GOOD SPIRITS





WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

The Catholic Record for One Year FOR \$4.00.

By special arrangement with the publish ers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

The dictionary is a necessity in every none, school and business house. It fills vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no can hundred other volumes of the choices books could supply. Young and Old, Edu cated and ignorant, Bich and Poor, should have it within reach, and refer to its contents every day in the year.

ry day in the year. a some have asked if this is really the ginal Webster's Unabridged Dictionary

A whole library in itself. The regular sell g price of Webster's Dictionary has here be been \$12.00.

B.—Dictionaries will be delivered free lebarge for carriage. All orders must be applied with the control of t

pense.
"I am well pleased with Webster's Underly and Dictionary. I find it a most valuable work.

JOHN A. PAYNE,
"I am highly pleased with the Dictionary," writes Mr. W. scott, of Lancaster, On

Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, ONT



The O'Keefe Brewery CO. of Terento, Ltd. SPECIALTIES:

High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales. XXX Porter and Stout.

Pilsener Lager of world-wide reputation.

Father Damen, S.J.

he Catholic Church, the only true fod," "Confession," and "The Rea The book will be sent to any ad receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Order ent to Thos. Coffey. CATHOLIC RECOR

POST & HOLMES,
ARCHITECTS.

Offices - Rooms 28 and 29, Manning House
King st, west, Toronto, Aiso in the
Gerie Block, Whitby,
A. A. Poser, R. A. W. Horo-

FARMSFORSALE AT A BARGAIN . AND ON EASY TERMS.

Lot 19 and E. † 29, con. 12, Gore of Downie, Perth; 150 acres, more or less; soil good clay loam; house, bank barn, etc. good locality; about five miles from St. Marys; would sell or rent.

W. half Lot 6, Con. 14, Tp. East Williams Middlesex; 50 acres, more or less; smai

buildings.

E. half Lot 6, Con. 4, Tp. of Saugeen, Bruce; 50 acres, more or less; house and barn.

Lot 23, Con. 7, Tp. of Biddutph, Middlesex; 100 acres, more or less; good house, barns, etc.; orcha-d; an excellent farm.

North half west half Lot 20, Con. 10, Dawn, Lambton; house, barns, etc.

Apply by letter to P. O. Drawer [51], London, Ont.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS

ERNEST GIRADOT & CC Altar Wine a Specialty.

Our Altar Wine is extensively used any recommended by the Clergy, and our Clare will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

For prices and information address,

E. GIRADOT & CO.



ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XXI. The voices then turned to the con

sideration of things and people unknown to Armine; but she still sat motionless, as if petrified, on the side of the bed. A vista of terror seemed to open before her, and could any one have seen her in the darkened chamber she would have appeared to be gazing down it with dilated eyes. In truth, she was seeing many things the face that had looked into hers that day on the threshold of the church of Marigny, the old chateau standing above its terraces, and a vision of the violence that threatened both. For she felt instinctively that there was no security that her father's commands would be obeyed. Why should men who have renounced all allegiance to divine or human authority obey their self-constituted guides farther than it pleases them to do so? The law of directed violence of a few."

Who le Vicomte: In case you are elected there are those among your opponents who desire to put it out of your power to represent them. They will do so at the cost of your life, if necessary. The sanction of the leaders has been retused, but an attempt who have renounced all allegiance to divine or human authority obey their said that what you have to fear is the undirected violence of a few." day on the threshold of the church of pleases them to do so? The law of private judgment has been found to be pplicable to other things besides ever and whenever it is safe to do so. This knowledge-which seems curipresumptuous leaders of our time-is things from a more logical point of

experience. Duchesne's command, therefore, did not reassure his daughter, though it his enemy—to one who might seize the filled her with infinite relief so far as opportunity to think the worst of him! he was concerned. She had been shocked by the degree of personal animosity which he seemed to feel toward M. de Marigny, and which was absolutely unintelligible to her; but now she recognized the temper of the generous foeman which she had missed efore. He might hate, he might oppose with all his fiery strength, but degree of hatred or opposition could lead him to things base and unworthy. With all her heart she thanked God for that knowledge.

