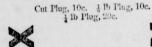
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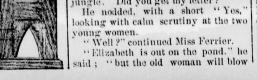
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GRAPES AND THORNS.

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

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

That green and sequestered domain which Mr. Schoninger had looked at which Mr. Scholings had peopled across the water-lilies and peopled with his fancies, which, indeed, he had visited, and was perfectly familiar with, was not so far out of the world as it appeared. It was in a great triangle made by three railroads, and there was a station-house a mile back from the pond by which the tenants of the cottage held easy communica tion with the two cities near. Still, the place was not very accessible from without; for this mile of country road had been made by simply driving over pasture and field, and though alder-woods, till a track was visible, and then continuing to drive in the same track. After coming through the alder-swamp, the road became two yellow-brown lines across the greensward, and ended in a grove that completely hid the barn built in

Between these two yellow-brown lines, at regular distances, were yellow-brown spots, showing where the horse had stepped. Dobbin appeared to always step precisely in is own tracks. It was seldom that any one drove

over this road except old Mr. Grey, whose horse and wagon were, after their kind, quite as old as himself. Mrs. Macon, zealously collecting useful articles for the new convent, had driven there in her light phaeton,

and spent two hours rummaging the attics with Mrs. Grey, and talking over the relics they found; that is Mrs. Grey explained, and her visitor listened. She had gone away with undles piled up to her chin. One afternoon late in August, Mr.

Grey harnessed Dobbin to the wagon - "tackled" Dobbin, he would have aid - and started for the railroad station. He had almost reached the alders, which seemed to bar the way, when he drew the reins and listened. If it had been Mrs. Grey, instead of her husband, she would have driven straight on, for she was perfectly deaf.

These alders leaned over, and, in summer, completely hid the road, and whatever went through there had to breast a tide of leaves. It had never occurred to Mr. Grey to cut the twigs away, nor, apparently, had it occurred to Dobbin to fret against them. They jogged on uncomplainingly, never in a hurry, and lived and let live. Mr. Grey's philosophy was that every person in the world is appointed to de just so much, and that, as soon as his work is accomplished, he dies. He preferred to do his part in a leisurely nanner, and live the longer.

The sound he listened to w aint noise of wheels and hoofs, in, or beyond, the alders. For two carriage to meet in that place would be a pre-dicament more perplexing than that of the two unwise men and the two wise goats on the narrow bridge we have all read of; because here neither could turn back, nor walk over the other, and if one should be killed, still would not clear the track. he driver waited, his mouth slightly , to hear the better, and lash of his old - fashioned shoulder. The old, white horse dropped his nose, and went to sleep, anadding and rattling wage looked as if it had made its final stand,

There was just sound enough to show how still it was. Some wild creature under a rude cage on the lawn snarled lowly to itself, there was the swift rustle of a bird's wings through the tir, and the roll of a train of cars lessened to a bee's hum by distance. pond was glassy, the rails shone hot beyond it: farther still the sultry woods heaved their billows of light and shade; and, farthest of all, over a little scooped-out valley, a single mountain stood on the horizon.

There, was, indeed, a carriage among the alders, but by no means such an equipage as that which awaited it. It was like a fairy coach in comparison, with a glitter of varnsh and metal, and snowy-white lining that shone like satin, and beautiful norses that pranced from side to side as they felt the soft brushing leaves and twigs against their dainty coats and pushing into their very eyes The mice on the box wore gloisy hats and appeared to be very much dis gusted with this trap into which the and fallen. To the birds overhead the ole must have looked like something mming in a sea of green leaves.

