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STORY OF A PRIEST.

December 24, 1874, ushered in one the severest storms that it has ever been my lot to witness. I was that day about midway on a journey from Helena to Missoula and had stopped for the night at a stage ranch, one of the old-time rude wayside hostelries of which to day, in the changed condi-tions wrought by the advent of the railroads, but few remain. Black, angry clouds had gathered upon the horizon, and as evening approached, light, feathery snow began falling, which until air rapidly increased in quantity and earth were blended in a black and white shroud, beneath which surrounding objects gleamed weird and spectral through the deepening gloom. were a motley group as we gathered around the large open fire to enjoy our post prandial pipes, while the storm beat fiercely without and the flickering red flames limned the circle of bronzed and bearded faces with flitting Rem brandt-like lights and shades. center sat a broad shouldered, portly man, of apparently fifty years of age, whose smooth-shaven and rubic und face, as well as the sober cut of his dress, unmistakably proclaimed the priest.

To pleasantly pass the evening, story after story was related by several of the persons present; and when the priest announced his willingness to entertain his companions, we all attentively listened to the tale he told. In a voice low, musical and impressive

he thus proceeded:
"In 1855 I left Montreal, Canada immediately upon my graduation from the school in which I had pursued the latter part of my thological course, having been ordered by the church directory to report for service at the St. Ignatius mission, a distant station in the wilderness at the head waters of the Missouri river, now a part of the modern territory of Montana.

'For a number of years following, my field of operations was confined to to the savage tribes inhabiting the region within which I and co-workers were the only white men, save a few traders of the Northwest Fur Company, stationed forty miles distant at Fort

Benton. "The discovery of gold, however, within the territory in 1862 led to a vast influx of adventurers and the mountains were soon filled with seekers for the precious metal, while little towns here and there began to spring up like mushroons among the gulches. "One night, after having worked

rather harder than usual with our In dian school, which had been only recently organized, I retired to my apartments. I was just in a doze when a rap came on my door, and our superior walked in with a troubled " ' A man has been shot in a miner'

camp near Bear Forth mountain, and is dying,' he said, and though it is a dark and threatening night, your presence is requested at his bedside. Your horse will be at the door in ten minutes, and a guide is here to accompany you. Prepare yourself for the journey at once. "Within the time named I was in

the saddle. My companion proved to be a rough-looking individual, who during the long ride which followed, did not speak a dozen words in answer to my questions.

The night was one of inky dark ness, and now and then a great drop of rain fell from the back vault above, while the wind swept fiercely and chillingly from the river, the banks of which we were traversing, sometimes catching up clouds of spray from the rapids and dashing them in blinding

usts in our faces.
"Within an hour after leaving the mission the rain fell in torrents, but we pursued our way without halting. It was well on toward morning when a few patches of light suddenly appeared, and in a few moments we rode nto a village of tents, from some of which came the sound of rude music and revelry, and from others the shouts and curses of drunken men.

"We rode through a long avenue of these canvas tents, until we reached the end of the row, where we drew rein before a high log building, ap parently the most pretentious one in

the 'city'. "As we dismounted the door was flung open and a bright light streamed forth, revealing a neatly, almost luxuriously, furnished interior, with a roughly attired man outlined in the foreground. A bright fire was burn-ing at one end of the room, and entering, I was left alone to dry my drenched garments before its cheerful blaze.

"Some minutes passed, during which I heard moans issuing from an adjoining room and the low murmur of voices, when the door leading to the apartments was suddenly opened and saw before me what for the moment I

BAU CUMPLEXIONS





believed to be a vision, due to the excited state into which I had been thrown by the events of the night and my mysterious surroundings.
"It was the figure of a young girl,

seemingly about seventeen years of age, whose radiant and almost un-earthly beauty might well have be-guiled other men than myself. Dressed in simple white, with her flowing hair falling about her in a wealth of golden glory, and an expres-sion of sadness upon her spiritual face, carried my thoughts instantly to in the chancel of the the Madonna, cathedral of Milan, my native land.

