The Great Doctor and the Little Priest.

(Translated from the French o Nedar for the Catholic S andard and

Times by E. B.) Baron Dapuytren, a famous French doctor in the latter years of Napoleou's reign, was for a long time surgeon-in-chief at the Hotel Dieu, the principal hospi al in Paris, prebably in the world, where every morning in the year a free consults.

French or foreigner. Wonderfully keen at diagnosis, extremely firm of nerve, remarkably ingenious in the invention of operating instruments for the allevia ion of human suffering, Dupuytren had the reputation of being babitually brusque and even unfeeling towards most of his numberless patients. Nevertheless the following story is told of him by one that kew him well.

Few men have had a life more busily occupied than Dopaytrer. Winter and summer be rose at five. at seven he was in the bospital. which he never left before eleven. He then made his appointed visits through the city, and on his return home usually found his office packed with patients that had come from all directions to consult the famous doctor. In spite of his unseemly haste in getting rid of most of them, they were often so numerous that it was long after nightfall when the last one was packed off.

One evening, when the consults. tion had lasted long beyond the customary bour, the doctor, baifdead with fatigue was retiring for a little rest, when the door of his office suddenly opened and a belated visitor

appeared. He was of a small, stout figure, evidently advanced in years, but regarding his exact age you would have some difficulty in coming to a decided opinion. On a face resem-When a child he would have remi del can long rest with delighted satis faction. While looking at the calm. little old man you would have felt yourself almost becoming better, irristibly attracted towards him, and genius was breaking to bits like forced, as it were, to love bim. He held in his right hand a black raven headed cane, and his small body wore a small suit of clothes, com-erful bands. In that weak littlepletely black. While bowing in salutation to the doctor he revealed body he had recognized a heart a wide tonsure round his head. I

Dunuvtren's eyes res'ed on bim with a cold, weary, almost forbidding look. "What is the matter with you?" he asked in a barsh voice.

lit'le man was a priest.

"Doctor," replied the priest gently, "I must really ask your permission to take a seat, my limbs are already rather stiff and pretty weak. Two years ago I felt a swelling in the neck under the left jaw. The health offi er of our village-I am the cure of La Madelaine, near Nemours-told me at first that it was of no account. But it got go an operation," worse, and at the end of five months the gathering broke of itself. I kep in bed a long time, but without the trouble of ever getting better. Then I had to get up, because, you see, am the only priest to efficiate in four villiges, and"

"Not, doctor," continued the old man while dutifully obeying orders -" not that these g od people were unwilling to come together every Sunday, the whole four congregations to hear Mass in La Madelaine, But I know poor people work hard all the week; they are often sick themselver, and they have only San days for a quiet rest. So I said to First Communions. Monsignen the Bishop certainly promised t wend me an assistant in a short time but the parishioners insisted on m coming at once to Paris to conspli you. I was pretty slow in deciding, because travelling costs a good bit of money and I have a good many really poor people in my parish. But, having to do as they wished, I took the trair, and here is my trouble, doctor," he concluded, showing his neck.

Dapuytren looked at it long and fixedly. The neck showed a hole mearly an inch wide and very deep. It was a gathering of the gland o the under jaw, complicated by an ugly tumor of the ar'ery. The wound was already mortified in many places. It was indeed so serious a case that Dapuytren was profoundly amazed at the sufferer's indomitable fortitude in maintaining for any time a standing position.

The dretor lost no time. He seperated at once the lips of the wound and touched the neighto it g parts with a pressure painful e ough

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night— That's the complaint of those who re so unfortunate as to be afflicted Eczema or Salt Rheum-and outapplications do not cure.

The source of the trouble is in the -make that pure and this scalburning, itching skin disease will ppear.

