

JULIE GADBOIS.

A Story of the Neighborhood of the Old Church of Notre Dame De Bonsecours.

BY B. F. D. DUNN.

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CHAPTER II.

There is a time in most lives when the momentous happens; when that appears lacking in interest becomes clothed with the loveliness of imagery begotten of subtle fancies that have awakened in mind and heart, making the love of life take deep root, until the growth thereof develops into an infatuation of faith and hope whose perfume intoxicates the senses and allows even dull minds to feel something of the divine ecstasy that thrills the souls of mystics.

The fateful moment came to Julie Gadbois in the busy morning of a May day, when the light and gladness of seventeen summers had made her a winsome creature, with that touch of sadness in her nature which created a disposition akin to reticence and allowed the garrulous to say that Mme. Plamondon's helpmate was a modest, quiet girl, and wise beyond her years. This slowness, allied to the respect which her character created, made her appreciate all the more such warmth of affection as she received in the narrow sphere of her daily life, made up of duties that would have been unbearable by monotony had not the simpler joys thereof been magnified in proportion to their rarity. Hence it was not strange, that when Clovis Bergeron brought his gift of wild pink roses, and gave them to her amidst the noise and bustle of the mid-day meal that May market day, she should have accepted them with feelings until then unknown. True, he did not commit himself by word or look; but she, in the innocence and simplicity of her heart, saw the action in the light of her own feelings, and the wild pink roses were to her imagination the offering of one who regarded her with eyes of admiration if not of love; besides, there was an honest goodness in his open face and frank manner that idealized him in her conception of what a man should be; and this was heightened by his bluff ways and natural heartiness, the gifts of nature to the tillers of the soil.

Three years spent at the College of Ste. Therese had done much in the way of developing her natural gifts, and he might have succeeded in one of the professions, which it was his mother's wish he should adopt; but the green fields and meadows wooed him from noise and traffic, and he resolved to stay at home and help his father in his old age. This touch of self-sacrifice made him doubly dear to the parent, who recognized in the dutiful homage of his son a blessing vouchsafed by Providence for his closing years of life.

It was with the impatience of a child for some promised holiday that Julie looked for the recurrence of the market days that brought Clovis Bergeron to the little shop; and it was her special privilege to wait upon him, leaving away the usual duties with feelings akin to those felt by the bearers of sacred vessels. It was not strange that in her untrained and virgin mind imagination was the guiding light, making her see the man, whose influence was magnetic, as a superior being, having powers denied to other mortals, and causing emotions of the soul that left her with shrill lips, but eyes in which a lover might have read exquisite confessions. But he was not her lover; and though she admired the luminousness of her face and the deep light in her eyes, he attributed both to her goodness of heart and ignorance of worldly ways. She, indeed, belonged, unconsciously, to that heroic band of martyrs who brush against us on the crowded road of life: whose martyrdom savors not of the rack or sword, but of silent torture—in being misunderstood.

That summer of her life was redolent of subdued joy, and she lived in an atmosphere of faith and hope, qualities that buoy up all souls that have naught to lean upon in life, and whose aspirations are bounded by no limit. Yet even in this state of fancied security the unexpected came with merciless suddenness, and like those flowers that blossom late in autumn, the keen frost of reality blighted her tender years and left her with a crushed and agonized spirit.

It was high noon of a hot August day, and old Philippe Lamouche, who acted as guardian of the Marche, shuffled along the roadway, wiping from his dust-degreed face the great beads of sweat that trickled down from the bald crown, upon which, beneath his great straw hat, he had placed a cabbage leaf to counteract the fierce rays of the sun. Approaching the open doorway of Mme. Plamondon's shop, he peered into the bright kitchen to assure himself of a welcome, for Mme. Plamondon was no lover of talk when the practical duties of her business kept her busy at pots and pans. But at that moment she was adjusting the strings of her blue-checked apron, and Julie was putting away the dishes that stood in small heaps on a corner table. A third person was present, in a visitor from the cooped-up few doors down, Monique Contant, a maiden lady, and almoner of the Little Helpers of the Poor, a Society composed of devout women, who used their spare hours in making garments for their poorer brethren; and Monique Contant had brought her basket with her to serve as an example to less thoughtful mortals. As her needle flew in and out of the bright cotton she was at work upon, her tongue kept up a rattle of small talk; news connected with the doings of her neighbors, and chiefly of the eccentricities of old Cousineau's daughter, who had taken a

