MAY 1, 1909.

from a new Quebec in the Northwest-

he was a young man yet, and this, of which he dreamed, should come quickly to gain what support either party

would, assuredly, make any concessions he might choose to demand.

The whole train of thought, indeed,

passed swiftly through his mind to that which he deemed its natural and logical conclusion; so swiftly, in fact, that there

was but a momentary pause between his first phrase, "A good deal more," and that which followed. "And these younger men, mon cher," he asked "who, and where are they?"

"God knows," was the reply, spoken with the utmost reverence. "I know one who might be, but—Monseigneur paused, doubtful, possibly, whether it were right to mention Pierre Martin's

name, seeing that by so doing, he might

unwittingly influence the course of

teur providence which some men, and

one for which he at least had no ambi

ost women are so ready to assume, was

Our young orator of to-day?" uggested Bilodeau, quietly.
Monseigneur Demers made a gesture

of almost unwilling assent of which once

full significance.

nore his friend readily grasped the

"Going to be a priest, isn't he?"
"Yes—if God pleases."
"Exactly, mon cher," rejoined the
Senator, "if God pleases, as you say. In
any case the Church must do her share,

the factories most of all, and a man

like that, as priest or layman, the latter preferably, is the man to do it."
"You think so?" The tone conveyed
or seemed to convey, a certain anxiety

which Bilodeau did not, at the moment

quite understand though he could guess at the cause of it as he presently

'Yes, I do," he answered quietly, yet

without hesitation," and so do you, I fancy. But "why anxious," he continued with a kindness, a gentleness he

kept for his friend only, for you are

anxious you know."
"Am I? Well, yes I am-for the

boy's sake," Monseigneur admitted, gravely. "Priest or layman," he re-

sumed after a momentary pause and speaking in a calmer, more confident tone, "he will do the work le Bon Dieu

gives him to do, but this work means

sorrow, heartbreak if it fails, while if it succeeds . . . "He broke off again wondering it may be that he should speak thus to one for whom what

he was saying or about to say, must have so little meaning. The other, however, seemed to read his thoughts. "You think there will be

danger to his soul, is that it," he said. Again Monseigneur Demers made a

don't practise it—leave him, and his work to le Bon Dieu. C'est Son affaire à Liu," he added not irreverently; "it is

His concern not ours."

Once more there seemed to be no need of speech or no ability thereto on Mon-

grasp that each gave the other conveyed, doubtless, all that any words could have expressed probably indeed a great deal ware

MICHAEL PIERCE'S WARNING.

He hung out above his house door,

great deal more.
TO BE CONTINUED.

gneur's part. But leaning forward, took his old friend's hand, and the

In any case the party of ama-

Money

strictly confidential.

She would be glad enough to see him,

after the fright his absence would have

He would go to her at once. He thrust

He would go to her at once. He thrust his hand into the niche where he had flung the keys yesterday, and groped for them. Then his face burst out into cold sweat; there were no keys there. Could he have made a mistake? He

he explored the other window reces

he had flung them.

such care.

given her.

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on your farm or city ty. The interest will be at the

ou wonder to hear me say use Bilodeau—but of the anditions by and in which ctical expression in the community of voluntary we not, in short, lived, ve, too much in the past, in the present; been conto our fathers did, rather to do even better? The ther Demers, belongs to k forward, not to those

MAY 1, 1909.

now it?" replied Monseig.
" Have I not always
tut what can I do?" He tter if not hopeless impo-the Senator instantly ints full meaning. "If I were b," the priest continued, should I not be accused to my race, to my Church vs what? Would it keep whom I love," he added a I have baptized, married, ose sons I have taught here, from going to the foreign land, to a ly, socially, and physically olly unfit?" What do you is the remedy, if there is ired Bilodeau, who, though wn views on the matter was

wh views on the matter was learn those of one who rally approach it, so to a different direction. edy, mon cher, was the wer, "rests fir.t, as it must ith le Bon Dieu, then with wer "restifut you". men, possibly with you.
?" Senator Alphonse

