one. F. Chevreuse shall talk to

sand mortification and self-denials

GRAPES AND THORNS. BY M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC. CHAPTER IV. N. NCH OF FRINGE. CHARDER OF FRINGE. CHARDER OF FRINGE. CHARDER OF CONTRACT CO

AN INCH OF FRINGE.

Mr. Schoninger had been in such mamma, and make her give me at haste to keep his engagement the evening before that he had made the rehearsal a short one, and the company did not remain long after he went. Perhaps the family did not seem to them out of the seem to the mode what I am to have. It is my right. Don't be unhappy about the past, nor blame yourself in anything. All lives are not to follow one plan. them quite so gay and pleasant as usual. Certainly no one objected much to their going. The only remon-strance was that uttered by Annette, when Lawrence Gerald took his hat to cluent the last either. follow the last visitor.

humor.

to do so.

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"What! are you going, too?" she exclaimed involuntarily. She was learning not to reproach him for any-You might have two or three thousand dollars capital, and be, at best, a jun ior partner in some paltry firm, which thing, but it was impossible to conceal I should insist on your leaving. Is that so much to regret ?" her disappointment. He smiled faintly, and, his cause being so well defended, ventured to He showed no impatience. On the contrary, his voice was quiet and even

kind when he answered her. "You cannot think it would be very attack it. "To be mortified is not necessarily to be degraded," he said. pleasant for me to stay this evening,' "I shouldn't have been obliged to lis he said. "I want to wipe away some ten to the lecture I heard this afterdisagreeable impressions before I come noon

again. Besides, I much finish my afternoon's writing to-night." "The degradation of that rests with she exclaimed hastily, with a in blush on her face. "I do not me !" She had to own that he might well painful blush on her face. "I do not like to think nor speak of it, and I shrink from meeting her mother again ust then, particularly as the lady did wish you would try to forget it. The not seem to have recovered her goodtime is come for me to tell mamma that In fact, while they were I am not a child. Leave all to me. standing together near the conservanever fail when I am roused, and I promise you, Lawrence, you shall not tory, she crossed the front hall from bear more than one other insult for my room to another, and cast a watchful glance back at them, as if she would sake. And for the past, I charge you have liked to come nearer, but hesitated again, do not suffer any one to dictate to you what you should have done.

At sight of her, they turned away, Let them correct themselves, which and went out through the garden door at the rear of the long hall, and came will, perhaps, be sufficient to employ their time.

round the house instead of going through it. This garden was exten She could see he was cheered, no much, but a little. He tossed his head sive, occupying nearly or quite two acres of land, and was surrounded by back, and glanced about with an air of renewed courage and determination. low stone wall overgrown in some But no thought for the heart that he places with vines, in others shaded by had burdened with his pain and care entered his mind. She had given her shrubs or trees. Crichton was so well governed that high walls were not help early, glad to give, and he ac necessary to protect the gardens, cepted it as a matter of course, and, especially when people were so well known to be perfectly willing and able having got what he wanted, went away with a careless good-night.

to protect their rights as the Ferriers. A few notable examples, made in a Annett went into the house, soon the doors were locked. Mrs. very spirited manner at the beginning of their residence, had inspired trans-Ferrier always went to bed early, and the servants usually followed her example.

g ressors with a wholesome awe of them and their premises. Not a flower was Annette leaned from her window broken, not a cherry nor a plum dis and counted the city lights going out appeared from their trees, not an inand the noises sinking into silence truding footstep printed their walks. These grounds were now sweet with As it grew later, the sound of the ocheco became fitfully audible, borne a profusion of June roses, and so pink on the cool northwestern breeze, and that, as Annette walked through them presently grew steadier, till only one with her lover, they appeared to be flushed with sunset, though sunset had other sound, the pulse of a far-away steam-mill, was heard tossing on that quite faded, leaving only a pure twilight behind. Besides the newly spray-like murmur like a little ball on he water-column of a fountain.

planted trees, which were small, a few large maples had been left from the Cool as it was, the room seemed close to her. She was restless, too, yet could original forest, and shaded here and not move about without being heard by there a circle of velvet sward. A her mother. So she opened her door superb border of blue flower-de-luce and crept softly down-stairs. long drawing-room windows looking into the conservatory had been left enclosed the whole with its band of fragrant sapphire.

