

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

OWED AND PAID.

By EMMA C. STREET.

(Continued from last week.)

Early as it was, many of the colonists of Villenarie were up and about when, in response to his demand, the wicket in the great gate was opened for his muscular and he gazed curiously at a French soldier into one of the strong log buildings that formed part of the fort.

"Now then, my friend," he said somewhat sharply to the soldier, "I wish to see the commandant, and at once. Do you understand?"

"Oh yes," Monsieur has business of importance, is it not?" ventured the man. "There was an air of repressed impatience about the hunter that made him feel as though something serious was about to take place."

"Of the utmost importance," answered the hunter, with an inflection in his voice that made the soldier leave the room without venturing upon further enquiry.

The young Frenchman walked up and down the room in a fever of impatience, forgetting his fatigue in his anxiety for the fate of the prisoners in the hands of the relentless Iroquois. He calculated that by this time they would have renewed their journey towards the Mohawk towns, and he knew that if they were not overtaken before they reached them the doom of the unhappy captives would be sealed.

A few moments passed, and then the door opened again and a young man in the uniform of a French officer advanced into the room. The hunter took a step forward to meet him and then came to an abrupt halt, his eyes fixed upon the new comer and his face expressing a mixture of astonishment and chagrin, that was immediately succeeded by a look of rigid pride. He drew back a pace and folded his arms across his chest, his whole attitude expressive of defiance. As it happened, his back was turned to one of the loopholes that allowed the first rays of the sun to struggle into the room, and the officer had advanced to within a few paces of where he stood before he got a good look at the hunter's face. When he at last did so, he came to a full stop and stared at him incredulously. "De Courville?" he gasped rather than uttered. "Charles de Courville. Is it possible?"

The hunter executed a bow that would have done credit to the court of Louis XIV, and answered with severe politeness. "Monsieur Godefroy; this is a most unexpected happiness."

"Pout?" ejaculated the young officer, recovering from his astonishment and grasping the unwilling hands of the hunter in both his own. "Is this thus you would greet me after a parting of six years? Monsieur Godefroy, he went on, mimicking the accent of his companion so drolly that the latter was forced to smile. "But we have come to the wilderness to learn etiquette."

"You forget what drove me to the wilderness, Auguste," answered de Courville, with a sharp contraction of the brows and withdrawing his hands from his friend's.

"Not I," was the ready answer. "It was the lying tongue of your cousin Du Chesneau. Post take him."

"Then you do not believe—" began the other eagerly, "that you were guilty?"

"Not for a moment. My suspicions rather ran in the direction of—, but there— Let us speak of something else. How did you get here?"

The question recalled de Courville to the business on hand, and he asked hurriedly if a party had left the fort on the previous afternoon on route for Three Rivers or Quebec.

"Yes," was the reply. "Two bateaux with a party of thirty started for Three Rivers yesterday. Why?"

"Then it is as I feared," cried de Courville. "They have been attacked by Indians and all I fear, murdered, with the exception of four who were taken prisoners. Listen to me. He recounted his adventures, and when he concluded Godefroy shook his head sorrowfully. "God help us," he said sadly, "we are but a handful in the midst of thousands of savages, and every day some of our number are murdered or carried off. This is a most serious loss to the whole colony and steps must be taken to punish the wretches who dare to fall upon our people as the Iroquois do. Monsieur de Maisonneuve will be here presently and he will advise us."

Even as he spoke the door was opened and a man entered the room whom de Courville instinctively knew to be the famous founder of Villenarie, though he had never before met him. The soldierly figure, the gallant air, the noble face with its crown of grey hair, could belong to none but him whose name was great amongst Hurons and Iroquois, and whose name had echoed from the cliffs of Quebec to the wild shores of Lake Superior.

Godefroy assumed an attentive attitude and saluted de Maisonneuve respectfully, his companion following his example.

"Good morning, Monsieur Godefroy," said the Governor, returning the salutation with a grave courtesy that included a recognition of the hunter's presence.