ent as he might be to deal with the problem under dishardly, to say truth, ex-riend to take this view of it. oute to his ability of which insensible; but it was some-It was a view which must, e taken into account if he the only force he recognized owerful than money, race or e influence, namely, of the he habitants might, as he had grown restive under certain and restraints imposed by they had not yet, nor were likely to set themselves in osition to the Church, least effected, in a matter which, well as to their spiritual In any case, there were she thought grimly, though might be he had not so far to himself much less than to ur Demers. So he merely

h me?" and waited to hear his friend might have to say. was the rejoinder, "with yon, eed some day help from Par-d who shall win it for us better Oh 1 You are out of politics out they fear you, at How much more shall you when you speak, shall soon, perhaps, if le pleases, for a hundred thou-hundred thousand, yes, and a rench Canadians waiting to ne, asking for some of the land

nothing when compared with

ore Bilodeau was conscious of ted sense of satisfaction at is own views expressed by else, even as Pierre Martin ssed them in his speech. But Martin we know nothing as gh indeed he might be, and was one of those younger men his friend had just now reis keenness of insight in matal and political, he held the est opinion, not less, of course, iews coincided with his own said, however, that he would d no less an opinion of his d that friend happened to dif-

it in as completely as he evident-with him.

In the fear he should certainly in his opponents, in such an

en The Nerves et out of Tune

ryous prostration or partial ysis brings you to a bed of essness.

remember the case described

and revitalize the wasted nersystem by using Dr. Chase's Food.

easy to neglect derangements nerves until something serious

ay happens because many per-not think they are really sick ey are laid low by nervous pros-or some form of paralysis. overlook the headaches, the indigestion, the irritability and ness, the loss of sleep, of energy bition. They forget that for r months life has been more or

when the nervous collapse it takes patient and persistent

ent to get you on your feet.

The nerve cells must be gradnilt up and a little more energy to the system each day than is

n the sunshine, breathe the fresh st and use Dr. Chase's Nerve nd you will get well. But you e patient and persistent.
Wm. Graham, Atwood, Onto,
"My wife had been ill for

me with nervous prostration and the best doctors we could get to help her. She gradually be-rorse and worse, could not sleep st energy and interest in life, as giving up in despair when a advised a treat of Dr. Chase's advised a treat of Dr. Chase's

advised a treat of Dr. Chases Food.

Food.

The first box of this preparay wife used we noticed improveand now she is completely cured
well as she ever was, eats well,
well and feels fully restored. I
ly satisfied that my wife owes her
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food." 50c. a
To hoves for \$2,50. at all dealers nanson Bates & Co., Toronto.

event, yet with a confidence not unjustifiable, under the circumstances. The plan which had suggested itself to his mind, and to which his visit to Saint one contingency. He was a conscientious workman, and was not uppish about what he would or would not do. He d just as soon whitewash the kitchen Joseph de l'Acadie was chiefly due, was taking shape and form as a result of dislittle fancy bookshelves for Mr. Thorntaking shape and form as a result of dis-cussing it, as they were now doing. Monseigneur Demers, he was beginning to see represented in a very real sense, what must necessarily be the attitude of the older and more influential elergy, if the plan was to have any hope of success. Pierre Martin or some other

hill, and the smooth, white, creamy surface of the walls when he was done was a work of art as much as the carpentry. But to get him that was the tring. He would be intercepted by some eager matron, all conciliatory smiles. "Why, then, Mr. Pierce, is it your-self? We've been expecting you a little while back at our place to do our bit of

"Have you, ma'am?" Michael would

answer laconically.

"Twas only yesterday the man was sayin' that the place was a show for want of your hand over it."

success. Pierre Martin or some other of the same stamp must, he likewise felt, be the active agent among the New England exiles. It would be his task to kindle the flame which must, Bilodeau felt convinced, spread and spread until his people should be wrought up to the needful height of enthusiasm for return to their own land, an enthusiasm which he himself would give due utterance to, in the Federal Parliament. His enemies, his ill-wishers on one side and the other, should indeed fear him and listen to him yet; he would resign the senator-" Indeed, ma'am !" "When are you going to give us a turn, Mr. Pierce?" other, should indeed fear him and listen to him yet; he would resign the senator-ship with which they had mocked, rather than satisfied his legitimate ambition, and return to his old battle-field, the Lower House, as the leader of some forty French "National" members from a new Oughee, in the Newton

"That wouldn't be aisy answered.
Some time this side of Christmas."
"Oh, God bless the man; what is he talking about? Why, my heart 'ud be bruk if I hadn't the place dacint this

side of Aister."

