

(Continued from first page.)

roomed some one who might fill the position. This again proved a fruitless quest. When Mgr. Skop, tycki was in Winnipeg he was approached upon the subject but could not at the present time render any assistance.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGee, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

Why Persecute Thou Me?

It was the year 1793 in France. Spring, that fairest of the seasons, had passed her magic wand over the queenly city of Paris, and beauty had sprung forth everywhere. But, though the sun shone, and the birds sang throughout France it was winter, cold and desolate, in the hearts of her people; for she was going through a struggle, the most critical in the blood stained pages of her history. She was tottering on the brink of a ruin well nigh as complete as that which overtook the mighty city of the Caesars.

On one of these spring days, two men sat earnestly conversing in one of the rooms of the deserted palace, in the very room indeed, in which the unhappy monarch had been made to sign away the nominal sovereignty which was his. One of these men was small and thin, with a longish head, narrow restless eyes, and a month firm, but insidious; the other was of more pleasing presence, straight and military in his bearing, with frank blue eyes and glossy brown hair. Both wore the uniform of the French army.

For some moments neither had spoken. The one, buried in thought, seemed debating within himself some difficult question, while the other watched his quick restless movements with ill-concealed impatience. The soft spring breeze stole through the open window, and gently stirred the rich hangings on the walls, and now and then, there were borne in on the breeze, fragments of a song which made Herbert's glance significantly at his companion (who, however, did not heed his look), for the burden of it was "Long Live Reason." Presently the older man spoke.

"Well, Pierre," he said, "will you undertake the mission? It is one of trust and may turn out to your advantage. Be a man! Put aside those cowardly scruples, fit only for women, and bend your manly knees to the handsome Goddess of Reason. Your outset is simple; go tomorrow to the Church of Saint Agnes, close the door and disperse the silly multitude. And if they seem to resent your action, invite them to the festival of Reason to be celebrated this evening. What! you are silent, you still hesitate?"

At this the other raised his head, and with an air of forced determination, rose from his chair. "Pardon, Monsieur," he said, "I have had a struggle, but it is over, I will execute your orders." A smile of triumph crossed the features of Herbert at these words. "There!" he said, "I knew your good sense would win in the end, and you shall not regret it." The young soldier saluted and passed out into the sunshine.

On the following morning, when the risen sun as was his wont, stole in through the stained glass windows of Saint Agnes, to pay his homage at the little golden palace doors, he found a throng of children kneeling in silent devout expectation, in the great pews. On one side, the girls with snow-white veils symbolizing the spotlessness of their young souls;

was the work of but a few moments and when it was completed, he himself secured the massive outer door, and gave the order to march.

In the guard-house that day, in the busy streets, everywhere that La Rose went to seek distraction from his thoughts, there rang in his ears the oft-repeated text of the old Bishop—"He that shall confess me before men, I will also confess him before My Father Who is in Heaven, but he that deny Me before men, I will also deny him before My Father Who is in Heaven." Why did those words repeat themselves so incessantly in his soiling brain like a warning? In vain he strove to escape their insistent persecution, in the company of his fellow lieutenants. They followed him and barred themselves into his confused thoughts. Hour by hour, he strode through the streets, seeing and hearing nothing—but only on forgetting. Finally, driven by an impulse like that which forces the murderer to revisit the scene of his crime, he bent his steps, half unconsciously, in the direction of Saint Agnes. Ascending the steps he unlocked the great door, and entering, secured it behind him. He walked restlessly up the aisle as if drawn by some unseen force, and dropped on his knees at the railing.

"Why so silent, Monsieur Pierre?" he said, "Art hungry? Art in love? Or does thy conscience trouble thee? Thy countenance would suggest the gallstone or the torture." "Nay," said another, "his neither conscience nor hunger that makes him gloomy. He fears to meet his sweetheart, here where we are going to work mischief."

La Rose said nothing, seemed to be unconscious of their raillery, and kept doggedly on, his head bent and his hand clenching his sword. Ere long, the Gothic apices of Saint Agnes rose before them in all the golden splendour lent them by the sun.

Swiftly the moments flew. The last two of the little soldiers had been knighted. All was still and La Rose still standing with bent head listening to the glowing words of the old Bishop. Did the old man see those dusky figures faintly outlined in the dimness? Did he divine their sacrilegious mission? Perhaps, for the words that fell from his lips smote like steel thrusts on the proud heart of La Rose. Then at the end, with kindling eye and forceful gesture, he bade the children go forth, strong in their new found valor, to the combat for God and His suffering Church.

"Hold yourselves ready my children," he said, "to suffer obediently, yea to die gladly for the Faith which gave us a Protector and an Agnes, for the day is not far distant, I fear, my little ones, when the Church of France will be hunted to the Catacombs, as was the Church of Rome under the Caesars. But fear not, for the God, Who in His own good time brought low beneath His avenging and the proud mistress of the world, still holds in the palm of His hand the destinies of nations." "Tis under His standard you go forth to fight, and 'tis He Who, when the fight is over, will decorate you with the badge of the heavenly Legion of Honor."

Then amid a solemn stillness, the Master bled slotted in consecrated fingers, blessed the kneeling little ones and all departed. As the retreating footsteps echoed in the vestibule, La Rose roused himself, and turning abruptly to the soldiers, bade them secure the doors. This

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Both Cured. Mr. A. J. Salthamer, Newwood, N.S. writes—"Two years ago I was troubled with boils on my neck and back, and could not get rid of them. A friend recommended me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using two bottles I was pleased to note the boils were entirely gone, and I have not been troubled with any since."

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Gentlemen.—In July 1905 I was thrown from a road machine, injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 1 month. In September, 1906, Mr. William Outridge, of Lachute, urged me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I did with the most satisfactory results, and today I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours sincerely, MATTHEW BAINES, Mark.

I scream if you dare kiss me, sir! 'Nay, not of such act dream.' The swain, resourceful, said 'the kiss let's follow with ice cream.'

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There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

Tempus Fugit.

"Are you almost ready?" asked the man. He stood in the doorway and scowled. "In just a minute, dear," the lady made answer; "all I have to do is to put on my hat."

"Look here, woman," he said, "we have only twenty minutes to catch that train. Cut it short, can't you?" The woman nodded and jabbed pins recklessly through her hair. Then she tilted the hat on one side and ran a pin through it. She gave a dissatisfied shrug and removed the pin and tilted the hat the other way. The man hopped about, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Jumping Jerusalem crickets!" he wailed, "will you ever get through?" The lady grabbed a handkerchief, sought for a bottle of perfume in a trussed-up drawer, pulled out two more drawers in search of it, and again approached the glass. "I'm ready, dear," said the lady, sweetly, "come on; we must hurry."

"But you shaved before dressing," protested the lady. "I know I did, said the man, cruelly; "that was before you began to get dressed. I'll have to shave again."—Dallas News.

HUNGARY.—During the session of the Hungarian delegation in Vienna Premier Graf Khuen Hedevaray assured the representatives present that it was his intention to lay before Hungary's parliament promptly at the beginning of next year his bills regarding reform in elective franchise and in the matter of military criminal procedure.

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