

"If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." That is what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Doesn't it prove, better than any words could, that this is a remedy that cures Catarrh! Costs only 50 cents

-THE-

RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS

"Mungo" "Kicker" "Cable."

> Universally acknowledged to be superior in every respect to any other brands in the market. Always reliable, as has been fully demonstrated by the millions that are sold annually and the increasing demand for them, notwith standing an increased competition of over One Hundred and Twenty - five Factories. This fact speaks volumes. We are not cheap Cigar manufacturers.

# 5. DAVIS AND SONS,

Montreal.

Largest and Highest Grade Cigar Manufa

HAVE YOU TRIED THE

"Cable Extra" CIGAR?

## Chase's Liquid Glue. MENDS EVERYTHING THAT GLUE WILL MEND

ALWAYS READY WITHOUT HEATING Sold by Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers, or Sample by mail for 10 cents.

GILMOUR & CO., MONTREAL.



ART GLASS

We have a special artlesigns for Stained and Leaded Glass for

Churches, Halls,

Private Houses. Etc., and will be pleased to quote prices and sub

MILEO OXXXXXX mit designs. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL

Established 1812. Glass Painters and Stainers

Pectoral Balsamic Elixir



oving been informed of the composition ECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR,

feel it my duty to recommend it estions in lent remedy for pulmonary effections in general."
Montreal, March 27th 1889. N. FAFARD, M. D.
Professor of chemistry
at Laval University

"I have used \*PECTORAL BALSAMIC
"ELIXIR with success in the different cases
"for which it is advertised, and it is with
pleasure that I recommend it to the public." Montreal, March 27th 1889. Z. LAROQUE, M. D.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE AT 25 & 50 C. PER BOTTLE. Sole Proprietor

L. ROBITAILLE, Chemist, JOLIETE, P. Q., CANADA.

#### GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," BTC.

CHAPTER XIV. - CONTINUED.

He was used to depending on her, and to being sure that she meant what she said, and could perform her promises. Yet he wished to make certain. "You have to go out alone, and have no protection but that of servants," he said.

"I do not need any other protec-tion; I am quite safe here," she re-

"You cannot marry again," he went

Perhaps there could not have been a stronger proof of the purification which Annette Gerald's character had undergone than the fact that this reply was made without a tinge of bitterness or regret. She spoke with gentle sincerity—that was all. As an absorbing affection had made her consent to be taken without love, so now a pity and charity yet more engrossing enabled her to find herself discarded without anger.

"Follow God, and think no more of me," she said. "I remain here. Go when and where you will."

It was the first time they had spoken together for several days, and was more by accident, apparently, than of their seeking. Passing through the room where Annette was, Lawrence had seen her trying to open a window that resisted her slight hands, and had opened it for her. Then the sweet clangor of the Ave Maria breaking out from all the towers at once, they had paused side by side a moment.

Perhaps he had wished to speak

and seized this opportunity.

At her answer he looked at her earnestly, for the first time in months it seemed to her, and with a look she could not endure without emotion, so far away and mournful, yet so searching, was it. It was a gaze like that of one dying, who sees the impassable gulf widening between his eyes and what they rest upon. How many, many glances she had encountered of -laughing, critical, impatient, in the old days that now seemed cen-turies past; superficially kind, penitent, disregardful, careless, but never from the depths of his soul till now. Now she knew at last that his soul had depths, and that, as she stood before him, he was aware of her, and saw

her as she was.

"Annette," he said, almost in a whisper, "words cannot tell my sense of the wrong and insult which I have neaped upon you—on you more than

all the rest put together. 'Do not speak of that," she said,

rying still to be calm. Of all the women I have hurt or destroyed, you are the noblest," he went on, seeming not to have heard She drew her breath in quickly, and

stood mute, looking down, and some strong band that had been holding her down - how long she knew no perhaps for years, perhaps for her whole life—loosened, and she felt herself growing upright. She was like the graceful silver birch that had been bowed over by the snow, flake after flake, till its head touches the ground, when the warm sun begins to melt its burden, and it lifts a little, and feels itself elastic.

