

Save Your Hair

By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.
This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew."

Thick and Strong.
It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."
—J. B. Williams, Florenceville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it the most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."
—Mrs. M. A. Berry, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

—THE—

RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS

"Mungo"
"Kicker"
"Cable."

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

S. DAVIS AND SONS,

Montreal,
Largest and Highest Grade Cigar Manufacturers in Canada.

MASS WINE.

WILSON BROTHERS
LONDON, ONT.
Have just received a direct importation of the choicest and purest Mass Wine, from France.

SOLD AT REDUCED PRICES.
They hold certificates of importation from Rev. Emmanuel Oica, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Tarazona. The rev. clergy are respectfully invited to send for samples.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS, PEALS AND CHIMES.
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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.



Why allow your gray hair to make you prematurely old, when by a judicious use of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER you may easily restore the primitive color of your hair and banish untimely signs of old age?

Not only does ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER restore the original color of the hair, but it further possesses the invaluable property of softening it, giving it an incomparable luster, promoting its growth, and at the same time preventing its falling out and preserving its vitality, qualities which are not to be found in ordinary hair oils.

The most flattering testimonials from SCYR-AT-PTISCIANS and many other eminent citizens testify to the marvellous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

L. ROBITAILLE, Chemist,
Sole Proprietor
JOLLETTE P. Q., Canada.

A Picture for the Assumption.

In the soft splendor of the angel train that bore Our Lady up into her Son—
That, singing, bore her to the loving One,
The Mighty One who in her arms hath lain,
She rose and rose;—gone, gone the throbbing pain.

The longing and the waiting all were done,
The peans for her crowning had begun.
Above the beauty of the heavenly train,
She saw the beauty of the golden fields.
Though rapturous throngs wheeled round her,
Rank on rank.

And far beyond was held the peerless crown
Awaiting her in whom each angel yields
Deep adoration—low Prince Michael sauk,
But our Sweet Queen, for love of us, looked down.

—Maurice Francis Egan, in *Ave Maria*.

From the Catholic World.

THE LOST LODGE.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Would it not be well, he said, "for the senora to stop and think a moment before she brings this man back to life. I know now who the senora is. If he lives, what will become of her cousin, Fernando Sandoval?"

She glanced up at him with a gaze filled with the light of a steadfast purpose. "If by God's help I can save this man's life," she said, "I shall save my cousin from crime and undying remorse. And I shall save you, too, little as you seem to think of it. What man—last days—for you are an old man—you can wish to lose your soul by an act of deliberate murder? Give me that bottle and lift his head."

He gave the bottle without another word, and kneeling on Vynner's other side, obediently raised his head while she poured a few drops of the potent stimulant between his lips. Almost immediately the result was apparent in the strengthening of his before hardly perceptible pulse. Again and yet again she poured the liquid cautiously down his throat, until suddenly—oh, wonder hardly hoped for—he gave a half-strangled gasp and, opening his eyes, looked at her.

Two hours after a faint, exhausted man lay stretched on the ground at the mouth of the shaft. As long as he lives the memory of that ascent will be to him a nightmare of horror. But for the rope fastened around his waist and held by the old man who proceeded him up the primitive ladder, he could never have reached the top. More than once he had swayed, tottered, almost fallen, while a faintness as of death nearly overpowered him. But Guadalupe's sustaining hand above, and Guadalupe's encouraging voice below, sustained him—enabling him to fight off the black unconsciousness; and at last, after what seemed an eternity of painful effort, he felt the fresh air of the upper world, saw the white glory of the moonlight, and fell down a well-nigh senseless heap once more under the vast, bending heaven.

But revival was not so difficult now when all the blessed influences of Nature aided in the work. Like a man in a dream he was conscious again of Guadalupe's hand bathing his brow, of the fiery liquid she offered to his lips, and of the urgency of her voice.

"Bring his horse," she said to Rosalio. "Have it ready here. There must be no delay, or daylight will surprise you on the road. Ah, senor, rouse yourself!—for the love of God make another effort!"

Who could withstand that piteous appeal! Vynner opened his eyes and murmured, "What do you wish me to do?"

"To mount your horse as soon as you are able," she answered. "You can ride slowly—this man will lead the animal and support you in the saddle. You must get home before daylight comes and people are abroad."

"Why?" he asked brokenly. "I will stay here until I can—send for a carriage."

She seized him by the shoulder in her desperation and shook him almost fiercely. "Senor," she said, "listen to me! I have saved your life; but for me you would be lying dead down there in the mine! I tell you this that you may do something for me, you may rouse yourself for the effort I ask of you. It is hard—I know it is hard—but oh, for God's sake, for my sake, try!"

He rose and staggered to his feet. Dull and stupid as he yet felt, he understood her words and knew that they were true. But for her he would indeed be lying dead, down in the dark depths of the mine, never again to feel the sweet air of heaven or look upon the beauty of the earth. What, then, could she ask of him that he would not, must not do? A faint stirring of life came to him—some-what blindly he put out his hand to her.

"Do what you will with me," he said. "I am ready."

She made a quick motion to the old Indian, and between them they helped him to his saddle. Then Rosalio flung his scending arm around him, and placed the other hand upon the bridle of the horse. "Take him to the door of his house and leave him there in charge of his servants," said Guadalupe, in a low, firm tone. "Remember, if he is not carried safely, I will tell all." Then she looked up in the face of the man who—swaying slightly from weakness—looked down upon her. To his dying day he will never forget that countenance, white as craven marble, with its dark, luminous, mournful eyes, on which the moonlight fell.

