IBER 2, 1905. udging one another,

buggy and drove out through the mud to Pierre's place. They heard the wagon stop at the gate, and went out

"I am dying. God's sake, be quick!"
They helped him to the house, and he immediately went into a convulsion From this he passed into a raging fever

haste to town for a dector.

The doctor's opinion was evidently

ten drops of this in water every hour. One of these powders if he becomes violent. One of you must stay with him all the time. Only one, you under-

yet more grave. He examined the patient carefully. Then he turned to who had acted as nurse.

Jean who had acted as nurse.

"I thought so," said he; "you must all be vaccinated immediately. There is still time I hope. But what to do with this gentleman, God knows. We

arms, they discussed the situation, excitedly and with desperation. Jean was the first to stop chattering and be-

end and put up a stove."

"Good!" said the doctor. "But some one to take care of him? It will be a lorg job, and a bad one."

" it is my place. This gentleman cannot be left to die in the road. Le bon Dieu did not send him here for that. The head of the family "-here he stopped a moment and looked at Pierre, who was silent-" must take the heavy end of the job, and I am ready for it."
"Good!" said the doctor again. But Alma was crying in the corner of

Four weeks, five weeks, six weeks the tender mist of foliage spread over The bluebirds came back, fluting love-songs; and the robins, carolling ballads of joy; and the blackbirds, creaking

Pierre kept the cabane well supplied with provisions, leaving them just in-side of the gate. But with the milk it was necessary to be a little careful; so of trailing arbutus—once it was a little bit of blue ribbon, tied in a certain square knot—so perhaps you know that sign too? That did Jean's heart good

But what kind of conversation was there in the cabané when the sick man's delirium had passed away and he knew what had happened to him? Not much at first, for the man was too weak. After he began to get stronger, he was think ing a great deal, fighting with himself. In the end he cane out pretty well—for a lawyer of his kind. Perhaps he was desirous to leave the man whom he had from death, some fragment, as much as possible, of the dream that brightened his life. Perhaps he was only anxious to save as much as he could of his own reputation. At all events, this is what he did.

He told Jean a long story, part truth,

part lie, about his investigations. The estate and the title were in the family; that was certain. Jean was the protable heir, if there was any heir; that trouble with the whole affair was this.

A law made in the days of Napoleon limited the time for which an estate could remain unclaimed. A certain number of years, and then the government took everything. That pumber ing Voila, a drait on Montreal, a \$160 as good as gold! And beside that, there was the incalculable debt for this there was the incalculable debt for this great kindness to a sick man, for which he would always be M. de la Motte's

gratitude. Jean was somewhat moved.
His castle was in ruins. But he remained noble—by the old law; that

gate. There Alma met him with both hands. His eyes embraced her. The air of June was radiant about them. The fragrance of the woods breathed itself over the broad valley. A song sparrow poured his heart out from a blossoming lilac. The world was large, blossoming lilac. The world was large, and free, and very good. And between

the lovers there was nothing but little gate.

"I understand," said the doctor. smiling, as he tightened up the reins, "I understand that there is a title in your family, M. de la Motte, in effec

that you are a marquis?"
"It is true," said Jean, turning his head, "at least so I think." " So do I," said the doctor. " But you had better go in, Monsieur le Marquis-you keep Madame la Marquise waiting."

JUDITH'S DISCOVERY.

LOVE'S VICISSITUDES IN THE DARK DAYS OF TYBURN.

> BY MAGD ALENE ROCK. CHAPTER I.

In one of the stuffy, illventilated rooms of a common hostel situated not far from the Tower, a lady sat waiting one day in the reign of Elizabeth. She was a remarkably handsome woman, of perhaps twenty seven or twenty eight years of age, but a certain look of mockery and scorn in her dark eyes, and a certain hardness in the expression of her well-shaped mouth detracte from the beauty of her appearance. That she was impatiently waiting the coming of some person was indicated by the restless tapping of her foot on the earthen floor. Suddenly she drew a from her breast and read it

" My good friend," the note ran, "if thou caust meet me at the place thou knowest of on to morrow at noon, I could fain have speech with thee over

important matters.
"ANN, ARUNDEL AND SURREY." "Ann, Arondel and Surrey."
"The Countess of Arundel should keep to the hour of her appointments then," Judith Blount said, rising to her feet. "It is long gone high noon."
Even as ste spoke the door of the

om opened and a tall, majestic woman entered. She was plain y clothed, but Judith made her a low, if somewhat dis dainful, obeisance.
"I must e'en crave your pardon