bonique near Peltier the grocer, and was endeavouring to entrap the lodgers of Mme. Blais at a reduction of twenty-five cents in their board money.

"Women grow wise when they marry," said Lamouche, pulling at four hairs that grew from a mole on his nose and stuck out like the whiskers of a cat.

"God save us from such wisdom!" replied Monique Contant, sententiously, raising her small black eyes to a statue of St. Joseph that stood on a little shelf beneath the mission cross that Mme. Plamondon brought with her from St. Fiacre, away back in the fifties.

"It is what I was telling our good friend, Clovis Bergeron to day, when he threw out hints about his intended not having enough judgment," said Lamouche, ignoring the irony of Monique Contant's reply.

"What! Is Clovis Bergeron going to be married?" enquired Mme. Plamondon, throwing back her head and looking at the old guardian from above her spectacles.

"Oh, yes; when Easter comes again; to his neighbor's daughter at St. Laurent. They grew up together on adjoining farms, and he thinks her an honest and good girl."

"Having ceased speaking, Lamouche drew out his clay pipe and tobacco pouch, the latter made from the bladder of an ox, but so old and stained from long usage, that it resembled tanned leather. He proceeded to light up and let the women talk it out about the marriage and the excellence of the man against whom nobody could say anything.

But one who stood in the far corner arranging the shelves of the cupboard had overheard the news, and in the act of placing a pile of plates, gave a faint cry of sharp pain, unnoticed by the busy women who kept on talking about the merits of their patrons.

To her it was a cruel thrust, and for a moment things seemed to whirl around, so that she steadied herself by holding the door of the cupboard. Upon the brightness of her life had come a dark cloud shutting out the light of hope in human things and making her taste of the longing that fills sick souls when they pray for death, and see in the visitation thereof a benign and merciful relief from torture the heart cannot bear.

In descending from the stool before the cupboard, she halted, like one seized with sudden stupor, and placing her hand to her forehead moaned as though unable to proceed.

"What is the matter, Julie?" enquired Monique Contant, turning round to look at her.

"It is nothing," she replied evasively. "A pain catches me here in the breast, and I have to stand till it goes away."

"She shall go to Beaurup with the pilgrims from St. Jacques," said Mme. Plamondon, not noticing the agonized expression on the girl's face, but thinking at the same time that her mother was wont to be that way, and fearing for the worst.

"Yes, that is a happy thought," replied the visitor, letting her sewing fall upon her lap. "God is the true physician and prayer the best medicine."

CHAPTER III.

The determination of Mme. Plamondon that Julie should go to Beaurup was carried out at the end of the following week, and in company with Suzanne Decary, the beadle's daughter, she went down to the boat to join the Congregation des dames et demoiselles of the parish of St. Jacques in their annual pilgrimage to the Lourdes of America.

Mme. Plamondon and Mme. Chaurette stood at the door to watch the boat swing out into the stream and catch the sound of the Ave Maria ringing out from the saloon of the Trois Rivières, where the pilgrims were bandied together for the opening exercises of their pious undertaking.

"May St. Anne effect a miracle in her behalf!" exclaimed Mme. Chaurette, taking up her snuff box and turning the cover.

But in the mind of Julie Gadbois there was the thought of him who had given his heart to another. Of the brooding pain that filled her own she prayed God to relieve her through the intercession of his saint; for, like the pilgrim to Kevelar, she had but one apparent ill—the consuming fire of an unconquerable love.

