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(CUT PLUG.)
OLD CHUM
(PLUG.)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.



Montreal.
Cut Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 10c.
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—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, notwithstanding an increased competition of over One Hundred and Twenty-five Factories. This fact speaks volumes. We are not cheap Cigar manufacturers.

J. DAVIS AND SONS,
Montreal,
Largest and Highest Grade Cigar Manufacturers in Canada.

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER
NO MORE GRAY HAIR.



Why allow your gray hair to make you look prematurely old, when you can easily restore the original color of your hair and banish all untimely signs of age?

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

The most flattering testimonials from SEVERAL PHYSICIANS 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
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STAINED GLASS
BRILLIANT CUT, BEVELED,
SILVERED, BENT, PLATE &c.

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Manufacturers of
CHURCH,
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Write for Illustrated Catalogue and prices.

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London, Ont., Can.

The Bravest Battle That ever was Fought.
BY JOAQUIN MILLER.
The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
Twas fought by the mothers of men.
Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword, or noisier pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men;
But deep in a welled-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part,
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.
Yet, faithful still as a bride of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town;
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battleshot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways!

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God, as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

From the Catholic World.
THE LOST LODGE.
A STORY OF MEXICO.
By CHRISTIAN REID.
IX.—CONTINUED.

"He revived—you have sent him home!" stammered Fernando. He could only gaze at her as if fascinated. Was this indeed Guadalupe who seemed so calm, so fearless, so strangely altered from the girl he had known and loved all his life? He could hardly have felt a greater change in her had she been indeed the spirit for which he had first taken her.

"Yes, he has gone home," she repeated. "Whether to live or die God only knows. But in either case you are safe—as far as the knowledge of men is concerned. He has promised me that he will be silent regarding all that has happened this night. I think that he will keep his promise. Tomorrow, you must go to the mine as usual and remain there until it is possible for you to leave in an apparently natural manner."

"Go to the mine!" he repeated agitated. "I cannot do it—it is impossible!"
"Then you will proclaim everything, and bring shame upon yourself and all connected with you," she answered. "Have you no thought of your father's honorable name? Do you wish to break his heart? This is something which does not concern yourself alone. If you refuse, terrible as the necessity will be, I must speak to uncle."

"Are you not afraid to threaten me?" he demanded, turning upon her. "Does your infatuation for your lover carry you so far that you dare all things? Speak to my father by all means! It will be interesting to know what he will think of this midnight excursion of yours."

"I am not afraid that my uncle will doubt or disbelieve me when I tell him what led me out of his house alone, in the night," she answered. "But I hope that he may be spared the knowledge of how I went to save his son from being detected in treachery, and found him flying with blood upon his hand and soul. No more, Fernando—let us talk no more! The dead have no need of words, and you and I are dead to each other henceforth. Only remember that you must go to the mine tomorrow—and that if you do not I shall tell my uncle all."

She drew the shrouding folds of her drapery closer about her face and made a movement to pass on, but Fernando put out his hand and stopped her.
"One moment!" he said hoarsely. "Do you believe that I will keep my promise and be silent?"
"I believe it," she answered.
"And if not—?"
"If not, could anything be worse than the confession which your own flight would make? Ah, for your father's sake, be a man, Fernando! Spare him the knowledge of that which his best loved son, the pride of his heart, has become! Be true to the man you love—and you, Guadalupe!"
He sank suddenly on his knees on the path before her, and caught her dress with eager hands. "Have you no pity for the man whose love for you led him into dishonor and crime? God forgives the penitent and do you refuse to do so? I know that I have outraged and insulted you to-night—but I never believed, never meant it! Madness spoke, not I. You have saved me from a murderer's remorse and perhaps a murderer's doom—save me now from misery and despair! Bid me go to that accursed mine for your sake, and I will do it! What do I say? I would go—I have gone—to the very gates of hell for your sake!"
"And that being so, Fernando, you shall never go there or elsewhere for me," she answered solemnly. "If I have been the unhappy cause that tempted you into dark paths, I will be so no longer. We will think no more of love, but of penitence. You, for yourself, and I for you, will beg God to pardon the sin which almost culminated to-night in the worst of crimes. Go, may for that pardon, and resolve to bear the bitter expiation which follows all wrong-doing with the courage of one who has not forgotten that he was once a brave and honorable man. Now I must go. If my absence is discovered, it will be ill for both of us."
"And not one word—not one word of pardon, Guadalupe?"
She looked at him with a glance in which there was the pitying pardon of an angel—but where he would have sought vainly for the love of a woman. The word he craved she did not speak;

but lifting her hand she made the sign of the cross over his upturned face—a beautiful mode of household blessing in Mexico—and then turned quickly and left him.