I was taken with an itching on my rms which proved very disagreeable. I moded it was sait rheum and bought a bettle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days iter I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have cover had any skin disease since." Mrs. (DA E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla rids the blood of all impurities and

make an ordinary sufferer fain with the agony, but the little priest never winced, though the doctor bim elf, as he afterwards expressed it, felt the little frame under his bands quivering and convulsed, as if set in motion by wires from an electric battery. The examination over, Dapaytren, still holding the head with both bands, turned it roughly around so as to bring the face opposite to his own, and, lockng straight into the two eyes, said in a voice slow and of a sinister

"Well, Monsieur l'Abbe, with such a thing as that, the only certainty is death !"

The priest took up the cloths hat he had laid on the chair and wrapped them quietly round his neck without saying a word, Dapuytren eyeing him sharply the whole time. When the cloths were replaced and the knots carefully tied, the little priest took out of his pocket a five-franc piece wrapped in paper and laid it on the chimney .

"I am not rich, doctor," he said, with a timid smile, "and my poor people are very poor indeed, Excase me, then, if I cannot pay much better for a consulation with the celebrated Dictor Dapuytren. I am, however, very g'ad to bave to bling a net-work of wrinkles you o me to see you, and more ready could discern the line of a small mouth and the prominence of a small nose, slightly aquiline, Hands and feet, in miniature, were quite in without the slightest precaution, I accord with the rest of the body. ed you of one of those plump the mb can estimate the full value of life.

ready. Good bye, doesor, I am going home now, to die quie ly. Siluting, be disappeared, and his steps were soon beard as he slowly and with difficulty made his way down the stairs. Dupuvtren remained standing in the room, mo ionless, but fall of thought. His iron soul was melting, his brilliant brittle glass before the simple words of the poor, old, miserable and dying man, whose head he had just now

stronger than his own, a will more energetic than his own. He had was easy to see that the attractive found a being s ronger than bimfelf. He started quickly for the stairway, perhaps be was unwilling to acknowledge bimself defeated. He soon reached the little priest, who was slowly moving down, carefully clutching the banisters.

"Monsiepr l'Abbe," he cried, won't you please come back?" The priest turned at once and be-

"There may be a possibility of saving your life, "continued the doe or, "if you are willing to under-

" My gracione," cried the priest, burrying back to the office, and quickly getting rid of his clouk and oine. " Why, that's the very thing I came to Paris for. Operate, my dear doctor, operate as much as yet

" Bat our attempt may be useles-, Toe operation may be long and painiul, you know"

"Operate, operate, doctor, shall be able to bear it all. My poor people would be so delighted.' " Well, then, go to the Hotel Dieu. You will be perfectly comfortable in the Saint Agnes Ward. The. Sisters woh't lit you be in want of anything. R at there tonight and mo row. O the morning after-"

FOOD FOR A YEAR

This represents a fair ration for a man for a year. But some people eat and eat and grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. A large size bottle of

Scott's Emulsion

equals in nourishing properties ten pounds of meat. Your physician can tell you how it does it.

, name of paper and this ad. for ear Savings Rank and Child's Sketch-Book. It contains a Good Luck Penny.

gratefully, and was not long in reach bour drew nigh. The little priest felt nimself unable to and day in an adjoining room.

that night and all the next day. students, numbering five or six hundred, that at ended the clinics of the great master every day were hardly assembled when Dupuytren arrived Closely followed by the imposing crowd, he went directly to the priest's Your friend, bed and the operation began.

The operator cut and carved and seperated with knife and scissors. His steel forceps, plunged into the them together. Then the saw cut off moist, his face glowed with quiel With a grating sound, the decayed ecstacy. fragments of the lower jaw. The Next morning, February 8, 1835, Du sponges, squeezed every moment, puytren summoned the Archbishop gave out torrents of blood. eration lasted twenty-five minutes, papers of the same date announced but the little priest never winched rhe death of the great surgeon, that the sufferer looked a little pale.

else," replied the priest as he sank closest to the coffin

for the other clinics, closely followed name .- Nadar) by his attentive students.

