

The sun threw its long, lingering glance across the glistening sea as it rolled in tiny waves on the sandy beach, and the fishing boats, drawn up for the night, cast lengthening shad-

It was an exquisite May evening, and a golden hush of silence lay over the Breton village. Neatly capped figures could be seen moving about outside the few cottages that lay back somewhat from the sea. A sound of steady hammering disturbed the stlence, it came from where a man was busily mending his boat. Not far from him, lying under the shadow of a pile of water eaten wood, was a boy; his head was on his outstretched arms, and occasionally his shoulders heaved as if urged by suppressed sobs.

did not move. Old Jacques picked up his tools and slowly took his way across the beach.

at night, loss of appetite, nervousness, based at night, loss of appetite, nervousness, ba taste in the mouth in the morning, an frightful dreams-all these are warnings o encroaching illness. Dr. Pierce's Golder Medical Discovery creates appetite, cures dyspepsia, stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, quickens the eigenizer. "Why, that looks rather like little blood, quickens the circulation and tones the nerves. It makes rich, red, tissue-building blood. It builds firm flesh, but does not make corptient people more cor-pulent. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not make flabby flesh. On the contrary, it tears down and excretes the unhealthy tis-sues that constitute corpulency, and re-places them with the firm, nuscular tissues of good health. It cures of per cent. of all cases of consumption. All bronchial, throat and kindred ailments, as lingering coughs, spitting of blood and weak lungs are cured by it. Thousands have testified to its merits. At all medicine stores. It is a dealer's business to give you what you ask for; not to tell you what you want. Jean lying there. Ah, the poor boy !' he said, sadly, noticing the crutch be-"Hallo ! Jean, there ; don't side him. you know 7 o'clock has rung sometime and it is close on supper hour? Your mother will be looking for you," and he touched the boy on his shoulder, but he made no answering movement.

"What ails thee?" said Jacques Boudin kindly, quietly turning the

all the world. Why cannot you let me Jon Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure con-stipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathar tic. Drugsists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." alone?" And the boy showed a face dirty and distorted with passionate

we are friends, and you could have helped me this evening with my boat said the old man artfully, and nets,

INCALCULABLE AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

sorts " o

or whatever he may call it

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done me an incalculable amount of good. I think they are the best, surest and quickest acting cure for nervousness, unhealthy action of the heart, insomnia or sleeplessness, anemia or impoverished blood, loss of appetite, general debility and ill-health. For nine years, before I com-menced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and nerve Pills, my heart was weak and in an unhealthy state. Its action was so much impaired that I could not walk across the street without suffering great distress, impaired that I could not want actors the street without suffering great distress, my heart fluttering and beating so rapidly that I could scarcely breathe, **Causing** faintness, loss of strength, and **leaving** my nerves all unstrung. My sleep was very much disturbed, I had no appetite and there was little strength or vitality in my blood; I was always excessively

GOOD.

have now taken three boxes of I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business An hour. Before taking these pills it was a frequent occurrence for me to be away from business. As a result of taking Dr. Ward's Pills my heart result of taking Dr. ward's Pills my heart is perfectly healthy and strong and gives me no distress or trouble whatever. They removed all nerve trouble, made my nerves strong and gave me healthy sleep. These pills also made my blood rich and strong pills also made my blood rich and strong and gave me a healthy appetite. Dr. Ward's Pills have given me pei ect health, restoring my lost strength, it place of continual ill-health, weakness, heart trouble and nervousness. In justice I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward,

cannot speak too nighty of this wonderhal medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St., Port Hope, Ont. Dr. Ward's Biood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO. Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of in-formation free.

THE WAYS OF THE TEMPTER. | tinted water that was just rippling a cadence of good-night to the great, glowing orb.

"Perhaps it would be happier to be lying under that lovely green sea, like Louis, who was drowned in the gale but then the sea was white with anger, now it is too quiet, thought the boy to himself with that twisted idea that sullen anger often brings to certain natures that they can revenge on their own bodies the slights received from others. And Jean was tormented with

the persistent fancy that no one loved him or could love him because of his shape. A terrible sort of pride ruled him, and this imagining was eating away into his curious soul, and though he hungered for love and sympathy, in his pride against pity he often closed the door to the very guest he was al ways holding out his arms to welcome and slowly he was beginning to tread very lonely path. The soft rippling of the water in the

within.

