Lost Sheep of Ste.

In the rambling, poorly-furnished old presbytery of Ste. Berenice sat a stately old priest, the rector of the parish, looking with a kindly, burather pitying, smile at the eager face of his young assistant. A scholar, a gentleman to his fingertips, and real saint a' heart, the good rector of Se. Berenide had never under stood his rough peasant parishion ere, and, though full of kindlineer and charity, he had never been liked

or appreciated by them. He grieved deeply for bis erring flock, and spent his life in prayer and mortification, ready to give the very clothes from his back and th food from his table, but he expected too much from the people, and did not make sufficient allowances to their ignorance and the evil influen ed. His discouragement added to the difficulties of the parish, and hiassistants went sway, one after another, quite disgusted with poor

The bishop was quite aware of al this, and at last resolved to send as an asistant the most promising and one whom he had known from boytached. After explaining to him ing his hand affectionately on the voung man's shoulder :

'Louis, I am confiding a great succeed where others have failed, to the love of God.'

Abbe Louis, as all called bim, because he wished to keep in the shade his aristocratic name of De Keron- on his way. sec, did his very utmost, and soon friendly and tactful, showing his interest in all their pursuits, ever ready to encourage, to sympathize and to be perfectly simple and at

The most rabid atheist could not but find bim a pleasant neighbor and useful friend, and as to the faithful ones of the flock, they just idolized him. Still there were but few of the latter, and even Abbe Louis had been as yet unable to approach do nothing but blaspheme and rave gious party. It was one of these that the two priests were now dis-

'You are young and full of illueager face before bim, 'but you'll some time or other.' soon get discouraged, as the others have done. The people about here are hopeless, and as to old Mr. Matthieu, it's a waste of time and trouble to attempt to see him, He is a fierce hater of religion, a socialist. and a boor in the bargain, and won't see any one but a few old atheists

stand on end at the sight of a priest.

But he is old, a sufferer and a cripple, and his life must be deadly dream in the tle of the standard or the standard drear in that lonely cottage with no

The rector laughed. 'My dear if you like, but you won't fare any von will hear some very choice

Well. I can but try, so please

intensely cultivated that no trees could not help admiring him. are allowed to grow, there is not a to speak to bim.

broiling bot afternoon!' You'll get attack of the gout! Tush! Tush! excitement, 'baven't you time to-

'Ob, no fear,' he answered, laughing, 'don', you know I served my military time in Algiers ? I'm used to the sun and enjoy a long walk, Besides, why should I be struck any more than you, working in the you, you are not a bit like the others. fields? Say a prayer that I may But I don't see what you could do for only do my work as well as you do him, unless it were to play chess, that yours,' be added, with a smile.

Before he had gone very far, he priests,' as we call it.' saw ahead of him one of the most Play chess! Why, I am an adept disreputable old men of the village, at that!' exclaimed Abbe Louis. who was carrying on his back a My father was the champion chees heavy fagot of so-called dead wood, player of our part of Brittany, and he which he had taken from a noble- taught me so well that sometimes I man's park close by. The Abbe even beat him.' knew this man to be adrunkard and a hopeless character, but he ap- believed that of a priest, laughed the proached him with a friendly 'Good- do tor. 'I'll come and ask you for day, Mauricel that's a heavy load ____

for you to carry this bot afternoon." 'Yes,' growled the old man, with ascowl on his face, 'we poor laborers have to to I and sweat, while the fat, lazy cale ins (an insulting name for priests) walk about with their hands

in their pockets." Well, you can hardly accuse me of being fat,' laughed the 'Abbe, who was as thin as a lath, 'and I'll os. ry that wood up the hill for you

it you'll allow me,' "You!" exclaimed the man in

An Ancient Foe It causes bunches in the neck, die figures, the skin, inflames the mucous

Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and per

niebment, half fearing some trap enenare him, 'What would make u wish to help me?"