But M. de Marigny! How could she go away and leave him in ignorance of the desires and (she felt sure) the intentions of his enemies? If she might send him a word of warning -a word which, though it needs must be vague, might put him on his they were to start so early in the guard! She half rose with the impulse to do this, then sank down again. No, it was impossible. For if such a word of warning came from her. that her father had a part in that against which she warned him? And could she throw a suspicion so dark and so unjust upon that father who had just interposed his authority to save the man he hated, who refused conent to a mode of warfare as cowardly as it was base?

What, then, was she to do? Had this thing come to her knowledge for Had she been roused so nothing? suddenly and strangely out of sleepas if some strong influence had bidden her wake and listen—only to tremble and fear and take no action? If she left this man to such a threatening fate, without the word of warning that might save him, how would she bear the after burden of self-reproach should he suffer harm? Yet was it possible for her to cast on her father an odium he could never disprove? Would she not be the most disloyal of daughters, would she not deserve all that he had said of her that day, if she could do so? She felt like one tossed on a sea of doubt, longing for light and direction. But where should she turn to seek these things? She lifted her hands above her head and clasped them as in agony; then, with them still so clasped, fell upon her knees Before she rose the voices in the ad-

oining room had ceased, the visitor ASTEMA.

Distressing Cough, - SORE JOINTS -AND-



Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

"Seme time sluce, I had a severe value of asthma, accompanied with a distressing cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted opphysicians and tried various remedies, obst without getting any relief, until I oddspaired of ever being well again. Finally, I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, o and in a very short time, was entirely ocured. I can, therefore, cordially and occurred that therefore, cordially and occurred that therefore, cordially and occurred the semigroup of the se il."-J. Rosells, Victoria, Texas.

"My wife had a very troublesom

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



all was still, and she had the quiet of mingled with the salt breath of the the solemn night in which to decide on | great deep. her course of action. But as time from which she had risen, with her hands still clasped above her head, it

seemed as if the decision would never and he knew that it was a messenger which she was pleading made itself clear. She rose, turned up the dimlyburning lamp, and going to her trunk, packed for departure, opened it noiselessly and took out writing materials. Then she sat down and

wrote hastily these few lines:

Even after writing this she hesitated again before enclosing it, and looked ligion. It has risen in the form of with an expression of piteous doubt at resolution to overthrow governments, a crucifix which she had set on the and it will most certainly assert itself table before her, writing the letter at in the form of insubordination where its foot. "He will know-I am sure he will know-from whom it comes she thought: "and if he should misously hidden from the self-willed and judge and think it is my father against whom I am warning himevident to all who look at paused and her head drooped forward on the paper. It seemed to her at that moment impossible to send the letter. view, and is abundantly proved by She thought of her father sleeping tranquilly near by while she wrote to

> But as she thought this the face of the Vicomte rose before her-the noble ines, the kind, dark eyes -and she felt that she might safely trust the justice and generosity which looked from that face. "But if it were otherwise, if I knew that he would misjudge, have I the right to hold back a warn ing that may save his life?" she said o herself. And then her last hesita tion was over. She folded, addressed. placing it under her pillow, lay down again.

Not to sleep, however. She felt as if she could never sleep again, so trained and acute were all her senses And then it was necessary to decide morning. To go out herself at such an hour would be too extraordinary and would certainly excite her father's suspicion; yet she was determined not to entrust the letter to any one else. She thought of a dozen plans, only to discard each one; and when at last her that it was time to rise she had found no practical solution of the difficulty.

Her father was late for breakfast, and while she waited, conscious of the letter in her pocket more than of any thing else, and still feverishly debating with herself how she could mail it, he entered with a key on his out stretched palm. he said hastily, "I have " See !"

broken the key of my portmanteau and cannot lock it. It is most unfortunate. for I must hurry out and try to find another, though I doubt whether any shop is open at this hour. "O mon pere! let me go for you.

cried Armine eagerly, seeing in this her opportunity. "I have taken my her opportunity. "I have taken my breakfast, and while you take yours I can run to the shop of the watchmaker

time lost."
"But you cannot go alone?" said her father, hesitating, while she eager ly extended her hand.