The hammering ceased, but the boy half light seemed to have a soothing effect, for soon his expression changed and the hard lines vanished. there was still the old fight going on

ulty, then stooped for his crutch. boy over. "Leave me alone. I hate you and

weeping. "You don't hate old Jacques. Why

trying to draw the boy into talk with subject of usual interest. But the lad kept his eyes half closed in sullen anger and would not look at

the kind face above him. "Oh, leave me. I want no supper," muttered the boy. "Mother will not be anxious for me-she has Pierre."

"But she waits you, too. Why, Jean, you have a cut !" said Jacques, remarking blood through the dirt on his face. "A stone cut. Those villains of

boys. I-I-would like to kill them and see them all drowning in that sea " and in the heat of his excitement he and in the heat of his exciton. He sat up and revealed his deformity. He was an ill-shapen hunchback. should have made them all like me.'

"Hush, Jean, do not speak of the good God in that way ; you know He lid not make you so ; it was an accident. You must not jadge His ways, notice and so get into his bed. said Jacques sternly, though pity throbbed in his heart for the burden the boy had to carry, and which the cruelty o one entrance, and Jean was facing it Perhaps his footsteps had been heard, others was making even harder and helping to embitter a fine nature. for Marie Caudron appeared at the door and looked out.

The village youths tormented his life, hating the limping hunchback because he put many of them to shame with his greater cleverness.

the woman, who was always bustling with thrifty energy. "Holy Mother "Your trouble will not prevent you from serving Him well-aye, better than many another who has not such a doing ?" cross to bear. Go home now, Jean revealed the dirty condition of his there's a good fellow."

"No ! It is no use, I'll not go yet," and the lad's eyes, which had softened a little, took again the old sullen look ily, shrinking away from the light, as he was urged to do what he knew was best for him. Turning a deaf ear he lay down again. With a sigh and a shake of his head as he glanced at

" Ah, Marie, as Jean returned. "Let me see to that cut ; there may yet be some dirt in it.'

"No, no, it is all right ; it is only a scratch," and Jean sat down to eat the bread put for him. Afterwards he brought out his books, and soon was deep in some lesson, whilst Pierre, singing a fishing song, mended some nets, and the broken places in mother sat busily knitting, her needles flying and clicking fast in and out against each other-it was the music that appealed to her ears.

Occasionally Jean would lift his gray eves from off the page and steal a look at the curly head and strong, square shoulders of his brother, and a small sigh had to be stifled, for as his eyes traveled they fell on a quaint old statue of Our Lady, which always possessed a sweet face to the boyish mind, and looking there he forgot his envy for the mom

But up in his room, after the small household were all asleep, he lay in his wooden bed and thought and wrestled But with the bad feeling that jealousy prompted, and Pierre lay happily in in his heart, and he was trying not to his corner, undisturbod by the conflict isten to the promptings that would send him home, but though his ange that was so near him.

And then gradually Jean, exhaust uardian was making a last effort, his ed, closed his eyes, and dreamt of sailing away on a beautiful, endless sea eyes were caught by the small, pale evening star, and Jean hesitated for a and the evening star was guiding him. moment, and with a queer little aching Thus the two boys grew up side by pain in his heart, he got up with diffiside, and three years later found Pierre The evening star always seemed t a handsome, fine young man of twenty whilst Jean had developed but little, him as the tiny lamp put by Our Lady for in his heart very deep lay a great love for the Mother of God, and her and, notwithstanding the sea breezes his face had a worn, delicate look. His title of Star of the Sea appealed to him deformity seemed more marked than ever, and he himself inwardly best, for Jean loved the sea. In his was reserved nature imagination made keenly sensitive to it. The village boys no longer threw stones at him, him happy with beautiful fancies which were as real companions to him. but in his morbid mind he dreaded going among his fellow creatures. Marie Caudron had become more Twilight was over the country, and Jean picked his way wearily to a little cottage at the far end of the beech. A energetic as the years rolled by. ight was already streaming through Time laid no softening hand on her ; it only made her more angular and worthe window, and the lad guessed that ried, though lifeshould have flowed eas his mother and brother were both ily. But it was not her nature to accept The light brought no cheering