The first rays of the sun were gilding the pinnacles of Notre Dame when she returned from Beaurup, still be-ringed within her breast a weight of unexpressed emotion that would not pass away, which mental warfare helped to increase and make unbearable; and when she reached the humble dwelling place of her grandmother she found her busily engaged in preparing the morning meal. She would fain have confessed her mind, if it had been possible to fashion speech; but words failed her. Entering, she stood for some moments near the end of the table, averting her face to conceal the tears that were gathering in her eyes, for the return to the familiar surroundings intensified her remembrance of past happiness.

There are terrible moments in life through which we must live, and suffer such exquisite torture that the recollection thereof, in after days, causes the nerves to quiver with vague pain.

The sound of her grandmother's voice, making enquiries about the journey, compelled her to turn round, but the very action served to dispel the last remnant of self-control, and hiding her face on the old woman's bosom she wept bitterly.

"What has happened, Julie?" asked the grandmother. Poor child! you have worked too hard! You must rest for some days and pick up strength. For

myself, I thank God that He has enabled me to bear up at my great age. But He has promised to bend the widow: yes, and the orphan too. So cheer up, cheer up, Julie."

She stroked the girl's head with her hand, toil-worn hands, so touching to look at, where the knuckles seemed to start out like congealed roots beneath skin that seemed mummified.

LORD RUSSELL

On the Influence Exerted by Voluntary Schools.

Replying to the toast of "The Bench and the Bar" at a festival dinner at the Cecil Hotel in aid of the Jews' Infant Schools of London, recently, Lord Russell of Killowen said he rejoiced to think that there was a prospect of justice being done to the Voluntary schools of the country. The work of education had been done, so far as it had been done, by the Voluntary schools of the country—Protestant, Nonconformist, Catholic, and Jewish schools—as the bulk of the education was now being done through the same agencies; and when by recent legislation the State had acknowledged that it was its duty and its concern that the children of the people should be educated, and should be freely educated, there could be no longer any answer to the claim of those who did worthy work for education to be paid by the State. Outside the influence and the efforts of those interested in Voluntary schools, however, the large mass of the children of the humbler classes of the community particularly were left without any proper education at all, and, therefore, it seemed to him that the advocates of the support of Voluntary schools should recognize as a fact that there was proper work for the Board schools to do which it was not in the compass of the Voluntary schools to undertake. They ought also to make it clear that it was recognized by them, as a necessary consequence of the grant of public money, that there should be such machinery—by inspection, by examination, and by certificate—as should insure to the State that it was getting value in secular education for the money that it paid. Lastly, they ought to make it clear that they were asking for support, not for the purpose of teaching their religious views to their children except in so far as that was in their opinion a necessary part of the general scheme of education—that they were not asking payment for religious teaching, but that the payment they were asking for was for secular education in the interests of the country. He had always thought that, so far as the great towns were concerned, there never had been, and there was not, any real difficulty upon this question. The difficulty arose in the rural districts, where population was sparse, where there was a handful of Nonconformists and much greater number of those who belonged to the Established Church. One must look at these questions practically, and he was afraid, it must be admitted, that some of the most strenuous opposition to the grant in aid to Voluntary schools proceeded from those who did not recognize the undoubted qualities and services of the great bulk of the clergy of the Established Church. In other words, a jealousy existed in Nonconformist minds against the children of Nonconformists being driven into what were commonly called the parson's schools. Such a case as this could only be dealt with in a practical way. Where there was a sufficient number of children of any particular denomination, to furnish a school for that denomination, by all means let them have it, but where there was a handful of Nonconformists in a Protestant community, or a handful of Protestants in a Nonconformist community, in each case the principle of national education must be carried out, and adequate protection, under conscience or other clauses, must be given to the minority. He could not help thinking that it would be well if men interested on all sides in this question were to approach it in the spirit he had suggested.

