



When a man gets down flat on his back, so that he is a baby, he finally realizes that he is a sick man.

THE WAYS OF THE TEMPTER.

"Our lives for the most part are shaped as we To hold fast good things and evil refuse."

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 shadows.

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.

"Why, that looks rather like little Jean lying there. Ah, the poor boy!" he said, sadly, noticing the crutch beside him.

"Hush, Jean, do not speak of the good God in that way; you know He did not make you so; it was an accident. You must not judge His ways," said Jacques sternly.

"No, it is no use, I'll not go yet," and the lad's eyes, which had softened a little, looked again the old sullen look as he was urged to do what he knew was best for him.

"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."

"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."

INCALCULABLE GOOD.

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

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, unwholesome action of the heart, insomnia or sleeplessness, anemia or impoverished blood, loss of appetite, general debility and ill-health.

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.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE MANITOBA.

IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY to appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission.

1. Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to \$100.

2. Licenses by testament (payable to the Archbishop of St. Boniface).

3. Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools.

4. Entering a Religious Order of men or women (specially desirable work among the Indians).

5. Donations either in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace, Archbishop Langevin, D. O. M. I., 111 St. Boniface, or Rev. G. Cahill, O. M. I., 111 St. Boniface, Ont.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be seen at our Warerooms DUNDAS STREET.

SMITH BROTHERS Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers. LONDON, - ONTARIO. Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters. Telephone 558.

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE The Company holds \$2,000,000.000 IN EQUITY.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. BELL & PEAL CO. 125 WEST TROY, N.Y.

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.

The soft rippling of the water in the half-light seemed to have a soothing effect, for soon his expression changed and the hard lines vanished. But there was still the old fight going on in his heart, and he was trying not to listen to the promptings that would send him home, but though his guardian was making a last effort, his eyes were caught by the small, pale evening star, and Jean hesitated for a moment, and with a queer little aching pain in his heart, he got up with difficulty, then stooped for his crutch.

The evening star always seemed to 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 title of Star of the Sea appealed to him best, for Jean loved the sea. In his reserved nature imagination made him happy with beautiful fancies which were as real companions to him.

"Hush, Jean, do not speak of the good God in that way; you know He did not make you so; it was an accident. You must not judge His ways," said Jacques sternly, though pity throbed in his heart for the burden the boy had to carry, and which the cruelty of others was making even harder and helping to embitter a fine nature.

"Is that you, Jean? Come, why are you so late—hurry, hurry," said the woman, who was always bustling with thrifty energy. "Holy Mother, what a face! What have you been doing?" was her exclamation as the uncertain light of the small oil lamp revealed the dirty condition of his countenance.

"Why, mother, you are not thinking Pierre is returning soon?" said Jean, turning to look at her. "He has been gone nearly two years—he will not come back to settle yet."

"But I tell you he is coming soon; I dream he was home last night, and though we are not supposed to believe in dreams, I have a little faith that they are sent sometimes. If he would only settle and marry," said Marie.

"I am getting older," said Marie, "and I do not want anyone to do your work yet, mother," said Jean laughing, knowing that his mother never considered anyone capable except herself.

"No, not quite yet; but I should not object to help, and Pierre ought to marry. Father Bertin says so. Let 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, calculating in her mind that besides being a pretty girl her niece must be able to give a large dowry.

"Who did it?" inquired Pierre, who was sitting eating some bread. "I don't know—the usual lot. That great big hulking boy, Mathieu, shied a stone and it cut. But I frightened them. They know I cannot fight properly, the cowards!" and Jean's eyes gleamed with suppressed passion as he hobbled along to an out-house to get water.

"Always the same story," said his mother. "I had better not go to school. I must speak to Father Bertin."

"Don't take Jean from school, mother. He is so clever, that is why the boys dislike him. But he is almost at the head of the school, and soon he must leave. Annette says he helps her over all her difficult work," said Pierre, good-humoredly.

"Well, and what will he do later?" said his mother, with Martha-like anxiety for the future.

"Ah, that's better!" exclaimed Marie, as Jean returned. "Let me see that cut; there may yet become 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 broken pieces in his nois, and the 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 eyes 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 moment.

But up in his room, after the small household were all asleep, he lay in his wooden bed and thought and wrestled with the base feeling that jealousy prompted, and Pierre lay happily in his corner, undisturbed by the conflict that was so near him.