"Can't be done, ma'am. You wo so impatient. However, Michael generally reached ais patrons at an earlier date than he would fix, and there was no fault to be found with his work when he was "ir it." Always barring the contingency which was that Michael might "go on the spree." Two or three times a year this would happen; and when the word came in the busy season that Mick Pierce was above at Brady's mad drunk, t caused consternation among his queue of customers. This acute stage of the order did not last long. It was generally interrupted by "Soft Judy," a name given to Mrs. Pierce satirically because of her bitter tongue. She would sweep into the public house like a whirlwind and capture her misguided husband, dealing before she left such arrows of scorn and bitterness at his companions and at Jim Brady himself that she would leave nothing behind her but a rout, scattered and defeated.

Judy was a little brown woman, with a hard red like a winter apple in her round cheeks. Her eyes were small and bright and saw everything. She had a comfortable figure, and pretty brown hair and was altogether an attractive little woman except for her tongue, that went like the clapper of a bell, as the neighbors said. The pair had no children and never seemed to feel the need of them. They were really devotedly attached to each other. Michael thought the like of his Judy for comeliness and all the housewifely qualities was not to be found, while she was imensely proud of her man's abilities and his fine qualities as an earner. He was held as an ugly man, with his pale face and red hair and beard, but Judy, on the contrary, thought highly of his breadth and height and the livid contrast of color between his hair and his blue

Michael was never so much in his cups as to rebel when his wife came down on the party at Brady's with her irresistible swoop, like a hawk among pigeons He would stumble home blindly and stupidly, while she lashed him with her tougue all the way. The worst of Judy was that she couldn't keep her tongue quiet, and in the period of sickness and sorriness that followed Michael's outbreaks she railed incessantly at him. Once or twice she had been startled by a queer gleam in his blue eyes that might almost be hatred; but not for

long. She was too hardened in her scolding ways. Now, one March morning, Michael Now, one March morning, Michael Pierce sat on a stool in front of his kitchen fire, with his head between his hands. He felt deadly sick after his drinking bout, and deadly tired of Judy's tongue. Outside it was a bleak day, with a few dry snowflakes coming on every puff of wind from the north. Within, every corner was lit by the glow from the fire. It shone warmly, on the colored pictures Again Monseigneur Demers made a silent gesture of assent.

"Then," returned his friend, "I must preach you a little sermon, mon ami, I, the politician, the—how dolyou say it," the careless Gallio to you, the priest, the teacher and guide of priests to be. And my sermon shall be short, oven if I Judy. with her arms up to the elbow in flour, was standing by the table mak-

in flour, was standing by the table making griddle cakes. Now and then her bright eyes glanced at the man her tongue was belaboring. A keen observer might have detected in those glances something of pity and compunc-tion, but nothing of this appeared in her speech. Michael had sent away his breakfast barely touched. Disappoint-ment was rankling in her breast, for she had set before him the first duck egg of the season, and a pile of her cakes, but-tered hot, and he had not been able to

Suddenly her ingenious taunts came to an end. Michael lifted his shambling Michael Pierce was a particularly clever specimen of the handy man, and his services were much in request among the people of the Glen. Carpentering, mason work, paper hanging, painting were all one to him; and his was quite

length from the stool, and faced her with a pallid determination.

"You've said enough and I'll listen to no more of it," he said wearily.

"You'll listen to it till I've had

enough of it," replied Judy sharply; "you've earned the length and breadth of it."

a natural aptitude, for he had never had any special training. At the time of the year when the birds were building,

any special training. At the time of the year when the birds were building, and human folks' thoughts turn to the renovation of their houses, Michael was in immense request. He was indeed never slack all the year round, and his importance in time led to his giving himself airs.