X.
It was a few days after the visit of the *jeje-politico*, and when Vyrer was beginning to consider whether he was not able to ride out to the hacienda, since he longed above all things for a sight of Guadalupe, that he received a call from another and most unexpected visitor. This was the cura, or parish priest, of the town—a tall, grave, slender man, whom Vyrer had often admired as a picturesque figure when he saw him passing along the streets draped in the graceful folds of his cloak, and whose dark delicate face and tanned head recalled the pictures of ascetic saints with which all the world is familiar in Spanish and Italian galleries. But beyond exchanging a courteous salutation occasionally when accidentally meeting, he had no acquaintance with this interesting person; and he was, therefore, not a little surprised when he was abruptly announced "El Senor Cura," and into the room where he reclined in semi-invalid ease the priest walked.

It appeared at first as if his visit was only of a friendly nature, to express concern at the serious injury which had befallen one who was a stranger and a foreigner, and to offer the most apparently sincere congratulations on his recovery. But as he talked, Vyrer could not resist the impression that he knew the true cause of his mysterious accident; and this impression received absolute confirmation when, on preparing to take leave, the cura uttered a few significant words.

"I have given me pleasure to pay this visit, senor; but since I could hardly claim the honor of your acquaintance, I might not perhaps have ventured to intrude upon you had I not been asked to do so by one who takes a deep interest in your condition—the Senorita Guadalupe Sandoral."

At sound of that name the color leaped to Vyrer's cheek and a light into his eyes; but before he could speak the priest went on:
"She is not only anxious to know how you are, but she wishes much to see you. She is to-day at the curato with my sister. Is it possible for you to walk there and speak to her for a few minutes? She desires to see you more privately than is possible at the hacienda."

Vyrer was on his feet in an instant. He forgot that he had ever been a sick man. An elixir of vitality seemed poured into his veins in the mere thought that Guadalupe wished to see him, that she had sent for him.
"I shall be delighted, senor," he managed to say. "Dona Guadalupe honors me by her request. Can I accompany you at once?"
"I will be well," answered the cura with a silent smile.

And so, walking as one in a dream, Vyrer went with the tall, black-draped figure out into the glare of the sunlit streets. It was not very far to the curato, which adjoined the church, and once formed part of an ancient monastery. There was a cloister still about the beautiful old court into which Vyrer found himself introduced, where a great brimming fountain filled the centre, in the midst of broad-leaved tropical plants, and vines that with a wealth of greenery clambered up the pillar and around the carved stone arches of the corridors which encircled the four sides of the quadrangle. All was still and full of the light of repose. Two or three white-plumaged pigeons were resting on the edge of the fountain, now and then dipping their beaks in the water like Piny's doves. Some of the ancient monastic inscriptions were still visible on the walls. As Vyrer sat down, while the cura with a few words of apology left him, he found himself half-unconsciously reading these inscriptions: "Guarda el orden para que el orden os guarde." "Sin la Fe es imposible agradar a Dios." "Que aprovecha al hombre ganar el mundo entero si pierde su alma." "Si no hazieis penitencia todos igualmente pereceris."

So they ran, the spirit which he breathed making a strange contrast to the mood of the man who read them. He might have been struck with this himself had not the thought of Guadalupe near at hand banished all possible reflections upon the brown-robed Franciscans who once paced the cloisters, and thus reminded themselves of the renunciation of the world and all things earthly.

It seemed to him that the cura was long absent, but in reality only a few minutes elapsed before he returned, saying with grave courtesy, "If you will come this way, senor, Dona Guadalupe will see you."

A moment later Vyrer found himself in a long, lofty room, very bare of furniture but impressive from its fine air of space, its rigorous cleanliness and noble proportions. A few religious pictures, old and dim but of evident artistic value, hung upon the walls, a number of straight-backed chairs were ranged below them. At one end of the apartment stood a table on which were books, writing materials, and a tall ivory crucifix. Near this was a small square of carpet, a narrow sofa, and two or three more comfortable chairs. To this place of honor the cura ceremoniously led his guest, but, before he could obey the gesture which invited him to be seated, a door at the farther end of the room opened, and Guadalupe entered.

dark the shadows beneath her beautiful eyes! She looked like one who had just arisen from a bed of sickness; and this thought found expression in his first words.