The fairies in the coach were not lly visible from any point, but a clear rose presently from the sub-d cushions. "There's a suffic rged cushions. nt road underneath, John," it said. Drive where you see the alder-tops owest. There are no roots, if you west. cep the way. It is only overleaning

branches. In a few minutes they emerged, and frew up beside the wagon. pant did not make the slightest reply the bright salutation of the two ladies. It was not his custom to salute inv one. He merely waited to see

what would be said. " O Mr. Grey !" says Annette, I had a pair of strong shears, I would cut a peep-hole, at least, through that jungle. Did you get my letter?" nodded, with a short "Yes,"

ooking with calm scrutiny at the two Well?" continued Miss Ferrier.

the horn for her. She'll show you the with energy.

business into a few words, and there was really no more to say. Annette had written him to save all his flowers for her wedding, and this was his what Lord Erkine called the 'mute answer.

"Are you going away?" she asked, rather needlessly. "I'm going to meet the next uptrain." and began to tug at his reins,

and chirrup at Dobbin.

They left him making great efforts to get under way again, and drove noiselessly on.

"What a peculiarly condensed sort of a man he is in his speech !" remarked Miss Pembroke. "Condensed!" exclaimed the other.

"His talk reminds me of some one whose head and limbs have been cut off. It takes me by surprise, and leaves me astonished. I always feel as if omething ought to be done. So one carriage creaked into the

the house door. This door stood open, and within it sat an old woman, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes looking out over the She had a placid face, and looked refined. A sweet, faint smile greeted her visitors, and her voice was sweet, and was very low, as the voice

alders, and the other sparkled up to

ne deaf persons are. "Elizabeth has gone out on the water," she said. "I will call her."
"Don't rise!" exclaimed Annette quickly, preventing her. "I'll get the horn for you. I know where every

thing is here.

The old lady understood the action though she had not heard the words and sank back into her seat again.

"She feels for everybody's pain, she said gratefully, speaking to her

Annette tripped lightly across the Annette tripped usual sunny, silent room, and took down from a nail beside the chimney, a from a nail beside the chimney, a knob of the chain, and opened the simple politeness, the old lady obeyed her visitor's wish, and did not rise even when the horn was placed in he She merely leaned forward, hand. and, placing it to her lips, blew a loud and prolonged blast that sounded far

over water and forest.
"That will bring her," she said, and gave back the rustic instrument for Annette to return to its place.

The two then strolled down to the water-side to wait for the lady of the They seated themselves on mossy rock close to the water, under the shade of the only tree left there It was an old pine tree, of which the main part was decayed, but one strong oranch made a shade over them, and held firmly all its dark, green fasces in token of a sovereignty it would not abdicate while life remained. Beside he rock, in the warm sunshine, stood

group of . lilies.
"I don't like them," Annette said. They are beautiful in their way, but hey look cruel and detestable. They eem to me like a large, pink and

white woman who poisons people."
"My dear," said Miss Pembroke, as she bent her head over the flowers, "it would be well it you could contrive to shut the battery of those nerves of yours once in a while.

"It might be well if I could be changed into one like you," Aunette responded; but immediately corrected whip hanging motionless over his herself. "No! And I do not believe shoulder. The old, white horse that the most unfortunate and discontented person in the world would be willing to change his individuality with another. It is only his circumstances he would change, and be still himself, but at his best. Perhaps that and meant to go to pieces where it is what will keep us contented in Heaven, though we may see others far above us: each will be himself in perection, with all the good in possession that he is capable of holding, and will ee that he cannot be different without eing some one else.

"Perhaps," said Honora dreamily It may be that she felt unconsciously a little of that superiority which the the calm may be of the pool, and the trouble of the ocean, or both a mere question of temperament. She leaned over the lily, and examined the red clots on the petals; how they rose higher, and strained upward towards the centre, till by their passionate tress they drew up the milky flower ubstance into a stem to support them s though they would reach the slender filaments that towered aloft over their Two or three tiniest red spiders were picnicking on the fragant white ground among these stem and did not seem to even suspect the presence of a large black spider, with extravagantly long legs, which walked lirectly over the flower and them in

wo or three sextuple strides. The petal they stand on must seem to them a soft and snowy-white moss,' drawled Miss Pembroke, half asleep with the heat and the silence should think the perfume of it would be too strong for their little noses."