Mistress Judith," the lady said, and Judith noticed that her tones trembled, and that the hand that undid the fasten ings of the cloak she were shook as if with ague, and her reply was more courteous than it might otherwise have

been. "Nay, your ladyship, it mattereth

nought."
"I had a strange adventure on the way," the Countess said, slowly and painfully. "I came part of the journey afoot, fearing to attract attention, and I met a procession on its way to the Tower." "That is not a thing to marvel at,"

and Mistress Blount laughed.
"It may not be, but it was horrid, "It may not be, but it was norrid," the lady pressed her hards together. "It was a poor Catholic gentleman suffering for his faith. I would fain have learned his name, but though the soldier in charge was not unwilling I was pushed aside by the

mob."
"Better so," Judith Blount said sharply, "I trow the Queen hath matter enough against thee already."

ter enough against thee already." Her listerer smiled saily, and shook

"She thinks so, it may be."

Judith shrugged her shoulders and

But to business, my Lady Arun-

"Thou remindest me well, Mistress Judith. And, indeed, I have made thee tarry unduly. But, tell me, is there not a priest named Bennet imprisoned in the Tower?"

Judith laughed shortly. "Nay I keep not count of the numbers that come and go," she said,

evasively.
"But there is. I have been informed of the fact." The Countess lowered her voice. "Judith, my lord must have speech with him."
"Must he, then?" Judith Blount

questioned.
"Aye, he must have shrift; for it were vain to deny that any day may see his death warrant signed."

Judith stood silent.

"Nay, Judith, I prithee, think. He is a Catholic, and deprived of what he values most on earth, the chance of receiving the sacraments. Thou canst aid him and me if thou wilt."
"But why should I? I am no Pap-

"I know that full well, Judith. Bu est thou believe in the new faith?"
"Marry, then, not I! The years are but few since its birth in the land, and yet how many changes it hath under gone. The head of the Church of to day, good lack, puts to the torture and gibbet them who believe as her royal tather (who also claimed religious and

father (who also claimed religions supremacy) would have had them believe."

"But, then, why—?" The Countess of Arundel hesitated.

"Why am I not with you?" Judith laughed bitterly, "Ah, well, perhaps. I care too much for this world and too little for the next, or, peradventure, I have met with some of your faith, my lady, who behaved as badly as any pursuivant could."

suivant could. "I doubt it not. But, Judith, I see thou hast a story. With thou not tell it to me? It may ease thy mind, and bring thee comfort. And thou hast brought me comfort oft."

"Have I?" Something of the harsh ness left Judith Blount's voice. Over her, as over many others, the wife of the imprisoned Earl of Arundel had a

the imprisoned Earl of Arundel had a powerful ascendancy.

"Aye, in truth But sit down here, beside me, and tell me why thou speakest of Catholics in such fashion."

Judith hesitated only for an instant.

"My tale is, I misdoubt not, a common one. Tis but the story of a man's faithlespees."

ithlessness."

faithlessness."

The Countess pressed her companion's hand, and Judith added;

"We were brought up together, High Daves and I, and it was early settled that we were to wed. The Blounts'—bitterly—"ever knew how because that the the provers that Blounts'—bitterly—" ever knew how to keep friends with the powers that be, and had, on Mary's death, changed their religion. Sir Thomas Daves, Hugh's father, on the other hand, was a most determined recusant. Yet this was to prove no obstacle to our union. "Well, within one week of the day appointed for our union Hugh left his

Some evil may have befallen him.' "Not so," Judith made haste to nswer. "Teuly for a time I feared so

Well?" her companion asked, as

"Well," Judith laughed bitterly "he was, in Will Shakespeare's words, but inconstant ever." Tis said he went to not?" France to escape some threatened danger, for he was hold of speech, verily. Now, he is married to some waiting woman of the Duchess of Guise."

should not doubt."
"But these are strange and evil days, Judith. Some one may have mis-

said.

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the elder lady spoke:

"And hast no other wooers, Judith?"

my father favors one not a little. This man I like or trust not. His name is Congrove.'

was broken by Judith.

Nay, dear lady, hurry not. Nay, dear last, intry liot the those in our service who are faithful to me, howbeit I say or do. One good wench, Rose Lathorn, is as expedient in resources as true to me. She would never allow my father to suspect where I am. Nay, look not concerned, she is of thy own faith. No ", what wouldst thou have me do?"

risk thereby, and, also, the necessary Caurch requisites for the celebration of Holy Mass. Canst thou do so?"

Easily. Rose Lathorn will assist I have sole management of house. hold affairs.

