THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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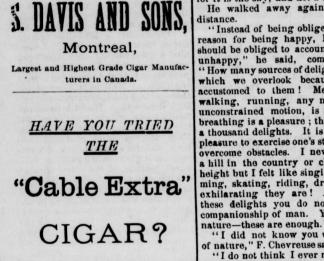
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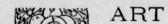
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suffer pain, that His puny creatures could torment and kill Him, has always been to me a thought at once absurd and blasphemous. It is probably for this reason that you see Him best in more and Lim iow." GRAPES AND THORNS. M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC. sorrow, and I in joy." He stood a little while thinking, then

CHAPTER XIII. - CONTINUED.

added quietly, as if speaking to him-self: "Yet it is a sweet and comfort-F. Chevreuse, standing one silent ment to contemplate the scene, was ing thought." F. Chevreuse blushed red with a startled to see his companion break from his side, and, running to the tree sudden gladness, but said nothing. It was no time for controversy; and, at a little distance, catch one of its branches, and swing himself into the besides, he had the wisdom to leave souls to God sometimes. That people air by it. The priest's first glance was are to be converted by a constant ing of argument and attack he did not believe. His experience had been

one of dismay; his second, a smiling one. He understood the abounding joy of which the act was an outbreak, and was pleased with the boyishness of it, and that the impulse should have been yielded to in his presence. Sad as he was, he could not help feeling glad to see another possessed by a full and un-thinking happiness.

long breath

arelessly.

not made in that way, and that the soul that studied out its own way helped by God, and teased as little as possible by man, was by far the most possible by man, was by far the most steadfast in the faith. Mr. Schoninger laughed, as he re-They went slowly down the hill to-gether in the direction of the priest's turned to his companion. "Don't be afraid," he said ; "I am

house, and stopped a moment to not a lunatic. I am free! Do you know what a delight it is to be in a on Mrs. Ferrier's gate in passing. That lady had just entered her house, place where you can swing your arms without hitting anything? I could having been all the day and evening at Mrs. Gerald's. She would gladly have stayed all night had Honora

without hitting anything? I could run here half an hour, and neither turn nor be obliged to stop; and I can stand upright without feeling as though my head were going to strike." While speaking, he was continually making slight motions, as though try-ing if he had the free use of his limbs; and when he stopped, he lifted his head to its full height, and drew in a long breath. allowed it. The two men had, unseen recognized, been near enough to hear the long sigh the good creature gave mounted the steps to her door.

and the exclamation she made to the servant who followed her: "Little did think last night at this time what orrible things were going to happen within twenty-four hours." Some per sons have that way of dating backward "How delicious the air is !" he ex

claimed. "How fresh and pure! It comes here from the forests and the from startling events, and renewing thus the vividness of their sensations. mountains and the sea. There is no smell of lime or close dampness or human breaths in it. Pah! F. Chev-She did not know what kind thoughts were following her in at the reuse, when you preach again, and tell your people what they have to be thankful for, in spite of sorrow and poverty, remind them of the air they breathe, the sun that shines on them, door, or she might have been comforted.

They went on, and soon came sight of what had been Mrs. Gerald's home. The blinds were all closed, and the sky above their heads, and the not a ray of light was visible. Under power to move about as they will. If this sky were gray, and pouring down rain, I should still think it beautiful; the vines and large, over-hanging trees the cottage appeared to shrink and hide itself. for it is the sky, and not a stone.

"I would like to go in for one min He walked away again to a little ute, if you do not object to waiting." F. Chevreuse said. "That poor girl "Instead of being obliged to give a neans to sit up all night, and she is reason for being happy, I think we should be obliged to account for being unhappy," he said, coming back. "How many sources of delight we have likely to have no one else in the room. It is a gloomy watch, and she may feel better, if I speak a word to her. "Pray do not think of me!" Mr.

which we overlook because we are Schoninger exclaimed. accustomed to them ! Mere motion, F. Chevreuse stepped into the yard, and, as he held the gate open for his companion, Mr. Schoninger followed, walking, running, any natural and unconstrained motion, is a pleasure; breathing is a pleasure ; the eyes have a thousand delights. It is a source of though with some hesitation. There were many reasons why he would not be willing to enter that house. Indeed, pleasure to exercise one's strength and overcome obstacles. I never went up the priest well knew that it was no a hill in the country or climbed any height but I felt like singing. Swim-ming, skating, riding, driving—how exhiarating they are! And for all time to take him there openly ; but for some reason he wished him to come near enough, at least, to feel the sor row and desolation which had fallen these delights you do not need the companionship of man. Yourself and upon it. Perhaps he wished to soften Mr. Schoninger still more toward the

unhappy man the burden of whose guilt he had borne; perhaps he wanted to remind him how entirely "I did not know you were so fond of nature," F. Chevreuse said, smiling. "I do not think I ever mentioned it that burden had been removed from o any one before," remarked the other him by showing how cruelly it had fallen elsewhere.

