#### THE SUBSTITUTE

#### (By Francois Coppee.)

the was arrested as a vagrant. He meediately back into water the fish poke thus to the judge:

and for six months I was with the so much honor has been done to so man who sings and plays upon a cord sorry a subject, he had a special of catgut between the lanterns at the bundle of memoranda in the mysteri-Place de la Bastile. I sang the re- ous portfolios of the Rue de Jerusa Grain with him, and after that I call- lem. His name was written in round ed, 'Here's all the new songs, ten hand on the gray paper of the cover, centimes, two sous!' He was al- and the notes and reports, carefully ways drunk, and used to beat me. classified, gave him his successive ap-That is why the police picked me up pellations: the other night. Before that I was prisoner Leture," and at last " the with the man who sells brushes. My criminal Leture. mother was a laundress; her name, He was two years out of prison, was Adele. At one time she lived on dining where he could, sleeping in the the ground floor at Montmarte. She was a good workwoman and liked me. in lime-kilns, and taking part with She made money, because she had for his fellows in interminable games of customers waiters in the cafes, and they use a good deal of linen. On Sun- the barriers. He wore a greasy cap says she used to put me to bed earse that she could go to the ball. ly weekdays she sent me to Les he had five sous he had his hair Freres, where I learned to read. Well, the sergeant-de-ville, whose beat Montparnasse; bought for two sous was ma our street, used always 10 to sell for four at the door of Bobistop before our windows to talk with ner-a good-looking chap with clubs serving as a countermark & medal were married, and after that every-Thing went wrong. He didn't take to me, and turned mother against of miserable employments he drew a me. Every one had a blow for me, goodly number. Who can say if the and so, to get out of the house, I spent whole days in the Place Cli- breathes as a soldier, if military dischy, where I knew the mountebanks. cipline might not have saved him? step-father lost his place and my My mother her work. She used to go sout washing to take care of him; this gave her a cough-the steam - very earnestly having taken part in she is dead-died at Lamboisiere. She was a good woman. Since then I have lived with the seller of brushes accepted in lieu of proofs, and he was and the catgut scraper. Are you go- sent for three years to Poissy. There ang to send me to prison?"

He said this openly, cynically, like a man. He was a little ragged street arab, as tall as a boot, his forehead hidden under a queer mop : of wellow hair.

faim to the Reform School.

with could learn there was not a good one he played an obscure role, half dupe group in the bright sunlight, which However, he was obedient, naturally complicity was evident, and he was blond curls. quiet and silent, and he did not seem sent for five years at hard labor. Jean Francois looked at them to be profoundly corrupted by that His grief in this adventure was some time in silence, and for the first school of vice. But when in his sev- above all, in being separated from time in that savage nature-all inenteenth year he was thrown out an old dog which he had found on a stinct and appetite-there awoke again on the street of Paris, he un- dung heap and cured of the mange. mysterious, a tender emotion. His Enappily found there his prison com- The beast loved him. rades, all great scamps, exercising work in the harbor, the blows from ing shoes on ball nights in the pas- a stick, wooden shoes on bare feet, sage of the opera, amateur wrestlers, who permitted themselves to be rible sleep in a camp swarming eyes sadly, the prey to torturing remooths, or fishing at noontime from with convicts; this was what he gret, he walked quickly away. Then the words written on t blackboard came back to his mind. house of correction he was arrested from there stunned, was sent unagain for a petty theft-a pair of old shoes prigged from a shop window. A year in the prison of Sainte Pelagie, where he served as proke his exile and came again to recognizes me. My beard, which is search these fellows' things with me, bas grown out search these fellows' things with me, bas grown out or I will call the police'. Hurry private the police of the p to the political prisoners. He lived in much surprise among the group of prisoners, all very young, negligent in dress, who talked In loud voices and carried their heads in a very solemn fashion. They ussed to meet in the cell of one of the gldest of them, a fellow of some thirty years, already a long time in prison and quite a fixture at Sainte Pelagie-a large cell, the calls covwith colored caricatures, and ered from the window of which one could see all Paris-its roofs, its spires and its domes-and far away the dis-Tant line of hills, blue and indistinct upon the sky. There were upon the in the streets, and when chance had him his best workman. After a long walls some shelves filled with volsames and all the old paraphernalia of he was born, an unexpected memory sun and the dust, constantly bendmonituous repast interrupted by vio- dows nor the crucifix over the desk, knot in his handkerchief. He went Ira" were sung in full chorus. They dignity on those days, when a newat first entertaining him gravely as without thinking, Jean Francois read free! a citizen, but on the morrow using thizz with affectionate familiarity and calling him by his nickname. Great words were used there; corporation, responsibility and phrases quite unintelligible to Jean Francois such as this, for example, which he some heard imperiously put forth by a frightful little hunshback who bloted some writing-paper every night:

### THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

one of those fugitives and timid beings whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases by turn -something like those platonic fishers who, in order that they may not He was scarcely ten years old when exhaust their fish pond, throw imwhich has just come out of the net. I am called Jean Francois Leture, Without a suspicion on his part that "Name, Leture";

night lodging-houses and sometimes pitch-penny on the boulevards near on the back of his head, carpet slippers and a short white blouse. When curled. He danced at Constant's at no, the jack of hearts or the ace of from the Crimea. They sometimes opened the door of a carriage; led horses to the horse market. From the lottery of all sorts atmosphere of honor which one Taken in a cast of the net with some young loafers who robbed drunkards sleeping on the streets, he denied their expeditions. Perhaps he told the truth, but his antecedents were he made coarse playthings for children, was tattooed on the chest,

Toulon, the ball and chain, the Mediterranean wind. He came out he murmured. that is to say time for re-

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL AND Every day in the week and every week in the year men, TIRED women and children feel all used up and tired out. OUT The strain of business, the cares of home and social life

and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system

causes nervousness, palnitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

### Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cta. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

watching him seemed scarcely learned thieves' slang and the Penal childlike than his; above all, when Code. A new liberation and a new delighted with some of his own simplunge into the sink of Paris; but ple and priestly pleasantries, be very short this time, for at the end broke out in an open and frank peal Nobody claimed him, and they sent of six months, at the most, he was of laughter which showed his white again compromised in a night rob- teeth, a peal so contagious that all Not very intelligent, idle, clumsy bery, aggravated by climbing and the scholars laughed loudly in their his hands, the only trade he breaking-a serious affair, in which turn. It was such a sweet, simple -that of reseating straw chairs, and half fence. On the whole, his lighted their dear eyes and their

> heart, that seared and hardened heart, unmoved when the convict's cudgel or the heavy whip of the watchman fell on his shoulders, beat soup of black beans dating from Tra- oppressively. In that sight he saw falgar, no tobacco money and the ter- again his infancy, and closing his

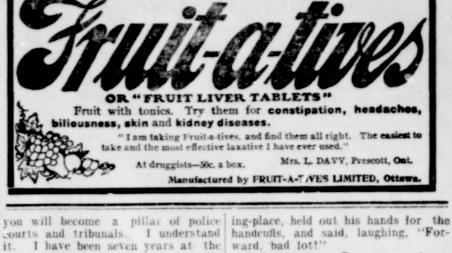
Then the words written on the "If it wasn't too late, after all!" "If I could again der surveillance to Vernon, where like others, eat honestly my brown he worked some time on the river. bread and sleep my fill without night-Then, an incorrigible vagabond, he mare! The spy must be sharp who broke his exile and came again to recognizes me. My beard, which I thick and strong. One can burrow or I will call the police! Hurry up!'