In days when Honora Pembroke was his ideal, "noble" was the word he applied to her, and Annette Ferrier ard him utter it

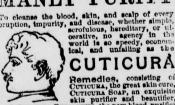
"Of all women I have ever known, you are the noblest and most lovely," he said slowly. "I was blind. Too he said slowly. "I was blind. late I have learned that. And if I exist in the ordinary life of men. had a wish left, it would be that God am either in purgatory or in hell would reunite us in heaven.

The snows had melted, and she stood upright at last.

There was a confused whispering in her brain. Since she was loved and honored, why need they part? She could comfort him, be at his side always, and help him to win back peace. if not happiness. They would per form works of charity together, and in humbling herself she would raise him. She lifted her eyes, and opened her

lips to speak some such word, but checked herself on seeing him turn away. His face was no longer calm and sad, but full of anguish. All the enticements of human life had assailed his soul, and were fighting against its one stern tenant, remorse. Silently, and with a feeling of unacknowledged disappointment, she awaited the result, scarcely doubting that he would When had he not yielded? vield. was the bitter question that rose in spite of her, only to be thrust down again under many excuses, as she

## MANLY PURITY



Remedies, consisting of CUTICUEA, the great skin cure, CUTICUEA, the great skin cure, CUTICUEA SOAF, an exquisite and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease. From the corema to seredula, with the most gratifying and unfalling success. Bold everywhere.

Porter Drug Ard Chemical Corp., Boston.

"How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

MPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair oured by CUTIOURA SOAP.

RHEUMATIC PAINS

He stood near the window, with his face turned to the light, and she watched the struggle without daring to move or to speak. What silent to move or to speak. What silent clash of warring passion held him thus rigid she could only guess; what voices sweet and pitiful were pleading, and what voices stern and terrible replying, who can say? It did not need that angels of darkness should be there; the human heart was enough. In that swift review when

the soul, anticipating a privilege of eternity, can compress a lifetime into a moment, what visions of all that life might give could have presented themselves!—dusky eves and sun-lighted mornings, when the singing of birds, mingled with the prattle of children, and quiet and elegant leisure, and smiling friends, made earthly existence seem like an Elysian dream; ever-present affection, with its excuses for every fault, its recognition, prompt and inspiring, of every virtue, its cheering word for the hour of sadness, its loving check, its sympathy, its silent tenderness; the free dom of earth which wealth can give every portal opening as if by magic, existence a perpetual feast. They crowded upon him mercilessly, and tossed to and fro his grief and re morse as the sea tosses its dead, that

lost in froth, now cold faces starting clearly out of the thin, green wave. How many times that soul was lost and won in those few minutes none but the invisible witnesses of the scene could tell.

are now but faint white outlines, half

He moved at length, and Annette stepped nearer with sudden alarm, as she saw him put his hand into his som slowly, as if with dread to draw forth what was there. The hand closed on what it sought, and with bitter shrinking, as if it were his heart he was thus uprooting, brought it to light. It was no knife, nor pistol, nor vial of poison, as she had feared, but a folded paper. She had seen it in his hands before, and

He opened it and read; and she, leaning nearer, read also, without stopping to consider her right. was the breviary Lawrence

Gerald carried in his bosom, written largely and clearly, and signed with his name in full : "I am a gambler, a housebreaker, a thief, a sacrilegious liar, a murderer,

and a matricide. my love! stand firm! stand firm!" the wife tried to say; but the words died in a whisper on her lips,

as her heart fainted with pain and delight. He did stand firm without having heard her admonition. She saw the unsteady lips close again, the gazing eyes droop, the whole face and form compose itself. That brief reminder written to be a visible witness when the voice of conscience should fail, was more potent than poison or blade

or bullet "I wish to take a room by myself in another part of the city," he said. "Are you willing?"

"Certainly!" she replied. "But I would like to know where it is. Not," she added quickly, "that I would intrude or trouble you in any way But you cannot expect me to lose all interest in you, and I shall feel better to know where you are, and to go once to see your room and the people you are with."
"I will let you know as soon as I

applied to her, and Annette Ferrier always felt herself grow small when I wish to support myself, to be removed from all society, except those persons whom I must see, and to wait my time in penance. You under-stand it all, Annette. I no longer am either in purgatory or in hell-I do not yet feel sure which.