The priest tried the door before The priest was struck by this reply ringing, and, finding it not locked, stepped quietly into the entry, which and looked with astonishment on the man who for thirty years had loved nature, yet never said a word in praise of it. Could it be because of a reserved was lighted through the open doors of rooms at either side. In one of these rooms sat three or four persons. He and unsocial disposition? Or was it that he had been too much isolated said a few words to them, and closed The priest was almost afraid to speak, the door of their room before going to he should check a confidence at the other.

once so charming and so manly. Mr. Schoninger held back a moment quite understood that it was the un-usual and deep agitation of Mr. Schonbut could not resist longer the tempta-tion to approach. The outer door was inger's mind which had brought this still open, and a soft light shone over feeling to light, as the sea, in its agita- the threshold of it from the parlor. Drawn step by step, he went to the ion, may toss up a pearl.

but it is all so short, so sudden !" She "And bring up a bottle of wine with about 7 o'clock. At 6:30 Jane could stopped a moment, for her voice begun to tremble a little ; but resumed : "She to tremble a little; but resumed: "She has no one left but me, and I want to stay by her till the last." "Jane is gone to bed, sir," Andrew announced, and stood stubbornly to be questioned, his whole air saying plainly that all had not been told.

dropping further objections. "Oh ! no. The others will sit all night in there, with the doors open between. At daybreak Mrs. Ferrier

is coming down, and then I shall go to rest. I am glad you came in." "I was passing by with Mr. Schon-inger," he said, "and I asked him to wait for me a moment."

she spoke, seeming too heavy to be lifted ; but as the priest said this. she glanced into his face ; then, becoming aware that the street-door was open,

pleasure of a long cross-examination. Mr. Schoninger stood there motion-' She says she doesn't want anything

or anybody. She'll get well when she's ready. She's got the supper, and I sadness becoming distress. She rose from her seat and went to him, her can manage to bring it up. All the doctors and all the nurses in the world won't make her well till she's a mind

was the last person who would have wronged you or any one." Then seeing that he had not come as an accuser, she held out her hands to him.

The night before he had been like one buried alive, and his hand had en against all the world ; to night life had crowded back upon him with its honors, its friendships, it pathos, and this last scene of sorrow and tenderness

gave him, but did not utter a word. and they parted instantly. Honora returned to the *prie-dieu*, and, kneel-ing there, hid her face and began to weep again, and Mr. Schoninger went out to the gate without giving a backward glance. the great news of the day had burst

"All these wretched doings have "All these wretched usings have left Miss Pembroke very lonely," he said. "She has really no one left who is near to her, though she has a host of friends. But what, has a host of friends. But what, after all, is a host of friends, as the world calls them worth? When a thunderbolt falls on you, people always gather round, and a great deal of kind feeling is struck out ; but, perhaps, you have needed the kindness a great deal more in the long, dry days when there was no thunder. It is the constant, daily, intimate friendship that gives happiness. But there ! it is of no use to abuse the world, especially when one forms a part of it, and is thus abusing one's self. All of us feel our hearts warm towards people who are in great affliction, when we do not think of them in their ordinary trials. It is only God who is constant to all needs, who knows all. Mr. Schonin-

ger, you are welcome." They had reached the house, and the priest turned on the threshold to offer his hand to the man whom he had so long courted in vain, and who had so many times refused his friendship. He knew that he had conquered when opinion, be in some sort a friend, and

had won the Jew's friendship and conidence; for, having renounced his listrust, Mr. Schoninger was, in an un demonstrative way, generously confid-ing. Hard to win by one whose cir cumstances were so alien to his own, when won, there was no reserve.