"Permit me, monsieur, to introduce," began Godefroy, "a *courrier-bois* who brings bad tidings," interpolated de Courville, with an adroitness that precluded any appearance of rudeness on his part.

"Bad tidings?" echoed de Maisonneuve, questioningly, turning his keen dark eyes upon the hunter.

"Unfortunately, yes," said de Courville, and he proceeded to relate what he had already told Godefroy.

De Maisonneuve's face expressed grief and indignation during the recital, and when it was concluded he said, with energy: "This outrage must not go unpunished; I shall at once organize a party to follow in pursuit. In the meantime, monsieur, you shall permit Lieutenant Godefroy to offer you some refreshment. You must feel very much fatigued after the exertions for which we owe you so great a debt of gratitude."

"The obligation is mine, monsieur. I am honored in having been of service to Villenarie." The hunter's manner was every whit as stately as the Governor's,

and a smile flitted across Godefroy's lips at the look of surprise that the latter could not help casting upon de Courville. The dress and manner of the woodsman were so much at variance with each other, that it is little wonder the governor was puzzled and should seek an explanation by courteously asking to be favored with his name.

De Courville looked embarrassed and answered a little abruptly that his name was of no consequence, but if Monsieur de Maisonneuve desired, he might call him Charles.

"Monsieur Charles be it then," said the governor, with ready tact. "And now, gentlemen, farewell for the present, I shall summon you within the hour, when, I trust, the expedition will be in readiness to set out."

De Maisonneuve withdrew and when the door had closed behind him Godefroy thrust his arm through the hunter's and said, "Come, let us see what we can find for breakfast. You must be famished."

De Courville admitted that he was, and the two left the room together and passed through a corridor lighted by narrow loopholes cut in the thick logs until they came to a door which Godefroy opened.

"Welcome to the chateau, Godefroy," he cried gaily, leading the way into a small chamber with a low ceiling, roughly plastered walls, and two small prison-like windows through which the morning sun danced in long golden shafts. A wooden bedstead occupied one corner, and a table and two chairs graced the middle of the roughly planed floor, all plainly articles of colonial manufacture, quite guiltless of paint, but warranted to stand hard usage. A shelf and a row of pegs broke the monotony of one wall, and on these were disposed such articles of ornament and personal belongings as were indispensable to the owner of the room.

"My faith, but you're not luxurious, friend Godefroy," exclaimed de Courville, looking about him with a smile of amusement. "Rather different this to the original chateau, eh?"

Godefroy shrugged his shoulders. "What will you?" he said carelessly. "Silk curtains and velvet carpets do not grow yet upon the soil of Canada. I do not miss them."

"Primitive surroundings produce primitive virtues, as I have learned. For example—I can make a better meal now than I ever did in la belle France in the olden days." As he spoke, de Courville was scanning the room inquisitively as though in search of something. Failing to find it, he turned to his friend and continued, "But there, enough of philosophy for the present; you must have much to tell me of old friends, and first, how is madame, your wife? Of course you are married? You were on the brink of it when I left France?"

A shadow fell upon Godefroy's face and he shook his head. "No, Charles," he answered sadly. "I am not married, and never will be. Yvonne is dead."

"Forgive me! I did not know," cried the other in distress, inwardly anathematizing himself for his stupidity.

"There is nothing to forgive. It was impossible that you should know. Mademoiselle St. Helier died very suddenly on the eve of our wedding day, and—well, I am here. You will forgive me if I speak very briefly of her. I cannot bear it yet, though it is so long ago." He broke off abruptly and walked to one of the windows where he stood gazing out with pain-dimmed eyes for a few moments.

De Courville had tact and sympathy enough to remain silent, and presently Godefroy came back to him with composed features and said quietly: "Enough about my affairs just now. I shall order breakfast, and while we are discussing it, you will tell me how you have fared during the past six years." He walked to the door as he spoke, and opening it called "Francis, Francis."