He was going away, but turned at a little distance, and looked at her once again. "My dear," he said once again. "M faintly, "good-by!"

She could not utter a word, could only clasp her hands over her face, and so lose his last glance. For as he spoke that farewell, and as she heard his retreating step, the door of her sealed and frozen heart burst open, and her dead love, stirring uneasily in its grave during these last days, rose up stronger than ever before, and resumed the throne it was never again to abdicate. There, at last, was a man worth loving !

The next evening she received hi new address; and he added: shall be out to-morrow, and the padrona will admit you, if you wish o come.

Of course she went; but, what had not been to her a matter of course, the place pleased her. The house was in an old and crowded part of the city, where the streets swarmed with poor people; but the room was at the very op, in an odd corner quite removed from noise and communication with any other apartment, and had an eastern and northern window that ooked off over palace roofs and through towers and domes to the peautiful mountains. Close to its outhern wall pressed a church tower, and on a level with its windows ros the sculptured facade, wreathed with angels. Once there, one might easily forget the steep, dark stair, the squalid street below, and even the bare walls and floor of the room itself.

Annette had not allowed herself to bring any article of comfort, still ess of adornment, though her heart had ached with longing to do so. But she placed a beautiful crucifix on the one poor table, and left a volume of lives of saints beside it. A bunch of roses hung at her belt, and her fingers lingered on them in doubt for

called to mind his sufferings and his a moment. But she checked that im— ing him with cruelty. However, with isolation. How much might roses a story-teller's prescience, we are fully pulse also. How much might roses a story-teller's prescience, we are fully breathe of woman's presence there and all the graces and sweetnesses of life! waves which are sending him nearer But before leaving, she hung over an arm of the crucifix a single small bud, where the petals showed like a drop of blood oozing through the

As she was placing this last souvenir, her tears dropping over flowers and cross, there was a sound as though a hurricane should draw in its breath before blowing, the floor of the room trembled, then there came a tremendous and reverberating stroke. great bell in the tower was striking the hour of noon, and the chamber shook as a bird's nest shakes when a storm sweeps over the tree in which it is built. For the moment everything in the universe was obliterated but sound. She breathed its tremulous waves, she was enveloped and borne up by its strong tide; the very sunshine and the blue of the sky were like bright, resounding tones. Then the stroke ceased; and, circling round and round in fainting rings, the music of the bells went out to join the music of the spheres, perhaps to creep with a golden ripple up the shores of heaven. The woman who had opened the door

wondered much to see the pale signor come down with a face flushed with her to think the best of everything.

You must be very good to him, and not allow any one to intrude," Annette said to her. "I shall come to the church here below every morning at 7 o'clock; and if he should be ill, or any accident should happen to him, I wish you to come there and tell me. But you must not talk to him. Speak to him only when he asks you That evening she wrote to her

mother: "Lawrence has left me, and can say, except that I trust he has won a perfect forgiveness.

"I am sorry, dear mamma, if you are lonely, but I cannot return to America. I do not wish for society anywhere. Here in Rome is my place with my religion and the poor to occupy my time. Try to be happy, and to think of me as peaceful and contented. And, mamma, if there should be any good, honest man whom you would like to marry, I shall be glad of it. Goodness is the chief thing.

Mrs. Ferrier wept profusely over this letter, not doubting that Lawrence was dead.
"The poor fellow!" she said.

"After all, he wasn't so bad as he might have been.

And then, bethinking herself, she wiped away her tears, and calmed her grief as much as possible; for it would not do to render herself unpresentable. It was necessary to go at once with th news to F. Chevreus

The way that Mrs. Ferrier took to the priest's house was a round about one; it led in an opposite direction and stopped before a new dry-goods store of the most glittering sort. There was, in fact, no shop in Crichton so fine or so much frequented as this People went there at first from curios ity, and were disposed to make them selves very merry regarding it; but there seemed to be nothing to laugh at, unless it might be certain erroneous notions in their own minds Everything was well ordered and busi ness-like, the clerks attentive and re spectful, and the proprietor perfectly dignified and watchful. Indeed, a slight excess of dignity and watchful-ness had at first marked his conduct,

ing offence. We have already intimated that Mrs. Ferrier had a new footman.

