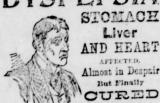
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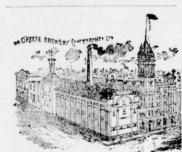
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ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXVII.

And so it came to pass that Egerton saw nothing of Armine before he started with Duchesne to Brussels. If he had seen her it is likely that a word or even a glance might have changed his resolution and prevented his going -on such slender chances do many of the most important events of life de pend !-but, failing this, the journey recommended itself to him as one promising interest and novelty, and on the morning appointed he met Du-chesne at the Gare du Nord.

The Socialist looked pleased to see him, and held out his hand, saying, with that peculiar charm of manner which Egerton had felt from the first of their

acquaintance.
"This is almost more than I hoped I feared that at the last you might not feel interest enough to come.

"On the contrary, I feel immensely interested, and should be sorry if any thing had occurred to prevent my com answered Egerton, smiling. 'You will not regret it," said the

other, indulging in the rashness of Now, shall we take our prophecy. They took their tickets, took also

their places in a first class carriage, which they had happily to themselves and so rolled out of Paris in the soft

gray mist of early morning. How well Egerton remembered after wards the appearance of everythingthe suburbs through which they passed the eminence of Montmartre, crowned by the great unfinished Church of the Sacred Heart, which the Republicans are so anxious to demolish, and then the open country with its fields and poplars! He remembered the look of it all, though he certainly was not con scious of paying special attention to what was at once so familiar and so uninteresting. For a while both men glanced over the morning papers, which they had with them; then ently Duchesne laid his down and began to talk. Never, it seemed to Ezerton, had he talked better, with more force, more of the magnetism born of passionate conviction and enthusiasm. The conversation ranged over a wide field, dealing with the social conditions of mankind in many countries and during many ages, a well as with those great hopes for the future which Duchesne described with vivid eloquence. As Egerton listened he understood what Armine had meant n saying that she feared her father's influence for him. Exposed defenceless to this influence, he felt that he could not have answered for himself he must have been carried away Something of this he said to the man who, he could see, was intent upon hi

conversion:
"One could easily be swept off one feet by enthusiasm in listening to you," be said. "But I am sure you would not care for an adhesion which was not founded on the conviction of

"Sometimes the mind needs to be instructed by the heart," said the other. "If you are once roused to enthusiasm conviction will follow, unless you stifle it.

"I have no desire to stifle it," Eger ton began. Then he paused abruptly for what was happening? There was a shock that threw both men off their feet, a convulsion, as it were, of every atom of matter in the long line swaying carriages, then a crash and a scene of wild terror, confusion, and horror baffling description.

On the well regulated railways France accidents do not often occur but no human foresight can guard against all chances, prevent all care-lessness This accident was one which tartled France at the time of its occurrence : but there is no need to dwell upon its awful details as the news-papers dwelt upon them. The reporter takes in the whole scene and photo graphs it in ghastly unity; but the actors in the terrible tragedy are rarely conscious of more than their individual share of fear or suffering.

It was so with Egerton. He had but a vague recollection of anything after the convulsive shock — after his last sight of Duchesne's face paling with excitement as he said, "It is an accident!" Then followed the final crash, heavy blow, and unconsciousness. When he came to himself again, after an interval of the length of which he

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had no idea, it was with a sense of daughter of the people. She con-physical pain such as he had never cealed him in one of the sea-caves or physical pain such as he had never known before in his life. His whole body seemed full of a terrible consciousness of agony, under the effect of which he opened both his eyes and his lips-the first to see, and the second

to groan. Then he found that he had been re moved a little from the debris of the wrecked train, and that he was lying on a stretch of green turf, with som

one - probably a surgeon - bending " Ah! that is where you are hurt," the former said quickly, as the young

man opened his eyes.
"Yes," said Egerton faintly. He added after a moment, "I am hurt everywhere. Am I dying?"
"I don't think so," the other answered. "As far as I can judge, your injuries only amount to some bruises.

injuries only amount to some bruises and a broken arm. You have fared better than many of your fellow travel Yonder is a man, for example lers. both of whose legs are so badly crushed that if he lives at all he will lose