"Perhaps the particles of fragrance are too large for their little noses. Or, perhaps they have no noses," responded Miss Ferrier, gravely.

A faint, responsive murmur of as sent from the other.

Annette tossed twigs into the water, and watched the dimples they made, and which way they floated. "That is a wild fox up under that cage," she "It is cruel to keep it there. I said. shall free it when we go back.'

"Perhaps Mr. Grev is going to stuff its skin, and may not like to lose it," Honora answered, having finished her examination of the lily. heard that he is quite a naturalist, and has specimens of every animal, and insect, and plant about.

"For the bugs, yes!" said Annette;

Annette then, after a moment, added, "When-I am of his ancestry"—her is flowers ever it is a question of tormenting died out in a flash of pride. what Lord Erkine called the 'mute had any fire worthy their blood, I have creation,' I am always for the plaintiff. it. Some spark was held in abeyance, Who is to be profited by knowing and I have spark was held in abeyance, Who is to be profited by knowing and I have caught it. I would like to about bugs and beetles? It is a con- go back and search out my kindred. temptible science, and, I repeat, a cruel one, I never can like a woman or a man whom I have once seen stick ing pins through beetles, and butterflies, and bats; and I would as lief have a human skull for an ornament I shall set that fox free this instant. observed it as I came past, and it fortunate, if they are worthy of it. looked like a person going crazy. round its teeth.'

Miss Pembroke looked up in alarm, or Annette had risen. "Do be careday to two afterwards? He was playing with it, and it snapped at his

I'm not going to play with it, but to tree it," said Annette, and walked rapidly across the green. "I've found one fault in Honora," she muttered. "She is sweet and good to a certain length, but here symmetries are circ length, but her sympathies are circumscribed.'

The cage of strong withes was ecurely fastened to the ground with from the outside, she cut the rope with her pocketknife. His eyes were like oalls of fire, but he did not snap at her. He did not trust her, but he had per

"In honor of the Creator of men and beasts, and St. Francis of Assisi, go free now and for ever," she said.

The creature stood motionless one instant, then, with the rush and speed of an arrow, it shot through the open ing, flew across the green, and leaped into the water, that hissed as though ed hot coal had been dropped into it and long tail showing, he made fiercely for the shore, his whole being concentrated in the one longing for

"If he should run into a cage on the other side, I believe his hear would burst with the disappointment, Annette said, standing up to watch him. "Bravo! There he is, my dear brother, the fox."

He leaped the farther shore and over the track, and rushed headlong into the broad, free woods.

"Won't he have a story to tell! said Annette, seating herself; "that is, if he ever stops running. may depend on it, Honora, I shall be a great heroine among the foxes; and as years go by, and the story is passed down from generation to generation, I shall undergo a change in the picture My hair will grow to be golden, with stars in it, and my eyes will be radiant, and they will put wings on me, and I is right to tell you now what might shall be an angel. That's the way the myths and marvels were made. But many better judges than I, think you at all was worth doing well, she many better judges than I, think you at all was worth doing well, she myths and marvels were made. how they will get over the my sawing off the rope with a dull pen-knife is made little mistakes—as who has not? data was worth doing wen, she thought, and resolved to make the occasion a festival one. more than I can tell."

"The spirit will be true, dear, it not the letter," Honora answered, smiling. "What signifies a little in accuracy in the material part? That will be turned to dust before the story reaches the winged period.

Miss Ferrier had something on he mind which she shrank a little from speaking of, but presently mentioned n that careless manner we assum when we care more than we like to

own: "I've been wondering lately whethe it would be silly in me to have my genealogy looked up. It seems a littl op-heavy to have one's family tree all it dimpled the pond not far away. poor in some way, and had no idea how to do anything for himself. I dare say he was very weak, but he was immensely genteel. He and his sons lived in a tumble-down old stone house somewhere near Quebec, and ate oatmeal porridge out of painted china bowls, with heavy spoons that had a crest on them. There they moaned away their existence in a state of re There they moaned signed surprise at their circumstances and of expectation that the riches that had taken to themselves wings would fly back again. There was one desperate one in the family, and he was