ROYAL GHOSTS

Are Said to Be Appearing at Windsor Castle.

An Old Country correspondent writes: Really, Windsor Castle seems to be overrun with apparitions. Queen Elizabeth's shade is by no means alone in her glory. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor was seen by a reporter of the London Daily Mail about the apparition which appeared to Lieutenant A. St. Leger Glyn, of the Grenadier Guards, as recorded in the newspapers. The Dean was quite ready, after the enquiries he had personally made, to believe that Mr. Glyn had seen something of a supernatural character in the library of the Castle. But he was inclined to doubt, despite tradition, that the appearance was that of so good a Protestant as Queen Elizabeth. He had a stronger belief in the apparition, some years back, of another sovereign, King Charles the First, whose spirit is said to visit one of the houses in the Canon's Close, on the opposite side of St. George's Chapel, on June 26 each year. The last person who is recorded to have been favored with the manifestation on the part of the Royal Martyr was Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, wife of the present Bishop of Ripon, who was between 1882 and 1884 a canon of Windsor, and occupied a house in the canon's quarters in the lower ward of the castle. Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter's story, so the Dean now told it, was to the effect that on the night of June 26, in one of these three years, her husband was engaged in conversation in the dining-room with Sir Walter Parrat, organist to the Queen, at a late hour, and that she was in her bedroom on the first floor reading when she heard steps in the passage approaching her room, the door of whose door was lifted, and the door slowly opened, revealing, in place of the Canon, whom his wife expected to see enter—nobody at all.

After a brief pause the door was closed again, and the steps were heard receding along the passage after the most approved ghost story fashion. When Dr. B. Carpenter arrived upstairs half an hour later, his wife related the circumstance, and he recollected that the day was June 26, and that King Charles was traditionally supposed to "walk" in that house on that night. The Castle authorities at Windsor do not appear to have hitherto

paid that attention to its distinguished visitants from beyond the Styx which the shades have every right to expect, in the way of recording the various apparitions and tabulating the annual dates thereof, which may account for the infrequency of their visits in recent times. Nothing, one imagines, could wound the feelings of the average Royal ghost more deeply than, after taking the trouble to show some considerable distance to come itself, to find no one about at the time from whom it might exact the unwilling homage of a "dose of cold shivers."

X-Rays

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OUR REVIEWER.

The February number of the Notre Dame Scholastic, one of the brightest of college publications, contains a collection of essays on popular themes.

The Victorian, from St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Grove, Illinois, has arrived and its pages are bright and entertaining.

The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart furnishes a choice assortment of Catholic reading to its subscribers. "Stray Moments with Divers Authors" in the February number is one of the interesting articles within its pages.

The Shan Van Vocht, a national monthly magazine, published in Belfast, Ireland, and edited by Miss Alice L. Milligan, is devoted to Irish literature and the encouragement of the Gaelic language. The current number is a very good one.

The Gaelic Journal, published in the Gaelic language, with English translations affixed for the benefit of the uninitiated, is exclusively devoted to the preservation and cultivation of the Irish language. It contains anecdotes, stories, Donegal folk-lore, ancient Irish proverbs and a Notes and Queries column.