The two walked slowly round the open, and some of the sashes in the conservatory were still lowered from house without speaking, and Lawrence stepped through the gate, then, turn-ing, leaned on it. Once out of Mrs. the top. A light and fragrant breeze came through, bringing a sound of came down in drops so fine that the rustling leaves. She stepped over the sound of their falling was but a whis-Ferrier's presence, he was not in such haste to go. Two linden-trees in bloom sill, and threw herself down on a sofa screened them from observation as they just outside. The large space was a relief from that cramped feeling that had brought her down stairs. Besides, stood there ; and, since pride no longer compelled him to keep up an indifferman yielded to his moon. He was sad, all out doors. She saw the star-lighted pair. In a weak way he had admired soft as humid eyes, and the dark trees all that was admirable, and despised of the garden, and the faint outline of

to God for help !" it said ; but found some her insensible. A human love inex- ately. pressibly bitter and engrossing blunted her heart to all else. She mutely asked God to be merciful to her, but formed

that was necessary to be done. no other petition. While she gazed without abstractedly, only half conscious of what she saw, a darker shadow appeared under a tree just visible past the angle of the house. What seemed to be a man's form leaned forward partially into her view, drew something from a garden-chair under the tree, then disappeared. will take care of you. She was too much occupied by her own thoughts to be alarmed, and, moreover, was not in any dange. She only won-dered a little what it might mean, and presently understood. Mr. Schonin-ger, coming from a long drive that afternoon, had brought a shawl over his arm, and she had noticed after he went away that it had been forgotten on the garden- chair where he had

thrown it on entering. It might be that, returning home now, he had recollected, and come into the garden Slight as the incident was, it broke the train of her painful thoughts. She sat up with a gesture that flung the past with all its beautiful hopes and wishes behind her, and welcomed the horses?" one thought that came in their stead

sad vet sweet, like a smile half quenched in tears. Lawrence Gerald did not love her, but he needed her, and she took up her cross this time with an upward glance. When we have set self aside, from

whatever motive, the appeal to God for help is instinctive, and seems les a call than the answer to a call. As though Infinite Love, which for love's sake sacrificed a God, could not see ; trembling human soul binding itself for the altar without claiming kindred with it. "My child, the spark that lights thy pyre is from my hearts. Hold by me, and it shall not burn in vain.

Yet that the happiness of giving love and help is nobler and more ele-vating than the pleasure of receiving them Annette did not then realize, perdoes believe it, or, at least, who acts upon the belief till after long and evere discipline, till the world has lost its hold on the heart, and it has placed all its hopes in the future? Fine sentiments drop easily from the lips of those to whom they cost nothing, or who have forgotten the struggles by which their own peace was won. Those who are fed can talk eloquently of patience under starvation, and those who are warmed can cry out on the folly of the poor traveller who sinks to sleep under the snowdrift. Verily, preaching is easy, and there is no one who has such breath to utter heroic sentiments as he who never puts them in practice.

As Annette lay there, growing quieter now that all was settled, clouds came up from behind the hills, and extinguished the stars. Opaline lightnings quivered and expanded inside those heavy mists without piercing them, as though some winged creature of fire were imprisoned there, and fluttering to escape ; and every time the

air grew luminous, the azaleas and rhododendrons bloomod rose-red out of their shadows. Deep and mellow thunders rolled incessantly, and a thick rain sound of their falling was but a whisper. It was a thunder-storm played Annette was lulled to a light piano. sleep, through which she still heard the storm, as in a dream, growing softer tilled it ceased. And no soone did she dream it had ceased then she

dreamed it had recommenced, with a clamor of rain and thunder, and a wind that shook the doors and windows, and NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

