

The Cure Of St. Michel.

An episode of the French Revolution, which deals with the heroism of the priest, the love and devotion of the faithful, and the heroic fate of the martyr.

CHAPTER I.

THE INQUIRY.

The intense heat of the day was giving place to the cooler breeze of evening. Around the inn of the 'Sainte Croix' a few of the patriarchs of St. Michel were gathered, some seated upon the rough wooden benches by the door, others standing beneath a gigantic oak tree which cast its lengthy shadow across the arid, parched lawn in front of the tavern.

Even the two most prominent families of St. Michel, the Bourdois and the Pelletiers, had not eluded the suspicious eye of the inquisition which had been futile, Jean Pelletier, a pathetic, dignified figure, standing up bravely before the crowd, had been subjected to the grossest of insults, and when the Judge had finally to dismiss him, a shout of acclamation for the old man, and of derision for the inquisitors arose from the angry throng like the roar of the sea lashed by the fury of a hurricane!

For a month the government had been pursuing a long, tireless, grim hunt, and their quarry was the famous Pere Justine, the cure of St. Michel. He had eluded them, they knew that he remained in the village, for everywhere were his works in evidence. The poor confided to receive alms from his bountiful hand, the dying had been attended by him. Once a squad of soldiers had been sent to surround a house where a woman was dying in the hope that they would find the priest by her bedside. But when they searched the house they found the woman alone with only her son to ease her last moments.

A week later the inquisition took place. In the large public square the burning rays of the August sun beat down unheeded upon the angry resentful, grief-stricken throng of citizens. They were gathered there by the force of the law to be humiliated, to be humbled, to be made to betray the saintly courage of servants of God, who, preferring death to the abhorrence of desertion, had remained, like the 'Good Shepherd', to watch 'his' and care for his flock. No one, that day, escaped the iron hand of the infuriated government. The great wave of fanatical despotism was sweeping over the land, engulfing all and causing men to sink to unknown depths of despair. Men from all the surrounding districts were forced into the town; every house was

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rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

searched, every hamlet ransacked to find some trace of the hidden priest, but all to no avail! It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed up the mortal remains of Pere Justine!

Francis Pelletier, leaving the witness stand, returned to the post he had held all the day beside a young, rosy-cheeked girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age. She greeted him with a radiant smile, but there was a line of sadness in it.

'I know it would go well, love,' she said, softly pressing his big, firm hand in her own small one. 'But you looked so serious and seemed so relieved when it was over! Why was it, dear, for you know you had nothing to fear?'

'Perhaps not, Marie,' he replied tenderly. 'But come! Let us leave this dismal spot. I have so much to tell you, so much to confide in your loving heart today! Let us not mar the dawn of our wonderful love by watching these man-hunters at their devil's trade! As he uttered these last words Francis' hand unconsciously closed harder upon that of the girl, and his bright, kindly eyes grew cold and stern.

'But think, dear, if they should find Pere Justine!' she exclaimed breathlessly. 'You would want to be here on the spot, wouldn't you?'

HAD VERY BAD COUGH

And Tickling Sensation in Throat. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured It.

Miss C. Danichon, Bowman River, Man., writes:—'Last fall I had a very bad cough and a tickling sensation in my throat. It was so bad I could not sleep at night, so I went to a druggist and told him I wanted something for my cold, and he advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which I did, and after taking one bottle I was completely cured. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone who suffers from a cough or throat irritation.'

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is without a doubt one of the greatest cough and cold remedies on the market to-day, and so great has been its success there are numerous preparations put up to imitate it. Do not be imposed upon by taking one of these substitutes, but insist on being given "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Price, 25 cents a bottle; put up in a yellow wrapper; three plus trees the trademark; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

It is a tremendous undertaking to get a new play accepted and produced, once said, he late Clyde Fitch to a friend, 'So many are written, and so few ever see the light of day. An English playwright with a gift of humorous exaggeration illustrated this fact to me once. He told me how he submitted a play to celebrated actors, and how in the course of the conversation the actor remarked: "Don't you think it is growing chilly in this room?"

'Yes it is rather,' the young playwright admitted. 'Then the actor rang a bell and a servant for with appeared. "James," said the actor, "this room is rather cold. You may put three more man-o-warps on the fire!"

Which I give you with all my heart, Francis,' replied Pere Justine, and as Francis knelt before him, the priest placed his hands upon the young man's head, and raising his eyes to heaven he prayed to God with all the sincerity of his great heart that He might pour forth the fulness of His divine grace into the souls of these young, happy lovers!

Francis arose, his eyes shining his face radiant with inexpressible joy, as he seized the hand of the priest and drew it to his lips, tears fell from his eyes and a great lamp arose in his throat which made speech impossible.

When the simple family dinner had been eaten and the household duties finished, Pere Justine called Francis aside.

'I have a small commission for you tonight,' he explained. 'I should like to have you carry this medicine to old Jacques Cormot, whose poor wife is very ill. Take it to him and also my blessing. I should go myself but I must attend a dying man, who lives about ten miles from here. You will explain to him will you not?'

'And is there no other message?' inquired the young man. 'None!' replied the priest. 'But if you see Marie give her also my blessing, for as a daughter I love her dearly!'

Once more Francis clasped the priest's hand to his lips, and with a silent pressure of the hand as far as well he strode away into the gathering darkness.

Old Jacques Cormot was a recluse, and the small tumble-down cottage in which he and his wife lived was on the very outskirts of the town and at the opposite extremity from the Pelletier homestead. Between the two dwellings lay the large house of Mr. Bourdois, and Francis could not resist the temptation of stopping in for a few moments to see Marie and give her Pere Justine's message.

Now when love is young time flies by unheeded and therefore it was quite late when Francis finally knocked upon the rickety old door of Cormot's cottage. His first summons was unanswered and he rapped again impatiently. There was a shuffling of wooden shoes feet within and the door opened a crack. The person inside being apparently satisfied, the door was thrown open and, entering Francis found himself in a small poorly lighted but withal neat room. Jacques Cormot, who stood humbly before him in the middle of the floor, was a man under middle height, rather stoop shouldered, and with a countenance which but for his small shifty eyes, might have seemed as expressive as a stone wall. His scrubby, unkempt beard hid only in part a weak and retreating chin.

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Prince Edward Island Railway.

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Table with columns: Trains Outward, Read Down, Trains Inward, Read Up, Stations, P.M., Noon, P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M.

Table with columns: Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, Sun, P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M.

Table with columns: Tue, Thu, Sat, Sun, P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M.

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(To be Continued.)