"I'm going where I'll get aise and the state of th

rest from your tongue."
"You're hearty welcome, then. I don't want you litterin' up my tidy he hung out above his house door, just opposite the wicker cage with the broken clawed thrush in it, a painted board, bearing the inscription, "Mr. Pierce, Builder and Contractor," which was certainly a large description of himself. No one however, say anything

kitchen."
Michael lifted his head from his stoop-

Pierce, Builder and Contractor," which was certainly a large description of himself. No one, however, saw anything amiss in it, though Mr. Thornhill, the rector, who was a great patron of Michael's, always chuckled when his eyes fell on the board. They like big descriptions there. Why, in the tiny town where the Glen closes like the heck of a bottle, Pat McCafferty, the brogue maker, has inscribed his bit of a shop, "Patrick McCafferty, The World's Boot Provider." It was Michael Pierce, by the way, who painted it up and decorated it with the dark shadows and the little gilt twirls which are the pride of Pat's heart.

The housewives of the Glen who had the dark shadows and the little gilt twirls which are the pride of Pat's heart.

The housewives of the Glen who had

The housewives of the Glen who had to do with Michael in the busy season fairly trembled before him. Once he was at work he was all right, barring in his hand and went out. He had no very distinct purpose in his mind. Something was beating in his head like a hummer, and his tongue felt too large for his mouth. Then to the deadly sick-

ness of his body was added the resent-ful soreness of his heart against Judy. He had been a good husband, he said to himself. Even when he had taken a drop he had never lifted his hand to her though other women had been killed for less provocation than she had given him. He had always been too fond of her, and now she treated him like the dirt under her feet.

He had struck away across the fields o be out of danger of meeting any one se wanted to be alone and in quietness He trudged doggedly over pasture and ploughland for a time. Then suddenly an idea struck him.

an idea struck him.

Away there on the horizon was the square tower of Reston church. It was a lonely place, with its little graveyard huddled about it. Its approach was by a long walk between hedges along the fields. Mr. Thornhill's little congregation was not exacting, and the church was locked except for the one service on Sundays.

on Sundays.

But Michael Pierce knew where the key lay to his hand. Part of the inside masonry of the tower was crumbling, and it had become more and more inexpedi-ent to ring the big bell. Michael had the job of rebuilding it—a delicate job which required slow and careful handling-and he had only put it aside for the last week or two to take up the most pressing spring work. In the tower he would be out of sight and hearing and could hide from the remembrance of Judy's taunts. In the tower, too, Michael had hidden away a bottle of whiskey. He was sorely in need of "a hair of the dog that bit bim" and his steps quickened as he thought how the whiskey would "make a man" of him again, and lift him, for a time at least, out of his intolerable depression and disgust with things in general.

He found the keys behind a loose stone in the porch of the church. There were a couple of them tied together by a bit of string—one the key of the church, the other of the low wooden door which led to the before which led to the belfry.

Having let himself in, he locked the door behind him and then locked him-self in the belfry. He climbed the stair to the square chamber, where the bell hung in the semi-darkness. The place was lit by three or four slits in the stone widening inward. Through these the leaves of autumn had drifted, and lay in heaps in every corner. Into one of these heaps he thrust his hand and drew out the bottle of whiskey. He took a long pull at it, and his grim face relaxed. He gathered the leaves to a pile with his feet, and flung himself upon it. Then before he yielded himself to the drowsy warmth that was stealing over him, he flung the keys, the string of which he had drawn over his wrist, into one of the window slits. Then he fell into a

delicious sleep.

The fumes of the drink were still in his head when he was awakened by some one calling him. "Michael, ahagur, Michael Aroon, are you there, darlin'. If you are, come and spake to your Judy and she'll never say the rough word to you again."

Judy's voice was softer than it had

Judy's voice was softer than it had been since their courting days, and it trembled with tears; but Michael only turned over on his bed of leaves and hardened his heart. In a minute or true he sat up and heard Judy's voice was going round the tower now, as plaintive as the cushat dove calling its mate, Michael was taken with a fit of laughter. "You may call, my bonnie woman,' he said through his chuckles, "bu' you won't find me.