horrible existence-and he felt the pain one feels when old wounds reopen, the more because he fancied that he sometimes saw in Savinien the awkening of an unhealthy curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasantries which Paris offers to the poorest, asked him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean Francois feigned ignorance and turn the subject; but he felt a vague inquietude for the future of his friend. His upeasiness was not without

foundation. Savinien could not long remain the simple rustic that he was on his arrival in Paris. If the gross and noisy pleasures of the wine shop always repelled him, he was profoundly troubled by other temptations, full of danger for the inexperienced of his twenty years. When spring came he began to go off alone, and at first he wandered about the brilliant entrance of some dancing hall, watching the young girls who went in with their arms around each other's waist, talking in low tones. "It is dreadful," said Savinien; but one evening, when the lilacs hope was springing up again in his Then. perfumed the air and the call to cowardly heart. quadrilles was most captivating, he crossed the threshold, and from that time Jean Francois observed a change, little by little, in his man- go,' ners and his visage. He became more for me a little, do you not? I am ten borrowed from his friend his scanty savings, and he forgot to refrivolous, more extravagant. He ofscanty savings, and he forgot to re-pay. Jean Francois, feeling that he again one of these days, for I am abandoned, jealous and forgivwas ing at the same time, suffered and was silent. He felt that he had no right to approach him, but with the foresight of affection he indulged in cruel and inevitable presentiments. One evening, as he was mounting the stairs to his room, absorbed in

his thoughts, he heard, as he was about to enter, the sound of angry voices, and he recognized that of the old Auvergnat who lodged with Savinien and himself. An old habit of suspicion made him stop at the landing-place and listen to learn the cause of the trouble.

"Yes," said Auvergnat, angrily. am sure that some one has opened my trunk and stolen from it the three louis that I had hidden in a little box; and he who has done this thing must be one of the two companions who sleep here, if it were not the servant, Maria. It concerns you as much as it does me, since you are the master of the house, and will drag you to the courts if you do not let me at once break open the valises of the two masons. My poor gold! It was here yesterday in its place, and I will tell you just what it was, so that if we find it again nobody can accuse me of having lied. Ah, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces, and I can see them as plainly as I see you. One piece was more worn than the others; it was of greenish gold, with a portrait of the great emporer. The other was a great old fellow, with a queue and epaulettes, and the third. which had on it a Philippe with whiskers, I had marked with my teeth They don't trick me. Do you know that I only wanted two more like that to pay for my vineyard? Come,



years at Toulon. Now, don't be

"When the elder brother is under

not done you this service for noth-

ing, and if you swear to me that

you will never do it again. Savinien,

I have loved you well, and your

perhaps (if I had had, like you, a fa-

ther to put a tool in my hands, a

mother to teach me my prayers. It

was my sole regret that I was use-

less to you and that I deceived you

concerning myself. To-day I have

when the door was thrown open.

friendship has made me happy.

afreid.

chaps

breast.

Everything is arranged.

Reform School, a year at Sainte Pe-To-day he is at Cavenne, condemnlagie, three years at Poissy, five ed for life as an incorrigible

#### The Woodchuck and the Bobolink

One autumn day they went away, The woodchuck and the bobolink, And left behind a season gray,

And naked trees to creak and sway; And they went to-where do you think?

the flag, the younger one does not go," replied Jan Francois. "I am Why, woodchuck turned a somersault your substitute, that's all. You care Into his winter's home,

And bobolink went off down south, To rice fields at some river's mouth, To sing and chirp and roam-

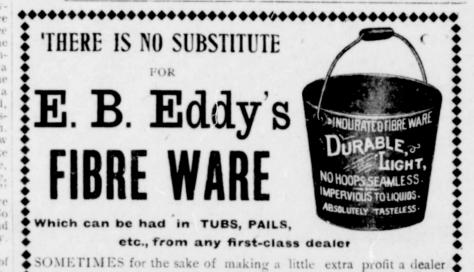
winter carnival to keepa runaway from exile. And then, do While woodchuck lay curled up asleep. you see, that life will be less hard -F. H. Sweet, in Sunday-school for me than for you. I know it all, Times. and I shall not complain if I have