This functionary, a slim and senti-mental young man, let down the step for his mistress; but before she had made her majestic descent, the proprietor of the shop stood in the door, bowing to his wealthy customer. She beckened him out, and motioned the footman away out of hearing.
"Poor Lawrence is dead, John!"

she said plaintively, a smile tempering her grief. "And it's best so, of course. I've just got a letter from Annette. And, John—"
The lady paused, and looked down,

and laughed a little.
"Well, what is it?" asked the new merchant with an appearance of curi-

osity.
"She's willing."

John's face expressed two contrary emotions at this announcement—one of pleasure, the other a dogged sort of resentment that Annette's willingness should have been considered of conse-

"It is pleasanter to have every body pleased," the lady said soothingly. "Of course, though, it doesn't make one bit of difference with me so far as what I shall do; for you know, John, I'd stand by you through thick and thin. Now I must go to F. Chevreuse.

"There isn't a more respectable looking merchant in the city of Crichton," said Mrs. Ferrier emphatically to herself, as she drove away. "Beg y'r parden, mum?" said the

slim footman, leaning over. "I wasn't talking to you!" exlaimed his mistress indignantly.

It was, indeed, observed by every-body that Mrs. Ferrier was very high with this unfortunate man, who was humility personified, and only too assiduous in his obedience. She had assumed a trifle more of state with all her servants; but the footman was scarcely allowed to breathe freely.

"I shouldn't wonder, now, if he might think he could marry Annette, she muttered to herself, as they drove

waves which are sending him nearer and nearer to his haven, and that before the year is over the day will be named. Already in our mind's eye we see the fair Betty in her bridal robes, with her magnificent and patronizing mistress fastening on the veil, and giving her a kind and resounding kiss at the same time. We even hear the small whisper with which she silences her bridegroom's last jealous misgiv ing when he comments on the salute given her by the master of the house "What! you think that I could ever

have had a fancy for him—a man who drops his h's?" The withering contempt of this remark was decisive.

But we are anticipating.

Mrs. Ferrier found the priest at home, and gave him the letter to read. He read it attentively, but came to a different conclusion from hers. He did not tell her so, though, for it was evident that Annette wished them to think that her husband was dead. Her former letters had prepared him to suspect a state of things very near the

After a long conversation, in which F. Chevreuse perceived that his visitor was lingering and hesitating in an nusual manner, Mrs. Ferrier at last to her, she turned quite coolly in the called his attention to the concluding opposite direction, and walked from sentences of the letter.

isitor, read it again, and gave the most friendly, and even cordial, terms letter back, quite uncomprehending. —it was, indeed, taken for granted in Crichton who could have been unconfriends — but — in short, she walked

scious of her meaning.
"You may think me foolish, Father, at my time of life, to be thinking of marrying again," she said deprecat-ingly. "But you have no idea how lonely I am. Honora will soon have a he was being spoiled by the adulation house of her own, anybody can see paid him on all sides. that; Annette won't come back; and Louis won't live here, after what has she could go to Annette; and, new happened. I have nothing to do but that Gerald was dead, if the ambiguous wander from room to room of my great house, and think how awfully lone-some I am, and almost wish that I had a little cabin that I could fill. I don't house, and think how awfully feel as if I were in a house, but as if I where she knew everybody, and where were out somewhere. Many a time she had not, certainly, to complain of I've gone and sat in my chambercloset, just to feel my elbows hit something

She paused, and F. Chevreuse said, "Yes!" as sympathizingly as he could wondering greatly what was to come. "John is a decent man, and my equal in everything but money," she

"Oh! it's John!" F. Chevreuse exclaimed, light breaking in.

Mrs. Ferrier dropped her eyes and

"I don't see any harm in it, if you have got your mind made up," the priest said, recovering from his first astonishment. "I suppose it would be of no use for me to try to break off the arrangement, even if I wanted to.