Why, it's only fair we should all ake our turns at toiling and sweatng, isn't it?' and before the astonished old man realized it, the pricet had releved him of his burden, and was walking up the billside behind him, drawing him out by asking him about his experiences when a soldier, which he knew the old man loved to tell.

wood at his door, and said, as he was leaving him: 'Wnen you're in the village, instead of going to the sa loon drop in and see me. Maurice. I his difficult position, he added, lay- have some good wine that one of the parishioners sent me, and a glass of that will do you far more good than the adulterated poisonous drink they trust to you, and I expect you to give you at the saloon. I know it is not the quantity, as much as the and to bring back that poor parish vile stuff that is sold you, that often turns your head. Remember that you will always be welcome, and,

'Well, if that ain't a pleasant felow after all,' exclaimed old Maurice, but of nearly all in the town. He as he watched the priest disappear. He's quite right, too, about the drink. 'Taint my fault if I gets drunk, 'tis the bad quality of the staff they sell. But other people ton't seem to see it that way

> When the deaf old servant anwered his ring at Mr. Matchieu's bell, she looked scared and distressed

'I'm sure I only wish he would see you, Monsieur l'Abbe,' she said, but he even tries to keep me from Mass on Sunday, and he and a few some of the leaders of the anti-relihim you're here.

'Well, you must offer it up as an set of love of God, my good Elise, sions, said the rector, looking at the be sure you will get your reward said the young priest, 'and you may

She certainly did not get it that day, for hardly had she gone in when the Abbe heard the old man baret into vehement share of priests and religion, and the poor woman came out as white as a ghost.

'Never mind,' said the Abbe encouragingly, 'with God's help we will

one to speak to but a deaf old ser-vant. I wish I could be some comfort to him, added Abbe Louis conversion. And in spite of old Mr Mathieu's ravings and insults, of the rector's pitying smile, of heat, or wet, obild, be said, kindly, 'you may go or fatigue, there was never a week that passed without the young Abbe's better than any of us have done, and going once or twice to call at the little white house.

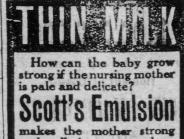
One day, when he was returning in the morning in the scorching sun, pray for my success, said the Abbe walking rather more wearily than as he took up his broad felt hat and usual, he was overtaken by the village stepped out into the broiling sun- practitioner in his buggy. The doctor also professed to be an atheist; he Old Mr. Matthieu lived about thought it fine and beneficial to his three miles out of town, and as in position in the town, but he had often this part of France the land is so met the young Abbe at deathbeds and

'Hello, Mousieur l'Abbe l' he exspeck of shade along the high road claimed, 'are you endeavoring to get winding up a rather steep hill, on a sunstroke and give me another job? which the midday sun beats meroi- Get in at once and let me take you lessly. As Abbe Louis passed along, home, you look tagged out. Been to many were the people who stopped see old Matthieu again? He is a confirmed atheist, one of our im-Way, Monsieur l'Abbe, they movable ones, and you will never be exclaimed, 'you are not going out allowed to step into his room. The to make a visit in the country this very sight of a priest gives him a fresh

You are losing your time there.' 'I do not go to force religion on him,' answered the Abbe, simply 'my wish is to try to be of some com-

fort to him, his life must be so dreary,' 'Really? Well, that's just like is his only passion besides 'eating

Well I Now I never would have



and well; increases and er

riches the baby's food. pred

a game myself occasionally; I love who can play it decently here, except old Mr. Matthieu, and between you and me, he is anything but a good one at it, though he thinks he is. You've another thing in your favor, if

the old country dearly. said the Abbe, as he alighted, 'you given me renewed courage, God will sward you. Don't forget to come for our game of chess.'

When the young priest rang for about the twentieth time at M Matthieu's door, he heard the old

"If it's that priest again, tell him to ome in: I'll settle him."

So when Abbe Louis entered, he was prepared to receive a torrent of abuse, but the old man was so astonished when he saw his slight, boytsh figure, military bearing and unassuming manner, that it quite took his breath away and gave the Abbe time to say in his cheery, cordial way: Good day, Mr. Matthien, I am so

glad to find you are well enough to ee me today,' When he reached old Maurice's

haven't found the man yet.

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Why do you insist on asking

'Because,' replied Miss Cavenne,

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had to give up work and stay in the hous for two weeks. I used several coug mixtures, but got no relief until a frien

COLD.

CAUGHT

that young man to sing?'

ried this morning.

Rosie-Her father.