"Beckoning to me, I instantly arose and followed her to the room whence she had come. I there saw before me a little group of men gathered about a bed upon which lay a man of appar-ently middle age, whose drawn and livid face betokened the speedy coming of the dread messenger. "By his side knelt a sobbing woman,

upon whose deeply lined countenance I saw a resemblance to the dying man's features, which claimed them near of kin. As I approached the bedside the eyes of the prostrate man slowly opened, and, seeing me, he made a sudden effort as if to rise, then sank back with a piteous moan. my crucifix to his lips and began to murmur a prayer, believing him about to die, when he turned to me, and. in a

strong voice, asked:
"'Are you the priest?" I said; what have you to " Yes, say that may ease your conscience or assuage the suffering of a dying

man? 'An expression of pain crept over his face, and, reaching forth his hand, he uttered the name of 'Myra.' The girl I have described glided quickly forward and reverently kissed th outstretched hand, sunk upon her knees and wept bitterly. As he tenderly stroked her golden hair, he thus spoke, his words being listened to at his request by all present:

" 'Knowing that I am soon to die want all here to listen to what I am to say, and I desire that my confession shall be written down.

"I had my notebook in my pocket. and drawing it forth, I took his state ment word for word, as I shall now attempt to give it-the public nature of the recital releasing me from the sacred secrecy of the confessional. Twelve years ago I lived with my sister here, in the city of New York We plied the trade of 'fencing' or, to be plain, we were receivers of stolen goods. There lived in the same street man with whom I had many fidential transactions. Our two places of business were near one of the great city parks, into which thousands of people, many of which were of wealth and leisure, came to promenade on summer afternoons, and here the trade of the pickpocket was successfully plied, giving us unusual oppor tunities for securing the plunder.

"The park was often visited by aurse girl who had in her charge the little five-year-old daughter of one of the wealthiest men of the city. I had often seen the pair, and the extraordinary beauty of the child often attracted my attention, as she sometimes came through the gates laden with rare flowers, stolen gifts to her by the conservatory keepers, and entered with her guardian the family carriage always waiting near.

"One day my neighbor came to me and put a terrible temptation in my heart. It was a scheme to kidnap the child in question, send it into concealment at a distant point in care of some of his relatives, and exact a large ransom for the recovery of the stolen babe.

" 'I did not then consent, but the soft and seductive word peatedly urged his fiendish project at length overcame my resolution and we lay in wait for the little one for days, until the nurse girl being temporarily enticed away, we obtained the desired

opportunity and snatched the child away from home and friends.

"We had not anticipated the frightful hue and cry which our deed awakened, and before we could cover our tracks the sleuth hounds of the law

were hot upon our trail. "Finding the toils slowly closing about me I sold my business one day for what I could get for it, and, accompanied by my sister, fled to the place where the child was hidden, and taking her away, went far out into the wilds of Colorado. There I took up gambling as a profession, and, follow ing one mining stampede after another, at last drifted into Montana.

" 'To night in an altercation over a game of cards, I received the fatal shot which sends my soul to perdition, but of that I have no wish to speak. I desire in the few short moments remaining to me to repair so far as I can the wrong I have done.

"'This kneeling girl is the stolen child, grown to womanhood, and though I have committed toward her a crime which can never be forgiven, I have tried to be as kind to her as an affectionate and dutiful father could have been. She is the daughter of— -the Wall street millionaire, and loving hearts, position and fortune await her in the great city of New

York. "'My sister is innocent of complicity in this crime, as she has never known the circumstances under which I obtained the child, for I lied to her. commit the girl to you and your holy brotherhood as a precious charge to be restored to the bleeding hearts 1892, "The Cream of the Havana Crop."

her as dead."

"His voice had sunk so low as to be almost inaudible, his lips closed as with a sudden spasm of pain, and the weeping girl flung herself on the bed at his side, her frail body convulsed with sobs which pierced the heart of the listence."

"La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit this to be the case. The connois-

eyes upon her face, and in a hoarse whisper asked:

"'Myra, can you forgive me?'
"Not a word did she answer, pressing her trembling lips upon his, she clung to them until I mercifully drew her away, and I saw the upturned face was that of the dead.

"What did you do with the girl?" asked a voice from the hushed circle the priest's story.
"I took her to the mission next day,

and three weeks later a fine old gentleman with silvery locks and beard came from New York to claim her as his daughter.

"The meeting betweem them was the saddest I ever witnessed. could not at first remember him and he wept like a woman, but at last he sung to her with a tearful, broken voice me words of an old melody, and the chords of memory were stirred within her, calling up, as she said, a vision in which spectral faces peered forth from the mists of years.
"A photograph of the old home and

before it a group in which appeared the features of the dead mother and her own little infant self recalled the past still more distinctly and the tide of years was at last partially swep

"She accompanied her father New York and is to-day one of the reigning society matrons of Gotham."