"Of course not. I will take Marie -that was the housemaid-"and we can go and return while you drink your coffee.

He glanced at the pendule; there was indeed no time to lose. "Eh bien, go then," he said. "It will be best but do not delay if the shop is not

Trembling with excitement and hardly believing her good fortune, Armine left the room, called Marie, and ran down the street, followed by the astonished maid with her white cap strings fluttering. There were but few persons abroad, few windows open The narrow street lay all in cool shadow, only on one side the top of the all houses were touched with light. Armine turned a corner and saw the watchmaker's shop, from the windows of which a boy was deliberately taking down the shutters. But it was not on this that her eager attention was fixed, but on a tobacconist's shop two doors beyond. There was a letter-box which had been before her mental vision all night, and which she had vainly endeavored to find some excuse for reaching. Now the matter was taken out of her hand, the opportunity was made for her without need of excuse. She felt almost awed by such a fulfilment of her desire as she walked up to the narrow slit, drew the letter from her pocket, and dropped it in.

The morning at Marigny was radi ant with light and color, and sparkling with freshness, when the vicomte stepped out of the room where he had aken his solitary breakfast, and, lighting a cigar, walked slowly along he terrace, followed by two handsome

green alleys of the park stretched below full of shadows; the old garden, though much neglected, was like a picture with its flowers and fruit-trees fresh with dew and set between old stone walls : while, looking over this garden, there was from

had departed, and she had heard her blue, flashing, horizon-line of water father retire to his chamber. Then afar-and the fragrance of flowers was

But the vicomte had not come out on went on, and she still knelt motionless, the terrace for the view, well as he half fallen forward upon the couch knew and loved it, but because he had seen from the window of the breakfastroom a figure advancing up the avenue, with the morning mail. He met the man at the head of the steps, received the bag from him, and, going to a shaded seat, established himself to onen it at his leisure, the dogs placing themselves attentively on each side of him as if expecting a share of the budget. It was a large and sufficiently varied

one. Numbers of newspapers, and letters of various sizes and shapes, tumbled out in a miscellaneous heap which M. de Marigny proceeded to glance over, opening some and throw-ing others carelessly aside for later inspection. Among the latter was a letter which, as it lay there in the warm, bright sunlight, told no tales of the midnight when it was written, or of the early morning when with trepidation and difficulty is had been posted in the quaint old street of the district town.

But after he had finished reading a letter from Paris the vicomte took up and opened this with its unknown superscription. The few lines of writng which it contained were all on one page, and he observed with a sense of surprise that there was no signature. hen his glance turned to the opening, M. le Vicomte," and he read the simple words which Armine had traced under the influence of such strong feeling.

As she had felt sure, he knew a once from whom they came. There was not even an instant's doubt in his He could see the pathetic eyes, mind. he could hear the pathetic voice, and, if he had doubted for a moment, the appeal that he "would do injustice to no one" would have convinced him who the writer was. Who, indeed. could it be but the Socialist's daughter, to whom he had shown a little court esy, and who thus put out her hand with a warning which might save his But as he sat gazing at it, for how

ong a time he did not know, it was not of the danger which it revealed nor of the probable consequences to himself that he thought, but of the nature which these few lines so clearly indicated. He had felt its charm, the strong spell of its sympathy, from the first moment that he met the wonderful eyes that seemed looking at him now from the page on which his were fastened: but he had hardly been pre pared for all that was revealed to him here. For he was himself possessed of the finest form of sympathy, and with

the sound of a clock chiming 4 told its intuition he felt all that Armine had passed through. Where a coarser nature would have misunderstood, he read with perfect accuracy every phase of feeling, even to the fear that had half deterred her - the fear lest her father should be misjudged through her act.