While he was laughing he fell asleep again. He awoke in the cold light of early morning, chilled to the bone, and with a consuming thirst. For a few minutes he could not remember where he was. Then the events of yesterday came back to him, and how he had fallen asleep while Judy was calling. He lifted himself up with difficulty; he was all aches and pains and the air was full saved him, never again would the drink

of frost. He groaned as he straightened cross his lips. Half way in his prayer himself. His thoughts went to his own warm feather bed with its white blankets. But the cold was nothing compared with the thirst. On for any leads of the cold was nothing to the compared with the thirst. hole seized him. He sprang to his feet and looked up at the bell far above him in the shadows. He remembered mechanically how Mr. Thornhill had compared with the thirst. Oh, for a cup of Judy's hot tea, and a seat in the chimney corner and a long sleep aftertold him that the inscription round the edge ran, "Michael, to the glory of God." Why, the bell was his namesake, wards in the heat of the blankets. His anger had somewhat evaporated, and he wanted the comfort of Judy's presence, and was it to see him die an intolerable and her voice as he had heard it when she called his name below the tower. death?

to Loan

He went down the tower stairs and felt the heavy door. Oak, clamped with iron: it was stronger than the stone wall. If he had had his tools now he might have hewed or sawn a way through, but he had taken home his bag a week ago. There was no hope of his getting out unaided; his only chance was that some one might come.

He would at least show a signal. He

shook his clothes and felt in his pockets; went back to the belfry and pulled off his shirt. He picked up a few stones to secure it when it should hang from he went down on his knees and felt through the leaves. Then he stood up with a sinking heart, and faced what he the slit. Then as he was arranging it he noticed that some of the outside stones had known from the first minute, that the keys must have fallen through when were loose. He thrust his hand through and found he could shake them. Well at least he could widen his view and see he had flung them.

It was Tuesday now and there would be no service till Sunday. Why, Mr. Thornhill was gone away for the week. Unless there was a funeral, no one would come here till Saturday at the earliest, if help were coming. He thrust his head and shoulders into the embrasure, and seizing the loose stone tugged at it with all the strength he could. It yielded and fell with a clatter, and one and by Saturday—he uttered so heart-breaking a groan that the daws in the or two others followed it. A little more work and he had widened the opening. He could now see the fields below him, belfry were startled and flew in and out of the nests of twigs they had laid with and far away the thatch of the village roofs. His eyes rested hungrily on the He looked about him. There was no-

life and deliverance over there. Presently, as he was about to draw in his head and suspended his signal, his gaze turned downward along the ivy covered wall. He uttered a shout and then was as silent as the grave. Just below him, hanging on a stout ivy twig, were the keys. The twig bent with their weight and it seemed as if a breath for the last few days and never a cloud rould dislodge them and send them He said to himself that the thirst and rattling down.

Stealthily, tensely he reached for them the fear together would drive him mad —long before death could relieve him. —long before death could relieve him. and lifted them up. When he had then Hh trembled and fell on his knees. As safe, he stood under the bell and execut When he had them

Hh trembled and fell on his knees. As be did so he saw the whiskey bottle set upon end where he had left it. With a blind rage and horror of it he flung it against the opposite wall—it crashed into a thousand fragments.

He began to say his prayers, the prayers that come so easily to the lips of an Irish peasant—hurried, incoherent, urgent prayers, with promises in between. If God helped him, if God saved him, never again would the drink safe, he stood under the bell and executed a wild dance of joy.

Then he thrust the keys into his breast and hugged them as the dearest treasure on earth. He went down the tower steps at a headlong pace, as if some one was hard on his footsteps, and when he had got out into the frosty church yard he ran, leaping over tombetones and dashing through the lych-gate as if the Wild Huntsman were after him.

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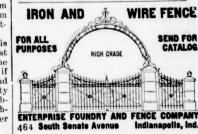
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The village hearths were beginning to smoke, but Michael met no one. His door was on the latch. He lifted it and went in. The fire was gone to gray ashes; the fire was guttering smokily; and there sat Judy with her apron over her head, rocking herself to and fro with inarticulate murmurs of grief.

Michael made about two steps to her, flung himself down by her and laid his head on her knees. Judy uttered a shriek and then clasped the head in a wild embrace. There, I think, we may leave them.

Judy as well as Michael had made vows during that night of terror. Any-how, the reformation of the two was complete. Judy was as cured of her bitter tongue henceforth as Michael of his taste for whiskey. They were a model couple to the whole Glen. It was always noticed of Michael

Pierce afterwards that he had a strange horror of a door being closed on him The sound of a key in a lock, it was said, would turn him pale. Happily, locks and keys are not much in use in the Glen. - Katherine Tynan, in the Catholic Weekly.





does: share in the saving and satisfaction