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GRAPES AND THORNS.

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

CHAPTER XI.

HARVEST OF THORNS One of the greatest severities in the ably, that he can no longer see the wide earth nor the free skies, so that Herod or a Casar. not only is his body cramped, but his mind is thrown back on itself, and forbidden to send out those long tendrils eyes, and fasten on distant objects, when those near by are repelling. Moreover, the universe itself becom to him like another prisoner, and he can scarcely believe that the large, smooth creation sails uninterruptedly little spot for ever shut in by the bars

had been low, giving him a sight of the street not far away; but his cell in the prison was higher up, and septrated from the window by a passage Sitting or lying down, therefore, he saw only a small square of sky; and standing, the topmost line of a blue hill became visible. Only one other earthly object was in sight; and as time passed by that became still less the power to crush the universe, on and less of earth, and assumed a variable but always supernatural character: it was the stone Christ that stood on the church not far away. He could robe; and as it stood there, sur-rounded by air alone, above the narrow line of the distant hill, it seemed an awful colossal being walking in over the edge of a submerged world.

At morning, when the sky was bright behind it, it darkened, the lineaments of the sun were sparkling. of the face were lost in a shadow that was like a frown, and its garments and its hands were full of gloom. At one season there were a few days when the lous," he muttered, looking at that risen sun at a certain hour surrounded the head with an intolerable splendor, and then it was an image of wrath and judgment. It wore quite another charcter on bright evenings, when, the hillside, with arms outstretched, full of irresistible love and invitation. To see this image, he had to stand at the grated door of his cell. When sitting or lying down, there was no view for the prisoner but a square of sky barred iron rods; and as the earth rolled, his view travelled with it, day the terrestrial sphere. At evening a as if he heard a smooth and noble few pale stars went by, afar off, and so strain of music, and for the first time unaware of him that they were like distant sails to the shipwrecked mar-

iner, hovering on the horizon and disappearing, each failure a new ship-One morning, when he opened his eyes just as day was beginning to flicker in the east, he saw a large, full star, so brilliant that it trembled in the silvery sky, as if about to tidings, that publisheth peace spill its brimming gold. It was so alive, so intelligent, so joyous that he raised himself and looked at it as he would have looked at a fair and joyful face appearing at the door of his cell. Surely it was like good tidings, that glad star in the east! He got up, and, as he rose, there rose

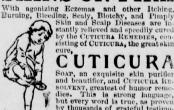
up whitely against the sky the Christ of the Immaculate Conception, seeming almost transparent in that pure

The prisoner knelt on the stone floor his cell, and lifted his hands. God of my fathers," he said, "defor I am turned in my anguish whilst the thorn is fastened!'

expression of anger and a devouring impatience than of petition. Having uttered it, he lay down again, and tried to sleep. He dreaded the thronging thoughts and tormenting pains of the days and the dreaded the thronging thoughts and tormenting pains of the days and the days are days and the days and the days are days and the days are days and the days are days and the days and the days are days are days and the days are days are days and the days are days and the days are days are days and the days are days are days and the days are days are days are days are days are days and the days are days ar the day, and there was a tender sweet-ness in this new mood which he would fain have kept and carried off into sleep. To keep it by him, he called up that story suggested by what he had just seen, the star in the east and the Christ. He did not believe it, but he found it soothing. It came to him like David's song to Saul, and, though but a mythical story, as that was but a song, it kept down the tigers of anger and despair which threatened to rise

and tear him. It was his own Judæa, which he had never seen, indeed, but which was to him what the fountain is to the stream the source of his being. How fair and peaceful was that silent night that overhung, unbarred by iron bolts, free from horizon to horizon! The holy city was sleeping, and by its side slept Bethlehem. Within a stable a fair young matron had just laid her newly-Bethlehem.

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Joseph, his Jewish brother, ministered to both, feeling sad and troubled, it must be, that those so dear to him were so illy cared for at such a time. The ox and the ass looked on with large, mild eyes, and warmed the air with their breath. It was poor, but how

peaceful, how tender, how free! The open door and windows of that poor stable were to him more beautiful than the barred and guarded portal of a Yet with what a blaze of glory the

Christian Church had surrounded this simple human picture! The poor man which can sometimes shoot through the who had been able to give his family no better shelter than a stable was held by them more honored than Herod or Cæsar; and cherubim, bright and warm from beaven, like coals just from a fire, drew near to gaze with him, on its way when he sees of it but one little spot for ever shut in by the bars matron a miraculous mother, they showered titles over her like flowers Mr. Schoninger's window in the jail and gems, they placed the moon be-neath her feet, and wreathed the stars of heaven into a garland for her head.

