FRANCIS W. GREY, LITT. D., The Cure of St. Philippe," "Gilbert Franklin

CHAPTER XV. THE HAND OF MAN. The reader of this chronicle, will

doubtless, remember how at a certain conference of the powers holden in Ottawa, the gentleman known as "Mr. Smith," otherwise Alexander Greene, of Westfield, labor organizer, conveyed Westnesd, salor organizer, consider which as to the probable necessity of "putting pressure on your folks" which did not apparently greatly disturb Monsieur Alphonse Bilodeau, the recipient of the same. Nor will it be forgotten that the counter hint, as it may be called, of a possible first move on the part of Messrs. Mills and Hammond, in the form of a lock out, did very manifestly disturb "Mr. Smith's" equanimity. And lastly, that something distinctly resembling a tacit understanding was come to between Mr. Smith and the entleman registered at the Chateau Laurier as Mr. Brown, involving the getting rid of "cheap foreign labor," that is, of the French Canadians, on terms supposedly satisfactory to both the high contracting parties.

Mr. Brown had, in fact, given Mr Smith full permission to "go ahead and order out his men whenever he liked," couple 1 with an engagement on the part of the New England Cotton Company to grant the ten per cent. increase wages demanded by the labor union the last French Canadian leaves Middlehampton." There was therefore, between Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith and Messrs. Mills and Hammond every reason to expect the intervention of the hand of man in furtherance of Pierre Martin's Exodus, at any moment. Such intervention, as a matter of fact, may be said to have occurred about the time of Pierre Martin's expected return from Saskatchewan, the circumbeing approximately as follows. circumstance

John Hammond, senior, surviving partner of the firm of Mills and Hammond, had, as already related, stood ou against the New England Cotton Company when every other factory in the State had either been absorbed or had State had either been absorbed or had "gone under." But, as Michael O'Rafferty the watchman had observed—and the fact was no secret to Senator Bilodeau, after the conference above referred to—the firm could not hope to fight both the Cotton Company and the labor union. And the labor union, thanks to Mr. Alexander Gr ene's anxiety to anticipate any checkmate of the part of Messrs. Mills and Hammond to say nothing of the promised ten per cent. increase in wages seemed disposed to try conclusions with the recalcitrant John Hammond. What sort of fools the Irishman denominated the few Middle hampton operatives who, at the first ex-pressed sympathy with the union, may be left to the imagination. The characterizations were not, it must be admitted, flattering to their self-esteem and they said as much with a plainness and vigor of language not wholly inex-cusable in view of the provocation offered. Whereupon O'Rafferty, with the volubility of his race, invented new opprobriums and hurled them at his opponents with the gusto of a schoolboy shying snowballs.

But all his eloquence in the gentle arts of abuse and ridicule could not pre vent the growing discontent, however causeless in reality, from growing daily. After a while, indeed, Mr. Ale ander Greene paid an unheralded and unannounced visit to Middlehampton. where at various labor meetings, showed himself to be almost as eloquent as Michael O Rafferty and distinctly more considerate of the feelings of hi auditors. He had two texts to preach from: the promise of the Cotton Company—an appeal to the workman's in-satiable craving for higher wages at all costs to the community, and gard of the laws of supply and demandand the unfairness shown by Messrs.

Mills and Hammond in employing "cheap foreiga labor." On its employment by the company he was eloquently silent. Who the "cheap foreign laborindeed, did not need to specify. Every one knew that he could only refer to the French Canadians. It was the beginning of the system of "pressure" to which, as he had told Senator Bilodeau,

it would be necessary to resort.
O'Rafferty, however, had no such reasons for reticence. "Tis you Frinchmen he does be manin'," he said Jean one evening shortly after erre's return. "They'll be afther Pierre's return. "They'll be afther chasin' yez back to Canady, me boy, or me name's not Michael O'Rafferty. You

I don't doubt it." returned Jean, smok can." Then added, after a contemplative pause: "Well, it will help to de A remark that was typical of his philosophy. After all it le Bon Dieu wished them to return to Canada as Monsieur le Curé said He did, this was as good a way as any Which was not an irreverent manner o reasoning but simply racial.