"You have been ill!" he said, taking a few impetuous steps to meet her. "It was too much for you—He paused abruptly. He had been about to add, "that night upon the mountain when you saved me," but the cura was still standing by, and he suddenly remembered that he did not know how much or how little had been revealed to the latter.

"I have been ill a little," she answered, "but it did not matter. Why should you speak of anything so unimportant? I can think of nothing but my gratitude to God that I see you standing before me once more in life and health. Ah, senor, never, never can I be grateful enough that our preserver—she glanced at the priest as if to show who was included in the plural pronoun—"has been heard, and your life has been spared."

"Senor Vyrer has indeed much to thank God and you for," said the cura impressively. "And now I will leave you to speak to him undisturbed." He turned and went out, closing the door carefully behind him. Guadalupe sat down on the sofa, and leaning back with an air of weakness, invited Vyrer by a gesture to take the chair nearest her. He obeyed; but so powerful was the emotion which filled his heart as he looked at her, that he was absolutely incapable of utterance, and it was she who spoke first.

"It is very good of you, senor, to come so promptly in answer to my summons. Since we have heard that I could possibly be sure of obtaining a few words alone with you—for they are words which it is very necessary that I should speak. But my kind friend the cura came to my assistance and offered to arrange an opportunity. This is why I see you here."

"I felt your summons to be an honor," Vyrer answered, "and as for my coming promptly—one does not come much, thanks for doing that which one desires to do above all things. I, too, have been troubling myself with the thought of how I could best manage to see you—but it was not so much for the sake of anything I had to say, as simply to see you. And yes I have much to say, for I have my life to thank you for. I do not know how or why you came to be upon that mountain, but I know well that had you not been there, I should not be here now."

She put her hands to her face for a moment with a slight shudder, as if the memory of that to which he alluded was almost more than she could bear. Then dropping them into her lap, she looked at him steadily with her sad, lovely gaze.

"And if I did something for you that night, senor," she said, "you have fully repaid me by the strict and honorable manner in which you have observed the secrecy I asked of you. To you the truth would, I think, kill my uncle—for he has had much trouble, and he is a proud man. I am aware that I asked much of you in entreating this silence—for you have been trusted—betrayed, as well as almost murdered. I am bowed to the earth with shame when I think of it, when I say to myself that my cousin—"

She paused, her voice choked with the emotion which for a moment she could not control. And it was then, without an instant's premeditation, that Vyrer let himself go.
"Guadalupe, Guadalupe!" he said, suddenly bending forward and taking the two slender hands that lay in her lap, "do not think of these things! Think only of what I am going to tell you. I love you with all my heart! What is it to me whether your cousin betrayed me or not? I thank him for nearly killing me, since it has made me owe my life—my new life—to you. If you will take this life, which is now yours, and yours only, I can ask nothing better of earth. And I have said to myself of late that there may be a hope of this happiness for me if it was indeed for my sake that you climbed that lonely mountain in the dead of night—"

She drew her hands from his grasp with a look of something akin to terror. "Ah, my God!" she breathed, as if to herself, "what is this? Senor, what can I say to you?" she went on, looking at Vyrer. "You are mistaken. It was not for your sake I went on to the mine that night. It was to warn my cousin of your coming, since I saw you pass our house."
He started as if she had stung him. "What!" he said in a voice the tones of which were alluring, "you knew, then, of his treachery, and wished to shield him from discovery?"
"I wished," she said, "to save him from possible crime, and you from possible danger—for I feared what would occur if you met. I did not know he was there, but I suspected it; and your going to the mine at such an hour made me almost certain of it. So I went—and although I was not able to prevent what I feared, by God's mercy I prevented its worse consequence."
"Ah," he said, "I remember now that your manner the day before first made me think that there might be something wrong with your cousin. I felt then that on feared or suspected something. But let that pass. How does it matter? Whether you went that night for my sake or not, you saved my life, and I love you with a passionate devotion. I can think of nothing but these things—nothing else is worth a moment's consideration. Guadalupe, will you not take the life and the devotion? Ah! if you only will—"

again have seized her hands, but she drew slightly away and spoke with a grave and gentle dignity, which even in that moment he thought he had never seen equalled.