The little priest was saved.

his lectures at the side of his favorate patient. Later when the invalid was five thousand conversions, having so far recovered that he could get up himself baptiged more than three and move about a little Dupuytren used to come to him at the close of his clinic, link arms with him and is warm in his hearty handelssp, measuring his pages with those of the says the Paulists' Missionary Magaconvalescent, make him take a turn zine, r wo around the ward.

indifference, sometimes the cruel repugnance, with which Dupuytren usually treated his other patients, America has had more results from apsolu ely inexplicable.

turned, happy and in good health, to his beloved parisbioners.

A few months afterwards Dupuytren, on a visit to the Hotel Dieu saw himself unexpectedly approached by the little priest, who had been wait ing for him in the Sain: Agnes Ward. He still wore his little black clerical suit, but it was rather dusty and his silver-buckled shoes were somewhat speckled with mud; It was easy to ported for them catechisms, prayers see that he had been taking a pretty books and hymnals in their own long walk. He carried on his arm a language, large wicker basket, well fastened with strings, but letting a few blades of grass stick out here and there on the are less socially ostracized, mingle mother's arm in a few days."

Dupuytren welcomed him with real pleasure, and after making sure smiles. They boldly profess their that the operation had not been at tended by any unpleasent consequen ces, asked him what he was coming

to do in Paris. " Doctor," replied the priest, day is the anniversary of the day of your great operation. I could not let the 6th of May pass without coming to see you, and I had an idea at the same time of bringing you a little present. I have in this basket two fine, plump chickens of my own poultry yard and some juicy pears of my ful achievements. And his greatest own garden; the like of them you obserm is the utter unconscionenes can hardly find in Paris' The only of effort in his tireless and resourcecondition is that you must promite ful work for souls, faithfully, no excuse, that you will taste a little of both the pears and

squeezed it with the warmest affec- if they don't. Isn't that tion. Be eagerly desired the good square? Make yourself acold man to dine with bim. But the quainted with our clothing little priest had to refuse, though very powil ingly. His moments were counted, he said, and he was obliged will cease to return to his dear people of La Madelaine.

For two years longer, every 6th of May, Dupuytren was regularly visited by the little priest with the inevitable and plump chickens.

But it was just about this time Dupuytren felt the first approac' the fatal disease before which all his science, however immense, was bound He has a name for clothes soon to succumb. He started for above the common, and people and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Italy, but without the slightest hope find that although his clothes of being benefited by the journey, which the united faculty of Paris had compelled him to undertake. On the compelled him to undertake. bis re urn to France on March, 1834 ed for cheaper clothes. It's bis condition seemed somewhat im- his excellent selling system SCOTT & BOWNE his condition seemed somewhat im- 118 excelled Wellington Street, West Toronto, Out. proved, but it only seemed so, as no- does it.

"All right, dootor. On the morn- body knew better then Dupuytren ing after it wil lbe as you say. Thank himself. Ne felt that he was dving; be could count the days of his life. Dupuytren scribbled afew words on Bis disposition seemed to become paper which he handed to the little not more morose, but certainly more priest. The patient accepted it most impervious and gloomy as the tatal

ing the great hospital. Almost the Perhaps during these last mournful whole community at once flocked to days the state of moral isolation which welcome him, and they soon had so long and so cruelly he had been ready a little resting place provided bringing on himself, and which now with every comfort. The good Sis- left him alone, face to face with death ters were indeed almost in each was giving him a final and indispuother's way, bringing pillows, foot- able warning. Suddenly he ring warmers, night-caps, fruit and the bell and calls on Henri, his adopt ther dan ies relished by invalids. ed son, who was waiting on him nigh express his gratitude, but rested well

"Henri," he said quickly, "take seat at once and write as I dictate: On the morning after the medical Rev L Champvert, ure of L. Madelanine, near Nemours; Seine