Nor was Dr. Terry under any illusions in regard to what was coming. "You'll have to go under John, old man," he remarked, cheerfully, to his old ereny, the man chiefly concerned. "That skunk, Greene," he continued, is stirring up our Yankee bigotry against 'foreign papists;' there'll be ast presently, if there isn't a race war,

if I know anything."

"Guess you're about right," answered John Hammond, almost indifferently, as "Don't they see that they are playing into the hands of the Cotton Company?"

"No, they don't, or won't," was the reply. "This 'cheap imported labor' cry, plus bigotry, plus 'Americanism,' as they are pleased to call it, has me crazy. They'll get our French friends on the run, presently, lif they don't get them forting was the state of the s them fighting mad. In that case the Canucks are liable to make things lively

ability," rejoined the mill-owner, thoughtfully. The situation, as none knew so well as he, was growing daily the mill-owner, more serious, and he was anxious to sum up as it were all the elements of the struggle which by this time he felt to be inevitable.

"Well," returned the doctor, "I talked the whole thing over with the Padre only yesterday. He will do his best to keep his people out of trouble, but I guess there is a lot of human control of the contro nature, even in Canucks, and if these cool unionists start to crowd them, they nay get a surprise.

It was poor comfort, if any, to have his own view of the situation thus con-firmed by one who saw other sides of it than were visible to himself, but John Hammond had not been at the head of a large business, employing several thousand men for thirty years, without acquiring an insight into human nature, quiring an insight into human nature, as keen, if different, as Dr. Terry's, or even Father Gagnon's. Also, a measure of practical philosophy which taught him—though he had never read taught him—though he had heve the Imitation—that, of all follies, worry about "future contingencies" Truly the day's evil was ufficient, and more for the day. But, if he strike came, he knew what he should do, a trame of mind certainly conducive to calmness. Michael O'Rafferty, however, was not

by any means so philosophically disposed, yet even he saw before many days were past, that a strike-or a lock-out—was inevitable, and said as much to Jean Martin. Green, he knew, had been only too successful. The assertion, wholly unfounded, that the "foreigners" that is the Canadians, worked for lower wage than those paid to natives, coupled with a further charge—with more truth in it—that they made it possible for John Hammend and the Cotten Company to hold out against the union, was cepted without question by those who for many reasons, or for none at all, were anxious to keep all employment as special prerogative of "good Amerians." Green had, in fact, very quietly and very skilfully changed his tactics From an eloquent silence as to the practice of the Cotton Company in respect of "cheap foreign labor"—a phrase eminently qualified to inflame the passions of his hearers, he had passed almost imperceptibly, to an assed almost imperceptibly, to an qually eloquent denunciation. That is say, he had now begun to accuse the John Hammond of this heinous crim and misdemeanor against the rights of American "workingmen." No anti-Asiatic orator on the Pacific coast ever spoke with more fervor-or with less

Two men among others took careful note of his speeches as reported in the local papers, John Hammond and Lyman C. Barker, of Westfield, President of the New England Cotton Company of the New England Cotton Comp pany. Each realized the significance n his own case, and in that of his opponent, of such a movement, should it ceed, as it seemed likely to do. To John Hammond, it meant the end of ar old firm, even though it were by the very course, which he had practi-cally by this time decided to adopt Better, if he must "go under" to do so in the way his assailants least expected and which would turn their apparen victory into something very much more serious than defeat. To Barker it presented the very ugly possibility naving to come to terms with the labounion, the very last thing, that is, which e wished to do. Greene, he admitted, light be and probably was, talking fo effect; acting, in fact, on his, Barker's own suggestion made at the Chateau Mr. Brown." But between suggestic difference imaginable. of the Cotton Company had, in fact, be gun to realize, rather more tardily than ne might have been expected to do so that an anti foreign movement once be gun would not end at Middlehampton and, further, that in an attack on cheap imported labor, the distinction between John Hammond's practice in the matte and that of the Company was not likely to be very clearly kept in view, and, certainly, not for very long. For this charge, now made by Greene against the otion Company was, as Barker was only too well aware, true in the one case,

