

The Cure Of St. Michel

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

'The Cure is such a good man, sighed Cormot with surprising feeling in his weak voice. He had done a great deal for me, and without his help I do not know what I could do alone, a poor old man like me.'

An awkward pause followed, in which Jacques Cormot seemed a loss what to say to his visitor. Suddenly his face lighted up as a thought came to him.

'I have known your father a long time, boy,' he said. 'He was always an honest man and I take it you are, too, aren't you? He added with a sudden suspicious inflection in his voice. Then, as if reassured by the frank, open countenance of the young man, he continued in a low, hurried tone; 'I am going to give you something to take back to Pere Justine. Not very much, but you must be careful, for it is money; all that I have. I want him to keep it for me.'

'But why don't you give it to him?' asked Francois in no little surprise. 'Had you not better give it to the banker, M. Rameaux? Pere Justine is scarcely able in these dangerous times to take charge of other people's money.'

'No, I tell you,' insisted the little man. 'I don't trust anybody but him. All the others are robbers. M. Rameaux owns this house and he knows I had that money he would raise the rent. No talk to the priest he is the only one to trust!'

'Well, all right, I'll do as you consented Francois doubtfully. 'But you may regret it, it is almost better to keep it yourself. Are you quite sure?'

'Yes, quite sure,' answered Jacques. 'And here is the purse' Good night, he added hurriedly, as if anxious for Francois to be off. The boy hesitated an instant, then putting the purse in to his belt and bidding a cheery adieu he turned and walked rapidly away.

It was now quite late, too late to step in to see Marie again; but as Francois passed by the house he stopped for a time to gaze up at her window with loving eyes. Several people passed by in the street, but love is blind to more things than one, Francois did not heed their curious glances. Suddenly he was startled from his reverie by the black figure of a man stealing noiselessly around the corner of the house. At the same instant he heard M. Bourdoit's voice loudly calling from within and in a moment Francois was flying in pursuit of the man and out into an open heath. Then as if by magic, he lost sight of him. Francois was bewildered. He looked in every possible direction, but no sign could be found of the mysterious man. Slowly he turned to retrace his route. He heard approaching foot steps. Several figures loomed up in the darkness. Two men grasped him roughly, and as if in a dream he heard one of them say, 'You are under arrest for robbery.' A moment later he heard some one cry 'Search him for arms. Cormot's bag of money. Ah, here it is! He is caught red-handed!' cried another.

In vain Francois protested his innocence. How could he account for the money? To do so he would have to betray the thief, and it was not until the next morning in the village that he learned the identity of the prisoner. His astonishment was intense, but not for one instant did he believe Francois to be guilty. He had known the boy since he was a little tot in the cradle, and never had he done a dishonest or questionable act. That now, when he had just become engaged to Marie, for whom he loved so intensely, he should attempt to rob her father, was too ridiculous a thought to be entertained for a moment. M. Bourdoit's greatest worry was how to break the news to Marie herself, Justice was but a name in those frightful days of disorder. It was not certain that Francois would have a fair trial for many long months. It is finally decided, being a devout Catholic, he might receive little consideration from the judges of the revolutionary party, those to whom God was the worst of enemies. It was not from any doubt of Francois' innocence, but from purely paternal love that he wished to spare Marie the blow of learning her lover's fate. However, she must learn of it very soon, and she might hear it from some far less well-wishing person than himself. Perhaps, after all, it was better to tell her at once. She was a brave girl and would know how to take it all evenly.