In The Month, for February, the opening article, "Weeds from the Pope's Garden," is contributed by Rev. Herbert Thurston, and treats of some of the converts to Anglicanism in the eighteenth century. "Catholic France To-day," by V. M. Crawford, and "The Altar of our Ancient English Churches," by H. W. Brewer, are articles of special interest. "Rus in Urbe," by Ruricola, treats of ducks and their habits, and will prove interesting to the student of natural history.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for March contains an appropriate poem, "Ash Wednesday," by William L. Moore. A second article on the social problem, entitled "Public Opinion and Improved Housing," by the Rev. George McDermott, C.S.P. Lelia Hardin Bugg contributes a striking tale, "Mother and Son." The Samoan Islands are graphically described in the course of a paper which is accompanied by some excellent views and portraits. A bright sketch of Irish life, "The Vicar's Hum," is furnished by Dorothy Graham. Charles Shaw writes trenchantly on a "Recent Attack on the Church" (from the pen of Mr. Henry Lea). "The Personality of a Favorite Poet" is a warm tribute to Eleanor C. Donnelly's powers by an anonymous friend. Jesse Albert Locke dissects "Dr. Fulton's Answer to the Pope" on the subject of Anglican Orders. "A Member of the Embassy" contributes an interesting reminiscence, "The British Evacuation of the Ionian Islands," and the paper is aided by many fine engravings of famous Hellenic places. Rev. A. M. Clark, C.S.P., traces the genesis of "The Revolt from Calvinism in New England." Rev. Francis W. Howard writes philosophically of "The Ethics of Life Insurance." The Ambassador of Christ is ably reviewed by a masterly critic. Dr. Austin O'Malley, John Jerome Rooney, and Bert Martel contribute to the poetical portion of the magazine.

MARCH LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—The first article of a notable series describing the official, social and domestic sides of life in the White House is one of a score or more admirable features which make up the March Ladies' Home Journal. It is by ex-President Harrison, and presents a vivid, interesting picture of "A Day With the President at His Desk," detailing the wearisome routine of our Chief Executive's daily life. Another article with a bearing in the same direction recalls "When Lincoln was First Inaugurated." It tells the incidents of Mr. Lincoln's memorable trip to Washington and his inauguration, the apprehension for his safety, and the excited condition of the country at that time. Conspicuous in the same issue are Paolo Tosti's "Home Again"—a song without words—the first instrumental composition by this world-famous song-writer, and Alice Barber Stephens' drawing, "The Woman in Religion," the second of her "American Woman" sketches. "The Day After the Servia Got In," a delightful short story,

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records the romantic adventure of a Princess, and "The Colonel and Me," the first of a series of chats by Isabel A. Mallon, gives some charming glimpses of Southern life. Edward W. Bok speaks with directness and to the point regarding the "fast" young man; discusses the rewards of literature, and the uses of adversity: to teach us to see the bright side of things. Evangelist Moody addresses his Bible Class on "Regeneration," and "Droch" discusses "English Social Life in English Fiction" in his delightful vein. William George Jordan tells many remarkable anatomical facts about "These Wonderful Bodies of Ours," and ex-President Harrison, with an article on "Congress," concludes his admirable series on "This Country of Ours." Mrs. Korer's departments are, of course, rich in interest for women. Her lessons are on cooking fish and oysters, and her other contributions cover the whole field of household economy. "This Easter's New Hats and Bonnets," illustrated from the most recent Paris models; "The New Easter Costumes"; "Planting the Lawn," "A Model \$2,000 House," "Amateur Photography at its Best," etc., are among the numerous practical articles of timely value. The pictorial features of the March Journal are admirable, especially the cover, which gracefully and beautifully symbolizes the birth-month of the crocus. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Ten cents per copy; one dollar per year.

A VICTIM OF ASTHMA.

HAD NOT SLEPT IN BED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

SEEMED DOOMED TO TORTURE AND OBTAINAL MISERY—FATHER, GRANDFATHER AND GREAT GRANDFATHER HAD DIED FROM THE TROUBLE—RELEASE COMES IN OLD AGE—THE CURE LOOKED UPON AS A MIRACLE.

From the Whitey Chronicle.

For years stories of famous cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have appeared in the Chronicle. During this time we have been casting about for a local case of such a nature as to leave no doubt of the efficiency of these pills. We have found several, but in each case it proved to be a sensitive body who could not bear to have his or her name and disease made public. Recently, however, a most striking case came to our ears.