And then gradually Jean, exhausted, closed his eyes, and dreamt of sailing away on a beautiful, endless sea and the evening star was guiding him, and three years later found Pierre a handsome, fine young man of twenty, whilst Jean had developed but little, and notwithstanding the sea breezes, his face had a worn, delicate look. His deformity seemed more marked than ever, and he himself inwardly was feebly sensitive to it.

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, hunchbacked though he was, his heart was a golden one. But that delusive dream had received its first blow, and as Jean knelt half-bewildered against the chapel door he realized that such happiness was not for him.

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 sitting by the table, looking very upright and handsome, to do his wailing and to lay the matter before her uncle, who was reported the wealthiest man in the village. Poor Pierre stood a little in awe of the formidable uncle. But the mother had prepared the way by a judicious conversation with the old man, so the path lay fairly easy, and Pierre had whistled bravely along the road, but stopped to salute the chapel on his way and to cross himself devoutly. Marie Caudron was still waiting expectantly when Jean came up from the beach.

"Ah! Jean, have you seen Pierre coming along?" "No, mother, where has he gone?" inquired Jean, carelessly.

"He has gone to see Andre Lemaitre and Annette," said his mother triumphantly, stopping her knitting in the excitement of her news.

"Andre Lemaitre—then he—" and Jean faltered, but his mother never heeded it. She went on quickly: "It is just as I said, and I 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 her 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 you will be a good wife to my boy," and there were tears shining in her quick, brown eyes.

darkness was clouding again over his life, which had been brighter later.

"Why did all this happen to me? My God, why has Thou laid this awful cross?—I can not bear it. I am misshapen, 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—forgive 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 run straight to the sheltering harbor.

But up in his room, after the small household were all asleep, he lay in his wooden bed and thought and wrestled with the base feeling that jealousy prompted, and Pierre lay happily in his corner, undisturbed by the conflict that was so near him.

And then gradually Jean, exhausted, closed his eyes, and dreamt of sailing away on a beautiful, endless sea and the evening star was guiding him, and three years later found Pierre a handsome, fine young man of twenty, whilst Jean had developed but little, and notwithstanding the sea breezes, his face had a worn, delicate look. His deformity seemed more marked than ever, and he himself inwardly was feebly sensitive to it.

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, hunchbacked though he was, his heart was a golden one. But that delusive dream had received its first blow, and as Jean knelt half-bewildered against the chapel door he realized that such happiness was not for him.

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 sitting by the table, looking very upright and handsome, to do his wailing and to lay the matter before her uncle, who was reported the wealthiest man in the village. Poor Pierre stood a little in awe of the formidable uncle. But the mother had prepared the way by a judicious conversation with the old man, so the path lay fairly easy, and Pierre had whistled bravely along the road, but stopped to salute the chapel on his way and to cross himself devoutly. Marie Caudron was still waiting expectantly when Jean came up from the beach.

"Ah! Jean, have you seen Pierre coming along?" "No, mother, where has he gone?" inquired Jean, carelessly.

"He has gone to see Andre Lemaitre and Annette," said his mother triumphantly, stopping her knitting in the excitement of her news.

"Andre Lemaitre—then he—" and Jean faltered, but his mother never heeded it. She went on quickly: "It is just as I said, and I 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 her 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 you will be a good wife to my boy," and there were tears shining in her quick, brown eyes.

"Every happiness," said Jean, taking the proffered hand.

saved, Pierre took shares in a boat and nets, and so settled to the life of a fisherman. Jean envied him that life. He had to carve at home, and watch the happiness of others, and the deep lines he cut seemed lines into his own heart.

One fine day in November Annette came running in, her cheeks rosy from the crisp wind, which had also played tricks with her fair, curly hair.

"Ah, I thought your mother was in," said she stopping at the door. "No; she has gone to the village. But won't you come in, Annette?" said Jean.

"I will for a few moments," and she entered and went to the table on which stood his work. "What a lovely pattern! Who is it for?"

"That will be a bracket to hold a statue, perhaps. I am not quite certain who it will be for," said Jean, hesitating. "Would you care for it?" "Oh, Jean, how lovely; and you did the statue for me only a little while back. How kind you are; how can I thank you?" and Annette, turning to him, with her eyes glistening with pleasure and sisterly affection.

"Don't thank me. I am glad you will have it. I may not, perhaps, work any more here," said Jean quietly, with rather a reserved manner which she could not understand.

"Why, Jean, you are not going away!" exclaimed Annette in astonishment. "We should miss you so—and your mother—and Pierre," and the girl stumbled a little over his brother's name, and did not look at him.

