The day was done. Andre and Marie Anquetin were eating their simple evening meal. The little sitchen in which they sat was such a kitchen in which they sat was such a room as one may see in almost any of the farming districts of Normandy; small and neat. The furniture was plain, but the white muslin curtins at the windows, and a shelf filled with geraniums in bloom gave it an air of geranium and the same of th mfort. Andre and his wife were old. The deep wrinkles and hard lines of their faces, their bent figures and halt ing gait, told a tale of trouble and hard

"I do wish Jean would come home," said the woman, as she arose from the table and began clearing away the dishes. "It's fifteen years since he went away, and it do seem as if he might come back to see his old mother.

The house and her boy's room and husband.

The little col If he had only been easy like Lus Mignot and stayed at home, how happy we should have been."

"I told you," replied the old man, "that you should let well enough alone. The lad was a fine boy, and would have been forehanded here as well as in America. I do believe if you can't get your porridge among your own folks, strangers won't give it to you. It was your high notions that did it, and now we must bear it the best we

Marie was silenced, and without saying more, Andre went out and sat on low wooden seat beside the door, while his wife washed the dishes and tidied up the room. When she had made the house neat she went and stood beside her husband. The sun was setting, making the rows of brightcolored flowers in the little garden glow in the rich light. The apple trees were white with their snowy promises of barvest. In the distance the poppybesprinkled grain waved in the gentle

"Ah, Marie," he said, taking her hard and wrinkled hand in his, " Nor mandy is beautiful in May."

She did not heed his remark. Draw ing her hand away, she said. "I am going to mind Dame Robbe, and may not come home until late. The old woman is mighty used up, and isn't long

for here. Don't sit up for me."

Taking his pipe from his mouth, the old man slowly arose and faced his wife. "I don't like this," he said. "Before the lad went away you were always a working and saving to set when he got big. He went You made him. He has and left us. been away for fifteen years, and ever since be left us you have been a working and a saving for him when he What good are we get comes back. ting, out of life? Not any. I think it is time to stop.

Why, Andre, you wouldn't have the old woman suffer for want of care, would you?" " he continued ; " but it is not

Dame Robbe that you care for, it's her money that you want to save for the

Without replying, Marie Anquetin moved up the street as fast as her bent form and halting steps would let her, and was soon lost to view in the gathering gloom. Her husband watched her retreating figure, not without feelings of sorrow. When she could no longer be seen, he re lit his which had gone out during the discussion, and resumed his place on

She was a beauty the little cottage. then. On market days, when they stood in the great square of Rouen sell ing their vegetables and flowers, many a passer by would stop to look at the pretty flower-vendor and her handome husband. Those were happy When their child was born they called him Jean. His winning way gained for him the good will of all the village people. Andre and Marie were justly proud of him. "I don't want him like we are, his mother would often say, as she and her husband talked it his prospects and planned for "He must be like the fine the future. folks that used to come to the chateau when you were under butler and I maid, Andre."

Perhaps so, but it takes money, and piles of it, to be like them," the father would reply.

I know that, deary, but we can earn and save, and when he grows up he will have enough to start on. will be a fine thing to have our Jean a great man.

Marie Anquetin was one of these people who could love intensely; yet uch was her nature that many passions, many hopes could not find a place in her heart at one time. Gradually the motherly instinct gained the ascendancy, and while she yet loved her husband, she did not feel towards him as she had before the child was born. Her ruling passion was love for For him she lived, toiled, and hoarded the fruits of her labors Year after year she gave her life to

One morning, coming from confes sion in St. Ouen's, before she took her place in the little cart beside the great square, she heard a man say to his companion that America was the best place on earth for a young man to be come rich and prosperous. Her ideas of America were vague, but she at that place, wherever it was. A dozen times she repeated the word to herself. that she might not forget it. An hour later, when the man stopped before the this village, so he tells me," said his little cart, she made bold to ask about guest this America which he had spoken of. On their way home she talked incessantly about that strange country and dre. Jean, until Andre, wearied with her prattle, got down and walked far in

From that day she never wavered in it.

her determination that Jean should go to the land of riches. If sometimes she said to herself, "Jean might stay here to help about the place," motherly ambition kept her to her re-

When the boy was sixteen she had saved enough to pay him his passage and start him in life, and in spite of Andre's protests, Jean was sent across

"It most breaks my heart to have him go," she said, when the neighbors came to bid him good bye, "but mother must not stand in the way of her child. He can love me as well away from me as under my nose. She saw him go down the road and across the fields; then she went into the house and shut herself away, in her boy's room, from her neighbors The little cottage seemed very lonely

after Jean had gone. In all those years of living and caring for the boy, the wife had grown blind to the need of her husband. Now that her idol had left her, he who remained behind neither cared for nor would receive the little kindnesses and tokens of affection that were resumed after many years of neglect. Not that they lived unhappily together—but the poetry of their early married life had become

They both kept to their work: Andre that he might support himself and wife, and Marie that she might save for Jean. Every sou that she got was carefully hidden away along with the letters that came from over the sea from her boy. When she had nothing else to do, which was seldom, or when When she had nothing a moment could be stolen from work, she would take from its hiding place the shining hoard, thinking, as she touched each piece, of her Jean and the good it would do him. When she she would take from her hus band's money a few centimes to add to her own store.