F. Chevreuse's sitting-room was never a very pleasant one, except for his presence. It had too many doors was too shut in from outside, and had also the uncomfortable air of being the first of a suite. One never feels at rest in the first room of a suite. He fel the unpleasantness of the place, with-

known precisely what her son's apart-

ment lacked, and had given it a plea

ant look by employing those little de-vices which can introduce a fragment

of beauty into the most desolate place

but her mantle had not fallen on Jane,

the housekeeper, and thus it chanced

that the priest had, without knowing

knew that all the comfort of the priest's covered her face with her hands. "Jane !" exclaimed the priest in a home depended on her, marked out for herself a line of conduct which would voice that told her he was not to be tried much further. "Have you lost have made that home a place of penance to him, and herself a minister of

in great and anxious haste

upon Jane. It was too much; and

your sense?" "My heart is broken for Mrs. torment : while at the same time she Gerald !" she cried, weeping loudly "I haven't been able to stand hardly

APRIL 8,

shall never call it has destroyed my have only to dism my mind as far as to-day a letter sig pupils, begging a struction of them themselves very w sent. The Unitar vited me to play church, but I hav

TO BE

DEFENDING

scarcely able to stand, and renewed the spoiling dishes. She did not wish to leave anything to be complained of, meaning to be herself the only one ill used. At length she heard a foot on the door-step, and, making haste to shut herself into her room, with only a very little opening left, Jane became a prey to grief and pain. All these movements Andrew had Cardinal Moran' Master of a

APRIL 8, 1898.

not suppress an occasional moan of pain ; and at ten minutes before seven

she consigned the supper, which was all prepared, to the care of Andrew

and staggered into her own room, hold-ing on by chairs and tables as she went. She would not, perhaps, have

indulged in such violent symptoms had

she seen the smiles with which her fel-low-servant beheld her tottering pro-

naded that she had vanquished hi

scepticism, and half convinced herself

that she was suffering severely, Jane set herself to listen for the priest's com-

Seven o'clock came, but not F. Chev.

reuse; 7:30, and still he had not ap-

Jane stole out into the kitchen,

All these movements Andrew had

listened to with great edification ; but

what Andrew did not know was that

the invalid, skurrying out to stand at

the foot of the stairs when she heard

talking in the room above, had had the

pleasure of listening to the whole con-

versation regarding her state of health

without much surprise, it must be owned, saw his housekeeper coming

eebly into the room where he sat at

table, her face red and swollen with

laborious weeping, and expressing

chief among its varied emotions and

sentiments a saint-like and anxious

desire and determination to sacrifice

herself to the utmost rather than omi

It was an unwelcome vision. There

was a point beyond which even he did

not want to have his sympathies drained. He felt that he was human,

body. "I am afraid, F. Chevreuse,"

and would like to rest both mind and

began, in a very sick voice, leaning against the side of the door-"I am

afraid that your toast is too dry. I afraid that your these times" made it fresh three times" "Never mind, Jane," he inter-"Never impatiently. "It does

very well. You need not trouble your

Jane came into the room a few to

tering steps, and rested on the back

"I don't know how Andrew brough

things up," she said, very short of breath, but not so much so but she

Taken unawares by this unusual

severity, Jane lost her discretion.

is my place to look that things are properly done in the house, and I shall

to it," she said, half defiant, half hys-

As she did so, her eves fell on the

pale and haggard face of their guest.

At that sight she paused, transfixed

with a genuine astonishment, for she

had expected to see F. O'Donovan ; and, after one wild glance, as if she

had seen a ghost, uttered a cry and

terical, and took a step nearer to the

could fire this little shot. "I sup they are all at sixes and sevens.

"I suppose sevens. But

of a chair.

done

table.

the smallest possible duty.

Ten minutes after, F. Chevreuse,

scarcely able to stand, and renewed

gress across the room. Fully

ing.

peared.

Cardinal Mora statements made M. P., Grand Ma Ledge of New Son Sydney Morning have no intenti to engage in c Neild, yet there statements in hi speech on which to make a Neild expresses the words of TH CONSECRATION ta thus cites : 'Her I will persecute according to massare Mr. Neild my unnecessary In my oath of c ne such words a They are not in or Ireland, neit the United Stat over, they have meaning as tha attach to them. the Bishop's d teachings of Di the assaults of e time there wi battlefield com Church. The of faith ; but, ual interests not to make u material warfa with the armou Mr. Neild cites which I rejoic our days was i from the fetter he adds : 'Th that the Pope i peral sovereig en guilty of no reference w sovereignty of deed, that the in most countr ters which in bendage; and of Providence Faith is the re very enemies as courtiers n at times usefu Church desire be not courtie and Apostles. highest pres powers of Eu sey was at the heless, that slavery for There are no history of F bear the imp and Mazarin those were a Church? T of the Pope His domain i tendom of w to St. Peter,

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"Gone to bed !" echoed F. Chev-use. "What is the matter with reuse. "What is the matter with her?" "She says she is sick." The man suffered an acrid smile to show in the corners of his mouth. "Jane sick !" said the priest, much concerned. "Is there any one with her? Has anything been done for

Her eyes had dropped again while her?" In speaking, he took a step toward the door. "Oh! don't you trouble yourself sir," interposed Andrew quickly, find-ing that he must deny himself the

looked toward it.