Appresiation of the Japanes

Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just is through it that, since I have previous to the war there were a known you, I have been honest and few, now there are many thousands pure, as I might always have been, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, mucilage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.

unmasked in saving you. It is right. Do not cry, and embrace me, for al-A Cure for Rheumatism .- The inready I hear heavy boots on the trusion of uric acid into the blood stairs. They are coming with the vessels is a fruitful cause of rheuposse, and we must not seem to matic pains. The irregularity is owknow each other so well before those ing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject He pressed Savinien quickly to his to this painful affection will find then pushed him from him remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

Their action upon the kidneys is pro-It was the landlord and the Auver- nounced and most beneficial, and by gnat, who brought the police. Jean restoring healthy action, they cor-Francois sprang forward to the land- rect the impurities in the blood.



It

Thursday, November 30th, 1905

'It is done. This is the composi-Bureau of Public Instruction; Marwial, the Interioz, and for Foreign Af-Bairs, myself."

His time done, he wandered again around Paris, watched afar by the police, after the fashion of cock- hadly cut brown hair streaming out only in finding a companion who schalers made by cruel children to fly behind! All the simple figures of the shared his horror of the wine shop. art the end of a string. He became children of the people who were The two friends lived together in a

During his absence his forflection. mer wretched companions had diswho wanted to try his hand at somecalloused hands, together with some sea phrases, which he dropped from as time to time, made his tale seem probable enough

One day, when he risked a saunter led him as far as Montmartre, where was brought in among them, of some ancient war. Heedlessly and the sound sleep of fatigue. He on the blackboard the words of the as a copy

sinner that repenteth, more than who had come to Paris with his

It was undoubtedly the hour for wine shops and going to Mass every recreation, for the brother professor Sunday. Jean Francois loved him had left his chair, and, sitting on the for his piety, for his candor, for his edge of a table, he was telling a honestly, for all that he himself had gion of the Cabinet: Raymond, the story to the boys, who surrounded lost so long ago. It was a passion, him with eager and attentive eyes. profound and unrestrained, which What a bright and innocent face he transformed him by fatherly cares had, that beardless young man, in and attentions. Savinien, himself of he is.

his long black gown and white neck- a weak and egotistical nature, tie, and great ugly shoes, and his things

ant hill, and somewhere in the work can be found. Whoever is not persed. He was well hidden and worked to death in the hell of the slept in a loft at an old woman's, to galleys comes out agile and robust, whom he represented himself as a and I learned there to climb ropes sailor, tired of the sea, who had lost with loads upon my back. Building is his papers in a recent shipwreck, and going on everywhere here, and the fright, masons need helpers. Three france a thing else. His tanned face and his day! I never earned so much. Let me be forgotten, and that is all I

He followed his courageous resolution; he was faithful to it, and after three months he was another man. The master for whom he work called day upon the scaffolding in the hot a fencing room; broken masks, rusty stopped him before the door of Les ing and raising his back to take the a fencing room; broken masks, rusty Freres, where he had learned to read. hod from the man at his feet and that little hypocrite of Limousin! foils, breast-plates and gloves that A sit was very warm, the door was were losing their tow. It was there As it was very warm, the door was pass it to the man at his feet and pass it to the man over his head, he went for his soup to the everlasting passing outcast was able to recog-sector and beef," fruit, cheese and nize the peaceable schoolroom. Nothpints of wine, which Jean Francois ling was changed; neither the bright ter, but content with himself, and weat out and got by the can-a tu- light shining in at the great win- carrying his well-earned money in a Reat disputes, and where, during the nor the rows of benches, with the out now without fear, since he tables furnished with inkstands and had noticed that the suspicious pencils, not the table of weights and glances of the policeman were selare were sung in full choices. They measures, nor the map, where pins dom turned on the tired workman. stuck in still indicated the operations He was quiet and sober. He slept was