THE ARMY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

A remarkable movement among Catholics is now interesting the whole world at present, namely, the peaceful crusade for the recovery of our Saviour's Sepulchre and other spots in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, which s to be carried on by the Army of the Holy Cross.

The spiritual invasion of the East will be for the rescue and preservation of the holy shrines of Palestine These shrines are now held jointly by the Catholic and Greek Churches, and and each makes use of the Holy Sepulchre. The Franciscan monks and the Greek priests, who have had charge of the shrines for almost seven centur ies, have an understanding as to the hours of their respective Masses, and they get on very amicably together.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat of a few days ago gave an elaborate and most interesting account of the history of the holy places. The Catholic Church is anxious to get possession of the shrines. In fact, with the contri-butions of the Army of the Holy Cross the Church has already purchased the Turkish hovels that surround the workshop of St. Joseph, and in making excavations it uncovered the founda tions of the ancient basilica of St. Joseph, the first Church in the world dedicated to the fosterfather of the Saviour. With the money that will be further raised by the Army of the Holy Cross all the shrines will be obtained.

The Franciscans have had charge of the Holy Sepulchre ever since 1230, when they were made custodians by Gregory IX. In 1808, says the Globe Democrat, a great calamity befell the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in consequence of which it was wrested from the Catholics, who since then have a joint tenancy of it. On the 12th of August fire broke out in the cupola of the church, whether through an unavoidable accident or by instigation of the Greeks, was never explained, though all circumstances, Catholics claim, favor the latte The flames greedily devoured theory. the cupola, and the burning beams fell on the turret which crowned the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, destroy ing it. The interior of the chape however, escaped injury; the wooder doors, and even the silken hangings of the sanctuary, remained intact. In this strait the Franciscans appealed for help to the Catholic world, those troublous and perilous times their appeal was unheeded. The Greeks took opportunity of their help less condition to dispossess the Francis cans, and received a firman of the Sultan, fauthorizing them to repair the ruined church at their expense Thus this foremost sanctuary of the world passed from the Catholic Church into the hands of the schismatics, through the apathy and neglect of the Catholic Catholic Council and the C neglect of the Catholic powers.

The Army of the Holy Cross, which is also known as the Association of the Holy Land, hopes for no other than spiritual returns or rewards for its work and investments. The spiritual benefits promised are: (1) The crusaders have a share in the 20,000 holy Masses offered annually for the benefactors by the Franciscan Fathers on the holy shrines. (2) By a brief of Pope Pius VI—Intercatera—dated July 13, 1778, they partake of all the good works, prayers, fastings, penances, mortifications, pilgrimages performed in the Holy Land by the Franciscan Fathers, the pilgrims and the faithful. (3) They share in the innumerable Indulgences attached to the holy shrines, all of which are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed. (4) His Holiness, Leo XIII., has granted a Plenary Indulgence to the crusaders on the feast of Christmas and Easter and in the hour of death, and a partial one every Friday .-Baltimore Mirror.

A Legend of Father De Smet's Labo Among the Indians.

The sun, radiant with crimson, gradally sinks into golden glory, and completes the pageantry of a beautiful summer day in the picturesque land of the Dakotas. The distant hills slowly robe themselves in regal purple; lingering shadows float among the mists that brood over the prairie, and the star of evening twinkles in the darkening firmament. The twilight is full of farewell anthems to the king of day. But amid Nature's mystic chorus is heard a plaintive wail of human woe, a shriek of bitterest

agony "Wildbird, my weak heart grows

faint !' "Alas! so does mine, dear sister but let us raise our souls to the Great Spirit. The black-gown told us He could deliver us from every ill: He is the Master of life and death. May He not save us from the Blackfeet's en-

"Dread of the morrow's awful sacri fice makes me shiver, and my hope wavers as I look around upon the prep arations. How father and mothe vould have suffered had they heard the wild shouts that our cruel foes sent up when we were led into their

camp!"
"Sister repeat the story of Sebastian, and I will recount the martyrdom of Eulalia; and, better yet, let us think of the Sorrowing Mother, and the agony of Him who died to save us.

"Tis well, wise one," answered Snowflake. "Begin with the story of the virgin martyr. It will beguile the time and inspire us with holy courage

Thus conversed, in subdued tones two maidens captured from a tribe of the Dakotas by the treacherous Blackfeet, and bound hand and foot with ropes of buffalo hide to the trunk of a

large pine tree.
Throughout the day some women of the hostile tribe had busied themselves with preparations for the morrow's death feast. Having cleared away the undergrowth, they had directed the braves to erect a pile of resinous wood on which to burn their innocent victims, while they gathered mint, wintergreen and pennyroyal, ming lingly them with twigs of birch, spice bush and sossfras, to be thrown from time to time into the blazing logs.