and absolutely untrue, so far as the Middlehampton mills were concerned. Middlehampton mills were concerned.
The Cotton Company had imported
"cheap foreign labor," not Canadian
on'y, but European as well; had paid
poverty-driven immigrants, ignorant of local conditions, lower wages than they would have dared to offer to Americans. such being the beneficent effects of high tariff on goods combined with free trade in labor. And sixty per cent. of trade in labor. And sixty per cent. of the Company operatives, at the lowest computation, were French Canadians and other 'fore gners'. If this "cry," for which he begau to feel himself in some degree responsible by his offer made on the occasion referred to, should result in a race war, or an Exodus, the New England Cotton Company would be hard put to it to hold its own against the Union. What action he took, under

these circumstances, will be shown or referred to, presently. For all these facts, it may be said, the Labor Union officers were well aware. John Hammond, to be sure, had held out against the Company from the first. The firm, they would have been ready to admit, had always paid fair wages-t American workmen. But—they employed "foreign labor", which must, according to union logic, benecessarily "cheap." Most of all, they were weak, as com-pared with the Cotton Company. Hence the attack on them, to begin with, rather than on the stronger and more formid-able antagonist. That would come, in due course. The great thing was to get the "foreigners" in Middlehampton "on the run for Canada," which would, the inion hoped, establish a precedent, so to speak. Or, in plain terms, terrify th

foreigners' in the Cotton Company's emoloy into a similar Exodus. The storm long brewing broke unex-pectedly, sooner that is, than either Canucks are liable to make things lively unless Father Gagaon can hold them in."

"Do you think he can? I don't doubt his willingness mind you, only his gates became aware as he crossed the

yard of an unusual noise and bustle in yard of an unusual noise and bustle in the street outside. Nor had he for a moment any doubt as to the meaning of it. "Tis come," he said to himself as he inserted the key in the lock in the "It-fold-you so" tone of one who finds his anticipations verified; "begorra I always said ut would. Micky, me boy," he continued, as the key turned, there throuble in shtore for ye, onless ye kape your unruly mimber atune the teeth the dintist was good enough to sell ye. But he flung the gate open nevertheless in his never he less in his usual careless fashion as other mornings. Then stepped quickly but unobtrusively to one side out of the way of the rush which he felt was sure

to follow. But no rush came. The crowd large increased in numbers during th rief delay, went on talking and gesticulating as before, seeming so far, to be in tolerably good humor. When, how-ever, first one and then another French Canadian operative stepped towards the gate a very determined, but by no he gate a very determined, but a made to means violent, attempt was made to them. Shouts of "Scabs!" "Foreignstop them. Shouts of "Scabs!" ers!" and other even less complimentary epithets were heard on all sides, show ing that the temper of the crowd was less amiable than it appeared; but the Canadians quietly and resolutely, laughingly in some cases, made their way towards the gate as if nothing out of the common were happening. Father Gagnon's warning at the various Masses the previous day were having their effect. How long it would last depended chiefly on the lengths to which the strikers were prepared to go in the way of provocation. A certain measure o abuse the Canadians looked for; also for a certain amount of not too good-natured hustling by the crowd; but a certain and very definite measure only. Beyond that, they were likely as Dr. Terry had said to John Hammond to "make things lively" for their assailants. Or to use Michael O'Rafferty's expression there would be "h—l to pay."

The crowd of strikers, seeing the Canadians resolved to go to work, desisted, for the present, from anything more forcible than abuse and a few muttered threats. But when George muttered threats. But when George Toner and a few other Americans, tried to follow the "foreigners" into the factory, the threats grew audible and definite, and the hustling very much more vigorous and personal. One pathizer," who had never done an honest day's work since his last discharge from prison — the first of his kind to show himself became so pressing in his attentions to George Toner that the young man knocked him down. The act might have led to serious trouble, but that the strenuous asserter of his right to work, labor union or no labor union, was near the gate at the time; also, from the fact that Michael O'Rafferty promised to "smash" any man who had laid a hand on "me frind as he passed through the gate, he as he passed through the gate, he as he passed warningly: "Look out for whispered, warningly: "Look out for yerself, me boy, or that dirty loafer'll lo ye up, as sure as me name

"Will he?" laughed George, confidently, "I give him leave to try.