some of them to come down immedi- immense comfort, more a comfort than I deserved, perhaps. I do not deny that it is sad, but I know also that it is Annette's mind was clear and prompt well. There are no accidents in God's

in any emergency which did not touch her too nearly. She saw at once all providence. The only thought almost too hard for me to bear is that I took "Ma, please don't take all the at-tention to yourself," she said rather her affection so carelessly. She gave her all, and I did not remember to killed. Try to think of what should be done. John, you and Bettie will go down with me. The rest of you lock tell her that it was precious to me She was a tender, loving creature, and when I was child, she gave me that fondess that children need. I forgot down with me. The rest of you lock the house securely, and let no one in that she might need fondness as much when she grew old. I forgot that, whom you don't know, Louis and Jack while 1 had a thousand duties, and Bettie flew with alacrity to prepare interests, and friends, she had nothing but me

herself, willing to brave all perils in the company of John; but, coming "It is too late to talk of it now down again, found that her mistress but if I could have been permitted one minute to go on my knees to her, and bless and thank her for all her was also going. There was no help for it. The servant-maid fell humbly into the rear, while Mrs. Ferrier clung love, I could bear this better. For to the arm of the footman, and saw an that man, whoever he may be. I have assassin in every shadow. At sight of a man hurrying up the hill toward them, she cried out, and would have no feeling but pity. Unless the safety of others should require it, I hope he may not be taken. I haven't a doubt the unfortunate wretch wanted the money, but didn't mean to hurt any fled if her daughter had not held her. "Nonsense, ma! it's Lawrence,' Annette said, and went to meet the one, except in self-defence. I do not

breathless messenger. "I'm going after F. Chevreuse," he explained. "Can I have one of your Mrs. Gerald was too much affected to utter a word in reply. It did not seem to be F. Chevreuse who was speaking to her in that sad voice, from He stopped only for Annette's reply: "Take anything you want!" then hurried on up the hill. which the ringing tone had quite gone, and that pale face was not like his

The little cottage by the church was all alight, and people were hurrying about, and standing in the open door

and the entry. "Now, recollect, ma, you must keep quiet, and not get in anybody's way, was the daughter's last charge as they drew near; and they went into the house

Honora Pembroke met Annette at the door of the inner room. The two girls clasped hands in silence. They understood each other. The one was strong to endure with calmness, the other strong to do with calmness ; and,

till F. Chevreuse should come, all rested on them. Mrs. Gerald, weaker of nerve, could only sit and gaze about her, and do what she was told to do. Jane was in the hands of officers, who were trying to find out what she knew

and prevent her saying too much to others. It was not an easy task ; for what the woman knew and what she suspected were mingled in inextricable confusion, and the only relief her ex-citement could find was in pouring out

the whole to whoever would listen. An argument was, however, tound to silence her. "You will help the rogue to escap

if you tell one word," the detective said. "If you want him to be punished, you must hold your tongue. Have you told any one?" "Nobedy but Lawrence Gerald,"

Jane answered, recovering her selfcontrol. It would be hard to keep silence, but she could do it for the sake of punishing that man.

Well, say nothing to any one else. Look now, and remember how it looks, then forget all about it till you are asked in court.'

Jane and the two policemen in the little room with them drew nearer and scrutinized closely the contents of a slip of paper that the detective held in his hand. It was an inch or so of grey worsted fringe torn from a shawl; and, clinging to the fragment, a single human hair, of a peculiar light-brown shade.

Poor Mother Chevreuse ! This little clue had been found clenched in her stifening fingers when they took her

The three looked intently, then drew back, and the detective carefully folded the paper again, and placed it in his pocket-book An hour later, F. Chevreuse arrived.

wish to know who he is.'