At a late hour, wearied with their task, the squaws withdrew, deigning to bestow a word of pity or look of compassion on the helpless young victims. Confiding them to the are of the old men of their tribe, they walked away, humming the refrain of of one of their death songs, which was suggested by the feast that awaited

The vigilant guardians smoked, and chatted of their feats in the chase and on the battlefield, ever and anon casting angry glances toward the gentle At length, thinking the maidens asleep, they gave themselves up to a profound repose. The prisoners, after hours of fervent prayer, and by recalling the lessons of faith they had learned from the Blackrobe, had succeeded in resigning themselves to their awful fate.

"Our death may convert our father,"

suggested Snowflake. "And if Redfeather learns the Blackrobe's prayer and is baptized, our whole nation will embrace the Christian faith. The afflicted Mother stood at the foot of the Cross: we are her children, and must try to imitate her,"

murmured Wildbird. With words like these the two risoners encouraged each other, and hough often startled as a bat or an owl cleft the midnight air, or terrified when a dead branch fell to the ground, they watched patiently for the first beam of the sun that would witnes their trial.

That same night the Fathers at the Jesuit mission were awakened by loud shouts of the chief of Dakotas, intermingled with those of some friendly Cress who accompanied him, and a small detachment of his own braves "What seek ye?" inquired Father de Smet.

"Great chief of the Blackrobes. answered Redfeather, "my daughters, on whose heads you poured the water. are captives of our enemies, the Black feet. Thou knowest, therefore, what fate awaits them."

"What! the two argels of our mission school? How did it happen?" "Father, we attacked the Blackfeet lying in ambush, but did not conque them. Then they fell upon our camp, and we repulsed them. But a party of skulking braves captured my two children.

"O chief, thou are not baptised Thy wife and daughters know and love the great God, but neither thou nor thy warriors have accepted the Christian law. What wilt thou therefore of the Blackrobe?'

"Father, the Great Spirit of the Blackrobes is all powerful; ask Him to restore to me my beloved daugh-

"Redfeather, what thou sayest true: the Great Spirit is all-powerful. full of mercy, too; but He is also just He loves not hatred, pillage and mur-der. It was to gratify thy hate that thou didst attack thy brothers, the Blackfeet. Thou wouldn'st slay their warriors, and they have captured thy children. Reproach only thyself, for thy punishment is just."
"Thy words are like arrows: wise teacher, I have done wrong."

"Then must thou crave pardon."
"Blackrobe, I do implore forgiveness. Ask the Great Spirit to give me back my Snowflake and my Wildbird,

"The dying man turned his dull THE ANGEL OF THE DAKOTAS. and I promise that I will receive thy

Baptism."
"That is not enough. In a few hours I shall celebrate the august Sacrifice of Atonement before the Great

Spirit; thou must promise to speak to the chiefs of thy nation, that all may come and learn the true prayer fro

"I promise with my whole heart, What say ye, braves? "We accept the will of the Black

gown-we will be Christians. "And that is not enough," urged the priest. "Thou must promise that in future thou wilt not attack the neighboring tribes without cause,

and-" Father the Crows and Blackfeet do us all the harm they can.

"It matters not. Thou mayest de fend thyself, but never attack. Still more, thou must forgive. The Great Spirit is the Spirit of peace, and will be deaf to my supplication if thou dost cherish anger in thy inmost heart. "Father, I believe, and we swear to

abide by thy words."
"Chief, I trust thou art sincerethat no lie lurks in thy heart. May the Great Spirit be merciful to thee and grant thy petition."

In the gray of the early morning Father de Smet was standing at the altar, but before beginning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass he informed the Rev. Fathers and Brothers of the danger to which the young Christian disciples were exposed, and explained what a loss the lives of these exemplary maidens would be to their little mission. He also told them of Redfeather's solemn promise to influence his nation to embrace the true Faith. Then all present renewed their fervent prayers that God would show His power, and promote His own greater

glory by delivering the captives. Meantime the two maidens were a prey to involuntary dread of the torments which awaited them. and again they called upon the Mother of Sorrows to obtain for them fortitude and perseverance, that they might die like the martyrs of whom Blackrobe Suddenly they beheld had told them. a youth of radiant countenance, attired in the festal costume adopted by their own tribe. His eyes shone with supernatural light, and there was something about him that reassured the stricken doves even before he "I come to deliver you," said, at the same time cutting as if by heavenly magic the strong cords that bound him to the pine tree. was sweet and low, and he added,

Joyfully the two fugitives followed their mysterious guide, who walked a short distance ahead of them.