anything smoothly, and she understoo thought, for often his mother was her younger son even less; still his angry at his being out so late, and quiet ways rather pleased her. Jean was working at his carving, though in Pierre, who was three years his senior, a short time he had half made up his was a light hearted youth who troubled himself but little about his deformed mind to go to the next town and apprentice himself to a cabinetmaker brother. He was sorry for him in his But he could not yet bid good-bye to good-humored way, but as he was a rather handsome, fine young man, he almost unconsciously looked down upon his few pleasures which he found on And in the little village An the sea. the less-favored figure, and like many nette had grown up into a gentle maid and that was perhaps a greater secre another was thankful in a superior H sort of way that he was not made so. reason why Jean couldn't go. loved the fair haired girl ; all the great As Jean came up he half waited and glanced up at a little square of glass strong heart that beat under the ugly exterior was given to the maiden h under the thatched roof which marked his room, and a longing came over him had once helped with her lessons. "Busy as usual," said his mother, that he could have crept up without But i coming in with a basket full of market

ings. "Yes, mother," said Jean, holding was impossible, for there was only the up a wooden figure of the Madonna he vas carving, examining the lines with Is it raining critical, loving eyes. " "Is that you, Jean? Come, why still ?

"Yes, indeed it is; an early autumn, am afraid, and it's going to blow tonight. I wonder when Pierre will be back ?" sighed the mother, shaking her head

was her exclamation as the If she had an extra anxiety it was uncertain light of the small oil lamp for her handsome son, who preferred a wandering existence to the monotony of home-life.

Why, mother, you are not think ing Pierre is returning soon? said Jean, turning to look at her. "He has been gone nearly two years-he

a cut on your forehead; when will you will not come back to settle yet. be quiet!" said his mother testily. "But I tell you he is coming "But I tell you he is coming soon I dreamt he was home last night, and She was a good woman in her own hard though we are not supposed to believe in dreams, I have a little faith that way, but her deformed son curiously did not find that loving sympathy that they are sent sometimes. If he would is usual in a woman for anything out settle and marry," said Marie. of favor with others. She was fond of her son, but she was proud of the elder, I am getting older. "You do not want anyone to do your work yet, mother," said Jean and unwittingly had raised a feeling of resentment in the heart of the aughing, knowing that his mother younger lad. She did not understand never considered anyone capable ex-Jean, she could not realize that behind cept herself. his rather cynical, reserved manner ' No, not quite yet ; but I should not there was that craving for a little object to help, and Pierre ought to marry. Father Bentin says so. Let love, a love that should be expressive in its tenderness. me see, there is Berthe, Jeanne, Louise -no, I don't care much for either of them ; the one I would prefer is Annette," said Marie complacently, cal-culating in her mind that besides but her cold, practical method of dealbeing a pretty girl her uncle must be ing had made him a very retiring kind f man. Had he lived he would have able to give a large dowry. " Annette ?" almost whispered Jean, nelped Jean, and they two would have to whom the idea came as a revelation. been inseparables, for his great heart He had never thought of Annette as was full of unspoken pity for the poor little child whom an accident had renanyone's wife ; he had had vague dreams that she and they would almost dered evidently hopelessly deformed. "Who did it?" inquired Pierr remain the same -- almost brothers and inquired Pierre, sister. The figure he was carving who was sitting eating some bread. nearly slipped from his fingers. He was always interested in a fight. she is so young-and Pierre does not "I don't know-the usual lot. That think of her.' great big hulking boy, Mathieu, shied a stone and it cut. But I frightened them. They know I cannot fight prop-" Possibly, still she is eighteen and it is close on two years since Pierre saw her, he may think differently," erly, the cowards !" and Jean's said the mother with an astute idea gleamed with suppressed passion as he she should place her in a favorable hobbled along to an out-house to get light to her son. Jean carved slowly,

saved, Pierre took shares in a boat and that's better !" exclaimed darkness was clouding again over his nets, and so settled to the life of a life, which had been brighter later. "Why did all this happen to me? My God, why hast Thou laid this awful fisherman. Jean envied him that life.