The day passed without further overaction on the part of the strikers or their friends, but John Hammond and his manager, in serious conversation, took it for granted that this was only

the beginning.
"By the way," said Meadowgate, after a while, "I had news, this morning from my nephew, at Westfield: Greene, the labor delegate, was seen coming or

"Are you quite certain?" enquired the mill-owner, quickly. This was news indeed, if it could be relied on, and ac ounted for many things; for the sudden outbreak of the strike, among others whereby John Hammond's checkmate. ockout, had apparently been antic pated.

"Ouite" was the answer: "William ny nephew saw him himself. I always the manager continued, Barker would use any means to down us." You did," returned John Hamnond. mond. "And," thoughtfully, "that accounts for Greene's attack on the company. He wanted to make better terms for the men and Barker sent for

him to arrange a fresh deal."

"Got Barker scared, eh?" chuckled
the manager, appreciatively.

"Guess so," was the reply, "but reverting as by instinct to phraseolog of his Puritan ancestors—"as the Lor liveth, I'll do more than scare him. I'l

beat the pair of them yet."
"How?" asked Meadowgate, wasting

"How? asked Meadowgate, washing no time in unnecessary words.
"This way," replied the mill-owner slowly and deliberately. "Remember that Canadian Senator who called or me some months ago?" The manager nodded. "Well, he hinted at a 'deal between Barker and Greene even the and gave me the notion I'm going to ac on, presently.

" To step right out of this fight, and leave Barker and Greene, the Compan and the Union to wrestle it out," was th answer. "They want to drive out our foreigners," the mill owner continued, "and Barker is making out that Company's with them-so far a Middlehampton is concerned; us, that is. But, so help me God! I'll never rest till every French Canadian in th Company's mills has gone back to Canada! I will, if it costs me every cent I have," he concluded, with an emphasis there could be no mistaking, and which his auditor no more mis-understood than Senator Bilodeau had done, when the same promise had been

"I'm with you, John," said Meadow gate, holding out his hand, and using the affectionate familiarities of long friendship, rather than the formalitie of business relationships. "I gue that'll be something of a surprise Barker," he added, laughing quietly "oh yes! quite a nice little surprise

"And to the Union," commented Ham mond, grimly, yet with a certain humor-bus appreciation of the possibilities of the situation; Barker will have them, like that," closing his hand, with a

significant gesture. 'Or they'll have Barker," was the rejoinder; "honors'll be about even, I guess." After which each man gave "honors'll be about even, I

his attention to his ordinary duties for

George Toner would have done well to heed Michael O'Rafferty's warning. The "strike sympathizer" was not one forget that he had been knocked wn before a crowd who jeered unfeelgly : nor was he one to take unneces ry risks of another and more thorough arashing. Over a glass of whiskey herefore, he engaged the friendly elp of a kindred spirit and the wo proceeded to await a favorable contraint of "doing my" the man pportunity of "doing up" the pho had had the audacity to set his gainst that of "honest workmen." uld be " in the cause of labor," for had ot Greene, some days ago, persuasion" in the c se of " "scabs and lacklegs?" Discreetly, of course, lest he union should be held responsible for ver-zeal on the part of 'sympathizers; out none the less clearly—or so thes we gentlemen of leisure decided.

So it came about that the next even ng George Toner on his way home from work passed along the street in ich Jean Martin lived. It was not strictly speaking, the nearest way to his oarding house, but it gave him an ex-use for seeing Madeleine home, and at portunity of talking with her on mat ers of interest to both. They had nsly, and since George, very wisely frained from any allusion to the hope e still cherished, she quite innocently cepted his companionship as that of ne who—so she constantly assured herelf, with a perhaps suspicious iteration —could never be anything but a friend. Yet she found a pleasure in the "friendshe would have been very unwillip" she wou
g to forego. On this Tuesday evening, they had

arted, as usual, with a promise on his art to "look round later," when, still n sight of her indow, the two "sym-athizers," seeing the street deserted, ame up on each side of George and eded to "persuade" him according well - recognized strike methods leorge it need hardly be said gave an incommonly good account of himself, but the two brutes, though he punished em badly, proved in the end more than could manage. They got him t last, kicked, trampled on and otherise misused him, to an accompaniment many lurid expletives, then left him ing, sat sfied 'hat they had "done hin