"Senor," she said, listen to me while I tell you a story. It is one which I never thought of such a reason for it as the one you have just given me. You know, perhaps, that I have grown up in my uncle's house, and that my cousin Fernando and I have known each other from our earliest years. But you do not know that we have loved each other always—not as cousins only, but in a more tender and peculiar manner. Had things been different, we should have been acknowledged lovers. But everything was against us—most of all our poverty. I am a child of charity, possessing nothing, and my uncle, with a large family and many cares, could give Fernando nothing. So there seemed before us only hopeless waiting, or more hopeless separation. And then came the temptation which turned Fernando from an honorable man into a traitor. His heart was set upon finding the lost lode of the Espiritu Santo Mine. Once, and once only, he spoke to me of his hopes, when first there was a question of his taking service with you. I urged him not to do so—urged him until I angered him, and never again would he speak to me on the subject. I knew nothing of what he was doing, but I lived in dread. I suspected that he was betraying your interests, and I knew not which I feared most—his conviction of treachery or his success. I could not sleep at night for thinking and watching, and to it came to pass that I saw you when you went by on that night. The sight of you seemed to confirm my worst fears, and trusting to the help of God, I took the short path up the mountain, hoping to arrive before you, warn Fernando, and avert the terrible consequences which must follow. I feared, a meeting between you. But I was too late for this—you were already there when I arrived. So I could do nothing but wait—O Mother of God! in what heart sickening suspense—until Fernando came rushing down the mountain like a madman, and told me he had left you injured—dying, in the mine—"

Her tones faltered, ceased—for for a moment she could not continue. It was Vyrer who broke the pause by speaking; but his voice sounded strangely different from that in which he had spoken before.

"And then you went down into that dark and dangerous shaft to save me! Did you not think that it might be better and safer for the man you loved to leave me there to die?"

There was something pathetic, though not reproachful, in the glance of the dark eyes as they met his own. "I only thought," she said, "that I would willingly die myself to save you, and to atone for the great wrong that had been done you. And when I asked you to meet me here, it was to tell you this story that you might understand—a little—how Fernando was tempted to so base an act."

"I can understand a man being tempted to anything for love of you," said Vyrer, as if the words were wrung from him.
"I forced him to return to the mine the next day," she went on, as if eager to end her story, "because if he had stayed away he would at once have been identified as your assailant. He was loath to go, but for his father's sake he compelled himself to do so. When you are able to return to the mine, he will leave it at once. All is over. He has lost everything. I hope, therefore, that you will be generous and spare him as much as possible—that you will continue to preserve the secrecy—"

"You have my promise," Vyrer interposed hoarsely. "It was given you not for a week, a month, a year—but for my life. Your cousin is safe from me. But God of heaven! how can you say that he has lost everything when he still has you?"
"No," she said quietly, "he has me no longer. All is at an end between us. I am going away—it is likely that I shall never come back. But before going, I wished to tell you this that you might understand—and I wished also to thank you for the generosity of your silence."

"You shame me when you speak to me in that manner," he said. "But my lips would have been sealed in an eternal silence. Could I do less, then, than I have done—even if I did not love you? But I do love you with all the passion of my soul—you must know and feel that. What is your childish romance with your cousin to me? You have found him unworthy, you have given him you. Guadalupe, come, then, to me!—come and bless my life with your love, for I tell you that I cannot live without you."

"Oh, yes, senor!" she said with almost tender sadness, "you will live very well without me. For, indeed, I think we should prove very unlike, you and I—and when you go back to your own country you will feel this. I should be as alien to your country, your ideas, your life, as you are to my country, my life, and my religion. Still I know that love can build a bridge over greater differences than these. But I do not love you, senor. I have loved only Fernando all my life. And although he has killed that love, I cannot put another in his place. I have been through dark and bitter waters since the night when I met him flying with your blood upon his soul; but now the worst is over and my way is clear. I am going to offer my heart to God, if life will accept it. If not, I shall find work to do in the world. But with love, as I have known it, I

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

am done for ever. Speak to me of it no more."