cross ?-I can not bear it. I am mis shapen, and yet my heart is stronger than others. Pierre has everything, and now he will have a home of his own with the one companion I love as I love nothing on this earth," and the man stood with clenched fist and looked at the darkening sky. A tempest was raging in his heart. "And yet, oh my God, Your ways are not ours, as Father Bertin tells me so often-for

> give me, I am miserable !" and the man walked as fast as his halting step could go in the face of the keen wind till he reached the small, whitewashed chapel. A light was shining from the tiny dome, giving a welcome guide to ships that passed, and helping others to straight to the sheltering harbor run Jean tried the door ; it was fastened but through the window he could se the red sanctuary lamp and he fell or his knees outside the door. Poor Jean, he had so much to fight and the only hope of his life was his religion though Father Bertin was always him, with her eyes glistening with afraid lest his jealousy and pride would pleasure and sisterly affection. one day drive him from the right path into a bad indifference, for the priest

will have it. I may not, perhaps, work any more here," said Jean quietknew his nature and the great trials ly, with rather a reserved manner his affliction put on his shoulders. ly, with rather a reserved manner which she could not understand. "Why, Jean, you are not going away !" exclaimed Annette in astonish-ment. "We should miss you so-and Jean was a proudly clever man, and for such one is most afraid. So Father Bertin prayed often for

him, and was ever ready to hold out a your mother-and Pierre," and the girl strong, sympathetic hand to this soul that had to walk the stoniest of paths. name, and did not look at him. None but the good old parish priest knew how inwardly deep was Jean's religion; he was never communicative, happy and my being away won't dis-turb him !" answered Jean, rather and being reserved had no friends. His only friend was Annette, who so often came to his mother's and who seemed to take such an interest in his work that somehow a dream had grown up in his heart that she might care for him as he did for her. Not so much, he knew that. For, hunchback though he was, his heart was a golden But now that delusive dream one. had received its first blow, and as Jean

"Why, Jean, you are so serious !" "I am afraid I get serious ; it is knelt half-bewildered against the chapel door he realized that such hapworking so much indoors. piness was not for him. His brother would have everything, whilst he had off soon and take a walk by the sea, or perhaps take out my little boat. to stumble along life's road with no hand in his. And in his misery he clouds away, Jean. Good bye. half-laughed, a piteous laugh that was more a cry reaching to God's throne Annette go, and he felt as though the A sound of approaching steps made sunshine was vanishing from his path. Jean get up and slouch away, but the She turned once and waved, and he man passing caught a glimpse, and he answered with his hand, but she could carried the tale of how that ill-shapen not see his eyes. Jean was laughing outside the chapel and the folks said he was bewitched, and he should be shunned though he signs of early spring were showing themselves over the country. Pierre did go to Mass on Sundays. Jean had had a good winter's fishing, except guessed as the man went by that hi for a short time when the nets had to character would not be improved. He lie idle. But now March had come, felt inclined to laugh again, only his and he was busy again ; before sailing eart was too heavy, and he turned

slowly home. Through the lighted window he saw a man's figure. With a start he remembered his mother's dream and how she was expecting Pierre. Lifting the latch slowly he found his brother sit-

ting by the table. "Hullo, Jean! You look as though and handsome, to do his wooing and to you had seen a ghost," said Pierre, noting the other's white face. lay the matter before her uncle, who "I-I did not think to see you here," ammered Jean. "But - welcome village. Poor Pierre stood a little in stammered Jean. And Jean held out his hand. mother had prepared the way by a ack." 'You have come to stay ?" "Indeed he has," interrupted his man, so the path lav fairly easy, and mother with a quick, satisfied glance

Pierre had whistled bravely along the road, but stopped to salute the chapel on his way and to cross himself deat her elder son. "Do you remember my telling you my dream-it has come voutly. Marie Caudron was still waittrue-perhaps the other will, too." "What's this about dreams, eh. ing expectantly mother?" said Pierre laughing. "There is not much of a dream about me, but

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me in the same direction, though not

Half way up the road stood a Calvary worn with age and storms, and over the steps in places the soft clinging moss had grown. Jean had passed it on his way, but had only lifted his cap in salutation, without making the al invocation.