"Poor fellow!" said Egerton, with a pang of sympathy to which these com-monplace words gave but scant expres Through his own pain he en tered into the greater pain of others, and his heart seemed to sicken within him as he caught a glimpse of mangled forms and heard the groans of mortal agony which filled the air. Then he thought of Duchesne and asked eagerly

"Duchesne!" the surgeon repeated "Ah! yes, I am glad you asked. There is a man so badly injured that he will die within au hour, who says his name is Duchesne, and who asked me to bring to him his friend and com panion, if I could find him alive-some one with a foreign name.

"I am the man," said Egerton quickly. "Ah! monsieur, for God's sake help me to get to him.

How this was accomplished the young fellow scarcely knew, for it was but by contrast with greater injuries that the surgeon had thought lightly of his. As has already been said, his whole body seemed resolved into one mighty throb of physical anguish, and it was only the brave will which enabled him, with the surgeon's assist ance, to drag himself to where Duchesne lay, gasping away his life in an agony for which language has no ex-

That it was Duchesne-that this shattered, mutilated wreck of human ity could be the stately man he had las seen - Egerton for a moment could not realize. He stood silent, in speechles horror. But when the eyes-brilliant and dark as ever-opened, he knew them at once.
"So you are safe!" Duchesne said

feebly. "Forgive me for having brought you into this." "There is nothing to forgive,

answered Egerton quickly. could foretellanything sofearful? And I have fared better than others-far bet ter, my friend, than you, to whom would gladly give my safety."
"No," said Duchesne; and if he

spoke grimly it was because it was only by a terrible effort that he could subdue his pain sufficiently to speak at all. "It is better as it is. I am not willing to die-far from it, for I have much work yet to do-but if it was to be one of us, I was the right one. You will suffer enough as it is for having been persuaded to come with me. Don't talk!" he said almost sharply, as Egerton began to speak. something I must say to you, and I may not have many minutes in which to say it. Ah! what agony," he cried out suddenly, and his whole frame writhed with a convulsion which When it subsided sufficafterward. iently for him to speak, great drops of sweat, like that which we are told accompanies torture, stood on his livid

"It is-of-Armine," he gasped faintly.

Here Egerton, thinking to spare him, interposed with an assurance that he would charge himself with the future welfare of Mlle. Duchesne; the words had scarcely passed his lips when the dying Socialist answered with a tone of pride: 'My daughter is not dependent on

the kindness of strangers. If she needed charity the comrades of her father would gladly care for her. But she has an inheritance which is hers by right, and this she must claim. There was another pause, which gerton did not break. He feared by

Egerton did not break. word to exhaust the little strength which Duchesne possessed, and which he now perceived was necessary for he was able to speak again:

"She knows nothing of it; it will be for you to tell her, and to direct her what to do. And I must tell you, if—if this agony will let me speak! You know-or you have heard of-the Vicomte de Marigny. But he has no claim to his rank or property. I am the heir of both !"

"You!" said Egerton, thunder-visitor who struck. For an instant he thought such a touch. that the mind of the speaker was surely wandering, but the dark eyes which met his own were clearly rational.

"Yes, I!" repeated Duchesne. have not time for seeking phrases. I must speak to the point. Listen, then. The name which I bear I inherited from my father; but I always knew assumed it on account of its revolutionary association, and because he could not prove his right to that of his father, who was Vicomte de Marigny when the Revolution broke out. It is a long story, for which I have not breath; but when the Revolution was at its height this Vicomte de Marigny, flying for his life, was saved by a

the Breton coast, supplied him with food, finally arranged for his escape to England, and fled with him. That he married her my father always believed, but knew not where to turn for proof, his mother having died in his

infancy, and his father suddenly expiring on the eve of the Restoration. He had never acknowledged the boywhom he placed, however, at school in England-as his legitimate son; so his brother took possession of the title and estates, with no one to question his