How terrible and how beautiful was this Christian legend! The Jew had abhorred it as a blasphemy, and his blood chilled as he suffered his thought to touch one instant the awful centre of this strange group-the Babe to whose tiny head they placed the crown of Omnipotence It was useless to try to sleep. The soothing human picture had blazed out with such an awaken The soothing human picture see all of it but the lowest hem of the ing supernatural glory that he could not even lie still. He rose again, and stood at the door of his cell. had melted from sight, the peaceful, cloudless morning was spreading over the sky, and where the feet of the Christ stood on the hill-top the beams upon the mountains were the feet of Him who brought good tidings.

"A Christian would call it miracu light; and he shuddered as he spoke. But that shudder did not come from the depths of his soul, where a new light and peace were brooding. It was like the clamor and confusion outsetting sun shining in its face, it side the doors of the temple when the came, white and glowing, down the Lord had driven forth the money changers, and was less an expressiof abhorrence than a casting out of abhorrence

The Jew did not know that, however, nor guess nor inquire what had happened in his soul. He scarcely the light steep him through. after day going over the same track in dim sense of harmony stole over him, since his imprisonment he remembered his loved profession, and longed to feel the keys of a piano or an organ beneath his hand. His fingers unconsciously piayed on the iron bars, and he hummed a tune lowly to himself without knowing what it was.

"How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of Him that bringeth good

Then, catching himself idle and dreaming, he turned away from the grating, took a book from the table, and began to read.

This book had been to Mr. Schonin ger an intellectual substitute for that spiritual consolation which he had not. Finding early in his imprisonment that his mind was working itself into a frenzy over the horrors of his position, and injuring him physically more even than confinement did, he had begun the study of a language with which he was entirely unacquainted, and, when-ever he found his thoughts accomplishing nothing profitable, he turned them resolutely to this study, and bent them, ART

It was the first prayer he had uttered since the night of his arrest, except those outeries which were more the expression of agree and advantage.

The discipline had saved him much,

seem so much a refuge as a task. prisoner lifted his eyes now and then from the book, and looked outward to the sky, and then dropped them again. still in a dream, and wondering at himself. So might the sea have wondered when its waves sank to rest be neath the divine feet of the Lord passing over

How many times during those terrible months he had striven to pro duce a perfect calm in his own soul by calling up stoical thoughts, and all in vain ; or, if not in vain, the only effect had been a temporary and enforced calm.

Nor was it unworthy a manly and reasonable character that such an effecas he now experienced should be produced by something which, appar ently, appealed only to the artistic o the marvellous. Every soul has its beautiful gate ; and if truth, walking about outside, should choose to enter py that vine-wreathed portal, and reac the citadel by way of gardens and labyrinths, instead of approaching by the broad avenue of reason, who shall say that it is not as well? Besides, in the artist, that gate stands always

It was those same sunbeams, shining by whose lightnings the first sinners desert. But this sorrowful daughter of Eve missed one of the consolations of our first mother; for Eve could lament aloud, and call on all creation to weep with her; but this later exile in her cheeks. must take up her misery as if it were

had announced her intention of taking. "But you needn't put everything in

born child on its bed of straw, while order, just as if you were never com-Joseph, his Jewish brother, ministered ing back again," her mother said. "I'll see to things."

She was sitting in Annette's chamber, and watching her at work.
"Well, mamma, just as you please,

the daughter answered gently, and touched her mother caressingly on the shoulder in passing.

A lock of Mrs. Ferrier's dark hair had fallen from the comb, and was hanging down her back. Annette

paused to fasten it up, and, as she did so, caught quickly a pair of seissors near, and severed a little tress. "What in the world are you cutting my hair for?" exclaimed Mrs. Ferrier, who had witnessed the operation in a

looking-glass opposite. had not meant to be detected. tell you when I come back, mamma. You shall see what I am going to have made. It will be something very wonderful.

She turned quickly away, and bit her lip hard to keep down some rising emotion. She had seen a single thread of silver in that dark-brown tress, and the sight, touching at all imes-the mother's first gray hairbrought with it the poignant thought thick when her mother should know what this journey meant.