"Well, John is pretty set," the lady admitted modestly. "I dare say," was the smiling re joinder. "When is it to be?"

"In a month, if you please. He is started in business now, and is doing well, and there's no reason why he shouldn't be a great merchant as well as any other man. He's capable of it, f anybody is," she said, becoming a little defiant.

"Certainly!" replied F. Chevreuse with perfect gravity. "There is not a law in the commonwealth which will prevent his being as great a merchant itarian -in the best sense of the word as he pleases. The world of trade is open to John, and I wish him all success in it. Do you put your property

ness-like acuteness of the woman who the love of our neighbor be-knew perfectly well the value of cause our neighbor is a beloved

money.
"No, Father, we keep our accounts separate," she said. "He had half separate," she said. "He had half of God's love. The centre of philan-enough to start in business with, and I thropy is self. It makes you help the lent him the other half. The income of the whole is to go toward our housekeeping, but he will have nothing to do with the rest of my property.'

F. Chevreuse nodded. "I see that you haven't lost your head. You have managed your own affairs so well thus far, you may as well continue to do the same, for your children's sake.' A month later there was a quiet

marriage at the priest's house; and the only notice the Crichtonians had of was when John appeared again in Mrs. Ferrier's carriage, this time by her side, instead of in the dicky. Everybody smiled except Honora Pembroke. She alone, perfectly polite, and refraining from all interference,

felt haughtily indignant at the mar It was in vain that F. Chevriage. reuse tried to reason away her pre "I do not object because he was poor," she said. "Riches are less a distinction than a difference. But he

has been a servant, and that is irre-The priest began to hum a tune:

"Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira! Les aristecrats a la lanterne." Somewhat to his surprise, she blushed slightly, but did not smile.

"You may think me foolish, or even guilt of sinful pride," she said with a certain stiffness; "but this is a feeling of which I cannot rid myself. I do not like to sit at table with a person who has once brought me my soup, nor on the same seat in the carriage with one who used to let down the step for me. Of course I recognize and submit to the situation; but I shall go to my own house again immediately."
"Well!" said the priest, "it takes a

simple, unpretending, humble, apparently, good to the poor, and going freely among them. I thought I knew you thoroughly; yet all at once I come upon the rock in that smooth stream. Have I ever caught a little gray shadow of it before, I wonder? Well, well!
I won't undertake to blast it out of the way at once. I am sorry, though, that

you do not like John."
"I like him in liveries," said Miss

Pembroke with dignity.
"I tell you," persisted the priest, "they are going to be a very happy

couple."
"I haven't a doubt of it," she replied. "But that is no excuse."

The her go. The He laughed and let her go. The haughty recoil of pride in the fibre was not to be reasoned away.

It was a clear afternoon in midautumn; and when Miss Pembroke stepped from the priest's door, she paused a minute on the sidewalk, and hesitated which way to go. not wish to return home, and she did not think of any other place where she

would rather go.

And then, without looking, she was aware of a tall gentleman, who came down the street, and, still without looking, knew that he had crossed to her side of the street, and was approaching her. And then, with a perverseness which was scarcely natural m, perhaps lest he might think that He read it a second time, glanced up through his spectacles at his she and Mr. Schoninger were on the away from him. Perhaps she found cordant with her saddened one. She almost fancied sometimes that he had an air of triumphant pride, and that

> She had been wishing lately that letter they had received really meant that, perhaps Annette would like to Miss Pembroke felt have her. strangely lonely in her native town, any lack of attention. But she would be lonely for ever rather than Mr. Schoninger should think that she waited on F. Chevreuse's step for him. He must have been at the end of the street when she came out, and-surely saw him, and had been giving him time to overtake her!

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK

### A True Humanitarian.

"There are tens of thousands of Protestants in this country bellowing against the Catholic Church who have never read a Catholic newspaper or conversed with an intelligent, progressive Catholic, and yet they profess to know what they are talking about .-

Pomeroy's Advance Thought.
"Brick" Pomeroy, the American
Cobbet, has the gift of presenting his thoughts with remarkable viger, precision and fearlessness. We have just read his "Early Life," written by himself. It is as interesting as David Copperfield, and fuller of wit, wisdom and instruction. The old-time vigor of the La Cross Democrat marks the pages of Advance Thought. If we were asked to classify Mark M.