Mr. Solomon Thompson lives on a beautiful farm on the west shore of Mud Lake in Carden township, North Victoria. He has resided there for forty years, being the first settler around the lake. He was reeve of Carden and Dalton townships thirty-five years ago, before the counties of Peterboro and Victoria were separated, and he used to attend the counties' council at Peterboro. Mr. Thompson has been a victim of asthma for forty years or more. However we will let him tell his own story on that head.

On October 15th, 1896, we took a trip to Mud Lake to visit the haunts long familiar to us, and made it a duty and found it a pleasure to call upon Mr. Thompson and learn from seeing him and hearing his account of it how he had been cured. For twenty-five years we had known him as a gasping, suffering asthmatic the worst we ever knew who managed to live at all. We often wondered how he lived from day to day. On calling he met us with a cheerful aspect and without displaying a trace of his old trouble. Being at once ushered into his house, we naturally made it our first business to enquire if it were all true about the benefits he had received from using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "Beyond doubt" said he. "How long have you used them, and how many boxes have you used?" he was asked. "I started a year ago, and took eight boxes." We next asked him if he felt that the cure was permanent. "Well" said he, "I have not taken any of the pills for three or four months. Still I am not entirely satisfied yet. You see my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather died of asthma. My people all take it sooner or later and it always ends their days. I have lost three brothers from the fatal thing. Knowing my family history it is hard for me to gain faith, but I can tell you for nearly thirty years I never slept in bed until I took Pink Pills. As you must have known, I always slept sitting in the chair you now occupy. I had a sling from that hook in the ceiling and always sat with my head resting in it while I slept. I now retire to my bed when the other members of my family do." "How old are you, Mr. Thompson?" "Seventy-six," was the reply, "and I feel younger than I did thirty years ago. I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism and other miseries, probably nervous troubles arising from want of sleep, but nearly all the rheumatism is gone with the asthma."

During the conversation Mrs. Thompson, a hale old lady, the mother of thirteen children, came in and after listening to her husband's recital of these matters, she took up the theme. "I never expected that anything could cure Solomon," said she. "We were always trying to find something which would give him relief, so that he would be able to sleep nights, but nothing ever seemed to make much difference. At first he took one of the pills after each meal, but after a time he increased the dose to two. We noticed he was greatly improved after taking two boxes and began to have hopes. Later on when we saw beyond doubt that he was much better, I recommended the pills to a niece of mine, Miss Day, whose blood had apparently turned into water and who had run down in health and spirits so bad that she did

not care to live. Why, she got as yellow as saffron, and looked as if she would not live a week. You would hardly believe it," said Mrs. Thompson, "but that girl was the healthiest and handsomest girl in the neighborhood before three months had passed, and all from taking Pink Pills." Mrs. Thompson was called from the room at this juncture to attend to some household duties, and Mr. Thompson resumed the subject of his marvellous cure. "You can have no idea," said he, "what it is to go through twenty-five years without a good night's sleep without pain. I can find no words to make plain to you the contrast between the comforts I now enjoy and the awful life I had for so long. I had a big family of mouths to feed and had to work when at times I felt more like lying down to die. I would come in at night completely tucked out, but even that was no guarantee of rest. There was no rest for me. I seemed doomed to torture and continual misery. When my folks urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I thought it would be useless, but I had to do something or die soon, and here I am as right as a fiddle." The old gentleman shook his head to add emphasis to his last sentence, and looked like a man who felt joyful over a renewed lease of life, with all his old miseries removed.

After congratulating our old friend on his divorce from the hereditary destroyer of his kindred, we drove away. At many places in the neighborhood we opened discussions upon the case and found that all regarded it as a marvellous cure. Where the Thompson family are known, no person would have believed for a moment that anything but death would relieve him from the grip of asthma. Every word that is written here can be verified by writing Mr. Solomon Thompson, Dairyville post office, and an intimate acquaintance of twenty-five years enables the writer to vouch for the facts narrated above, and for the veracity of Mr. Thompson in any statement he may make.

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