my grandfather. He grew tired of shabby gentility, and set out to work. The others cast him off; and I suppose he wasn't very energetic, or ver he wasn't very energetic, or very lucky, for he went down. He married directly in their faces, though her lips a wife from the working class, and parted in a smile, she made no other they had no end of children, all who died sooner or later, except my father. My grandfather died, too -was glad to himself out of sight of the sun and my poor father-God be merciful to him!—stumbled on through life in the same dazed way. All he inherited was the dull astonisment of that old ring. Frenchman who could never be made to realize that riches would not some day come back as they had gone. Of course"-Annette shrugged hes shoulders, and laughed slightly-"it would around her mouth. be necessary te drop some of the later

"If they

go back and search out my kindred. Well! do you think me vulgar?" Honora looked at her earnestly.

"No, Annette; but you are conde You are coming scending too much. nearer to vulgarity than I ever knew you to before. Lineage is something, n a room as a stuffed skin of anything. is much, and those who can look back on a noble and stainless ancestry are Its do not wonder that they are pleased to eyes were like fire and there was froth remember their forefathers. But character is more, and does not need ancestry. It is sufficient to itself. What, after all, is the real advantage of befor Annette had risen. "Do be care-ful!" she said. "His bite would kill you. Don't you remember that Duke one is supposed to inherit from it high of Richmond who was bitten by a fox, qualities. If one has the qualities in Canada, and died of hydrophonia a without the family, it is far higher. It is the kind of character that founds great families-that natural, newly

given loftiness. I should be sorry if

bitter. "You have a particular to bitter." can look to with pride." echoed the other. "I do not understand you. mean Mrs. Carpenter, I certainly like to think of her; but her qualities were wooden pins, and the door was tied to think of her; but her qualities were with a siender chain. The fox was entirely personal. I have nothing to furthermore secured by a rope which be ashamed of in my family, and I am held one of his legs. He faced about thankful for that; but, also, I am not and glared at his liberator, while, aware that there is anything to be proud of. It is a merely negative feel-

ing."
... But," Annette said, "your people have always been well off, and some were very rich, and they were educated

"And you think me capable pluming myself on that - of being proud of an ancestry of prosperous raders and merchants who were pass ably educated!'

Honora flushed, and drew herself up involuntarily, with an awakening of that invincible personal haughtiness which is more searing than any mere royalty of blood.

"I never give it a thought, except Annette ran, laughing and full of excitement, back to the rock, and watched the swimmer. Only his nose and long tail showing, he made fiercely for the shore, his whole being walk on such small stills. If it were walk historial name, scaling that a thinding, scaling in a negative way. They merely did what decent people with ordinary sense and capacity are obliged to do. an old historical name, now, one that painters had illustrated and poets sung, hat would be fine. If there had been great warriors and mighty rulers there would be a chance for pride to ome in. Or, better, if it were som hero or benefactor to the race, whom I ould look back to ; or if it were a poet I always fancy some grace surrounds the children of a poet. They may not sing, they may be personally common place; but, like the broken vase,

'The scent of the roses will hang round then

"I think you must be descended from a poet," Annette said, smiling. "And so, child," concluded Honora, laying her hand on her companion's arm, "don't condescend to go into the past for some reason why you should be respected; find it in yourself. I think -but they were never mean ones Don't be led into pettiness now.

Annette blushed. "What set me talking of anestry?" she exclaimed. "It's a dusty subject, not fit for this fresh, clea place. It belongs to the town. How quiet and lovely it is here! I would like to come often. In the city, I can't hear myself think

They sat a while without saying anything, and looked over the water. A shower was travelling across the distant mountain, trailing in a dim silver mist from sky to earth. It sailed nearer, so that drops from the edge of

leaves and no roots, though mine is reality. My father and mother were both very poor and ignorant when I was born; but my great-grandfather was a French gentleman. He became two was piled full of boughs of the wild charge. Strings of its fentit the wild cherry. Strings of its fruit like strung garnets, glowed through the green leaves. With this was a tangled mass of elematis. She had hung a long spray of the vine over her head and neck, and its silvery-green blossoms glistened in the loose rings of her short, black hair, which it pushed over her forehead, and almost into the laughing eyes beneath. Through this vine, and the blouse that covered but lid not hide them, the working of her supple shoulders could be seen. mooth, oval face was deeply flushed with health, exercise, and warmth.