It was a lovely, balmy day, which ed to breathe the first thoughts of pring, but the very joyousness of the spring, but the very joyourness of the air was out of harmony with Jean's mood. He was slowly coming back after a fruitless journey, and, as he approached the Calvary, he noticed a

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He had to carve at home, and watch

the happiness of others, and the deep

lines he cut seemed lines into his own

One fine day in November Annette

came running in, her cheeks rosy from the crisp wind, which had also played

"Ah, I thought your mother was

"No; she has gone to the village.

"I will for a few moments," and she

"I will for a few monthly on which entered and went to the table on which its work. "What a lovely pat-

tern ! Who is it for ?" "That will be a bracket to hold a

statue, perhaps. I am not quite cer-tain who it will be for," said Jean,

did the statue for me only a little while

back. How kind you are; how can I

thank you ?" and Annette, turning to

"I? Oh, Jean, how lovely ; and you

"Don't thank me. I am glad you

stumbled a little over his brother's

"My mother knows I must seek

work ; and Pierre, oh, he will be very

bitterly. "But you?" and he looked

"I! Why, Jean, are you not my friend?" said Annette impulsively,

giving him her hand. He took it and held it firmly for a

moment, and said a little brokenly,

"Yes, that will blow all the serious

He stood by the door and watched

The winter months sped on, and

he told his mother that he had decided

Marie Caudron was happy, and her

knitting needles clicked with greater

noise than ever as she stood at the door

waiting for his return. He had gone

that afternoon, looking very upright

was reported the wealthiest man in the

awe of the formidable uncle. But the

udicious conversation with the old

to ask Annette to be his wife.

I will go

God bless you, Annette."

at the fair head which was turned a

little from him.

"Would you care for it?"

tricks with her fair, curly hair.

in," said she stopping at the door.

But won't you come in, Annette ?

heart.

Jean.

hesitating.

figure sitting on the steps, with his head on his arm, as if in slumber. Coming nearer Jean saw it was his brother and asleep; evidently the warmth of the day and the long wall warmen of the day and the long war had tred him. At the moment Jean approached he was half smiling as it in a pleasing dream. Jean stood a moment and looked down at the figure on the steps, and then his eye wan dered to his crutch.

An evil thought rose in his mind he had forgotten the Divine Figur above, and the devil stood at his elboy showing him the contrast between hi crooked figure and the splendid phys que of the man at his feet. Jean grasped his crutch. One awfu

blow and the sleeper, happy in h dreams, would wake no more. "He has everything ; you are cripple-a hunchback fit for nothing

and out of the friendship of the world whispered the tempter. "No one ca see you ; who is to know ?"-The san temptation that has made many Cai since the first great murder.

Jean's face blanched, and a wild lo crept into his eyes. "No one to see !" he almost wh

pered, looking round on the sunlandscape, and the demon jealousy, th had long worked mad riot in his me bid mind, was urging him fast to da his brother out of the world.

He lifted his heavy crutch, but in t swinging his eyes caught the look the crowned Head on the Cross. In wildness the Face seemed to look sa pitiful on the poor soul who was tu ing his back on Him.

In terror the crutch fell from Jea nerveless hand, and with a wild for mercy, he covered his face and on his knees.

Pierre slept peacefully on, li dreaming as he lay under the shad of the Cross of the awful tragedy be Humbly Jean rose slowly, with a prayer in his heart for me he trudged wearily home. Pierre and Annette were marr

soon after Easter, and Jean qui left the village to take up his w elsewhere. But his heart was in t village by the sea, and he had no for the town.

In his holiday he returned, and t thought he had become even more served than before. He spent al days in his boat, as of old, till were afraid that one day he might overtaken, and his strength no le to resist a sudden storm. Bu Pierre remarked to his wife in his li

hearted way :--'Oh, Jean is stronger than way agine; his body may be crooked his arm is straight and like his h Jean is a good sort, though queen quiet, you know, at times." How Pierre realize what life was unde hurden his brother carried ?

It was autumn, and squalls had set the weather early. Jean's last of holiday has come, and he was paring to spend it in his boat. 'I think you had better keep b

land to-day, Jean; I don't like weather, "said Pierre. "It is fine to-day," said Jean, ing at the bright blue sky above. squalls to-day, and even so I am

Annette said their rosari

Pierre went off the beach, thou

the heavy mist he could see no

Gradually, as it lifted, he fan

saw a dark speck in the distance

have weathered this," thought

and the sun smiled out brightly

the sea danced in little ripple

forgetful of the temper of a n

dered what the distant object co

With a curious sensation of min

Pierre hunted up two sailors,

Still Pierre felt worried, an

with an anxious heart.