My Dear Abbe: It is this time he doctor's turn to need the priest Come at once. You may be too late Dupuytren. He remained a long time closeted in Dupuvtren's room. What they said to each other no living mortal knows, depths of the wound, seizing and twist- but when the abbe left the room of ng the fibres, and then he fastened the dying man, though his eyes were

The op- of Paris to his bedside. The evening

never shivered for an iostant in the Oa the day of the funeral beavily middle of the agony. It was only piled gray clouds darkened the sky. Rev. O Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S. when the breasts that had surrounded A thin, persistent rain, accompanied him, gasping with intentness and ter- with snow, chilled the immense and or, expanded at last with a sense of silent crowd that made almost imrelief at Dupuytren's words: "It is passable the vast spaces surrounding done!" it was then, and then only, the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and extending along the Louvre. Dupuytren dressed the wound him- The Church of Saint Eustache had elf. "Yes," he observed in a kindly hardly room for the mourners.

one to the priest, "I think it will After the church service the stu c me out all right. Have you suffer dents carried the body of their honored master to the ceme ery, the lit-"I tried to think of some bing the priest plunged in grief, keeping

Dupuytren gazed at him for an in- story as it was told to me, with no sant in profound silence, then slip. design either to prove or to instruc ping the white curtain along the iron but simply because it is true and in rods of the bedstead, he started off timately connected with a great

The Apostle of Montreal.

Father Martin Callaghan, of Mo. real, has been thirty-five years priest and he has a record of almos thousand non-Catholics. But eter nal youth laughs from his eyes and

He gave the secret of his mar-To those that knew the thoughtless, velous success with non-Catholics in one short sentence: "I positivtly love them." Probably no one in this complete change of conduct was efforts among the Chinese than Pather Callaghan. He has baptized As soon as the little priest could two bundred and six y of them. bear the journey he took leave of the The work started with an aged Sisters and the great doctor and re Chinaman in Villa Mirje who came o Father Callaghan and pleaded for

nis countrymen. He complained that they are ignored and aband ned "We wish," said he, "to know your religion. Nobody will tell us anything. Teach and baptize us, Many, many Chinamen will become

Father Callaghan gave his instructions through interpreters and im-

in Catholic worship, lift their bats 25c. to the priest, and greet him with faith. "If questioned as to his religion," said Patner C.llighan, " convert Chinamen will answer: '1 am no' a Chinaman, I am an Irish-

man.' " At the recent Missionary Congres Father Callaghan's paper was filled which naturally received the prefoundest attention from his bearers. But all who met him could not help feeling that his winning personality is the greatest factor in his wonder

Clothes that can't help Dupuy ren took his little hand and please - your money back department and your troubles

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Mrs. J. C. Westberg,
Swan River, Man., writes:

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The Niece (absent-mindedly)-How very disagreeable for you auntie.

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Minard's Liniment Cures colds, tec.

"I have here a poem" "Is it a oem of any serious purpose?" inquired the editor of the Highbrow Magazine. "Yes, sir; it was writteno pay a wash bill with."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powmonthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 20 and 25 cents.

Irate Old Gentleman-I say, that peastly dog of yours has bitten a piece ou, of my leg! Dog owner-Now, isn't that a

neasly shame! And I was trying to bring that dog up a vegetarian, too

A Sensible Merchant.

Mrs. Fred. Laine, St. George, Ont, writes :- " My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am bankful to say it cured her cough

"So Jagsby, said he quit courting Miss Flip because she gave him a delicate hint that his attentions were unwelcome." "Delicate hint ! It was very strong one." "What was it?" 'She married the other fellow.

Sprained Arm.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes :- "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did The condition of the Montreal her any good. Then father got Hag Oninese bas notably altered, They yard's Yellow Oil and it cured

> Wife-I'm going into town today, my dear, to my bootmaker's milliner's and dressmaker's. What does the paper say about the weather? Husband-Rain, bail and thunder-

Minard's Liniment cures

Caught Cold By Working In Water.

A Distressing, Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines cold by working in water, and had a ery had cough and that distressing could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to

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