And of all this Ma eleine at he indow was a witness, literally paralyzed with horror, powerless to ven could her woman's help have been of any avail. Then, at last if never be-fore her heart spoke plainly, disdaining all disguise and self-illusion, and she knew how much she loved him. In the resence of death, for she felt sure he ould not live, the barriers of race and creed were broken down and love reigned supreme. Heedless of possible risk to herself as an unwelcome witness, she rushed from the house, almost before the two men had ceased kicking her lover, screaming to her sister-in-law to come to her assistance. Just as she reached the street, however, Jean, who had been detained at the factory, arrived on the cene. In a grim silence, he picked up he bruised, battered and disfigured victim of strike "persuasion," and bore him tenderly into the house, up the stairs and laid him on Pierre's bed. "Go for the doctor, thou," he said,

"these devils will not touch thee." Indeed strict orders had been given by the union that no "foreigner," was to be touched. Infringement of this rule would, it was added, entail vengeance, swift and exemplary. The "foreigners" were to be "persuaded" into leaving in a fashion reserved for them alone.

> CHAPTER XVI. "IN EXITU' ISRAEL."

But George Toner did not die. Dr. Terry, it is true, shook his head gravely at first sight of his condition, and indeed for a few days feared the worst. But good nursing, aided by a good constitu-tion, triumphed, and before long the who had been down to the gates of death was on a fair road to re

covery.

But during the time spent in the valley of the shadow, while it was uncertain in the doctor's mind, which way things would turn, and George, himself, had no doubt at all, he had a talk with Dr. Terry of something weighing on his

"Doctor," he said, with an effort, "do you think the Catholic religion is the

only true one?"
"Well," was the answer, "I shouldn't

like to say as much as that, seeing I'm not a Catholic, but, after thirty years of helping folks into the world and out of it, I'm sure of one thing, and that is the Catholic religion is the best to die in. And that," the doctor added

the Catholic religion is the best to die in. And that," the doctor added, thoughtfully, "is a mighty good test." "Good enough to try?" enquired the young man eagerly, watching the doc-tor's face with a look that seemed to read his inmost thoughts. If this free thinker would make any such admission ow much should not he, about, as he how much should not be, about, as me believed, to appear before his Judge be prepared to admit? "If it is true?' he kept thinking to himself. And how this man of no creed who had seen so many souls pass to their account told him that the Catholic religion was the

best to die in.

'I think so," said Dr. Terry, "honestly. Don't know," he went on, "but what I shall try to live in it some day. Father Gagnon has been at me off and on these fifteen years, and he's a pretty good sample of what his creed can do in a man's life. Guess I'll have to give in just to please him." But George Toner recognized, as Father Gagnon had long since done, that the half-jesting ton covered a very serious thought, that the struggle, if struggle there were, was

very near its ending.
"Good enough, then," the patient persisted, "to send for Father Gagnon?" sisted, " "You bet." That was all, but George Toner understood and was satisfied.

So, as he honestly believed, without hought or hope of winning Madelein but standing at the very threshold of eternity, he sent for Father Gagnor Briefly but simply he made his request:
"Father, I want to die a Catholic."
And Father Gagnon, to whom Dr. Terry
had spoken, and who guessed at much
more, understood.

"Yes," he said, gravely, "but would you like to live one?

"If God spares me, yes," was the answer, the answer, the honesty and sincerity of which the priest could not doubt. But he asked one more question.
"Why? From what motive?"

" Simply, as I believe, to save Again the utter sincerity of the doubted reply was not to be doubted for a moment. Before Dr. Terry could pronounce him out of danger, George Toner had been received into the Church, live or die a Catholic as God shall see

fit," as he put it.

Even yet he had no hope of winning
Madeleine. Might she not think, whatever he might say, that he had done this from no other motive? But Father Gagnon, knowing what he knew, made up his mind how it should be. What he up his mind how it should be. What he said, he and the girl herself only corld have told, and neither ever did so. Something, however, there must have been in her tone and manner to give her lover cause for hope. So much, inleed, that he dared to speak.