It seemed, too, that in those few weeks

his hair had grown white. He resumed after a moment

There are some things at the house I would like to have you see to. Whatever is valuable in money, the silver and a few other things, I mean shall go toward a new altar-service. She wished it. But there are some trinkets

and things that she used, and clothing and books, that I would like to have you take away. I don't want to see them about. Let Honora choose whatever she likes for herself. My mother was fond of her. Keep what you wish, and give some little souvenir. to those who would value them for her And now let us set our faces sake. forward, and waste no time in vain lamentations.

"O, Mrs. Gerald !" Jane cried, when the lady went there in compliance with the priest's request, "my heart is broke! All the light is gone out of the house.

"Don't speak of that," Mrs. Gerald said. 'Tell me of F. Chevreuse Is he quiet? Does he eat anything ?' "He eats about as much as would

keep a fly," the housekeeper sighed. But he sits at the table, and tries the best he can. If you'd seen him the first night after it was all over ! I came up and poured the tea out for him, and, indeed, my eyes were so full I came near scalding myself with He took something on his plate, and made believe taste of it, and

talked in a cheerful sort of way about the weather and about something he wanted to have done. But when he saw my hand holding the cup out to him, he stopped short in what he was

saying, and choked up, and then he leaned back in his chair and burst out a crying. It was the same little cup and spoon she always gave him, but it wasn't the same woman that held it across the table for him to take. And I set the cup down and cried too: what else? And, 'Jane,' says, he 'where's the little hand that for years has been stretched out to me every evening?' What could the like of me say, ma'am, to comfort a priest in his sorrow? I couldn't help speaking, though, and says I, 'May be there

isn't the length of the table between you,' says I, 'and the little hand is holding out the first bitter cup it ever offered you to drink. But, oh ! drink it, Father dear,' says I, 'and may be you'll find a blessing at the bottom

And he talked about things

And,

now,

tea

NOVEMBER

Some wealthy Prot made up for F. Ch he had lost, and th gret for the loss wi repair to him. Eve most grieved felt over the wound. that had been int sumed, among then in aid of the ne Ferrier's rehearsal paration for this c been postponed on a of Mother Chevreus

sary to have anothe Annette threw he

parations with spiri rospering as well Chevreuse had Ferrier, and brou and Lawrence ha yield a little. It w marriage should ta of September, and spend one year with that they were to they liked, Anne allowance assured that the property divided in case of

"The young m well," F. Chevre ought to be trust He goes regularly closely to his bu soon forget how when — when I night. The sho awakened him. ence and unfixed to, and that a n boat on the tide may drift anywh

good to him. "If you would o talking to, Father She had an immer " If you of talk. he ought to do, an to do. Just warn

The priest shoo "I believe in God to warn in h "It is a mistake man to be perpe clumsy fingers in ings of the hur priests, but we ar and women are no be left to themse has occasional m dren which do n tien. Too much ing to an intellig

F. Chevreuse h expressing the th in his own mind ing his compani glance that she word of what h smilingly adapte

prehension. "I heard a sto a careful mother from home to s starting, she cal her, and, after t things which th concluded in th you go up into dark corner bel and take up a lo and pull out a b is there, and ge Then she went a every evil whi might happen came home at n bean up its no had better not about those b didn't know wh vou want to k alk to him of w you look at evi

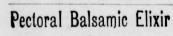
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was enough if he needed her sympathy. She had thought that he only needed her wealth. Her heart ached

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all that was ignoble, yet he had lacked hills against the near southwestern a flash like a shriek that syllabled her the resolution necessary to secure his own approval He was still noble horizon. The flowering plants showed name.

like black shadows lurking about th enough to feel the loss of that more basis of the pillars, and the pillars themselves appeared to stretch upward to the sky, and curl over in capitals of bitterly than any outside condemna-When he could, he deceived ion. himself, and excused his own shortpurple acanthus-leaves fringed with comings ; but when some outward atstars

tack tore aside the flimsy veil, and showed him how he might be criticised, Annette rested her head on the sofacushions. The space and motion outor when some stirring appeal revived the half-smothered ideal within him, sike and the waving boughs and vines

had a quieting effect; yet she was in that state of feverish wakefulness then he needed all the soothing that friendship or flattery could bestow wherein one can be quiet only in a position from which it is possible to While listening to Mrs. Ferrier that afternoon, he had not been able to ex start at any moment.