Presently he rose. Even yet he had not thought of himself at all. and hints of personal danger had come heeded them in the least, possessing a constitutional fearlessness which made it difficult for him to take account of such danger. Now, as he walked along the terrace, with a glad earth and the shining sea before his eyes, he was still thinking of the hand which had sent him the message rather than of the message itself; of the brave heart, the loval nature, and of the face that only yesterday had looked at him in the next street, so there will be no with a gaze as wistful and appealing as the last words of this brief letter.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I wonder," said D'Antignac one morning, "how our poor little Armine

'I have thought of her often lately," said Helene, who was moving about the room putting things in order so quietly and defty that it was only by the results any one would have per ceived what she was about. "I should like to hear something of her."

"Gaston writes that her father is nost energetic in stimulating opposi tion to him," said D'Antignac; suppose we shall not hear from her till the election is over.'

"Why should we hear from her then? "I did not mean that we should ex

actly hear from her, but rather that we should see her, for Duchesne will no

doubt return to Paris."

"I suppose so," said Mlle. d'Antignac. "I hope it is not sinful," she added after a moment, during which she had taken down a small statuette from its bracket, dusted and replaced it, "but I cannot help thinking what a good thing it would be if M. Du-chesne should be blown up metaphori cally at least, by some of his revolu tionary schemes, and Armine could be

"It would be a desolate freedom, am afraid," said D'Antignac. "As far as I know, her father is her only relative, and she is certainly very much attached to him."

"But she could order her life as it pleased her then, and not be trans-ported from one part of Europe to another by every political wind."
"Order her life as it pleased her! repeated D'Antignac in a musing tone.

There are few of us who are able to do that, and fewer still who, if we had the power, would find it easy to do. To please ourselves is, perhaps, as difficult a task as could be set us in this world, and to know what is best for us simply impossible. therefore, is the path of God's providence. It is the ABC of religion that the terrace a glimpse of the sea-of the the graces which we receive and the died within me. It means that I shall to us you would nevertheless have

merits we may obtain in the state and circumstances of life to which it has he should plainly say, 'Do not go pleased Him to call us are greater than again.' He did not say it then, but we could obtain by leaving that path, even for one of apparently higher per-

fection. "Yes," said Helene, "I know that. and I was not wishing Armine to leave the path which is so rough, I am sure, to her feet: I was only wishing that she might be released from the necessity of following it. But, after all, such wishes are very foolish, a part of the littleness that besets us in our poor human horizon." Then, with a start,
"There is the door bell! I hope Cesco will not think of admitting any one. "It is too early for visitors," said D'Antignac.

But this proved to be a mistake, for a moment later Cesco opened the door and said: "Mile. Duchesne begs to know if she may come in."

cried Helene. "Yes, "Armine!" cried Helene. "Yes, certainly. My dear child," she went on eagerly, advancing to meet the girl who appeared in the door, "this is a

most unexpected pleasure. "Almost as unexpected to me as to von, dear Mile, d'Antignac," said Armine, kissing her in the pretty forign fashion on both cheeks. o glad to see you again! And M.

"He will tell you himself," said Helene, leading her forward. D'Antignac raised himself-the only exertion of which he was capable unaided - to a sitting posture, and held out his hands, saying :

d'Antignac-how is he

""On parle de soleil, et en voici les ayons!" We were just talking of you rayons! and wishing for news of you."
"Were you, indeed?" said Armine, 'How good of you to think of me! O

M. d'Antignac, how I have longed for a word from you "You shall have as many now as you like," he answered, smiling. But the first must be to say that Brit tany has not done you much good. You are looking paler and thinner

than when you went away."
"Am I? It is likely," she said. No. Brittany did me no good. wish I could have stayed in Paris. "We have wished so, too," said Helene kindly. 'When did you re-

turn? "Last night," she answered. might be sure that it was lately : this is the first place to which I have I longed to come earlier, but feared to disturb you. I felt, until I entered your door, as if I could hardly

be certain of seeing you. "But why?" asked Mlle. d'Antignac, smiling a little. "You surely did not think us likely to have vanshed in a fortnight?'