The years passed, the pile grew lowly but steadily, while old age crept slowly on with relentless pace. She was no longer young, but her beauty had gone. When she stood in the market place of Rouen no one noticed.

"Joan must go with us to market o day," she said to her husband one morning. Her voice trembled, and a great tear rolled down her deep wrinkled face. Joan was her neice I have ceased to be attractive. Joan s beautiful and must take my place. If she succeeds, I will stay at he work in the fields, and care for the sick. I shall be just as useful, and Jean's pile will grow.'

Joan took her aunt's place, and Marie never went to market again. Mornings when Marie saw Joan leave for Rouen the tears would come to her eyes as she thought of the days when she was young and beautiful. Even the dullest of us have times of

reflection when the past comes back with startling clearness. As old An dre Anquetin sat there in the twilight he years seemed to roll by in a long, dismal procession. The light of his pipe went out, his head rested against the casement of the door ; he had fallen A slight noise made by opening and shutting the gate aroused the deeper. Before him stood a man. was well dressed, wore a full beard, and carried in his hand a small bundle.

"My good man," he said, "can you direct me to the inn in this town? "There is no inn here. Strangers More than thirty years before, he don't come this way. You will find an and moved into inn at the next place across the fields,

"I have travelled a long way and Can't you give me lodgam tired. ing?" said the intruder.

Andre hesitated a moment. don't think I can," he said. see, Dame Anquetin is away and might not like it. I don't think I can."
"Did you say your name was An

quetin?" said the stranger.

"Yes," replied the old man; "I am Andre Anquetin. My wife's name is Marie. "I know a Jean Anquetin in

America." continued the young man. You know Jean, you? Heaven bless you, come in, and if Marie don't like it,-well, well, she wen't mind if you tell her of her Jean. The old man seized the stranger and

led him into the kitchen. "Well, well, you know our Jean! Sit down while I make a light. It's a blessing you came this way."

He bustled about to light a candle. and quickly set before the stranger the best he could find in the little cupboard ; then he seated himself near hi

"Now tell me all about my son," he "Is he well? Is he rich? said. Will he soon come home? Tell me

"Yes," answered the stranger, is well, and in the years since he left home he has grown from a big boy into a strong, thoughtful man. 'Just like me," interrupted the old

man, "just like me, but go on. "He speaks of you often, and never eases to think of you and his mother.

He loves you both. "Of course, and we both love him," said Andre, "while his mother works night and day to save money for

him The young man laughed, yet had the candle given more light, old Andre once resolved than Jean should go to might have seen the look of pain that

came to the face of the young man. Works to save money for him Why, he is rich, richer that anyone in

But why don't he come home and let us share his fortune?" asked Andre. "We have worked and saved for He is a thoughtless, wicked lad

"Do not say that, he is working for Soon he hopes to come home and make you rich and happy all your life.

"If he don't come soon it will be too late ; we shan't want his help."

In his excitement the old man moved the candle, which at best gave but a dim light, near his guest. As he did so his eyes caught the flash of a ring upon the stranger's finger. It was one of those silver bands such as the peasants of Normandy wear, of no value, yet peculiar to themselves. He gazed at it for some time, then, reach ing across the table, took the stranger's hand in his and examined the bauble more closely.

"My son used to wear a ring like that," he said. "His mother gave it to him when he left home."

" And my mother gave me this," replied the stranger.

The old man looked up, the smiling yes of the guest told their story, and in an instant they held each other in a embrace.

" Heaven be praised for this. Come near the light, my boy, my eyes are dim; let me look at you. Your mother will be wild with delight. I will go to "No, father," said the son; "let

her continue her good work. Do not let her know until morning. She will be tired when she comes home, and seeing me may be too much for her Let her know in the morning, and to morrow we will have a holiday Neither you nor she shall ever work But come, father, let us go again. into the garden ; it is warm here.

The two men left the room, and arm in arm, wandered through the The garden and out into the fields. conlight shone upon them as they The clock in the village talked. struck 10.

"We must go in now," said the son : " we are both tired.

Your room is ready for you," said "Ever since you went old Andre. away your mother has had it in readifor you when you came back Good night. Heaven bless you, as it has us all. Good night."