Thus reassuring himself, Bourdoit

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, scrofulous or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy forebodings and despondency. I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued the use, and six bottles made me a new man. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured her. Mrs. Thomas Linn, Wallaseburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

opened the front door and entered his house. From the kitchen came the sound of singing. Two voices were joined together in a pretty love duet. One was the clear, high, untripped soprano of a girl, the other a deep, soft contralto. Bourdoit stopped to listen. The words he could not catch, but the melody was one of haunting beauty, its sweet simplicity not its least charm. The father's heart seemed to contract with pain as he listened to the care-free, happy voices, and thought of the sorrow that he must bring to at least one of the unsuspecting singers. Suddenly the song broke off, the kitchen door opened, and Marie, joyful as a lark, came running into her father's arms, and nestling close to him, she hummed over softly the verse of the love song. There was little need of words between father and daughter; they had always understood each other so well. But today Marie seemed to feel a difference, for suddenly she looked up inquiringly into his face.

'What is it, papa?' she murmured. 'You look so sad, so concerned. Nothing has gone wrong, has it?'

'Little girlie,' he answered tenderly, 'I am afraid something has happened. But you must be brave, for I am sure it will end all right. No! Don't say anything yet. Listen and I will tell you all.'

Seating himself on a chair, he drew her down beside him, and putting his arm around her waist he continued slowly, watching with aching heart for the effect his words must produce.

'Marie, you know the thief whom they caught last night, or rather, the one they thought was the thief? Well—now don't be frightened little girl—but they have made a terrible blunder somewhere and—'

'The thief has escaped?' interrupted Marie eagerly, and with a sigh of relief.

'No, dear child, not that, but they have arrested—they have arrested the wrong man by mistake. He could not bring himself to say the boy's name at once.

'Why, whom have they taken? Oh! You don't mean—no! I They can not have—arrested—Francois! She had sprung from her father's lap, and as she uttered the last word she grasped him by the hands, her little face blanched in terror.

Bourdoit could not meet his daughter's gaze, but hung his head low and in a barely audible voice whispered, 'Yes, it is he who has been taken.'

'And you, you let them keep him in jail! You did not have him taken out instantly? Oh, father, how could you let that horrible mistake continue another moment?'

'But, my dear little daughter, what could I do? He is in the hands of a government that knows no longer either mercy or justice. He is known to be a good Christian, and they would like to make an example of him. Marie dear, be brave. We shall do all we can. I shall refuse to prosecute, no matter who the criminal is, and say that I wish the matter dropped, and the prisoner released. But what good will that do with these fiends who are in power? Their anger is at its height because Pere Justine has escaped their vile hands. No, little girl, we must strive our best, we must wait and pray. Yes, let us pray and put our trust in the good God. He will not let such an injustice happen.'

While her father was speaking Marie became more calm, but her face seemed suddenly to grow older.

There is a moment which comes in the life of every woman when she ceases to be a child, a girl, and the glorious womanhood shines forth. Sometimes this moment comes with joy, oft with sadness; sometimes slowly, a gradual budding forth, other times in an instant; and in the latter case it is generally the instinct of the mother to fight for her loved ones, the elemental instinct of woman, which so suddenly calls it forth. So it was with Marie. Her lover, her son's mate, was in trouble, he needed her! Now she was called upon to fight for him, to die for him if need be, and she

thought awakened her. With a face calm but perilous she turned to her father.

'I must go to him now,' she said quietly. 'No, do not object; he needs me now more than ever, and I must go to him. I must show the world, too, the trust I have in him. And, father, you must consent; I am going to do more. I am going to get Pere Justine, and we shall be married! Listen—it will be easy to arrange.'

'But,' interrupted the astonished father, 'you do not know where the Cure is! I have not seen him myself for over two weeks. He was not even able to say Mass last Sunday or he would have let us know.'

'So! Listen,' whispered Marie. 'Francois told me all about it last night. There are only a very few of the people who know where he is, and those are the ones who have been sick, and who have needed his help. You remember Paul Thomas, M. Pelletier's hired man? Well, that was our Cure, but you did not recognize him on account of his beard. Now listen to my plan. What is more natural than that M. Pelletier's hired man should visit Francois in prison, to take him some message from his home? And if, his fiancée, should wish to visit him at the same time, they would only think it a coincidence, and would say nothing. You would be with me, of course, and a few francs to the sub-jailer would arrange the rest. Then we can be married and after that—why, if it becomes necessary, we can fight the whole world—together!'