"She is dead."
"Poor girl! Mine own mother died
ere I was a dozen years of age," the
Countess said, sympathetically, and she

ble to allow others of the Catholic prisoners the ineffable happiness of assisting at Mass.

Judith's softer mood had changed.

"It would be over daring, your ladyship; and, so far, I have no love for

yet the happiness for them—"
"Content thee, lady, with what I

I know, I know! I must for aye be thy debtor, Judith; but God will

repay thee." Judith laughed and made her adieu. At the door of the room she turned to

A chair is in waiting, I Then Judith drew the hood of the trow, already."

cloak she wore over her face, and hastened into the narrow street. From thence she sped onward quickly by un frequented ways till the Tower was eached. When she was safe in her own apartment she stood for some min-

much," she said, half aloud; "and yet it might be managed with Rose's help." She laughed. "Waat a pair of plot-ters Rose and I be."

CHAPTER II.

Years came and went from the day on which Pailip Howard's wife and Sir Michael Blount's daughter met and parted in the old hosteley near London Tower, and many events had stirred men's minds. The Earl of Arundel had died of slow poisoning, without ever looking on his wife or children. The poet priest, who had been for a time his died of slow pois hundreds of others, at Tyburn. land was sick with horror, and still the laid was sick with norror, and still the blood of her bravest and best watered the land. The Countess of Arundel in her quiet home occupied herself in educating her children, and in works of charity. She had learned much of her cuarity. She had learned much of her husband's last hours—of his temptations to forget his faith, of his forbitude, his his choorfulness.

to torget his taith, or his fortitude, his patience and his cheerfulness.

As she stood one day in a room of the castle dispensing the various salves and samples she had acquired much skill in compounding, a waiting-maid sought had side.

her side.
.. There is one, a lady and a stranger, craving an interview with your lady ship." the maid said in a lowered voice. ship." the maid said in o. "The Count-

ess asked.
"Nay. She said she but wished to

one of the windows gazing forth on the their gladdest lays in them, and the yellow daffodils tossed their saucy heads

from the Countess' lips, and she held

from the Countess' lips, and she held forth her hands.

"Yes, indeed," Judith Blount returned. "Idid not think thou wouldst know me."

"Yet I knew thee, and at once. True, it is thou art altered," the Countess said, looking sadly into the pallid face that showed signs of much suffering, "and thy hair, Judith, it is streaked with grey."

"And little wonder," Judith commented.

mented.

"But sit thee down, Judith, and lay thy wrappings aside. Thou must for long be a welcome guest at Arundel."

tives and friends.

Mr. Ne vton is one of the most prominent lawyers in San Antonio, and formerly filled the position of assistant

Judith took the proffered seat, but

shook her head.

"It may not be; though truth to tell
I would fain abide in such a sweet spot. But I am on my way to France."
To France!"

"Aye, there, with God's help, to join a holy Sisterhood."
"You! You, Judith, a nun!"

Judith Blount smiled slightly. It amazeth your ladyship, does it

" For a surety. Yet I ever knew. Judith, thou wert one with us."

"Ah, well perchance, though art right I know how deep I sor owed for

your sorrow. ,, The Countess pressed her compan ion's hand, and turned her head inside. After a few moments she spoke. "But, Judith, tell me of thyself."

Judith inquired, and her con panion inclined her head. "The wilt doubtlessly, also, recall thy meeting with a prisoner on his way to th

"I do fall well. " "When I reached home I sat about "When I reached home I sat about devising means for the dear lord to have the joy of Mass. It was not a difficult task. A more difficult one was to get the other Catholic prisoners a chance of enjoying the same privilege. The same is constructed to the same of enjoying the same privilege. The same of enjoying the same priv

'It seems he never had been France. He had been arrested for his defence of a poor missionary priest, who was the butt of a group of village who was the butt of a group of viriage boys, and thrown into some remote prison where he had been removed to a cas the near Ely, and thence to London. Some relative of his coveted his heritage, and that same relative had powerful friends of court, so poor Hugh erful friends of court, so poor Hugh had no chance of redress. His tongue had ever been a quick and imprudent one, and made him many enemies, and though I tried all my friends for aid for him I was unable to obtain any." "Well?" the Countess of Arundel

asked; but it was some time ere she was answered.

'It is only one of many such stories," Judith said at length, with a tremor in her voice. "A fortnight

tremor in her voice. "A fortnight after he was lodged in the Tower he died at Tyburn."

"h, poor Judith!"

"At least I was able to secure him every spiritual comfort. Do you know that he often knelt by your good lord's side in those days?"

"Nay, my news was, perhaps, meagre."

"He did then, often and often, and Southwell of holy memory."