Taking the candle, the young man the short flight of stairs and climbed entered the little room. It was just as he had left it years before. There he had left it years before. There were his kite, his top, and all the playthings that he used to love so well, while on the table was a bunch of fresh flowers. The perfume came to him like a breath from heaven. As Jean was very tired, he was soon

sleep, dreaming of childhood scenes With the father it was different. His son's coming home gave him so much pleasure that he could not sleep; beides, he must tell Marie when she came back, that a stranger was upstairs. He laughed softly as he thought how curious it would be, and how sur prised in the morning when she should

ind out that it was Jean. Some time after midnight the wife returned. Old Dame Robbe was dead. Marie had seen the work of the Great Destroyer so many times that his awful presence did not disturb her. She was ironing a song of the people. Sae had hardly entered the house when Andre arose to tell her the news.
"What, you up?" she said. "Get

"Hist, don't make so much noise There is a visitor upstairs in the boy's room," said Andre.

The old woman stood glaring at her husband, surprised into a silence which gave him a chance to offer an which gave him a chance "He came apology for his offense. "He came here," he continued, "and begged of me to take him in. He was all tired out with walking, and so I let him

sleep in the boy's room."

The old woman turned livid with rage. "Beast!" she hissed. "A stranger in my boy's room! I won't have it. I will go and pull him out, and she moved towards the door which ed to the stairs.

Andre caught her and held her "Marie," he said, "have a The man has money, heaps of care. He will pay us well, more for his night's lodging than we can earn in

At mention of the money the woman became calmer, but she did not cease talking about it until after they were

"We must charge him a good

rice," she said. "It's no small thing take a stranger into one's house. price." He ought to bless heaven that he has a place to lay his head, instead of having to tramp across the fields. If he is rich, he can pay well, and our boy's

pile grows so slow."
"Come, come, Marie, enough of
this. I want to sleep, so say no more
about it. I will settle with him in the morning.

"You! you settle with him! No. not you. Why, you would let him go without paying a sou, and our boy'

oile be no larger. Andre Anquetin was soon asleep not so his wife. The thought of the gold set her brain on fire; she could not sleep. A dozen times she asked herself how much she should charge the stranger for his night's lodging. Surely a shining gold piece would not long walk; perhaps he would give her wo. If she told him how she was saving that her boy might come home, no doubt he would be might come. home, no doubt he would be generous. A fever seized her. She clutched her hands together as if she already had the coins in her possession. Supposing he refused to pay her more than a few silver pieces. No, no, he would not do that, and yet he might. Why should she pot take just a few bits while he the coins in her possession. Supposing she not take just a few bits while he slept? She would be sure of them then, and very likely he would never not to help us in our old age. I told miss them. Jean needed them more Marie she was a fool, and now I know than this man. But if she should be turned out, the gendarme would arrest

her, and she would be sent to prison The thought overpowered her, and she lay quite still. How loud and terrible seemed to her the heavy, regular breathing of her husband. endure it no longer. The darkness and the stillness affected her, and her great desire to possess the money took complete possession; of her. Rising from bed, she put on an old skirt and a heavy blouse. Her heart beat fast, and its throbs sounded so loud to her that she felt as if it must awaken her husband. She looked at him, but he was fast asleep. With stealthy tread she climbed the stairs. At the open door she stopped to listen. The door she stopped to listen. The breathing of the sleeper came to her distinct and clear, yet it was almost lost in the beating of her own heart. For a moment she hesitated, a thousand houghts of other days surged through her brain as she stood there, but the one great desire that had brought her there urged her on.

The mocnlight filled the room with

mellow glow. She could see the form of the stranger ; the upper part of the face was hidden by his arm, thrown over the forehead, his clothes folded and laid over a chair, and on the table beside the flowers she had put there in the morning was a pile shining gold. She could see nothing else. The gold pieces fairly glowed before her excited vision. seemed to burn great holes in her brain, and fill her whole soul with a wild delirium. She thought only of that beautiful yellow pile and her boy Jean. She felt like screaming with de light, but her parched lips gave no Silently and carefully she tip toed her way into the room like a cat approaching a mouse, and stood there before the table and the golden treas The man slept. She took a few ure. of the gold pieces and put them in her pocket, then she reached for more. A slight noise stopped her. The man moved in his sleep. In her excited ancy she thought he was awake and had discovered her taking the gold. Her agitation knew no bounds, the blood coursed through her veins with quickened speed; the strength of fury and despair came to her. She turned, and with a spring seized the sleeper by the throat, while her knees struck him upon the chest. The shock awoke him, and he tried to free himself, but the bedclothes hampered him. He could not speak, for she held with a grip of The frenzy was on her, and to iron. all his efforts she opposed an irresistible pressure. For an instant he looked into the face that bent over him, and, like one in an evil dream, knew it for the face of his mother, but still like one in a dream struggled vainly to speak. Little by little his convulsive writhings lessened. In a few moments he ceased to struggle and was still. He was

Relaxing her grip, for her strength was gone, she got down from the bed, catching her foot in the coverings as she did so. For a moment she thought that the man had seized her, and she turned pale with fear. Giving fierce pull at her clothes, she loosened the coverings of the bed, and the hand The ring of the man was exposed. upon the finger glistened in the moon ight and attracted her attention. Raising the hand fearfully in hers, she turned the ring upon the finger. A sickening fear overcame her, for the little silver band had a strange familiar

"No, no," she muttered to herself Her heart almost stopped beating. With a terrible despair she seized the head of the man and dragged it into the strong moonlight.