A change passed over her face, her hands clasped. "Mr. Schoninger," she said, "she

to be." "Well, well !" said F. Chevreuse rather mortified at this exposition of his domestic trials. "Bring up the

Jane had, in fact, one of those con venient illnesses sometimes indulged in by some women, and now and then by men, when they are sized by a fit of ungovernable ill-humor which they dare not show in its true guise, o

when they desire to appear very much abused, or to escape blame for some ill-doing. F. Chevreuse had not been He bent, and kissed the hands she home since early morning, and dinner had been prepared, had waited, and been put away-no small grievance to even a good-natured house keeper. Secondly, about noon, when all the rest of the city knew it, Andrew above all,

F. Chevreuse joined him immedi-

when, toward evening, Andrew had come home with an order that supper should be prepared for two that night, and a little extra preparation made, and that, moreover, the priest's visitor would stay all night, the housekeeper's cup ran over. News had started from the priest's house, and made the circuit of the city, electrifying every-body, and she had been the last to hear it, and had heard it at last from Andrew ! She would not have dared to hint such a thing ; but she thought that F. Chevreuse should have told her before leaving the house, even if he had commanded her silence. It would have saved her the mortification of being taken entirely by surprise and displaying such utter ignorance. While she mused, the fire burned.

She would henceforth bear herself very stiffly toward F. Chevreuse. Since he thought that she was not to be trusted, that she was nothing but a servant, she

would act like a servant. All those things which she had done for his comfort without being asked she would now wait to be asked to do. He should see the difference between a house keeper, who should, according to her

his hospitality was accepted. He had conquered, in so much as h a mere hired servant. She would be very dignified, and immensely respect-ful and reverential would be ful and reverential; would be astonished if he should ask if any. thing was the matter; would whatever he should command, and no more than he commanded ; and

she would go to F. O'Donovan for con-fession. In short, this woman, who

out in the least knowing the cause of could not only hold herself guiltless of it, and always took his special visitors fault, but even assume an air of un-into his mother's room. fault, but even assume an air of un-wonted sanctity.



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He said nothing, therefore, but threshold, and stood just where the Mother Chevreuse had, woman-like

waited for his companion to speak light and shadow met, and the door again, not observing him, but looking framed a picture for him. The room framed a picture for him. The room seemed to be nearly all with and when one is free, and has the use of one's limbs, and is happy, then one believes in a good God, who is a Father to His creatures." Mr. Schemic Schemi up at the illuminated dome above. tender purity by flowers and green leaves, arranged, not profusely, but to His creatures," Mr. Schoninger re sumed in a voice as gentle as he might with good taste. On what appeared to be a sofa covered with black lay a have used when a child at his mother' knee. He had been holding his hat in

t, lost more than his mother. Her sitting room was cheerfully his hand ; but in speaking, he covered motionless, white-draped form lying lighted when the two entered it, and his head. At the same instant, F. Chevreuse uncovered his, and the Jew easily, as one might sleep; but there needed not the covered face to show the table, prepared for supper, awaited and the Christian, each after his man them. It was the Thursday before that it was the sleep of death. Candles ner, acknowledged the presence of God burned at the head of the sofa, and a Palm Sunday, and F. Chevreuse had prie-dieu stood before it. All this Mr. eaten nothing since taking a cup of in that thought, which was almost like offee and a crust of bread in the morn Schoninger took in at a glance : but

a visible presence. "To me," said the priest, "the his eyes rested on what was to him the ing ; and now, the work and exciteacknowledgment comes more surely when I am in trouble. It seems to me ment of the day over, and nothing principal object in the room-Honora embroke, sitting near the head of the worse than he had anticipated having happened, he felt like resting and rethat if I were in chains and torments sofa, with the light of the candles shing himself. If Mrs. Gerald had shining over her. She looked up, but did not speak, as F. Chevreuse came in and knelt at the *priedieu*. Her He would be nearer to me than ever had been alive and mourning, he

would have been tormented by eyes dropped again immediately to her folded hands, and she sat there motionthought of her : but she was safe in the care of God, and he left her there in perfect trust. ess, an image of calm and silent grief.