At last-Oh, supreme recompense!evangelist which had been set there he had a friend. He was a fellowworkman like himself, named Savin-"Joy shall be in heaven over one ien, a little peasant with red lips,

over ninety and nine just persons, stick over his shoulder and a bundle who need no repentance." stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the end of it, fleeing from the let

> take their course, satisfied fairly comfortable lodging, but their

resources were very limited. They were obliged to take into their room a third companion, an old Auvergnat, gloomy and rapacious, who found it possible out of his meagre salary to save something with which to buy a place in his own country. Jean Francois and Savinien were always together. On holidays they took long walks in the environs of Paris, and dined under an arbor in one of those small country inns where there are a great many mushrooms in the sauces and innocent rebusses on the nap-There Jean Francois learned kins. from his friend all that lore of which they who are born in the city are ignorant; learned the na es of the trees, the flowers and the plants; the various seasons for harvesting. heard eagerly the thousand details of for a girl. That costs six months in a laborious country life-the autumn prison. sowing, the winter chores, the splendid celebrations of harvest and vintage days, the sound of the mills the waterside, and the flails striking the ground, the tired horses led to water and the hunting in the morning mist; and, above all, the long evenings around the fire of vine shoots, that were shortened by some marvellous stories. He discovered in himself a source of imagination before unknown, and found a singular

delight in the recital of events so placid, so calm, so monotonous. One thing troubled him, however; it was the fear lest Savinien might low word of thieves' slang, a vulg-ar gesture-vestiges of his former 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada times there escaped from him some

will go and search with Maria much the worse for you if we nothing and the masons get angry You have forced me to do it. Jean Francois' soul was full of

He remembered the embar rassed circumstances and the small loans of Savinien, and gow sober he had seemed for some days. And yet he could not believe that he was thief. He heard the Auvergnat pant ing in his eager search, and he press ed his closed fist against the breas as if to still the furious beating o his heart. "Here they are!" suddenshouted the victorious miser. "Here they are, my louis, my dear treasure; and in the Sunday vest of told you. Here is the Napoleon, the man with a queue and the Philippe that I have bitten. See the dents Ah, the little beggar with the sancti-

I should have much sooner fied air. suspected the other. Ah, the wretch! Well, he must go to the convict prison At this moment Jean Francois heard the well-known step of Savinien coming slowly up the stairs.

He is going to his destruction thought he. Three stories. I have time

And pushing open the door he entered the room, pale as death, where he saw the landlord and the servant stupefied in a corner, while the Auvergnat, on his knees, in the disordered heap of clothes, was kissing the pieces of gold.

"Enough of this," he said, in thick voice. "I took the money and put it in my comrade's trunk. But that is too had. I am a thief, but not a Judas. Call the police; I will not try to escape, only I must say a word to Savinien in private. Here

In fact the little Limousin had just arrived, and seeing his crime dishanging

Jean Francois seized him forcibly by the neck, as if to embrace him; he put his mouth close to Savinien's ear and said to him in a low, supplicating voice:

'Keep quiet.

Then turning towards the others: Leave me alone with him. tell you I won't go away. Lock us in if you wish, but leave us alone. With a commanding gesture he showed them the door. They went out.

Savinien, broken by grief, was sitting on the bed, and lowered his eyes without understanding anything.

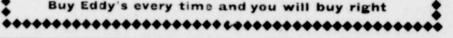
"Listen!" said Jean Francois, who came and took him by the hands. "I understand! You have stolen He three gold pieces to buy some triffe But one only comes from there to go back again,



If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflict ed, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable

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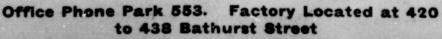
C. T. MEAD, AGENT

## THE GENUINE ARTICLE'

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Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon-they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily.





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