"Senor," she said, "if I remind you again of what I have done for you, it is only that I may ask a pledge of you. Promise me that you will be silent about the events of this night."

Make what use you will of all that you have learned—But tell nothing of how you learned it, or how you have suffered. This is much to ask, but I do ask it of you—in exchange for your life.

"I will be silent as the grave from which you have saved me," he answered solemnly. "I promise you that on my honor."

He almost thought that she smiled, so sweet a relaxation came to the tense lines about her lips. She looked at him gratefully. One would have thought that it was her own life which had been saved.

"Thank you," she said softly. "God keep you and restore you soon to health."

She made a motion to the silent figure at the horse's side. Quickly the man stepped out in the long stride of his race, keeping step evenly with the animal, and they passed away down the mountain, leaving her alone in the still glory of the solemn night.

IX.

The little Mexican town next morning with the news that the English senor of the Espiritu Santo Mine had been nearly murdered, and left mysteriously in an insensible condition at his own door. The *mozo* who slept in the vestibule had been roused by a loud knocking, but by the time he had sleepily risen from his mat, shaken himself, and unbarred the heavy portals, he found no one except his master, leaning forward in a state of semi-unconsciousness on the neck of his horse, which stood motionless, as if possessing a knowledge that all was not right with his rider. Moonlight still lay white over the earth, but the first faint flush of dawn was in the eastern sky, as the astonished servant looked up and down the long, silent street and found no sign of any living figure. Whoever had given the summons which roused him had, when assured of his approach, fled swiftly and vanished completely. Wondering and foreboding, the man approached his master and lifted him from the saddle. Vynner made one last effort to do what was necessary; but nature had been taxed to its utmost. He reeled as if drunken, caught the *mozo's* arm, and would have fallen heavily had not that arm interposed and saved him. The man laid him down within the threshold and roused the other servants. Together they bore him to his bed and summoned a doctor, who found him unconscious from an injury on the head which he at once pronounced to have been caused by a blow that came narrowly near fracturing the skull, and the consequences of which might prove very serious.

That they were less serious than he anticipated reflected no discredit upon his professional foresight. The patient had a strong constitution and probably a very hard head also; for the concussion of the brain from which he suffered did not lead to brain fever, as the doctor feared it would. After a few days the stupor passed, and the mind began to act again—slowly going back over the events of the night which would henceforth stand out from all other nights in his memory.

For as he lay, weak in body and by no means strong as regarded mental processes, one face dominated all that he remembered of this night—a pale, beautiful face, at which he had gazed like unto death, in the dark depth of the mine, and again in the white lustre of the moonbeams upon the surface of the earth. He might have thought his memory of a delusion but for the fact that his recollection, dim enough in other points, was most clear and insistent with regard to all that Guadalupe had said and done. But how did she come to be there? What possible influence had brought the carefully guarded maiden to that lonely mountain at such an hour? Judging the strength of the influence by the peril incurred, he said to himself that it must have been powerful beyond all measure of expression. Was it for the sake of the cousin whom he had found so treacherously engaged in betraying himself? But how could her presence advantage Fernando, absorbed as he was in feverish work? Could it possibly, then, have been for him, Vynner, that she had set at naught all fear, risked all dangers? Had she by some strange chance learned of his peril and come to save him? It must be so—since what but the compelling force of love, that counts no obstacles and considers no dangers where the safety of the loved one is concerned, could have nerved a delicate girl to the descent into the mine where she had found him.

And as he laid this flattering belief in his heart he felt that heart beating as it had never throbbed before. He knew now how much Guadalupe's apparent indifference had held in check his passion for her, since in the thought of what she had done and dared for him it burst all bounds and seemed to pour like fire through his veins. Had he fancied that he had outlived such possibilities of feeling? Well, it was worth while to have been spared from death to be undecided, to know once more the ardor of primitive passion, the wild, thrilling, unreasoning love before which all other feelings vanish as dry grass before flame. He absolutely forgot the existence of the woman he had loved in England, he gave not a thought to the lost lodge or to Fernando's treachery. Everything was merged in one overmastering desire to see Guadalupe again, and to make her his own for ever.

Meanwhile he had seen no one but the doctor, for all other visitors were by that authority sternly forbidden; but as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to permit the least conversa-

tion with safety to his health, a visitor who would not be denied came—the *jeff-politico* of the town, whose call was both of a friendly and official character. He wished to know how the particulars of what had befallen him—"since it is necessary," he said politely, "that your assailant should be punished."

"But suppose, senor, that I had no assailant," replied Vynner quietly. "I was unfortunate enough to meet with an accident—but the nature of it only concerns myself."

The official looked at him keenly and read a mystery. "Pardon me, senor," he said, "but some accidents concern very much those whose duty it is to guard order and punish crime. I shall be very much obliged, therefore, if you will give me an account of what befell you on the night when you were absent from your house, and when you returned—or were brought back—in so sad a condition."

"I am sorry that it is altogether out of my power to oblige you," replied Vynner with equal courtesy of manner and decision of tone. "I repeat that the events of that night concern no one but myself; and I therefore decline absolutely to give any account of them."

The eyes of the two men met and rested each upon the other for a space of time measured by no more than seconds, but it was enough to convince the Mexican that nothing was to be gained by pressing his inquiries.

"I understand, senor," he said, dropping his eyes. "It was an affair of gallantry, no doubt, and the consequences—well, they are not uncommon with our people. It is fortunate that you escaped a knife-thrust, which might not have been