"Oh! no," the girl answered; "but I did not know that my father might not forbid my coming, and, though I should have disobeyed him in order to see you again, I was glad not to have

The brother and sister exchanged glance. Then the former said: "What has happened? Why should you fear that he would forbid your coming?

Because he has already done so by implication," she answered; "and although he left the matter there for the time being, I do not think it wil end there. Some change has come over him. He, who was so kind, so tolerant, has become - no. I will not remembers himself-but certainly very intolerent. As I have often told you, if he knew that I did not think with him he ignored the difference; but the time has come when he ignores it no longer. It angers him, and he seems to have conceived the resolution to make me believe all that he believes

and hope what he hopes. 'And do you know why he has se suddenly conceived this resolution?

asked D'Antignac. She shook her head. "No," she an-"There is only one thing which suggests an explanation, but

that is incredible "The thing which seems incredible is often the thing which is true," said D'Antignac.

She did not answer for a moment. Then she said: "I scarcely believe you will think so when you hear what this is; but it is easily told."

Nevertheless she paused again, and the blood rose in her clear, pale cheeks, though her glance did not waver or turn from him as she went

"One day my father told me that he wanted me to go with him to Marigny
—that is, to the village—and, though I tried to avoid it, I had no good excuse for refusing. So we went, and what I feared came about. I met the vicomte, and he spoke to me. I am sure that only his kindness made him do so, and he simply said a few cour-teous words; but my father saw us together and was very angry. I never saw him so angry before, and for the first time in my life he spoke to me as if he suspected me of something wrong. He asked where I had met wrong. He asked where I had no M. de Marigny, and I told him. Then he said he understood why I had no sympathy with him; that he would olerate no acquaintance with M. de Marigny, and that I should go no more where I was likely to meet him. This terrified me, but I hoped that he spoke in haste and would forget it, especially when I told him I had met M. de Marigny only twice in all the time that I have been coming here. But from that day he is changed. He has said nothing more of the meeting with the vicomte; but he dwells bitterly on what he never seemed to think of before-my want of sympathy with his objects in life—; and only last night he told me again that he intended to D'Antignac answered. withdraw me entirely from influences that have been so pernicious.' I knew what that meant, and my heart

come here no more. I trembled lest know that he will, or else he will send me from Paris. He has spoken of that In any case I see nothing but separa-

tion from you."
Her eyes filled with tears; her voice trembled and broke down. The bitter ness of the separation seemed already pressing upon her. Mile. d'Antignac rose impulsively, and, going over placed her arm around her. "My poor Armine," she said, "life is in deed hard for you! But be patient let us hope your father's anger will pass, and that he will prove more

reasonable than to do what you fear. "It is not merely anger," said Armine. "If it were it would pass; indeed, it would be already passed He does not seem angry now; he seems only to feel a deep sense of injury that I am so alienated from him in sympathy, and to fancy that I am a piece of wax to be moulded by what

ever influence is nearest me. Meanwhile D'Antignac, lying back on his pillows, said nothing; but his grave, dark eyes, which were fastened on the girl, were as full of tenderness as of penetrating thoughtfulness.
There was infinite comfort in this gaze, Armine felt when she met it, as she looked at him and went on

" Now you see why I said that the only apparent reason for the change in my father is one which seems incredible. It dates apparently from the day when he saw me speak to M. de Marigny; and although that might have angered him-as I felt that it would - it is impossible to conceive that it could change his whole conduct toward me, that it could make of importance what never appeared to be worth a thought to him before.

"You remember what I said a few minutes ago," D'Antignac answered What seems to us incredible is often the thing which is true. I fear there can be no doubt that your father's change of feeling and conduct dees spring from that occurence, simple and trivial as it looks.

"But it is impossible! I cannot believe it!" said the girl. "My father is a man of sense. He must have realized, when he came to think, that the meeting was nothing-a mere accident. And what is M. de Marigny to him but a political opponent?"