right. Again he paused, and it seemed al most impossible that he could continue save by a superhuman effort. Yet, as Egerton thought—forgetting his own suffering in the sharp tension of the moment-if he did not continue, where was there any point in this narrative on which to found a claim? His heart almost stood still with suspense. began to doubt again whether Duchesne was not wandering in mind. when suddenly the latter looked up and spoke, but even more faintly

with even greater difficulty : "It was at Marigny-when I was there a few weeks ago-that at last ! found the proof. The son of the ser vant of the vicomte my grandfathe is living there. He sent for me and relieved his conscience of a burden which he said had long oppressed it. This was the knowledge he had received from his father, who was preent at the marriage of my grand parents; the place where the marriage took place, and where the record of it is no doubt to be found, is Dinau. It was a civil marriage—there were no others allowed then - between Henri Marigny (all aristocratic prefixes were also torbidden) and Louise Barbeau. Tell Armine to search for the record of this marriage, and to claim the in-

heritance which is hers. "But why have you left this for her to do? Why did you not claim it when you learned the truth?" asked Eger

"I am a Socialist!" said Duchesne with a chord of inexpressible pride vibrating through the tones of his voice. "From my youth I have lived only for the rights of man. I meantperhaps-in time to claim this inheritance, in order that I might use it for great ends. But it is not to be ; and I fear-I fear-"

"What do you fear?" asked Egerton, as the failing voice ceased. "If it is anything in which I can be of service I promise to execute your wishes to the utmost extent of my

The other gave the hand which held his a slight pressure. "Thank you, mon ami," he murmured. "It is a comfort to me that you are here, and hope that you are not badly injured.

Never mind about me," said Eger ton almost impatiently. "Speak of yourself. Tell me what it is that you fear, what I can do for you."
"I fear for Armine, in whose hands

this great trust will be placed," said Duchesne. "Will she use it as I wish? I doubt, for she has fallen o late under fatal influences. I am punished for thinking that it mattered little what folly a woman believed, and for letting her go her way as she would. Now, when so much is placed in her hand, she proves to be the slave of superstition. Ah!"-what a passionate cry it was-" surely it is bitter to be struck down with so much undone! I meant to take her away from the influences that have misled her, to show her the great work to which my life was pledged, to open her eyes, and then to say, 'Here is something which you must use not for yourself but for humanity!' hall never say it now . you, my friend-you will say it for

me. That is what I ask or you.
"I promise to repeat to her all that you have said," Egerton replied; "and if you will tell me any special disposition of the property which you wish made. I am sure she will respect your

Duchesne did not answer for a moment. Then he said, faintly and with great difficulty : "It is not possible ; I can only leave it to her. may tell her that it is my dying wish nay, my dying command, that she will not marry the Vicomte de Murigny."
Egerton felt his heart give a bound

-probably of surprise -at those words Then he said involuntarily: "Does she think of it?"

"No," Duchesne answered, " but I suspect that he does-at least I am sure that he will when he knows. But even from my grave I forbid it. Remember that."

What could Egerton reply? Could some essential statement. Presently he expostulate with this dying man, and point out that such a marriage would be desirable, inasmuch as it would reconcile conflicting claims? He almost felt as is if he were bound to do so; but as he hesitated he saw that it was too late. An awful changechange like unto no other -came Duchesne's face, and in a moment the young man knew that there is but one visitor who comes to mankind with

> "My friend," he cried, "you are dying. Will you not call on God once before you go to face Him?"

It was an appeal wrung from the depths of a heart which until this terrible moment had not been conscious of possessing faith, and was so earnest that it might have touched the dory just then, tipping it perilously dying man, if anything could. But and sending the girl's hair flying in a as he opened his eyes for the last time wilder fashion. It was soon followed by something of the fire of a life-long deanother, and the third raised the small as he opened his eyes for the last time fiance flashed into them.

"There is no God," he said.

lips the soul passed forth-to meet and the rudder was wrenched from Him whom it had denied.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A BACKWGODS HERO.