The Countess marmured a prayer.

"Then it was I announced my tion of living a Catholic. My father was furious. Sometimes I think he had always known of Hugh's where abouts. I told you there was a suitor he favored greatly; and when I persisted in my refusal to marry this man I was sent to an aunt, who kept me aclosed within the walls of her house was never allowed outside, never allowed to see or speak to a Doubtless, I should still abide in Con-gleston Priory—for so her home is named-but for Rose Lathorn. discovered my place of destination and succeeded in obtaining a servant's place in the household, and it was not ong after till I was free."

"And now?" "And now I am on my way to France under another name. Nay, thou shalt not know it now, lest inquiries be made. Rose is not far distant. There is a vessel lying off the Sussex coast Tomorrow night, should swaiting us. Tomorrow night, should the wind be fair, we will look our last on Eagland. We, Rose and I, are sup

posed by my relatives to have flown northward." "And hast thou no regrets, Judith? Nay, not one.

"For leaving England and home?"
Nay, not one. But, for a surety, many for misspent years."
There was a long silence, and Judith

rose to depart.

'Nay, good Judith, not without refreshment. How remiss I be!" the

Countess cried.
I have need of none and time presses. But I would fain thank you for the task you set me when last we met. But for that I might never have looked on Hugh Dave's face, never have been as I am, a sad, unworthy, but, God helping, a faithful Catholic."

The Countess of Arundel was weeping.

And now, farewell, noble lady. God lighten, or rather God give you strength in your trials ; And I crave

your good prayers."
"I will be thy beads woman for many a night to be," the Countess said, and then the two women parted with many

tears and caresses.

Once, and only once, the Countess of Arundel heard from her friend. Her letter was written on the eve of her profession as a nun in a convent on the Belgian frontier, and spoke only of her happiness and peace. Later, a rumor reached her of her early death. An English lady who had stopped for a night with the Sisters of the convenhad asked who slept in a new made grave in the chapel grounds, and had been told it was a newly-professed nun named Sister Mary Joseph, and that her father at one time had been the Lieutenant of London Tower.

St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, Texas, was the scene some days ago of a most interesting and edifying cere-mony when Mr. Thompkins J. Newton of that city, his wife and their three children were all solemnly having children were all solemnly baptized and received into the communion of the Catholic Church. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Fr. performed by the Very Rev. Fr. Antonio, O. M. I., Superior of the San Antonio Theological Seminary, in the presence of a select gathering of relatives and friends.

Mr. Newton is one of the most

city attorney. He and Mrs. Newton were first led to study the claims of the He and Mrs. Newton Catholic Church through experiencing the pious and devoted care of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word a Santa Rosa Infrary during an illness of Mrs. Newton. Upon investigation they decided to place themselves and their children under instruction, with the happy result above announced.

trouble and soften them by prayer and a sense of your shortcomings and terrors.

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CONSTIPATION CLP C. SAN IN COLOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE SAMPLES O

good many clients in differ-if the country,—temporary course—and it occurred to ne might as well extract from Pierre Lamotte dit before going on a longer before going on a longer a his way down from Monpped in several small towns beds of various quality. of the little deities (the one es over unclean villages;

vere standing by the per end of the long e canaille!" shouted

e gang!" responded g-handled frying pans, wavered, turned, and er-skelter they fled, The lamp was smashed. arose,—as if Sir Gala-ivale were once more through the castle of fell upon the multi-ried aloud grievously

mightily in the darkwith great joy. arrow for the flight. hid beneath the table. exposing a broad and to the pursuers. Here if the conflict were de

narquis !" cried Jean,

erack like the blow of a on he dives. own together on the sill or, and laughed until wn their cheeks. said Jean. "That was t time. It is from the

trong paddles are made And after that there between the two men ave been cut with the III. NG WHICH IS ALSO A

ing back to St. Gedeon

e return of the lawyer, d out. Several of the

use their own indiscre-ing the pieces on the fe, interfered with it. fe, interfered with it. neddle was that highly no respect for rank or es all his attention for amp on the St. Marrice ers for a short g house on a high bank , a couple of miles from wife and an armful of

wondered at what hap like a deer, face like a to like the 'D' string he was the picture of irl on whole Comte, an' jus

assurance that the race de la Luciere should not

so a little sister in-law, If you had seen her you

side of the ocean.