"If he had his sail up he c

Slowly the dark clouds rolled

formation free.

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

## ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE MAN.

TT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The re-sources formerly at our command have in great part failed us, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposes itself at the present moment, owing to the good dispositions of most of the pagan Indians and to the live competition we have to meet on the part of the sects. Per-sons heeding this call may communicate with the Archbishop of St, Boliface, or with the undersigned who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work. Our Missions may be assisted in the following manner:

Ner: Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to

Legacies by testament (payable to the

Archvishop of ~1. Boutface. 3. Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools. 4. Promise to clothe a child, either by fur-nishing material, or by paying s1 a month in case of a girl, 81.50 in case of a boy. 5. Devoing one's self to the education of Indian ebideren by accepting the charge of lay schools on Indian Reserves—a small salary stratched.

Ary schools on I hanan Reserven-a sinali sanary attached. 6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians; e.g. (for North-Western Canada) the Oblate Fathers, the Grev Nuns of Monitreal, the Franciscan Nuns (Quepec), etc. Donationseither in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archbishop Lange-yin, D. n., st. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Rat Portage, Ont. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.

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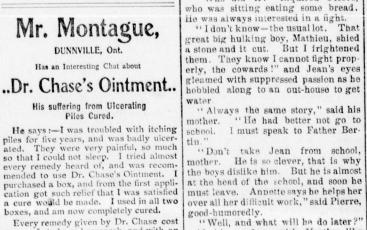
that poor little figure, Jacques rol stiffly and somewhat bent continued

his way across the sand. "God help the poor boy ! His temper is growing as crooked as his body, and yet one can tell he has a heart, though he is so misshapen." And old Jacques

felt sad for the boy lying there lonely in a grief no one could help him bear. Jean waited till he felt the old man

must be well on the road, and cautiously moving his head he looked after him. Seeing he was already some distance, Jean at up and moodily threw stones. He was a lad of fourteen, but his stunted growth made him appear His face, naturally bright, younger. ooked drawn, and the hard lines about his mouth gave him years to which he was not entitled. A bitter expression was spoiling his good features, and in spite of the half morose look in his us ually sharp gray eyes a wistfulnes was very perceptible.

The sun was gradually sinking be hind the sea, and the boy cast strange, longing glances over the smooth,



years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detested cure-alls, and it has been proven

ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanoline, and his fingers, and he can make so many

but his lines gave him no pleasure. "Always the same story," said his At last be put his work down. "Where are you going ?" said his mother, noticing him taking his cap, mother. "He had better not go to school. I must speak to Father Ber-

though Jean often went out on the "Don't take Jean from school,

mother. He is so clever, that is why beach. the boys dislike him. But he is almost at the head of the school, and soon he

> and the wind was moaning in the distance as if gathering itself together for

a which this matther, with martha - like a which this across the water into the table of the same little village. It was a night in tune if the village is a night in tune water into the man's mood. He limped across the wet beach and sat down in be a clock maker ; he is so clever with very much the same place he had six years ago when the boys pelted him. There was no hammering this evening

from the beach . "Ah ! Jean, have you seen Pierre coming along ?" what is it ?" "Oh, mother dreamed you were re-

"No, mother, where has he gone?" turning, and the other-" but Jean

itre and Annette," said his mother

"The other is that my dream if for triumphantly, stopping her knitting in the excitement of her news. you to stay and be settled and married, said Marie Caudron, with a question "Andre Lemaitre-then he-" and ing look at her son.