Upon the northern shore of Lake Superior smuggled in between suntipped hills, is a small village, known t for its lumbering and shipping industries. A long neck of narrow land forms a natural breakwater, and thus guards and protects the small bor is scarcely more than two mile wide and four long, but is celebrated for its uncontrollable currents, jagged. hidden rocks, and Aprilish moods. On this neck of land are scattered

few houses, all inhabited by lovers of the sea and nature's work, and surrounded by dense groves of growing pines. One day a few years ago there came from one of these houses a dark eyed young woman, whose skin was roughened by the fierce lake winds and whose hands showed only too plainly that hard, coarse work befel her lot. Her boots were heavy, like those of a man; her gown was not only ill fitting but sadly behind the times as regards style, and lacking by several inches its proper length, and on her head was drawn down closely over her ears a man's felt hat. Yet, not-withstanding these indications of the uncouth woman there was a certain in describable something about her gipsy like face that betold the possession of a fine mind and a strong, unbending character. It was neither the soft brown eyes nor the smiling mouth, for her features were extremely plain, and the straight fringe of hair that ten drilled out now and then from under the curved hat brim gave the round cheeks a ghastliness that reminded one shiveringly of witches and goblins and evil spirits. In her arms she carried a pair of oars, wrapped in a small sail Around her feet frolicked several kittens, and a huge black-and-white dog bounded along beside her.

She walked slowly towards a small

dock that floated unsteadily out of the bay. A flat-bottomed boat, with a splinter like mast and no bowsprit, oumped against the dock now and then with a soft rubbing and nudging that was as soothing as a mother's

evening lullaby. "It looks pretty threatening, seems to me," the girl murmured to herself.
"This here bay is always ready to cut up its monkeyshines just when folks want it to behave itself. If it wasn't for daddy coming home to night and mother sick and nothing much to eat in the house, I believe I'd give up going across for the groceries. Then noticing a parting of the thick bushes that bordered the pathway, and catcha passing glimpse of a faded yellow hat, she called out, "Hello, Jim!"

The next moment she was joined by a stalwart young man with the whole some appearance of a combination farmer and sailor.

"Going to sail over to the point,

Meg?" he asked. Yes. You can go if you want to, she replied with mischievous eyes and twitching lips. "I guess 'twon't be the first time that the little dory has

carried two passengers.
"We'd better hurry, I reckon," re joined Jim. "The old lake is a raging and the bay looks a bit illtempered now. We'll have a thunder-ing old storm before next sunrise, and shouldn't be surprised if it arrived before midnight.

Together they hoisted the sail, adjusted the rudder and unfastened the

Jim seated himself in the stern, Meg dropped down on the seat in the centre of the boat so as to lower and raise the centreboard as Captain Jim ordered. and off they sailed like a bird let loose from captivity. Both were good sailors, and the simple fact that a huge But when a storm comes wave deluged them now and ther added zest to the sport.

"I say, Meg," began Jim, as they

plunged through the towers of foam and rocked and swayed in the billows "don't you think your're mighty hard on a fellow? Three years is a long time, and time does change folks and things so. Anyhow, I don't see what you're driving at. I've known you since you were knee high to a grass hopper, and I don't like the idea of losing you after all these years of work and waiting. Your dad and your mother are willing, you say you don't dislike me, and you know what I think of you. Come, now, tell me your reasons for this three years' waiting business.

"Isuppose my reasons are silly," Meg answered slowly and with irritating deliberation. "But you see, that year at Miss Banker's spoiled me. Even it I was nothing but a parlour-maid I got some ideas in my head that stick like so many burrs. I don't always want to live this way. I've spent every cent I've had on the books, and Miss Banker has helped me lots. I want to be educated and know how to talk. I long to be able to be like town girls, not so far as dress goes, but it's the schooling that I want. When I read about those clever women who paint and write and teach, it makes ne think that my world is too small and cramped to ever grow any bigger unless I break away soon. I love the water and the woods and the damp earth itself, but I am wild to be up and doing and working at something that will not end to day just as it did vesterday, and will again to morrow. 1-A violent breeze struck the small

sail until it stood round and erect like a funnel shaped cone of white canvas. There is no God, ne said.