Then she understood. In the morning while dressing him elf, Andre Anquetin softly hummed a tune such as long years ago he used to sing when he wished to send little Jean into the land of dreams "Marie has awakened before me," he thought,

but I will have my little surprise. will go to wake Jean." the thought of the meeting. Slowly he climbed the stairs and stood at the door of Jean's room. He saw his son upon the bed, and kneeling beside him, the mother singing her gentle lullaby, the luliaby of a mother and a woman bereft of reason. It was only for an instant ; the next moment the disease, that of the heart, which for so many years he had feared, smote him. He was again with his son.

Years have passed since then, yet the peasants, when they go by the deserted house and the barren fields, still cross themselves and utter a prayer.

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## A Queer Accident

One of the handsome side altars in the Church of the Paulist Fathers at Columbus avenue and Sixtieth street, New York City, was badly damaged one night last week by the crowd that had gathered to attend the mission

services now being held there. The mission was given for married women, and the church was crowded nightly. Oa the occasion in question the aisles were filled with people who were not able to secure seats. the pulpit the throng was the most dense, and while the listeners were pushing forward to get closer to the preacher they were forced against the altar railing, which succumbed to the pressure and went down with a crash.

With that obstruction out of the way, the women made their way into the inclosure and broke the slab of marble at the foot of the altar with their weight. It will require more than \$500 to repair the damage.

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a bottle.

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tine. Price, 25 cents, at all druggists.

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OUR BOYS AND G

FEBRUARY 6, 1896.

Habit of Courtes

It would be well, my dear girls, to always remember t ness is at all times a mar breeding, and some of our greatest men have been not courtesy. Many years ago boy of a publishing house boy of a publishing house procure, from Edward F proof sheets of a book wh been examining. The the vast library, lined from ceiling with books, in fea bling. But Mr. Everett, the dealth where he was his desk where he was ceived the boy with reass tesy, bade him sit down, che as he looked for the proofasked, "Shall I put a pa them for you?" as polite visitor were the Governo The boy departed in a very frame of mind. He had be his own estimation by M

Johnny's Friend

kindness; and has never f

lesson it taught him.

A little fellow was conva scarlet fever and in very because, as he said, "it'l before I can have anythin the boys again." Sudden tion was attracted to a pi tied to a long string and w with a fishline sinker t through the open window he was in. Eagerly he u grimy note, laboriously school acquaintance. It We thout you mite

That is wy we are doing asked the other boys to d evry day we are all of a send you a letter threw This is my bote on the papor. I cannot drawr But you wunt kare. All are agoing to drawr thers This letter was sig

"Frank." It made no Johnny that Frank's ske much out of drawing or ling did not agree with M By his simple thoughtfu turned what bid fair to be validism into one of the iods of Johnny's whole bo The Refiner

A little bit of gold wa hid in the earth. It ha long that it thought it sh used, and it said to itself "Why do I lie idle he I not picked up, that me One day, a man dug it

it, and said : There is some gold but I cannot use it as it i it to the refiner.' When the refiner got

into the smelting pot, fire to melt the gold. little piece of gold felt fire, it began to tremb

I wish that I had la earth. But the fire grew hot and at last the gold melt the earthy part of the i are over; now I shall sh

But its troubles were The man took it once m to hammer it into some said the g trouble it is to be gold dross or common eart have been put to all thi "That is true," repli you had been dross, you had all this pain, but

have become what yo beautiful gold ring." The piece of gold, is th The dross of common faults and weaknesses finer. He sends trials us, to make us good to take away our defec Pain is one of the tri it patiently, God will by it. He will make gentle. Next time ye

pain, say to yourself: Father is ta faults: I must be patie Little Th Robert Brown was

at a large building putting up, just oppo-house. He watched t day to day, as they bricks and mortar, them in their proper His father said to you seem to be very with the bricklayers you be thinking ab any notion of learnin

I was just thinking v a brick is, and yet t built by laying one b Very true, my be it. Just so it is in All your learning is to another. walk all around the done by putting or Your whole other. up of one little mom Drop added to drop Learn al things. couraged by great le

to the other side. to attempt great th the whole of that gre one brick upon anot Saved by His F "Whenever I se roaches," remarke the Grunewald Ho

one of the species

parts. You could

mountain, but step