Need it be told what he said or what she answered? Clearly she did not doubt his motives in becoming a Catho lic. The barrier of creed was gone, that of race, love could afford to laugh at. of race, love could afford to "Besides, I am going to the Northwest, he said incidentally. Adding with Adding with a confidence she must have given him, And you are going with me.'

"Yes," she said, smiling happily, her head where he had long ago hoped to have it on his shoulder, his arm about her and her hand in his, setting out in love's world-out fashion, on their life's ourney together.

This, then, was what Pierre found on this return from Saskatchewan; Made-leine engaged to George Toner. That vas domestic and interesting, but only ly personal, sincerely as he re-at his sister's happiness. Of remotely personal, sincerely news that Aimable Gosselin was about the Widow Bonjean and that rancoise was in Quebec, a postulant in he convent of the Ursulines. That he saw was how le Bon Dieu had dealt with the love which might have come between him and his vocation, how he thanked God that he had never spoken of it to her. What it meant to him, what it cost him, only God knew, and his own heart; Father Gagnon in the neasure of his own experience.

But in the matter of his dream, his Exodus concerning which he had so much and so many wonderful things to report, matters had moved swiftly in a fashion which, even after all seen and heard, seemed almost too good to be true. John Hammond once con-vinced that his two adversaries the Cotton Company and the labor union, had secretly joined forces to "down" him was better than the promises he had made to Senator Bilodeau and to his old friend Meadowgate. His first move was to declare the factory closed, never o be reopened; his next to offer three months wages in advance or not less than \$100.00 and free railway transport to every French Canadian operative man or woman over years of age, in has who within a month of age, in his emwenty ploy, who within a month leave Middlehampton for the Canadian Northwest. The Hand of God had Hand of God had Northwest. The Hand of God had sent Pierre Martin to Saskatchewan the hand of man was about to set the Exodus of his people on its way thither Yet this, surely, was no less the Hand of God. John Hammond had, how-ever, as he expressed it, "only ever, as he expressed it, "only made a commencement." His own

made a commencement." His of French Canadian employees would, Father Gagnon had assured him, avail themselves of his generous offer, practically, every one of them would have left Middlehampton for Saskatchewan within the month specified. But John Hammond had still t deal with the Cotton Company and with the labor union. A cry had been raise against "cheap imported labor" as Goo should judge him, he would use their own weapon to their own undoing.

Nor was he unprepared for such course of action. For years past he had foreseen that sooner or later the Cotton Company, if not the union, certainly, both as now would prove too strong for him to fight against. Quietly, with Meadowgate's help, and the con sent of those in whose interests he acting. he had transferred the firm capital to other investments less liable to fluctuation as to loss. This capital grown very large with years of honest grown very large with years of nonest business and prosperity, his share of it, at least, he was now prepared to use against those who had in effect done their best to rob him of it. Moreover, as the Cotton Company

and the union were to discover, he had friends, ready and willing to come to his assistance. Chief among these was a certain railway president, "sore" as he put it, with good cause, against the Cotton Company, on account of rebates asked for in a fashion not to be denied, and now likely to get his railway into trouble. Also against the union of cotton operatives because of a wholly uncalled-for "sympathy" with his own men when on strike, uncalled-for, cer-tainly, from his point of view. Him, John Hammond talked to, briefly, but to the point.

"How many from Middlehampton, to commence with?" enquired the rail appresident, deeming it unnecessary to assure his visitor of his willingness to do

s he was asked.
"Fifteen thousand, more or less,"

was the reply.
"How long to move 'em in?" "A month. Six weeks if you like."
"A month'll do it. They'll take a l-l of a lot of handling, though."
"They will. About the cost, how

will you arrange with us?"

The answer, if not wholly unexpected, was to a great extent a pleasant sur

prise. "Send the bill in to you . . receipt ed," laughed the other. "Then the Cotton Company can go to . . Tophet! A pause, then another question.

many in the State, do you suppose?"
"Pretty nearly a million, I should say all told. The Cotton Company must employ all in all two hundred thousand in their various mills."

"And you want to move them all ?"

" It'll cost you a lot."