Bourdoit looked at his daughter with amusement. Was this splendid woman standing before him with flashing, eager eyes and determined mien the little girl he had known, his little girl whom he had cherished so fondly, whom he had, till the present moment, thought a mere child? For a moment he was tempted to forbid her parting her hair and make up her face, to insist on her bearing and glances, to cause the words to die on his lips in utter scorn. Instead he clasped her in his arms, and in a voice choked with untold emotion, he could but murmur proudly, 'My brave Marie! My brave little girl!'

CHAPTER IV

THE GATHERING CLOUDS.

No sleep had come to rest the weary eyes of the prisoner on the first dismal night, and the grayish lights of dawn found him still pacing restlessly up and down the narrow confines of his cell. Through a small, heavily barred window far above him he could barely see a tiny corner of sky. During the night he had listened all watched the ever-shifting stars as they entered and left this framed section of the heavens. For a short time the wan, colorless moon gazed down placidly, contentedly, upon him, but had given place in turn to a deeper darkness than before. After a seeming eternity the day had at last dawned.

A small heap of mouldering straw lay rotting in one corner of the damp cell, and using this as a pillow, Francois threw himself upon the floor and tried to rest, but in vain. His mind was bewildered by the suddenness of what had happened, and try as he would he could not sleep nor rest would come to him. Later he heard the distant sounds of awakening life in the village, but it all seemed as of another world and had no part with him. Once the sub-jailer thrust a small loaf of wormeaten, stale bread and a tin cup of water through a hole in the iron door. The bread he could not touch, but the water he swallowed eagerly, as his throat had become intense.

BRONCHITIS

Was So Choked Up She Could Hardly Breathe.

Bronchitis is an acute inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the air tubes of the lungs, and should never be neglected, for if it is very often the disease becomes chronic, and then it is only a short step to consumption.

On the first sign of bronchitis Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be taken, and thus prevent it becoming chronic.

Dr. John D. MacDonald, College Grant, N.S., writes: "My little girl, seven years old, caught a bad cold which developed into bronchitis. She was so choked up she could hardly breathe. I tried several other remedies, but Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle, and with such good results that I got another which completely cured her. I cannot say too much in its praise, and would not be without it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pins press the trade mark; price, 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Cardinal Manning visited a Liverpool convent where an Irishwoman was cook. She begged his blessing, and when it was given, looked up at his frail figure, and exclaimed, 'May the Lord preserve your eminence, and, oh, may he forgive your cook.'

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT myself as well as prescribed to my patients elsewhere. A liniment was required and have never failed to get the desired effect.

C. A. King, M. D.

These scales, said a druggist, 'are adjusted so nicely that you can tell with them the difference between the weight of a light hair and a dark hair.'

Which hair weighs the less? The light hair weighs less, of course,' said the druggist, and he roared with laughter.

Minard's Liniment cures neuralgia.

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

How do you pronounce the last syllable of that word butterine? asked the customer.

'The last syllable is silent,' stiffly replied the tradesman.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes: "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

'What're ye coming' home with your milk pail empty for?' demanded the farmer. 'Didn't it old cow give any thing?'

'Yep,' replied his chore boy; 'nine quarts and one kick!'

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. says: "It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

'Tell me where is fancy bred,' said her poetic lover.

'Let's try for it at some good restaurant,' replied the girl of the period, banterly.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

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Princo Edward Island Railway.

Commencing March 28th, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Trains Outward, Trains Inward, Read Down, Read Up, Stations, and times.

Table with columns: Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, Sun, and times.

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Necklets 75c. up

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Clean, true to name, heavy, grown from Registered Seed.

Every Farmer should get a bag or two for new seed (3 bushels in bag.)

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Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring an image of a man carrying a large fish on his back.