastic about her.

"Has he been enthusiastic?" said

the fascination was with her rather than with her father," said Sibyl. And I can only repeat that since have seen her I do not wonder. au revoir, dear mademoiselle. Look

for me certainly to-morrow. "I have discovered something," said Mile. d'Antignac to her brother a few hours later. "Miss Bertram be-lieves that Mr. Egerton is in love with Armine.

"Does she?" said D'Antignac quietly. "It may be so. Things more unlikely have happened. And probably Miss Bertram is a good judge of the signs of the tender passion.

"Do you think it can be true?" said Helene after a pause.
"I do not know," her brother answered. "I have never seen him with her, nor has he often spoken to I find it quite credible me of her. that any man should be in love with

Armine. That is all I can say."
"I should find it more credible for one to be in love with Sibyl Bertram, said Helene. "She is to me a peculiarly charming person.

"She is a very attractive person to me," said D'Antignac, "but not charming like Armine. However, that is my individual taste. Then fancy Miss Bertram might prove very difficile. That often deters a man from

falling in love.' thought a man was generally animated by difficulty.

"That depends on the man. He may not care for difficulty, or there may be too much of it. But you may be sure of one thing," added the speaker, with a smile: "if Egerton is in love with either we shall soon dis cover it; for you know the proverb, cacher.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

How Children Learn Lying.

Next to a homeless cat there is no animal so generally bullied and driven o bay as the average boy. His faultsand they are many-are generally the direct results of his home education. A child who enters a kindergarton with the habit of lying already formed furnishes strong circumstantial evi-dence against his home training. "I am so distressed," said a mother

to her boy's teacher, "that Freddie could deceive you so. I can't imagine why he is so untruthful; his father is truth itself, and I'm sure no one ever heard me tell a lie. Call him in," she added, turning to her little daughter. "He won't come if he knows Miss

is here," said the child. "Say it's grandma wants him," suggested her mother ; "that will fetch

And yet she wondered at her boy's untruthfulness! "Have you a dog?" asked a tax

collector at another home. "Not a dog of any description," was the prompt reply. "What about Speck, mamma asked the little son, appearing in the some of it in the convent where she has doorway with a tiny dog in his arms.

> "Capital joke on lating the incident. his mother, though." Rather a costly joke, involving the loss of a boy's respect for his mother's veracity, and by reflex influence low-

"Cost me \$2," laughed his father, re

ering his own standard of truth.
"You're half an hour late, Willie, said another mother, "but here's an excuse; give it to the teacher, and she won't say a word." The child, who couldn't read writing, confidently de livered the note; it was an urgent re quest to have him punished, a mean revenge for some trouble he had given

If mean little lies and petty decep tions on the mother's part are the child's early object lessons, what won der that he soon outstrips his teacher and even shocks her by his proficiency in the art. - Donahoe's Magazine for February.

A Noble Archbishop.

To no mind, we suppose, is the en ormity of the crime of Judas lessened by the consideration of his having gained thirty pieces of silver by his perfidy; but many, it would seem, fail to see that to betray a sacred trust through fear of forfeiting some advantage or honor reveals a heart like unto that of him who sold his Master. The contemptible ecclesiastic who represent ed to the late Cardinal Desprez, when Archbishop of Toulouse, that by agi-tating against the laicizing policy of Jules Ferry he might lose the red hat which France daily expected to see pestowed upon him, judged that noble prelate by himself, and must have felt like doing as Judas did after realizing his guilt when the venerable Arch-bishop replied: "It matters very little whether I am made Cardinal or not, but it matters very much that I do my duty as a pastor of souls!" The man who through fear of loss or hope of gain betrays the cause of Christ is near to perdition, and neither high titles nor colored robes can be of any avail .-Ave Maria.

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A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia,

"I have always had a suspicion that THE THREE LIVES LEASE

BY JANE SMILEY.