"What are you taking all thos common dresses for?" Mrs. Ferrier "They are hardly fit to go to the mountains with

'Oh! we do not mean to be gay and fashionable," was the light reply We want to have a quiet time by ourselves.

"But you have got your jewel-case. the mother persisted. what you want of diamonds with shabby black silk gown.'

In spite of the almost intolerable thought that after these few hours she would probably never see her mothe again, Annette found this oversight irritating. Yet not for anything would she have spoken one word that was not dictated by respect and affection. The only way was to escape now, and make her preparations after ward, and for that she had an excuse

"By the way, mamma," she said, "I want to see F. Chevreuse, and this s just the hour to catch him at home Won't you take your drive now, and leave me at his house? Wouldn't von ust as lief go out before lunch as after You and I haven't had a drive together

or a long time.' And then, when she was alone, she nade haste to put into her trunks all common, useful articles which fitted her present needs, and the few ouvenirs too dear to leave behind, and he valuables, which might some day be sold, if money should fail them. She had scarcely turned the key or hem, when her mother came in again, pulling on her gloves. "I want to speak to F. Chevreuse myself," she renarked, "and I will go in with you

Annette said nothing, but dressed herself hastily. It really seemed as though every obstacle were being placed in her way; yet how could she be impatient with her poor mother, whose heart was so soon to be smitten. through her, by a terrible griet, and who would soon recall in bitterness of soul every word and act of this their last day together? And after all she had no desire to talk with the priest. What could she say to him? All that was necessary was written, and she could not ask his blessing nor any ser vice from him, nor even his forgive The one thing he could do for them was to denounce them, set the officers of justice on their track, and make their lot worse than that of Cain, since the earth was no longer wide and wild, but close and full of watching eyes and prating tongues. The world seemed to her, indeed, oppressively small, having no least nook where the restless, curious traveller did not penetrate with his

'Is it a confession you have to make?" Mrs. Ferrier asked, as they

approached the priest's house.

They had been driving along in silence, and at this question Annette started and blushed violently. "Dear me, mamma!" he said, in answer to was off a thousand miles, and you gave me such a start when you spoke. Yes, it is a confession. You can see F. Chevreuse first, and I will go in after. You need not wait for me. am going to walk out to the convent to see Sister Cecilia a few minutes. walk will do me good : and afterward I would like to have you send the carriage there for me.

was laboring led her unconsciously to assume a decided and almost commanding tone, and her mother submitted without any opposition. Annette certainly did not look well, she thought; and, besides, she was going away. This last consideration was one of great weight with Mrs. Ferrier, for she looked on railroads and steam boats as infernal contrivances ex pressly intended to destroy human life, on the hill-top, and speaking to the lonely prisoner of a dawn of hope and joy, which to Annette Gerald's eyes had flashed like the two-edged sword like two-edged sword like the two-edged sword li as to the probable result. in the world had fled out into the Annette had been very sweet and fond glance of her bright eyes, and the to make a little journey, which may

speak; but in stepping from the car-riage, she laid her small hand on Mrs. when he is a young man. Ferrier's, and gave it a gentle pressure.

within the doorway. "And black velvet does become her!"

Father Chevreuse knew well that no ordinary forms of civility. Scarcely any greeting passed between them, as waited for her first word. She was, perhaps, more collected than he.

"Are you quite alone here?" she

He led her to the inner sitting-room and closed the door after them, and even then did not think to offer her a chair any more than she thought of

"We have told mamma that we are going away this evening for a little journey, and she expects us to return in four weeks. John knows all about our affairs. At the end of four weeks, he will say something to you, or you to him, whichever you please, and at that that white hairs would come fast and time you will open and use this packet. carefully sealed, with the date at which it was to be opened written on the outside. "If anything should happen to you in the meantime, some else must open it; but care must be used not to have it read before the time." She paused for an answer You need not fear," the pries

said, taking the packet and looking i my death, it is to be opened by F. O'Donovan or by the Bishop of the

He went to a table, wrote the direc tions, and then gave them to Annett to read.

she said, after reading and giving it back; "and I have the right to say when it shall be read. I give it into

'At the same time, you will open this also, which is yours," she added, and gave him a paper roll sealed and tied, but without any direction.