"So you have been arranging my matrimonial affairs during my ab sence. Well, I hope she is pretty and amiable," said Pierre, laughing. "She is both. But I am not going to tell you her name just now. You You must want your supper," and with good policy the woman dismissed the subject and saw to his comforts. "Well, Jean, been carving much

lately ?" said Pierre. "Who's that for ?" noting the wooden statue. "That's for Annette," said Jean, quietly, keeping his eyes on the work

of his hands. "Annette ! Oh, our little friend ? 1 suppose she is quite a woman now? "Quite. And a very industrious, good one, too," said Marie Caudron quickly, feeling here was her oppor-tunity. "He who gets her will be a lucky man, for it is said her old uncle

at the mill has plenty hoarded up, and she ought to get a dowry." "The old miser, I remember him well ; he goes to count his money every night. And Annette is a woman-

how strange! But Jean said nothing. He guessed that when Annette saw his handsome

brother, with his sunburnt face, she would forget her friendship which had

been so precious to the lad the last two years; but then no one had been there to interfere ; now-and poor Jean almost wished his brother

hesitated.

had not returned. The mother was delighted to have her favorite son home again, and

many were her prayers that he would

I landed her well the other even "Ah, yes; perhaps once too you know. Jean." Pierre said no more, for Jean inquired Jean, carelessly. "He has gone to see Andre Lemahis head, smiling, and went off direction of the besch. Pierre was right. In the mid the day a squall blew, and the se terrible for the short time. At t tage they all looked anxious.

Jean faltered, but his mother never heeded it. She went on quickly : "Yes, it is to be all settled, and I

when Jean came up

hope they will be married at Easter. It is just Lent now," said the woman

sighing. "You will be glad that your old dream is coming true. Dreams are generally so disappointing," and Jean

looked away to the sea. "There they are !" And the good woman bustled in to put down work, but Jean stood still, his heart a stone ; he only felt conscious of a man and girl walking along the road, and

then they were at the gate. "Mother, here is your daughter; Annette has promised to be my wife, and Pierre led the girl to his mother, who kissed her on both cheeks.

"Welcome, and God bless you, Annette; I am sure vou will be a good wife to my boy," and there were tears shining in her quick, brown eyes. "Wish me luck, Jean," said Pierre, holding out his hand ; he wanted all

the world to share in his joy. "Every happiness," said Jean, tak-

ing the proffered hand. "And to me, brother Jean, now," said Annette, shyly.

"Yes, and to you, with all my heart -little sister."

And Annette felt how cold was the hand that held hers.

Pierre went away sailing, and returned some two weeks before the wedding. He was in high spirits, which contrasted strangely with Jean's quiet

reserve. many were her prayers that he begin 'I think Jean is ill," said the remain and marry. She was begin mother. 'It will be better for him mother. 'It will be better for him when he has gone to work," for Jean far too energetic to have confessed to when he has gone to work, "for Jean far too energetic to have confessed to when he has gone to work, "for Jean far too energetic to have confessed to when he has gone to work," for Jean far too energetic to have confessed to when he has gone to work, "for Jean far too energetic to have confessed to be the marriage.

any such weakness. It seemed that was leaving after the marriage, when her prayers might be answered, for Pierre would bring his wife to the cot-

the best physicians prescribe it. Sold by all dealers. Dr. Chase's Cloth Bound Recipe Book 1,000 pages, sent to any address in Canada, price 50 cents. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Here was no hammering this evening among the boats ; old Jacques no longer worked, he had gone to his last that now, he was not thinking of that now, he was only conscious that a to see some friends, and Jean had also

gether they searched for that black speck. "We are just on it," said on men. "Pull together, and-" man hesitated; he had seen small boat bottom uppermost. den silence fell on Pierre's hear

before.

knell. They came alongsto through the water they read ac kneel, "Star of the Sea." It name of Jean's boat !

Pierre lifted his cap. 'He has gone under, mate Jean. God rest his soul," three men crossed themselves

A day or two later the bod in. Jean was at rest-he h into God's harbor.-Catholic

A Quebecer's Confidence in Dr Catarrh Cure-Gives Relief He says Danville, P. Q., April 9

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"For a walk; it is growing too dusk to cut any more," and opening the door he went out into the wet. It was gray and dark over the sea,

good-humoredly. "Well, and what will be do later?" said his mother, with Martha - like a wild rush across the water into the

## But Marie Caudron was a hard working woman in whom sentiment found but little shelter ; her husband had been of a rugged, warm nature,

are you so late-hurry, hurry," said

what a face! What have you been

"It is nothing," said the boy, mood-

"You have been fighting ; there is

Jean had forgotten the stains.

ountenance.

I'll go and wash.