clude the humiliating conviction that he had himself forged the chains that Her life was changing in its hope and aims, and she was in all the held him in that ignoble dependence, tumult of that revolution. The vague, and that ten years of earnest endeavor sweet expectations and rosy hopes which are planted in the heart of every would have set him in a position to command the fulfillment of his wishes. female infant, which spring up and But now, he assured himself, it was bud in the maiden's soul, which blo too late to begin. His earliest foe, his or are nipped in the woman's as God own nature, had allied itself with one shall will. were withered in hers, had scarcely less strong, a pernicious habit, withered long ago, and she was only and it was now two to one. He mus now owning it to herself. There was be helped, must go on with this ento be no tender homage and care for gagement, and patch up the life which No one was to take delight in her. e could not renew. her, to seek her for herself, to think

"If she would give up the point of our living with her, all would be well," he said presently. "Why couldn't we board at the Crichton anziously lest she be grieved or hurt. Whatever pain might come to her in life, she must bear it in silence. tell it where alone sympathy would be House? I don't mean to be idle, and precious and helpful to her would be to don't wish to be. I wouldn't make any ore her listener. Hers was the part to promises to her, Annette, and I won't give, not to receive. Without a man's make them to any one who threatens strength and hardness, she was to take me ; but I am willing to tell you that I the man's portion, support, cheer, enstrength and hardness, she was to take really mean to try. All I want is to courage, and defend, and all without

get out of my little way of living, and thanks. have a fair start. You know I never An awful sense of isolation seized

upon her. There had come to her that moment which comes to some, perhaps, had a chance.' His lip and voice were unsteady. and, as he looked up appealingly into her face, she saw that his eyes were to most people, once in a life, when all the universe seems to withdraw, and full of tears. A grief and self-pity to the soul hangs desolate in the midst of great for words passed him. That element of childlike tenderness and de-That space, the whole of creation alien. d de- One shrinks from life then, and would pendence which survives the time of gladly hide in death.

childhood in most women, made him Annette was too sad and weary to long for the pity and sympathy of one cry out. She lay quiet, and looked at to whom he had never given either the tree-shadows. Some good thought

sympathy or pity. crossed her mind, a whisper of her Annette, woman-like, found no guardian angel, or an inspiration of had been up there to call them before fault, or at least expressed none. It the Comforter—"Fall down and pray going for F. Chevreuse. He wished

She started up in affright. The sky was clear and calm, and the storm had all passed by ; but the wet trees in the garden shone with a red light from the windows, and there was noise and hurrying to and fro in the house, and her mother was calling her with hyster

ical cries. Annette would have answered, but her tongue was paralyzed with that sudden fear. She could only hasten into the house with what spe eed the deathly sickness of such an awakening

allowed her. Mrs. Ferrier was walking through

the rooms, wringing her hands, and calling for her daughter. "Where is Annette? What has become of Annette?" The servants stood about silent and confounded by the noisy grief of their mistress, unable to de

invthing but stare at her. There is usually but one chief mourner on such occasions, however many candidates there may be for the office. The one who first raises the voice of lamentation leaves the others hors de combat.

In one of her turns, Mrs. Ferrier saw Annette leaning pale and mute on a chair near by. "O Annette, Annette ! do you know

what has happened? Oh ! what shall I do ?" she cried. Annette could only cling to the chair for support. Her mouth and throat

were too dry for speech. 'Somebody has killed Mother Cheveuse !" The girl slipped down to her knees, and hid her face a moment Nothing had happened to Lawrence, thank God! Then she stood up, shocked and grieved indeed, but no longer powerless. ''Will you tell me what it is, John?'

she asked, turning to the man. " Tell me all you know about it.'

Her mother's noise and volubility were too irritating.