'He must be an angel," whispered Wild-bird " for I feel weary no longer,

nor is my heart fearful. "Did we not invoke the Queen of Angels! She has sent a messenger to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies," answered Snowflake. be to Jesus and Mary!" she added

and Wildbird replied, "Amen. On, on their silent conductor led through dim, deep woods, by them, crystal lakes, over flowery meadows, up and down hills, until they reached the broad, beautiful prairie that divided the land of Dakotas from the territory of the Blackfeet. To their surprise the soft soil did not yield to their tread, nor did the rose or centaury bend its corollas. The birds went singing a joyful chorus to the Creator—echo of the gladness that filled those quick-throbbing hearts. Now the trio attained an eminence and from its wood-crowned height they discern the smoke of the campfires of

of the Dakotas. "Rest here a while," said their guide; and when they turned to thank him for his kindness, lo! he had dis

appeared. As soon as the Blackfeet discovered the flight of their captives they set out in hot pursuit. Vainly they sought the tracks of their prisoners. "They and their mother too, worship the Great pirit of the Blackrobes," the savages murmured. "He has delivered them our Great Manitou is not powerful At length, after searching enough." once more the environs of their camp

for the footprints of the maidens, all despairingly gave up the hunt. Redfeather, on withdrawing from the mission house, had held a secret powwow with his companions before ending an official message to distant subjects. But their deliberations were suddenly interrupted by long and prolonged shouts of joy. The squaws and the children of the encampment, who had gone out before sunrise to gather roots, announced that the prisoners had escaped the knives and firebrands of the Blackfeet, and were returning home with their mother, Ray of-Morn-Snowflake and Wildbird were ing. soon in the embrace of their overjoyed father, and all the followers of Blackrobes knelt to bless and thank

the Great Spirit. Before the end of the moon of August the men and women of the fierce Dakotas had gathered around the mission house in circular rows of wigwams. With solemn faces they listened to the truths and preceipt of the Gospel as explained by the Jesuits. To forgive their enemies was indeed a hard lesson to poor children of nature whilst to return good for evil seemed to them impossible. But God's mercy is all sufficient, and it was so abundantly bestowed that on the recurring Feast of St. Michael, in honor of the deliverer of the doves of their fold, nearly all were made children of the Great Spirit by the saving waters of

Baptism.

When you speak or even think of spring medicine, how quickly Hood's Sarsaparilla comes into your mind. Take it now.

THE GUNPOWDI Interesting Le London Catholic The usual monthly a

on Sunday night in schools, West Hartlepoo

Mr. J. Caden, who paper, entitled "The Gunpowder Plot," by

ler, D. R., would be sul

He regretted that it

a large attendance.

possible for the essa owing to illness, which and severe. They were dition had improved, estly hoped his progr covery would be speedy ure in calling upon the ate, Father Savory, to 1 paper. The writer s forty-five years that occupied the throne is jects were the victims secution. Hundreds of men were subjected to able torture, and eve Upon the decease of siderable doubt exis would ascend the thro Council gave their ad and his accession seem general satisfaction. especially were gratifi made, and looked for ful anticipation to an their condition. The served some considera of the new monarch, fered a great deal by of the cause of unfortunate Mary At an early date t proached His Majesty etition, asking for "no more favor a fess our religion : the religion we request, churches, at least in if not with approbat more notable membe mand to Hamp they were apprised of "to exonerate th of £20 a month impo Elizabeth as recusancy, and the enjoy this grace as long as they ke right in all civil a towards His Majest without contempt. concessions did not pectations of Cathe nevertheless regard factory. The write indications of a de part to keep the prop selfish man, and bec grossed with the that surrounded his amelioration of his s little for religion, miss an opportunit intense hatred of members. At abou terious conspiracy had for its object, dethroning of Ja ting up of Ar his stead. At b conjecture. not hesitate to affir for the "establish religious toleration spirators had time evil designs one of supposed, divulge the result that all and found guilty Three were execu priests, and the re were acquitted. mind that this p

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permanent to Catholics who ab Protestant place revived. The was rigorously families were re misery by their