There could be little doubt that Granny was dying. When a woman of eighty-six is suddenly stricken and lies in a state of immobility and stupor, it is natural to fear that her days are numbered. So thought the sons and daughters of this aged woman as, hearing the news, they hastened from their own to their mother's And when all were gathered round the kitchen hearth with saddened, careworn faces, one felt that Granny had een blessed with many children.

Idly the gray haired sons stood about the room telling in low tones of their success with crops and cattle Quietly the women sat with toil-worn hands crossed awkwardly in unaccustomed rest, whispering to each other their own fears and the opinion of the village doctor.
"It cannot be the falling sickness,

for mother's too old for that," said the eldest of Granny's daughters in a low, sad voice. "True for you, Sarah," answered brother John's wife; "your mother is eighty-six come Michaelmas, father

says."
"I wonder what the boys would do if mother-if anything happened to mother?" queried sister Kate, sighing "We'd all have to leave the land for one thing, and go to America; there's naught for poor folks here," declared practical sister Anne.

"Why would we have to leave home mother?" whispered one of the grand daughters tearfully.

"Because the lease is up with the lives, Mary. Is that not so, John?

"That is so, that is so," answered "You see it's this way," settling to his story with the garrulity of approaching age: "Your great-grandfather — may be rest in peace! made the lease with Lord Marc for three ives. There was his own, and his eldest boy that died when he was four years old-from the look of an evil eye, they say - and Granny here, who is eighty six come Michaelmas. A long life had Granny, and it kept the lease for us all; an' now there's no renewal, for His Honor wants an increase, and I'm giving all the land's worth ; there

cannot be aught more taken from it. "If we're all going away you and I'll be wed the sooner," whispered a stalwart youth to Mary, who, smiling shyly, left her mother's side to stand with him in the doorway.

"If we could but stay till the chil-dren were grown," murmured one anxious woman sadly. "What's to be done if Granny goes the night, John?" asked sister Anne :

there's the crops in the ground as will be lost, an' the trees and the bushes that was set in the fall and Peter's new shed, and all will be gone if you don't renew. "Will we have a white lamb in

America and a donkey with a turf-carta piped one of the children. Just here there entered from an nner room Father Cleary, the parish priest, who had been with the sick

"You may all go home for to-night," he said, looking brightly about the circle of anxious faces. 'Granny will not die to-night, and please God she may live many a long day yet."

With words of hope and comfort to each other the sons and daughters went their several ways, each man speaking earnestly to his wife of the time when Granny was laid at rest in the old churchyard and they would have to leave the old home for Amer ica, and, woman like, each wife hastily dismissed the subject with, "Please God, Granny will live many a long day yet, and then -well then perhaps His Honor will renew cheap.'

And, strange to say, the women were right. Was it due to the old doctor's skill, or the last upflickering of the lamp of life before it went out forever? Certain it is that Granny grew slowly better. Not her old strong self again, she who had so nimbly tripped about at eighty-five; but strong enough to sit by the window or hearth in her high backed, big armed chair, contentedly chatting with children or neighbors. An odd little figure she was, this mother of ten old men and women, with her nut brown face and her bright black eyes, her cheery smile and her glad, shrill laugh. She had been quite a beauty in her day, tradition said, and in fact it was her pretty face that first attracted "his Honor's lady" and changed the even tenor Granny's life. Riding alone one day the landlord's wife had met and tarried to talk with Granny, then a girl of sixteen, and when the interview was ended Granny had promised to enter my lady's service.

How excited were friends and neighbors as on the morrow they watched the girl ride away to her new life. Five miles was a good journey in those days, and Granny, tearful and joyous, sat behind her father on a pillion as they rode on. "Thou art to be a good girl, Ellen,

and a credit to the mother that brought you up; remember that, my girl, said the father sternly, as he left her "Yes, father, I will try!" sobbed the little maid, and well she kept her word. in the kitchen she soon became under

From an extra pair of hands nurse and constant companion to my lady's only daughter, and as the years

garet?" Robert Nugent had asked