A queer, grating sound beneath,
And with these words still on his crackling of wood and iron and stone Jim's hand. Words were not neces sary just then. Each realized that they storer. Minard's Liniment the best Hair Re-

two were being toyed with and tossed around like helpless straws. The sail was unmanageable and the lost rudder let them entirely at the mercy of the

wind and waves "Come here with me," Jim cried "Come here with the, Jim cried hoarsely, as he reached for the shivering bundle with the flying hair and frightened eyes. He drew Meg towards him, all the time keeping a firm hold on the line that prevented the

sail from flapping more desperately. Above the roaring of the water he heard her nervous laugh and once she said: "I think I'd be right scared if it wasn't for our getting caught in the qualls so often.

The boat was careering like a live creature maddened with pain. The water dashed over the little dory that was scuddling to the shore at an unprecedented speed. Crowds of curious watchers lined the beach where they would land. As they neared the shore Jim said, trembling: "This is the worst fix we've been in yet. We'll be dashed to pieces on the logs unless they

He folded his strong arms around the small girl and he pressed her hands fondly, and whispered words of hope

and courage. " Tell me just once that you do care for me just a little bit and that you won't back out of marrying me at the end of three years," he said. "Our chances for getting out of this alive are few, and I know if you don't answer now you never will. Please, please, please, Meg!" His voice was

pitched loudly and shrilly.
"I can't promise for sure, Jim. can't even now. I'm so frightened. know we're both going to die. The waves never scared me before." And the rest was lost as an enormous roll of water deluged them.

No other word was said. A moment later there was a wild crashing and

reaking of timber. The anxious watchers saw the boat ssed in amongst a nest of logs that

lined the beach.

Like a crowd of stupid, senseless beings, they gazed and wrung their hands. Then they saw a tall form raise itself up in the stern of the boat. He had something in his arms that looked like a woman swathed in a piece of tarpaulin. only a few rods from the shore, and was just ready to fall to pieces. Suddenly the tall form leaped into the water with his helpless burden in one arm, while with the other he sought his way among the billows and rolling The watchers rushed to his assistance. They saw him whirled and buffeted around much as a mouse being teased by a frolicsome minded cat

He had nearly reached the shore when an enormous log flung itself against him. With a mighty effort he threw his burden towards the frantic assembly of people. Then he sank and was seen no more until the next day, when his crushed and mangled body floated gently on

deposited his remains at the foot of the little dock where the dory had always tugged and pulled at its anchor ropes. And this is the reason of a woman, considered clever and gifted by the world's critic, is always sad and heartsick when she hears the moaning of the winds, or the roaring of beating, rest-

the now restful waves, which finally

less water. Fame and fortune have come to her. She is no longer a crude, uncultured reature with flying black hair and ough fingers. The world bows down in reverence to her, for her stories are read by thousands and her pictures received most favorably by laughs and her friends declare her to be the jolliest person in Christendo skies darken and the air is filled with dark foreboding, she sinks into a sad lifeless being, whose eyes are heavy with unshed tears and whose throat is

choked with sobs. At these times her friends depart and murmur soft words of pitying tenlerness among themselves.

The February Devotion.

The present month, which Catholic iety consecrates to the veneration of he Holy Family, annually introduces a devotion that ought to commend itself warmly to and obtain a ready observance in every Christian home Our familiar relations ought to constitute the chiefest of our joys and leasures. Home should be for all the dearest and happiest place on earth; and while, fortunately, it is that for the generality of mankind, there are unhappily too many homes of which no

such assertion can be truthfully made. There would be none such though, if the February devotion to the Holy Family obtained the universal observ ance which should be accorded to it. More than that, the joy of the happies home upon earth is capable of being enhanced by the practice of this beautiful piety. There are illimitable and innumerable graces at tached to that devotion which when won render dearer and holier the re lations of the family and add to the delights of home.

Put that declaration to the test by practicing this month a greater devo-tion to the Holy Family, and see if such practice will not sensibly increase the charms and joys of our own homes. -Catholic Columbian.

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a healthy living body, either of man or the lower animals. So says the celebrated Dr. Koch. Other doctors say that the best medicine to render the blood perfectly

pure and healthy is Ayer's Sarsapar-