D'Antignac did not reply, "M. de Marigny is much more to him than a political opponent," but after a pause he said: "We cannot possibly tell all the motives that may influence you father. He may have been gradually rousing to a sense of the differences that divide you, and the final realization probably came when he saw you in friendly intercourse with a man against whom he was just then peculiarly embittered, as most men are against their political opponents when that thing most fatal to charity, a heated contest, is going on. You are certainly aware that it requires very little flame to kindle a large fire.

There was silence again for a noment. Armine sat with her eyes growing momentarily more sorrowful resently, with a deep sigh, she said 'I dreaded to go to Marigny! I fel instinctively that harm would come of it. But I did not dream of anything so bad as this - the prospect of being separated from you

"I am sorry from the bottom of my heart that you ever met Gaston de Marigny here," said Helene, who was still standing beside her, with one hand resting on her shoulder.

"I am sorry, too," said D'Antignac; "but regret is quite unavailing, and in a certain sense unnecessary, since we had nothing whatever to do with oringing either him or Armine her on the occasions when they met. It was a natural accident, rising from our acquaintance with both."
"Oh!" said Armine quickly, "do

not think that I blame any one. was only a natural accident, but how could you think-what I could never have believed—that my father would object to such a meeting? I should not have imagined that M. de Marigu was more to him than a name : and i any one had suggested that he would not wish me to meet him on account of his politics, I would have said: 'You do my father injustice. He is an en thusiast, but not a fanatic. Because he wishes to abolish the order to which a man belongs he would not refuse to meet that man in social life.' But it seems I was wrong," she added, her voice falling from the proud tone which it had involuntarily taken, as she uttered the last words.

"No, my dear Armine," said D'An tignac, "you were not wrong. Your father, no doubt, would have felt in that way of any other man than the Vicomte de Marigny. But there are reasons—reasons which go beyond the present generation—for his disliking the vicomte personally; and this dislike was naturally intensified by the political contest. As for his injured sense of your lack of sympathy-well, it is hard for a man to find contradic tion and want of belief in those near est to him, especially those (like wife and daughter) who, he thinks, should instinctively look up to and receive their ideas from him. Remember that always with regard to the differences of opinion between you, and say little It is quite true that the law, 'Honor thy father,' rests on no authority com manding his respect, but it commands yours, and must be obeyed."
"I do not think," said Armine,

"that my father himself would say that I have ever failed to obey it.

"I am sure that you have not, must not begin to do so. You said a little while ago that even if he had forbidden you in distinct terms to come

come. That was duty involved in "Yes," said th "there was. For here that there is s nothing, which even suit himself? Ar to learn what is th

come here? You

M. d'Antignac.

"If I am," sa

know that."

JANUARY

voice of gravity, gentleness, "the that I should speal should say then it cost of pain to e ciation should be at least. It is v learn, in a spir we all need, y been to you all th fitting that I sh science, or that y substitute for the which you hesit with regard to remind you that not to be set asid 'I am come not earth, but a sv and that sword hearts before you As he spoke gentler yet m every word - th

like one who h of an oracle, was absorbed in t which seemed lo low voice: "One's own But to pierce and "Do you thin in the saving? costs to inflict in lies the cro

what waters ma Yet closed to the end put the love, an f man between of God." Armine bent l "It seems to r upon me-very she said. "You obey my father more. Yet you do that which w worst offence w

which will mak

which are piere

"Have I see with the same spoken to you enough to do w you that courag then? Souls a weak as yours h when you calle you put a res After that I cou "Do you this silent?" Armi

I am glad th

though what yo

hard, and I ma

despise me if "No, I shall shall think tha take," D'Antig will weigh in or paining you the last you wil do you ever th frustrating Go you in some i not only yours great economy ow one soul m what it is int by your faith against religio confessing, for ing : to aton nies, and deeds. At lea

"Is it?" s light came int chord which reflash. "If I on in a low tor sible that I cou think it would face any oppos should make special work you," D'Antig

reparation is p

such a point Again I say, able to direct if I must leave come back to ever you wish "Do you m priest?" he

searchingly; had always sh that I ought,' despair.

think that y has come wh plied. "I w priest whom once ardent a what is best press you.