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ARMINIE.

BY 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 some time.

Meanwhile Arminie 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 him.

"Dear Arminie!" said Mile. d'Antignac. "She has always thought so little of herself or her own desires that I 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 was received into the Church at her baptism—her mother, it seems, was a good Catholic and had her baptized in her infancy—and she has never in word or deed renounced her faith. Consequently, 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 convent 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 Arminie made no objection, though she, too, qualified her acceptance with her words, 'for a time.' She seemed happy at the thought of being with 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."

"I can understand it," said Helene; "for here is the only forecast of Paradise 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."

Not as a stranger, but as one who 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 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.

"Yes," said D'Antignac; "ask her to enter." And then he said to Arminie, who rose instinctively: "Do not go. This is some one whom I should like you to meet."

Arminie might have remonstrated 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.

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

"I am very glad that you did not resist the inclination," she answered. "I am always happy to see you when I am able to see any one; and by coming just now you give me not only the pleasure of seeing you, but also the pleasure of making two of my friends known to each other. Will you let me present Mile. Duchesne? Arminie, this is Miss Bertram."

"I am glad to meet Mile. Duchesne," she said in her frank voice. "I have heard a great deal of her."

"Arminie glanced at D'Antignac with a smile. 'My friends here are very kind, I know,' she said. Miss Bertram regarded her for a 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 Arminie seemed to shrink at the sound of a name so lately connected with the tragedy which had such cruel meaning for her. She grew a shade paler, and her eyes seemed to gather a deeper shade of wistful expression. After an instant'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 knows so little.'"

"I think he fancies that he knows a good deal," said Miss Bertram. "It is one of Mr. Egerton's peculiarities—the slightly mocking tone of her voice just here would have been very familiar to Egerton's ear had he heard it—'to believe that he reads character with unusual penetration.'"

subject somewhat, "such sympathy reminds 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. And that is the spirit which, as far as possible, we should imitate."

"Only we may sometimes make mistakes about condemning error," said Sibyl. He looked at her with a smile. "We shall most undoubtedly do so if we make our own opinion the standard for our judgment," he said. "There 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 knows no variation, that is never swayed by thought or fear of man."

"Such a standard is what I have always instinctively longed for," she said. "Yet I wonder if you know the feeling of revolt—as if one were surrendering one's liberty—which one 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—I have 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 ignorance 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?"

"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 earnestness they display! One is tempted to think that earnestness died out of the world with the medieval saints."

"D'Antignac shook his head, smiling a little. "You draw wide conclusions from narrow premises," he said. "Grant that earnestness such as you mean has no place in your world—essentially pagan, with a thin veneer of conventional Protestantism over it—but it has not left earth with the medieval saints. Ask Arminie if she has not lately seen some of it in the convent where she has been staying."

"Ah! mademoiselle," said Arminie, as Sibyl looked at her, "if you could see the life of that convent as I have lately 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 descendents," said D'Antignac. "I think that Miss Bertram might find interest in a visit to a convent. You have never met any religious?" he added, addressing Sibyl.

"No," she answered, "I have never met any, and I confess that I would like to visit a convent very much indeed."

"I have always had a suspicion that the fascination was with her rather than with her father," said Sibyl. "And I can only repeat that since I have seen her I do not wonder. Now 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 believes that Mr. Egerton is in love with Arminie."

"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 me of her. I find it quite credible that any man should be in love with Arminie. 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 Arminie. However, that is my individual taste. Then I fancy Miss Bertram might prove very difficult. That often deters a man from falling in love."

"I thought a man was generally animated by difficulty," he said. "That depends on the man. He may not care for difficulty, or there may be sure of one thing," added the speaker, with a smile: "if Egerton is in love with either we shall soon discover it; for you know the proverb, 'L'amour et la fumee ne peuvent se cacher.'"

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"Has he been enthusiastic?" said Helene, smiling a little. "I did not know that he had seen much of her. He was specially fascinated with her unhappy father."

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 house. And when all were gathered round the kitchen hearth with saddened, careworn faces, one felt that Granny had been blessed with many children.

"Ily the gray haired sons stood about the room telling in low tones of their success with crops and cattle. Quietly the women sat with toll-worn hands crossed awkwardly in unaccustomed rest, whispering to each other their own fears and the opinion of the village doctor."

"I 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 granddaughters tearfully. "Because the lease is up with the lives, Mary. Is that not so, John?" And Anne turned to her brother.

"That is so, that is so," answered he. "You see it's this way," setting 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 lives. There was his son, 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; and now there's no renewal, for His Honor wants the increase, and I'm giving all the land's worth; there cannot be any more taken from it."

"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 children 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, and 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 tartan cap?" piped one of the children. Just then there entered from the doorway with a tiny dog in his arms. "Cost me \$2," laughed his father, relating the incident. "Capital joke on his mother, though."

"Rather a costly joke, involving the loss of a boy's respect for his mother's veracity, and by reflex influence lowering his own standard of truth."

How Children Learn Lying.

Next to a homeless cat there is no animal so generally bullied and driven to bay as the average boy. His faults—and they are many—are generally the direct results of his home education. A child who enters a kindergarten with the habit of lying already formed furnishes strong circumstantial evidence 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 him." And yet she wondered at her boy's untruthfulness! "Have you a dog?" asked a tax collector at another home. "No; a dog of any description," was the prompt reply.

"What about Speck, mamma?" asked the little son, appearing in the doorway with a tiny dog in his arms. "Cost me \$2," laughed his father, relating the incident. "Capital joke on his mother, though."

"Rather a costly joke, involving the loss of a boy's respect for his mother's veracity, and by reflex influence lowering 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 delivered the note; it was an urgent request to have him punished, a mean revenge for some trouble he had given while being bathed and dressed.

"If mean little lies and petty deceits on the mother's part are the child's early object lessons, what wonder 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 enormity 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 represented the late Cardinal Desprez, when Archbishop of Toulouse, was by agitating against the laicizing policy of Jules Ferry he might lose the red hat which France daily expected to see bestowed upon him, and must have felt like doing as Judas did after realizing his guilt when the venerable Archbishop 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 elevated robes can be of any avail.—Ave Maria.

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