F. Chevreuse shrank a little, took the roll, then let it drop from his trembling hand. The cold and business fixed on her; but here was something which brought his mother's image up before him with a terrible distinctness. It was impossible for him not to know that this little package was what she had died in trying to save. Tears blinded his eyes. The last evening he had spent with her came back like a vision; he saw her face, heard her voice, saw her kneeling before him for

his blessing. Making an effort to control and hide his emotion, he stooped to take up the package he had dropped; and when he looked up again, his visitor had left the room, and was walking quickly to the street door. For one moment he stood irresolute : then he hurried after her. But she had already gone out, and either did not or would not hear

him call her back.

The sight of her going away so, wrung all thought of selfish grief out of his mind. He went back into the room, and watched her as she walked swiftly up the street. So innocent, so generous, so brave as she was, yet of all the sufferers by this miserable tragedy, with one exception, the most unhappy! The grief that must fall upon the mother of the guilty one no one could fathom: but the mother of a criminal can never hold herself surely innocent of his crimes, since a greater merciless pen, for ever ready to sketch | holiness in her own life, a wiser care all he heard and saw to gratify the in his training, and a more constant equally restless and curious people at prayerfulness in his behalf might have saved him; but the young wife was, of all people in the world, the most innocent and the most wronged.

How light and graceful her step Who would not think that it betokened a light heart? She met an acquaintance, and stopped for a word of greeting, and the friend came along her mother's look of astonishment, "I afterward smiling, as though at some merry jest. Passing the house of another friend, she nodded and kissed her hand to a child in the window, with how bright a face the priest, who had seen her self-control, could well guess. "Is there nothing I can do, no

The I can say, to help her?" he asked him self, turning away from the window. 'It is cruel that one so young should bear alone such a burden! What can The excitement under which she I do? What can I do?"

He searched in vain for some means of help. There was none. For what she should do her own wit or the advice of others must suffice; and for words o comfort, they were not for him to speak to her. Her manner had shown clearly the distance which she fel nust lie between them, and there was no way but for him to accept that posiion. He could pray and that was

clusion, Annette Gerald had reached

"I have only two words to say to you, dear Sister," she said, "and those with her all day, and was looking may seem very childish, but are not so very beautiful, with that wide awake in reality. Lawrence and I are going crimson color flickering like a flame last about four weeks, and poor mamma will be lonely. Besides that, she will "I think, dear, on the whole, I worry. She hates to have me go away on't go in to day," she said. "It from her. Will not you be very kind a delight.

She went about smilingly, making preparations for this little journey she had announced her intention of taking.

won't go in to day," she said. "It from her. Will not you be very kind might take too long; for this is his busy time of day. To-morrow will do la know you always are that; but as well." won't go in to day," she said. "It from her. Will not you be very kind to her, if she should come to you? Oh! I know you always are that; but sawell."

Annette only nodded, unable to really all she has. A son does not that has given perfect salisfaction for 30 years. \$\$35.00 per week straight salary to responsible person "male or female" to recollect, when you see her, that I am Music Folio Co., 77 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.

count for much, you know, especially young men are much comfort to their mothers, I think. Tell F. Chevreuse "That girl grows prettier and sweeter every day," said the mother to herself, as her daughter disappeared within the doorway. "And how but a little time, for we start this even ing. If there is no one in the chapel, I would like to go in a while. People ordinary errand could have brought have got so in the habit of wandering Annette Gerald to his house, and it was into the Immaculate, and looking impossible for him to meet her with the about carelessly, that it is no longer about carelessly, that it is no longer

pleasant to go there.' The same air, as of a person gentle. indeed, but not to be detained nor trifled with, which had impressed F. chevreuse in his visitor, was felt by the Sister also. She rose at once, say ing that there was no one in the chapel, and would not be for some time, all the Sisters being engaged, unless Anita should go in.

"Anita has not been well?" Mrs. derald remarked with absent courtesy. "No: she has not been the same since that terrible trial," the nun

sighed. Annette Gerald's face lost its absent

expression, and took a somewhat haughty and unsympathizing look 'Is that all?" she inquired in a tone of surprise.

Sister, "Anita's testimony was of the greatest importance. Besides, the scene was a most painful one for her to be dragged into. She is such a ender, sensitive creature.