She was perfectly business-like in her manner, and attended strictly to what she was doing. Even in passing before the young ladies, and looking sign of recognition. She brought her boat round in a smooth circle without pride, apparently, in displaying her skill, pushed it into a tiny cove, where the long, trailing grass brushed both sides, sprang lightly ashore, and tied it to the mooring

Then she made her half-embarrassed salutation, and stood wiping away the perspiration that lay in large drops on her forehead, and in little beads

If these three young women had been Annette tossed a pebble this time details. That is the way people do. changed into flowers, the rower would

"I hate naturalists," Build a bridge over the chasm into have been a peony, Honora a lily, and the horn for her. She'll show you the flowers; and you can have 'em all. I can put them aboard of any train you settle on."

There was a moment of silence; for There was a moment of silence; for Mr. Grey had condeused the whole in graph of the she remarked. "I hate naturalists," Build a bridge of the shining part. Miss Pembroke, she remarked. "I always fancy that the shining part. Miss Pembroke, what do you think of my unearthing my great—grandfather, and setting him up in my pariors for the familiar one of the orb just rounding ing into shape out of chaos. She was people to admire? Wouldn't it be placid comment. Miss Pembroke, Annette-but there is no flower commore interesting than a stuffed fox? less well balanced than Honora, I am of his ancestry "—her laughter merely because there was so much more merely because there was so much more to balance. Her freak of searching out an ancestry would never have been acted on, even if her friend had approved it. It was one of those thoughts which need only to be put into words in order to be dismissed. Annette had rid herself of a good many foolish notions in this way, and had been growing wiser than her critics by the very acts which they took as proofs of

her weakness.

Miss Pembroke had discovered this, for she looked lovingly. Others were astonished to find themselves awed today where they had mocked but yesterday, and professed that they knew Annette Ferrier only to be puzzled by

illusory thoughts and feelings, which, pent in the mind, have an appearance of reality, and even of force, perish in expressing themselves, as the breaks There was another difference be-

It sometimes happens to people that

tween these two: Annette had one of those souls that are born nailed to their It is usual with hasty and superficial judges, people who, as Liszt says,

'desire to promulgate laws in spheres to which nature has denied them en trance," to show what they fancy is a good-natured contempt for these discontented beings who cannot accommodate themselves to life as it is. They mention them with an indulgent smile, and seem to take pleasure in wounding still further these sensitive souls, not aware how clearly they display their own presumptuous selfishness. with which they content themselves with inferior aims and pleasures, they dignify by the name of philosophy and good sense; and they pre sume to censure those who, torm by a vision of perfection, and feeling within themselves the stirring of powers that can be employed only in a higher state of exist

ence, seem so imperfect only because to be perfect they must be superhumanly great. There are two ways in which this divine discontent may be silenced; the soul may degrade itself, and treat its ideals as visionary: or it may find rest in God. But no ordinary piety suffices; only a saintly holiness, flowing in and around the troubled soul like a sunny and peace ful sea, can lift and bear it smoothly on to that land where nothing sacred is mocked at, and the smiles are awakened by no sight of another's

Annette Ferrier had made this much progress, that she had learned to rely on no one for a sympathy that would satisfy her, and had owned to hersel that her heart required other and nobler aims and motives than those which had occupied her. She was half aware, or would have been, if the thought had not been rejected as treasonable, that is she were already engaged to Lawrence Gerald. nothing would induce her to accept him as her future husband. But she had accepted him, and there was no longer room to doubt or to choose, or even to think of doubting or choosing. It lacked but a week to their wedding day, and she was making her last

The three walked up the green together, Elizabeth between the two oung ladies. Miss Pembroke stepped juite independently, her hands folded ghtly together; Annette held by the end of the clematis wreath that still hung over the young girl's shoulders, and looked at her with a caressing smile

"Did you buy the little writingcase we were speaking of when I was nere last?" she asked.