Andrew, the man-servant, sacristan, Her face was pale and utterly sad and languid with long weeping, her hands and factotum of the establishment, was lurking somewhere about when the lay wearily in her lap, and her plain black dress, and the hair all drawn priest entered, and came forward to

back together and fastened with a make a crabbed salutation. It he ever felt in an amiable mood or was satiscomb, showed how distant from her mind was the thought of personal fied with anything, this man took good adornment. Yet never had she looked

care that no one should know it ; and not all the cheerfulness, patience, and more lovely or shown how little her amiability of F. Chevreuse could for a

beauty depended on ornament. Mr. Schoninger, looking at her atmoment chase away the cloud that tentively, perceived that her face was brooded over his face, or make him acknowledge that there was anything thinner than when he had seen it last ; but tribulation in his life. The priest and though the sight gave him a cer bore more patiently the constant, petty tain pain, it gave him, too, a certain He would have thought her pleasure. cruel had she been quite prosperous and happy while he was in torment. death F. Chevreuse rose from his knees, and Miss Pembroke looked up and

leave the others to watch ?" he asked. "I do not want to leave her, Father,"

the

To be frankly and henestly disagree able or wicked, one does not need to study ; but a pious hatefulness requires careful preparation.

Her plan of future conduct ar ranged, Jane perceived that a notable pivot was needed where it should turn from her past behavior : and what so suitable as a short illness? 'Besides she did not feel equal to assuming her new role as yet. The temptation was too strong to give way to anger. She bewailed Mrs. Gerald, therefore, with many tears; Mrs. Gerald's death, which might have happened from any other cause, being the only point in the whole story which she would recog-

nize or hear anything about. Weep ing brought on a headache, and the headache increased. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon Jane bound her head up fication.

in a wet linen band, and began to feel unable to stand or walk. Duty alone compelled her to keep about. What would become of the house, if she were to give up? What could a poor woman do who had no home or friends of her

own, and was obliged to take care of a priest's house? She must work and watch early and late, sick or well. Nobody but herself knew what a trial it was. And here the victim began to

weep over her own misfortunes. Presently, at 6 o'clock, Jane began to feel a pain in her back ; but nothing would induce her to rest. F Chevreuse had sent word that he would have some one to sup and stay all night, and she must get the bed-room

must be done.

keeper holding on to her head with one "I shall stay here and take up my hand, while with the other she did life where I left it off, except that I work which there was not the least must now give up all contest for that need of doing. He had been watch-ing with great interest the progress of I had has been thrown away in the her malady, and perceived that it was near the crisis. The supper-hour had been casually for me I do not know. It is now to

since I heard about her. Oh ! such a wicked world as this is. I shall be glad when the Lord takes me out of it. To think that I shall never see her again, that" F. Chevreuse laid down his knife

and fork, which he had made a pre-tence of using. "You and Mrs. Gerald were by no means such intimate friends that her death should plunge you in this great affliction," he said Her nearest friends bear their sor row with fortitude. Your agitation is therefore quite uncalled for. I have no further need of you to night. If you want anything done for you, Andrew will go for some of your friends."

There was no possibility of resisting this intimation, and the housekcepe retired speechless with rage and morti-

"Mr. Schoninger, remarked the priest gravely, when they were alone, women are sometimes very troubleome.

"F. Chevreuse," returned his visitor with equal gravity, "men are some-times very troublesome."

"That is very true," the priest made aste to admit. "I didn't mean to say haste to admit. anything against women.

And yet, at the woman's first glance and cry of horror and aversion, Mr. Schoninger's face had darkened. "Was he always to have these vulgar animosities intruded on him?" asked himself.

It was one of those annovances which night, and she must get the bed room a proud and fastidious person would ready, and cook something extra. She like to have the power to banish for didn't see how she could do it, but it ever with a gesture of the hand or a must be done. word.

Word. When her gossips had gone home, after vainly offering their assistance, Andrew came in and found the house-keeper holding on to her head with one "I shall stay here and take up my The two friends talked long together that night, and Mr. Schoninger told

mentioned in the priest's message as late. This informal persecution - I

waited for him to speak. "Had you not better go to bed, and 'You will be exhausted."

and economical cure, and ne to use them, is to fail in you, duty. Parents, asve your children years of nece less suffering from torturing and diafiguring erup tions. Curicuma REMEDING are the greatest skil cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies o modern times. Bold everywhere. POTTER DEU AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. & W" How to Cure Skin Diseases " molined ases" mailed free. BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure. PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

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crabbedness, or had so displayed the comical phase of it that it had ceased to be an annoyance, and was often amusing. "Tell Jane to give us our supper

she replied. "If she had had a long "Tell Jane to give us our supper illness, it would have been different; right away, Andrew," the priest said.

trial of such a presence about him be-cause he believed that sorrow for the of Mother Chevreuse had changed the old man from bad to worse. when the truth was that the lady had skillully hidden much of their servant's