John's story was soon told. Law-rence Gerald, having been awakened by a messenger from the priest's house,

To

We will not enter the house with him. And then I was so ashamed of myself The two guests that there await him, for preaching to the priest that I ran leath and an unspeakable grief, demand that homage of us, that we do out of the room. After a little while not intrude. his bell rang, and I wiped my eyes, As Lawrence Gerald was driving And there he sat with a and went in.

away from the door after having trembling kind of a smile on his face, brought the priest, Jane called out to him, and when he stopped, leaned and says he, 'Jane, how am I to get my tea at all?' So I gave him the cup, and went and stood by the fireover the wheel into the carriage

Don't let a soul on earth know place. what I told you we found in her hand, in the house, and asked me if I didn't nor what I saw," she whispered. want my mother to come and live with He muttered some half-stifled me. The Lord knows I didn't ma'am, about not being a tattler. through my mother not being overneat.

"Promise me you won't," she per pesides taking a drop now and then. But it's a decenter, and so I said ves. sisted, laving her hand on his arm He gave the promise impatiently-And when I was cheered up a little, vomen's ways are so annoying when he sent me out. But when I was going through the door, he spoke to me, and says he, 'Jane !' And when I looked back, and said 'Sir !' says he, 'Jane, one is excited and in haste-shook her hand off, and drove away. Let us pass over the first days that followed. The gossip, the wonder-ment, the show of grief that is merely you're right. There is a blessing at the bottom of it.' And he smiled in a way that was sadder than tears. Since excitement, and, still more, the grie that he has the tray set his elbow, and pours the for himself. And, now, ma' that is real, and shrinks from showing tself-who would not wish to escape sight and sound of them? We may well believe that one so beloved and I'm going to tell you something that you mustn't let anybody know, for may be I oughtn't to speak of it. That first honored was followed to her last home by the tears and blessings of a crowd,

and that one so bereaved was the night following the funeral I heard object of an immense sympathy and him walking about his room after I affection. We may also be sure that went to bed, and I knew he couldn't those to whom the law gives in charge sleep ; though, indeed, it was little that the search for such offenders did not any of us slept that night. Well, by neglect their task. We will not fraternize with the detectives nor and by, when I'd been drowsy like, heard him go out into the entry, and I with the gossips. Let t work, each after his kind. Let them do their thought that perhaps some one had rung the bell. I was frightened for fear of who it might be : so I got up,

When weeks had passed away, Mrs. Gerald had not yet dared to mention and threw something on, and crep his loss to F. Chevreuse; but he spoke of it to her; and, having once spoken, rail, all ready to scream for help. I she felt sure that he wished the subject watched him open the door, with the to be avoided hereafter. "It seems to me that I never was street-lamp shining not far off; and,

O, Mrs. Gerald ! if he didn't kneel a real priest till now," he said. down there and kiss the threshold was not conscious of making any where she stood that night watching sacrifice. I had a pleasant home, and him drive away; and he cried that one there to whom I was all in all. pitiful that it was all I could do not to Now I have no earthly tie, nothing cry out loud myself, and let him know to come between me and my Master's was there.

work. I don't mean to say that she The first sharpness of the impression was an obstacle; on the contrary, she made by this event wore away, and was a great help ; but she was also an people began to talk of other things.

you talk about do it. Sometin but beware of you know wh darkest? Who ing at light. ' all that is pleas and try to for thing unpleasa Mrs. Ferrier the earnestly clergyman, an Chevreuse's pe sire to show hi ence. Besides of having been

able that no or fluence her, a in defence of l die it for the She even boast cession, and known that th to be lenient anxiously awa · Besides,

a good deal n now. Lawrence,

pains, and, 1 mother less change was being civil to for him to be a spoken of slig him ; when she conciliate that there sl him.

Annette, to with a high h which had so in speaking giving place nade her feat who was dil Gerald, or la spect for him everything. nor spoon co approved. Lawrence th postpone a "He has ta but money. contradiction abased hers exalt him.