"Well, not exactly," was the hesi tating answer. "Not exactly! That means that you have engaged it, or got one that

loes not suit, and must be exchanged. Miss Ferrier had dropped the wreath. and was engaged in gathering up the cloud of pale blue muslin that lowed around and behind her, and did not observe the smile on the girl's

"No," said Elizabeth, gathering ourage from her visitor's kindness 'You see, when I sat down and looked at the half-eagle you gave me, I thought it seemed a pity to go right off and spend it for a writing-case. I could have that, if I wanted to, so I didn't feel quite so anxious about it and there were other things I wanted just as much. It would be nice to have a little clock in my room, and five dollars would buy one. So since I could have that, too, I felt easier about not having it. like a larger looking-glass. Well, I kind of thought I had it, since l could buy it if I would. get any one of the half a dozen other things I wanted, making about ten in all. But when I knew that I could have either whenever I chose, I didn't feel in a hurry to get anything; and I was so sure of each one that it seemed to me as if I had them all. kept the five dollars; and while I keep it, it is as good as fifty to me. I spend it, it will be only five dollars. and I shall want nine things dread fully, and be sorry I hadn't bought one of them instead of what I did get.

Annette dropped her gathered-up skirts from her hands to throw her arms around the young rustic's neck, and kiss her astonished face.

"You dear little soul!" she eried,

in an eestasy, "how q found it out!" Elizabeth blushed she was not used t "Found out what?" sh "Why, that nothing desirable es is very

DECEMBER 10

can't get."
"Oh!" The girl back, and laughed found that out as lo to ery for mince-pie cry with stomach acl Grandfatl eaten it. me then that if ther the world that we v cry to get it, it will cry still more a never forgot that knows a great deal at she concluded, with a

"Did you ever see so easily?" Annette
"She begins life wi of experience. Honora sighed as

Mother Chevreuse s she came to see me: working for but brea They had reached treasure-house by th

flowers absorbed thei Bushels of ast Annette, pausing of and glancing along "And they handsome as roses. the balconies an places. And, Eliza to cherish every pa a jewel. I don't piebald ones, but t pure gold are quit now, Honora, step that you never be You remember Ed tulips sloping to t cataract of gems f Well, here's a Niag

drops."
When at length and were driving d bath again, Honor What a lovely to spend a honey softly, as if to herse "Which yours

Annette. Honora blushed. of honeymoons in replied. TO BE C

CHRISTIAN UN STOOD BY P

N. Y. Cath The New York acute intellect. F under the direction editor it has main ingly high grade that even those w opinion are alway to enjoy its lucid sion. example of its cl a brief article Unity," in which weaknesses of th as related to the

demand for a uni The Sun has p to call attention desire for unity sects does not, aft wish to bring to and under one lievers in Christ, motive is a desir the Catholic Chu malice, of hatre Church which C rock Peter and broken apostolic tinued to our day the universal pe no distinctions o or condition.
This attempte

> succeeded, an u course the prod for it is self-d sence of Prote belief, as oppos teaching Churc in some form t isted, in some f against the Chu ginning, from itself up to dis selves, throug hundred differ Nestorianism, Waldenses, Hus the great revol tury gave still stiff-necked so

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eternal truth spirit of Protes present organi pieces and are t for Catholics part to show t their error. United States and well inter instruction s stances, and t well able to d

The use of the water, then ext is prolific of a v Robert Simpso Ont., writes, O Jacob's Oil cur the hands after My hands wer and for a time ever, thanks to Oil, shortly aft ultimately ent have a bottle of