He looked at her with an expression of mingled anguish and despair. Never before, in all his spoiled life, had he felt so hopeless, never before realized that something opposed him stronger than any force which he could bring to bear against it. Given a woman of the world—of his own world—and he would have known well what to say in such a case; but what could he say to this girl who had been moulded by influences so alien to any he had known, and in whose beautiful eyes all fires of earthly passion seemed indeed for ever quenched? He could only put out his hand with a great and bitter cry of yearning.

"Guadalupe," he said, "you break my heart! I have hoped so much, so much—and now you tell me that there is no hope!"
"None from me, senor," she answered very gently. "But remember that I shall never forget my debt of gratitude to you, and that as long as I live your name will always have a place in my prayers. Take again my heart's best thanks, and now—*Adios!*"

The sweet and solemn farewell was still sounding in his ears as he left the room, and still before his eyes he saw—for how many a long day would he not continue to see—the last picture of Guadalupe, standing in the dim light of the old monastic chamber, with the white crucifix outlined against the wall behind her graceful head.

The cura, pacing to and fro in the corridor, breviary in hand, met him with something of compassion in his dark, gentle glance. Perhaps the white face of the young man told its own story to those observant eyes.
"You will rest a little longer, senor," he said kindly, "before going out again into the sun? And a glass of wine—"

But Vyrer declined these friendly offers. "The sun matters nothing, senor," he said a little grimly. "It is necessary that I should return to my house. I have many preparations to make. I am leaving for England immediately."
"It is best," said the cura. "You will find that when you are once at home, your wound will cure very speedily."

There was a double meaning in his speech? Vyrer did not know. But these words too remained with him, as he passed from the cool, shaded court, with its fountain and doves, its blooming flowers and ascetic inscriptions, to the white glare and dust of the street beyond.

Salisbury, N. C.
THE END

Mr. Charles Westbrook, son of a prominent Methodist minister, was received into the Church on August 14 at the cathedral, Richmond, Va., Rev. John B. Tabb acting as sponsor.

Very Rev. F. Bourgeois has been appointed Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Montreal, Que., as successor to the late Canon Marechal.

A WOMAN'S
For Temperance in School

The following admirable read by its author, Cramsie, of St. Paul, the late convention of National Temperance diannapolis. Its tone language glowing and temperate, that it must to the interest of every sympathy with the which it appeals.

The subject of ten "Home and School" cludes woman's work for, while man is actor of every household, and soul, the uncrow mistress of all becau all: the one whose a self-sacrifice render master of a realm gov by enchantment. H of peace, and in it place and power, light, her courage, wisdom, its self-education, simple virt piet, its fragrant a exalt her to an im Let me see whether wisest, the purest-h are agreed on this p the testimony they h what they held to b of woman and her p life.

Shakespeare repr fallibility faithful a WISE COUN strong always to st they can not save, with Shakespeare, it watches over, tea who rises with en grace, tenderness, fearless and untrint animates and exalt t unworthy soever— Dante sings of the which saves him fro leads him upward Another Italian poe of all the noblest me he says:

"From these all virt As from a fountain I have drawn life And honor without

The Greek writi types of human be Cassandra, Penelo Iphigenia; and the of the wisest of peo Spirit of Wisdom th Chivalry, to the o power of which we inspired by a do woman, and the d the knights of old necessary impulses hear. Through t back to the dim t shine undying exa stfulness and herois stood up in defenc

BUCKLED ON
wherever his valor ers accompanied h his less sympath nature failed to v of a forthlong boy, and led him: for abo above all creatur ness of sensation, guide and sancti But, it may be a tional woman, exa or towering in lo the age which pr are not the ordi and daughters w battle in the grea Are there, then, in this century? Called to this ci accident to her of fast as heavily dr nit, but was too dead. After the of grief, she kn holding him in h the unconscious where his first breath had whis sacred

Timely Wisdom.
Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

The Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, &c., act as so many waste gates for the escape of effete matter and gases from the body. The use of the Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery helps them to discharge their duty. Mr. W. H. Lester, H. M. Customs, Toronto, writes: "I have personally tested the health-giving properties of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and can testify as to its great value."

Truth Will Prevail.
DR. RUSSELL'S Truth will be afflicted with Chronic Rheumatism for many years, and have used numerous patent medicines without success. But by using six bottles of Burdock Blood Purifiers I was entirely cured. HARRIET M. BUSHALL, King St., Kingston, Ont.

NOTE.—I am acquainted with the above named lady and can certify to the correctness of this statement. HENRY WADE, Druggist, Kingston, Ont.

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