"It'll cost them more," said John Hammond grimly, "and that's what I'm aiming at, just now."
"It'll knock them higher than a kite,"

answered his friend, "so I'm with you, all the way. How do you intend to go to work?" he continued, settling him-self in his desk chair, and lighting a

fresh cigar.
"Well," meditatively, "I thought of offering free transport and \$100

every man over twenty. How do you figure that out?"

The railway president made a rapid calculation. "Cost you about \$5,000,000 he said, "not counting fares. That's my share. I want to get even with the Company and the union and I guess this'll about do it. You'll send me a cheque, of course, but you'll get that mo back. How about the rest of it?' asked, quickly.

"Don't expect to," rejoined Hammond, almost indifferently; "I reckoned to lose that much anyway. Barker will lose more, though," he added, "and lose more, though," he that's good enough for me."

"Not a bit it isn't," returned the other, "you've got to get it all back, and more and I'll soon show you how, What's the matter with forming a company, you, me and two or three others to build feeders to this new Gran Trunk Pacific, grain roads in fact? If you get two or three hundred the sand Canucks started for C you'll have a million before year's out. That means a land, and don't you forget the handling of a lot of I guess the Canadian Government or your friend the Senator man

would give our roads a pretty slice of land, especially if we inco ate in Canada, and give some of their politicians a look-in, eh?" John Ham-mond nodded, appreciatively. This was better than even he had ever looked or, not only to beat his adversaries a their own game, but to make a profit ou of it, as well. "Then there's mills," the speaker resumed, "el tors, all the rest of it. Oh! we'll our money back, don't you worry.
is a real good business propos I'll give you stock in the con you to my last dollar, and my last pas So it came about that John Ham

mond, when he returned to Middle hampton, was able to tell Father Gag non, cheerily to get his "little excursion" started just as soon as he liked, an Father Gagnon, who had seen the Bis op, notified his people who, as he ha felt sure they would, responded gladl and willingly to an invitation which i effect was their only hope of future em ployment. On the last Sunday in Sep ember, therefore, there were pontifica respers at Saint Joseph's church, Middlehampton, the last which most if not all of the congregation and Father Gag-non himself, who was to go with his people, were to sing there.

By the Bishop's wish, the vesners were those of the Sunday, and the last psalm, In Exitu Israel de Egypto, had a new meaning for all who heard it; one they would never forget. And, for a motel at Benediction, the choir sang yet another appropriate psalm: "When the another appropriate psalm: Lord turned the captivity of Sion." The Bishop blessed them solemnly and specially; most of all, the man who had made their deliverance possible. For, his professed motive notwithstanding, he knew that John Hammond, his acquaintance of many years standing, had done this out of real philanthropy. And on the morrow Pierre Martin's dream was realized. The Great Exodus, the journey to the Land of Promise, had

The rest is history. The fifteen thous nd French Canadians in Middle hampton were the first to go. But John Hammond's offer, published gratis in every newspaper, French or English in the State, made known, by the Bishop' instructions, from every Catholic pulpit had its full effect. From every factory town, first hundreds and then thousands started for Saskatchewan and Alberta. own, first hundreds and then The Cotton Company, fully realizing all that this Exodus involved, did their best to check it, but in vain. There railway fare for a million people, it chose to do so and could afford it.

John Hammond sent the railway com-

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You need not be a victim of circumstances and suffer all the weakening and

depressing effects of spring.

Tired feelings, headaches, indigestion, and nervous troubles all fly away when the system is flooded with rich, red blood.

Energy and vigor only come after all the ordinary wants of the system are supplied. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so wonderfully successful as a blood-builder

wonderfully successful as a blood-bulled that you soon begin to feel strong and healthy by its use.

By means of this great restorative treatment you can rebuild the body when it has been wasted by worry, overwork, lingering colds or the depressing and debilitating effects of spring.

There is no reaction after the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food because it is not a stimulant. On the contrary it is a blood-forming, system-building medicine which by working hand in hand with Nature proves of lasting benefit to the system and thoroughly drives out weakness and disease by filling the system

with new energy and vigor.

Mrs. H. A. Loynes, nurse, Philipsburg,
Que., writes: "I was all run down and I ate made me sick. In nursing others Lhad seen the good results of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and resolved to try it. As a result of this treatment, I have gained ten pounds, do my own work alone and feel like an entirely different person."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co.

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