Annette had paused just inside the parlor-door, and she had evidently no nind to let the subject drop indiffer ently

sweet little Anita; but I think it wrong to foster the idea that there are certain sensitive souls in the world who must be pitied if a breath blows on them, while others are supposed to be able to bear the hurricane without being hurt. A great deal of this shrinking delicacy comes from a self ish watching of one's own sensations my directions shall be complied with."

He bowed, understanding perfectly that the words were intended as a future shield for him. and forgetting those of others, and a lance and shot across a stream. was a woman soft and weak, perhaps but she had to go. Now, in this world there is many a woman who has all the miserable sensitiveness and delicacy of her kind, but with that there is als a will, or an unselfishness, or a neceslike manner of his visitor and his sympathy for her had kept his thoughts difficulties." For one instant a flash of some passion, either of anger, impatience, or pain, or of all mingled, shot into the speaker's face, and seemed to thrill through all her nerves. "Oh it is true in this world also, claimed, "that unto him that bath shall be given. The happy must be shielded from pain, and the out at the prick of a pin must be tenderly handled; but the miserable may have yet more misery heaped on them,

and the patient find no mercy "My dear lady!" expostulated Sister Cecilia, when the other paused, quiver-

ing with excitement. of your sweet little Anita," interrupted Mrs. Gerald, recovering herself; was only reminded of others, that is all But even to her I would recommend thinking more of the sufferings of

others and less of her own. "It is precisely that which hurts her," replied the Sister, a little dis-pleased. "She thinks of the sufferings of others, and, fancying that she has caused them, breaks her heart about it. Annette made a motion to go, and had an air of thinking very slight novice's trouble She merely did her duty, and has no responsibility whatever," she said. "The child needs to be scolded, and set about some hard, wholesome work. It would do her good to work in the garden, and spend a good deal of time in the open air. A person who has been taken possession of by some mor-bid idea should never be shut up in a

house. Sister Cecilia suffered her visitor to pass on without saying another word. she was surprised and deeply hurt at the little sympathy shown their household flower and pet, yet she could not but perceive that, in a general way. much that had been said was quite

Passing by the chapel-door shortly after, she saw Annette Gerald on he knees before the altar, with her head bowed forward and hidden in her hands. Half an hour afterwards, when Mrs. Ferrier's carriage came, she still in the same position, and had to be spoken to twice before she was roused. Then she started and looked up in alarm.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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R'GHTS OF MAN WOR

MARCH 4, 18

A Lecture by Bishop the Catholic Univer A large audience Public Lecture Hall University last week Rev. rector lecture of ject. The following lecture :

The world is at pre the endeavor to est good has resulted from America. The inqu the greatest interest lege it is to have Am and her treasures as In no spirit of boasti in a spirit of profour to the Author of ever trying to calculate he better off because o of Columbus. But make sure in such as are guided by the ri measure by the righ According to the

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the problem. Some the million of acres food for men, which derness or only gav of the useful and pre or only served here a the barbaric sple majesty, but which wealth of nations a industries which pla front rank of enter Others again tell us gates and avenues trade thus opened u these things and oth mentioned are of re must receive their j we must remembe money, and industri and wealth are me above all others is has the discovery of Has it put into hum more comfort, more worth. What has it ing human wrongs human rights; towa reign of physical, i and spiritual human To answer this take a synoptic gla ditions in the Old W

Fortunately for ou remarkable coincid one of the chief ep transformation and human conditions three hundred yo covery of America, same time toward last century in tw in character and re ion of the rights stituent Assembly adoption of her new-born nation of The character of t supply us with ma and profitable study delivering before y therefore, let us s and action of the with awful inte the Revolution wh French Constituen

its declaration of and the Citizen be a measure which an end in France oppression, to all u unjust burdens sought to make I country on earth it the reign of li fraternity. Wha humanity would thought? It sou the angelic song men of good will. Eagerly we look how bitterly it dis promise of peace is

maelstrom of confu

good will vanish

turbulent passions

erty and equality awful reign of c tells us of. Why this dire blasting of so not the declaration of fail because it w was not the reason In the first pla Assembly was th tent, which was a was universal. Th hadculminatedini social conditions w not endure, and transferred into the and that into the and that ere long Assembly, thus revolution, there fact that can be l as Americans or teen years before

revolution, for wh and Christians, thank God. An of violence connec ition from the S Constituent Asser deeds of violence ington and Bunk

It was not there tionary character that the cause of