Pomeroy, we would say he is a human -by nature, who has never understood the difference between philanthropy and Christian charity: two things Instantly the beautiful modesty of Philanthropy is essentially sensitive the bride-elect gave place to the business-like acuteness of the woman who the love of our neighbor be creature of God, and in loving him our love drifts in and becomes a part miserable because their misery pains you. Christian charity is altruistic in the sense that our love for our neighbor is the result of our love for Him who made him. In the former case the motive of impulse is self; in the latter it is God, the infinitely perfect Being, towards whom intelli gent activities should drift as naturally as material objects drift towards the centre of gravity .- Catholic Times.

## Who Robbs the Catholics?

Lewis Towey, the eloquent Catholic of Lawrence, thrilled his audience at the Academy of Music when he said: "I have worked for total abstinence for the last twenty years, and I rejoice in the good which our total abstinence societies have accomplished, but in these twenty years the rumseller has stolen from us five times more than we have gained !"-Marlboro Star.

The best medical authorities have pronounced Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the most skillfully-adjusted combination of alteratives and tonics known to pharmacy. It is this fact which has carned for it the well-merited title of the Superior Medicine.

Relief and Cure.

SIRS.—I have used Hagyard's Pecteral
Balsam for coughs and colds, and it gives
relief in a few hours and always results in a
cure. I would not be without it.

Mac. ALPRED VIDS. Berlin, Ont.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung treubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in caring consumption and all lung diseases.

THE REASONABLENI CEREMONIES OF T LIC CHURCH.

APRIL 29, 1898.

BY REV. J. J. BU

"The priest shall be vested (Leviticus vi., 10.)
"And he made, of violet allet and fine linen, the vestme wear when he ministered in as the Lord commanded Maxix...) as the Lord commanded Sixxix. 1. In every place there is si offered to My Name a is offered to My Name a method altar, having a gold there was given to him much should offer of the prayers the golden altar, which is to field." (Apocalypse, or Ite.

The Catholic Church tion of Mass and in the of the sacraments en forms and rites. These emonies. By these Church wishes to appe as well as to the intelle press the faithful with faith and piety. What is more capable

heart and mind of man priest celebrating Mass inspiring than some How beneficial and impression formed by of the Church, the followed

will show: One of our mission to visit a tribe of Ir been deprived of a procentury. half a century. through the forest fo came near their villag Twas Sunday morn the silence was broke of voices in unison. To his great

distinguished the mus of Catholic hymns we What could be mor this simple, savage per to celebrate the Lord's been taught by the What more those sacred songs-th the "O Salutaris," or -uttered by pious lip through the forest I better evidence cou beneficial effects of raising the heart to G

And yet few thing our holy religion has quently subjected her ceremonies. them, laugh and Those people do no that by doing so they acting most unrease reasonable person, n demn another with sides of the question These wiseacres, themselves that the

ies without hearing Hence the misunder representations reg exist among well m If people would about that which the stood; if they would a Church the same tr institutions; if the both sides of the quicising and ridicu and her ceremonies treat her with that ness, that candor, t

teristic of the Am lealing with other vast amount of ig We claim that ce worship of God are they were sanctio Old Testament and His apostles in the

The angels are have no body. Coship they rende The heavenly The heaveny ual, but entirely They render Go worship according prophet Daniel, prophet Daniel,

the Lord, . . bless the Lord. forever." Man substance similar body, a material heavenly therefore, honor form of worship, "God is a sp adore Him must and in truth." From these wo

ciple we are no

terior worship is

essential, and demned. True itself externally ifests his feeling ceremonies. The Catholic C man has a heart an intellect to enlightens the books, sermons,

If any one do coremonies nec ship, let him re cus and Exodus these books trea monies used by

The 26th, 27 Exodus prescri nacle and its of the altar and the holy vestn his sons were

formance of the particularly of speke to him f