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surly voice : you would never be so pig-headed as come again and again, wind or rain, or blazing heat, to receive the same asults every time.

Yes, I am a Breton from Tregonar, get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts said Abbe Louis, but you can bardly eproach me for that, for you are a Breton vourself, are vou not?"

'Yes, and from Tregonar, also, said the old man, with a softer look in his eyes, 'but I don't want to talk re igion, or be bothered by priests any nore for that.

'Ot course not,' said the Abbe, with merry laugh, 'but you need not fear never force religion down people's throats unless they are dying, and I know you are very far from that,' he added encouragingly 'When this terribly hot weather is over, I hope you will be feeling much better again. Distemper. You look stronger today than I had expected to find you.

'O yes, I am very far from dying, know that,' answered the invalid, nuch mollified for he had a horror of death, and Abbe Louis' reassuring the maid who has charge of Fido remarks just struck the right spot. has been snubbing the maid who Sit down and tell me all about takes care of the baby.' Tregonar, for it's a long time since I saw the old place."

So the Abbe gave all the latest news of Brittany, and after a short time Mr. Matthieu interrupted: 'It's a strange thing. I thought I

knew every family in Tregonar, but I own product. never beard of any of the name of ' Well, hardly l' laughed the Abbe, hat is but my Ohristian name'-then

he blushed botly, fearing his aristo-

cratic surname might displease the What is your other name?' asked he other sharply. 'De Kerousec' answered Abbe

'De Kerousec! You don't mean you are the son of Comte Andre de

Kerousec? 'Yes; his second son.' Why, I knew your father well. Many is the time we have played a game of chess together when we were to converse.' in the army. Ah, he was a grand

'I know it; he taught me to play writes :- "My mother had a badly o, and all through his last illness sprained arm. Nothing we used nothing gave him greater pleasure did her any good. Then father than when I could find time to have a got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it

game with him.' You play! But I suppose you Price 25 bents."

would consider it wrong to play chess now you are a priest. 'Ob, dear, no,' laughed the young priest, 'not if I could give any one school,' Mrs. Lansing said, 'and he pleasure by doing so,' he added remembers everything he learns, heerily, as he watched with some especially in history. He told me

anxiety the effect of what he con- the story the other day about sidered his trump card. Alexander cutting the accordion Chess! You, a priest, play chess! exclaimed Mr. Matthieu.

'Well, I am rather rusty,' said Abbe Louis, 'but I could at least best friend if you are satisfied to give you the opportunity of beating have few others. me some day.

'Some day,' exclaimed the old man, his face turning purple in his Well, for just one game, if you

like, said the other smiling. 'Can I

get the board at once?' And a few minutes later the two were deep in their game of chess. At first Abbe Louis played his best, to show the old man what he could do and work up his interest, then, to ward the last, seeing his opponent's brow darkening, he tactfully made two or three blunders and let Mr.

hugged the Abbe. Ah, but you are a fine player !' be exclaimed, 'yet I beat you! I ness, Sore Throat, Quinsy, and all Throat was too much for you. Ha! ha! and Lung Troubles. and he laughed with delight. 'Oan't Mr. S. Monarhan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: — "I certify that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is an exceland he laughed with delight. 'Oan't when you can, come again. I'm a poor, lonely old man, and we are ompatriots -but I don't want you to

Matthieu win triumphantly. The old

man was so delighted he could have

alk religion to mebeerfully, 'not until you give me eave to do so, or until I see you are medicine for coughs." dying, the latter of which, I hope, may not be for many years. Au re- many imitations of this sterling remedy aevoir,' he added, grasping the old on the market. man's band, and then dexterously settling him more comfortably among the pillows of his bed

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(Concluded in our next).

a game myself occasionally; I love chess, and there's scarcely anybody HAD WEAK and DIZZ YSPELLS Prince Edward Island Railway. COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT

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on—The man was here r, looking for that gas on—And did he find it?		5 17 6 20 5 19 5 40 6 15	9 20 10 50 9 25 9 54 10 35	S. Peter's Ar Souris Ly Cardigan Montague Ar Georgetown	7 44 6 45 7 31 7 09 Lv 6 35	2 32 1 10 2 28 2 00 1 15	
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