hair, and cheek rosee dat's mense on de fall: ach,—not of dat kin'—I can't me at all." an plunged into love. It dual approach, like glid-both stream. It was not it, like running a lively a veritable plunge, like had happened to him at knew very scon what to

to Lake St. John was a more convenient season had melted and the ice ip—probably the lawyer ke his visit before that. sconer, he would come e wanted his money, that Besides, what was more He had promised to do ents, they would wait at

ents, they would wait at for a while. sek Jean told Alma that rettiest girl he had ever ssed her head and exriction that he was joking. I that he was in the habit same thing to every girl. week he made a long wooing. He took her out the last remnart of the hin and bumpy—and uti-sion to put his arm around She cried "Laisse moi ght he must be out of his

ng Saturday afternoon he behind her in the stable nilking the cow, and bent egan to cry, and said he unfair advantage, while re busy. Sae hated him. en," said he, still holding culders, "if you hate me, ome to morrow." She

forward so that he

nape of her neck with the rils of brown hair around it. e said, "but Jean,—do for sure?" the path was level, easy, nickly travelled. On Sun-on the priest was notified ices would be needed for a te first week in May. sent was genial and hilariarriage suited him exactly.

Tamily alliance. It made move smooth and certain. y would be kept together. been heard from. One of ad special charge of what the soul of the dealer in

states, put it into his head ree Rivers first, instead of

decidedly a false god, but sufficiently powerful) arranged a surprise for the travelling lawyer. It came out at

hree Rivers. He arrived about nightfail, and slept at the hotel, feeling curiously depressed. at the note; teeling carlously depressed.
The next morning he was worse; but
he was a resolute and industrious dog,
after his own fashion. So he hired a

to see who it was.

The man was hardly recognizable:
face pale, lips blue, eyes dull, teeth

ttering. Get me out of this," he muttered. Pierre took the buggy and drove post-

serious, but his remarks were non com Keep him in this room. Give him

stand. The rest keep away. I will come back in the morning."
In the morning the doctor's face was

can't send him back to the town. He bas the small-pox."
That was a pretty prelude to a wedding festival. They were all their wit's end. While the doctor scratched their

Tiere is that old cabane of Poulin's up the road. It is empty these three years. But there is a good spring of water. One could patch the roof at one

lorg job, and a bad one."
I am going to do that," said Jean;

vigil in the cabane lasted. The last patches of snow disappeared from the elds one night, as if winter had picked up its rags and vanished. The willows along the brook turned yellow; the grass greened around the spring. Scar-let buds flamed on the swamp maples. the woodlands. The choke cherries burst into a glory of white blossoms.

the can was kept in a place by itself, under the out of door oven, in the shade.

And beside this can Jean would find, every day, something particular — a blossom of the red geranium that bloomed in the farmhouse window, a piece of cake with plums in it, a bunch

deceived, and who had nursed him back

that was almost sure. The part about Pierre had been a-well, a mistake. But the ment took everything. That number of years had just passed. By the old law Jean was probably a marquis with a castle. By the new law?—Frankly, he could not advise a client to incur any more expense. In fact, he intended to return the amount already paid. A hundred and ten dollars, was it not? Yes, and \$50 for the six weeks of nurs

grateful debtor!

The lawyer's pock-marked face—the scars still red and angry—lit up with a curious mixed light of shrewdness and

was something!

A few days later the doctor pronounced it safe to move the patient.
He came with a carriage to fetch him.
Jean, well fumigated and dressed in a new suit of clothes, walked down the read beside them to the farm house There Alma met him with both

house, and has never sent word or mes-

and had many inquiries made, and to no

she paused. "Well," Judith laughed bitterly "he

"Hast thou certainty of that?"
Judith paused a moment before replying. "I have heard it from those I

informed you, and, it may be with in-tention," the Counters of Ardunel I think not," Judith spoke slowly, ' I think not."

"They be more numerous than wel-come," Judith said carelessly, "albeit,

"Oh, forgive me, dear Judith, for give me, nor will I detain thee much ionger," the Countess cried contribely.

"Simply to convey Father Bennet to my lord's chamber, if so you run no

"Your mother?"
"She is dead."

rose and began to fasten her cloak. Suddenly she paused: "But, Judith, would it not be possi-

martyrdom, nor yet imprisonment.' The Countess sighed.
"Thou sayest truly it would be; and

say: "Thou wilt not return to thy house

utes in thought.
"The Countess of Arundel asks over

ellow-prisoner, had shed his blood, with

"Nay. She said she but what to see the Countess of Arundel."
That lady hastened to the apartment into which the stranger had been shown. She was standing by beauties of the park, for it was spring, and the boughs were clothed as with filmy green mist. Many birds sang

over the green sward. As the Count ess advanced into the room the lady turned from the window.
" Judith!" broke in a sudden cry

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