"My mother knows I must seek work; and Pierre, oh, he will be very happy and my being away won't disturb him," answered Jean, rather bitterly. "But you?" and he looked at the fair head which was turned a little from him.

"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, "God bless you, Annette."

"Why, Jean, you are so serious!" "I am afraid I get serious; it is working so much indoors. I will go out soon and take a walk by the sea, or perhaps take out my little boat."

"Yes, that will blow all the serious clouds away, Jean. Good bye."

He stood by the door and watched Annette go, and he felt as though the sunning was vanishing from his path. She turned once and waved, and he answered with his hand, but she could not see his eyes.

The winter months sped on, and signs of early spring were showing themselves over the country. Pierre had had a good winter's fishing, except for a short time when the nets had to lie idle. But now March had come, and he was busy again; before sailing he told his mother that he had decided to ask Annette to be his wife.

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 usual invocation.

It was a lovely, balmy day, which seemed to breathe the very thoughts of spring, but the very joyousness 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 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 walk had tired him. At the moment Jean approached he was half smiling as if in a pleasant dream. Jean stood a moment and looked down at the figure on the steps, and then his eye wandered to his crutch.

An evil thought rose in his mind and he had forgotten the Divine Figure above, and the devil stood at his elbow showing him the contrast between his crooked figure and the splendid physique of the man at his feet.

Jean grasped his crutch. One awful blow and the sleeper was no more. "He has gone everything; you are crippled—a hunchback fit for nothing and out of the friendship of the world," whispered the tempter. "No one can see you; who is to know many?—The temptation that has made many a Calvary the first grave murder."

Jean's face blanched, and a wild look crept into his eyes. "No one to see!" he almost whispered, looking round on the sun-lit landscape, and the demon jealousy, that had long worked mad riot in his morbid mind, was urging him fast to do his brother out of the world.

He lifted his heavy crutch, but in swinging his eyes caught the look of the crowned Head on the Cross. In witness the Face seemed to look sadly pitiful on the poor soul who was turning his back on Him.

In terror the crutch fell from Jean's nerveless hand, and with a wild cry for mercy, he covered his face and hid on his knees.

Pierre slept peacefully on, dreaming as he lay under the shadow of the Cross of the awful tragedy before him. Happily Jean rose slowly, with a prayer in his heart for mercy he trudged wearily home.

Pierre and Annette were married soon after Easter, and Jean quit the village to take up his work elsewhere. But his heart was in the village by the sea, and he had no love for the town.

In his holiday he returned, and thought he had become even more served than before. He spent all his days in his boat, as of old, till he was afraid that one day he might overtake, and his strength no longer to resist a sudden storm. But Pierre remarked to his wife in his hearted way:—

"Oh, Jean is stronger than we imagine; his body may be crooked, his arm is straight and like his brother, Jean is a good sort, though queerly quiet, you know, at times." How Pierre realize what life was under burden his brother carried?

It was autumn, and squalls had set the weather early. Jean's last of holiday has come, and he was pining to spend it in his boat. "I think you had better keep your boat today, Jean; I don't like weather," said Pierre. "It is fine to-day," said Jean, "but the bright blue sky above squalls to-day, and even so I am I landed her well the other evening. Ah, yes; perhaps once too soon you know, Jean."

Pierre said no more, for Jean's head, smiling, and went off in direction of the beach. Pierre was right. In the middle of the day a squall blew, and the terrible for the short time. At the stage they all looked anxious. Annette said their rosaries. Pierre went off the beach, though the heavy mist he could see no more. Gradually, as it lifted, he fancied a dark speck in the distance. "If he had his sail up he could have weathered this," thought with an anxious heart. Slowly the dark clouds rolled and the sun smiled out brightly. The sea danced in little, rippling forgetful of the temper of a moment before.

Still Pierre felt worried, and doted what the distant object on. With a curious sensation of mis Pierre hurried to two sailors, and together they searched for that black speck. "We are just on it," said one men. "Pull together, and—" men hesitated; he had seen a small boat bottom uppermost. A sudden silence fell on Pierre's heart. They came alongside through the water they read across. "Star of the Sea." It was the 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 body in. Jean was at rest—he had into God's harbor.—Catholic

Mr. Montague, DUNVILLE, Ont.

Has an Interesting Chat about ..Dr. Chase's Ointment..

His suffering from Ulcerating Piles Cured.

He says—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I got a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used in all two boxes, and am now completely cured.

Every remedy given by Dr. Chase cost years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detected 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 Lardine, and 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. Edmansen, Bates & Co., Toronto.