"Coming, Monsieur," answered a voice in the distance, and presently there entered a dapper little Frenchman attired in a blue cotton blouse and with a red cap on his head.

"Breakfast, Francis, and as quickly as you can," ordered Godefroy. Francis looked at the hunter, grimed, bowed and departed, reappearing after a few moments with a tray upon which was arranged a substantial breakfast. He placed it on the table and went away, and Godefroy and his friend sat down.

When the sharp edge had been taken off their appetites the former said: "Now, Charles, I am waiting to hear all about your escape and subsequent proceedings. Begin at the beginning and tell me everything. I have a surprise for you that I will administer afterwards."

"As you know, Auguste," began de Courville, plunging into his subject abruptly, "I was tried for the murder of my uncle and found guilty. I will not stop now to protest my innocence, of which you have already assured me you are convinced. Suffice it to say that my conviction was due to the evidence of my beloved kinsman, Leonce Du Chesneau; a fact I shall not be apt to forget if fate ever places him in my power," he spoke with such concentrated bitterness that Godefroy looked at him in amazement. He had not thought that his friend cherished the hope of revenge, great as had been his injuries. The vindictive tone was a revelation and it troubled him, for a reason that will appear later.

De Courville saw the look and resumed with more composure. "I escaped from prison by the aid of one of the gaolers whose father was an old servant of our family. He procured a disguise for me and I made my way to Dieppe, took passage with a shipload of colonists bound for Quebec, and landed upon the shores of Canada a nameless outcast, but safe at least from a disgraceful undeserved death. I stayed only a short time at Quebec, in fact only long enough to form a friendship with a Huron Indian named Great Snake. With him I left the settlement and plunged into the wilderness, learning all I could of woodcraft and making myself proficient in the Indian tongue. My design was to cut myself off from all intercourse with even the limited civilization that exists in this savage land. I hated everything and everybody that reminded me of the alteration of my fortunes, and I desired never to look upon the face of a white man again. Even the missionaries that visited the Huron villages I avoided."

After a year or two spent in the society and under the tutelage of my Indian

friend, I thought myself fairly proficient in the lore of the forest and began to go upon expeditions for myself, hunting and trapping game, and once a year entrusting the fruits of my skill to Great Snake to exchange at Quebec for ammunition and other supplies when he went down in the spring with his tribe to barter furs. From that time until four days ago I have not exchanged a word with a white man, and would not be here now were it not that my colored Damon lost his scalp to an enterprising Mohawk about two months ago, in consequence of which I had to make the journey to Quebec myself. It would be a monotonous task to repeat to you even a tithe of the adventures I have met with and the narrow escapes I have had. It is a moot question whether the two-legged or four-legged denizen of the forest is the more dangerous to deal with. For my part I prefer the quadruped. Now, friend Godefroy, you know my history." He had marked his feelings with an air of flippancy while telling his story, but his friend was not deceived. He knew that under that thin surface of carelessness there were deep wounds which were all the harder to bear that they bled in secret and shrank from a healing touch. "If I could only interest him and keep him from drifting back into the wilderness to eat his heart out amongst the savages," he thought. Then aloud he said gaily: "Quite a romance, my dear Charles. Some other time you must give me a few more details; but for the present I repress my curiosity and stand prepared to answer all the questions you may feel inclined to ask about old friends. But you must be quick, half of our hour is gone already." (To be continued.)

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

His Personal Appearance and the Wonders He Wrought.

According to a writer in the Catholic Review the biographers of St. Anthony have handed down to us the following description of his personal appearance. His complexion was very dark, as is generally the case with the Portuguese, he was a little under middle height, and although he appeared to be strong he was of a weakly temperament. His countenance was gracious and pleasant, almost childlike, yet it bore the impress of a sweet gravity. His forehead was broad, his look piercing, his whole face announced very great goodness and kindness. All persons were instinctively drawn towards him, and even those who were unacquainted with him were subdued and won by the bright sanctity which shone forth from his whole being. The wonders which St. Anthony worked during his life, and those which he had worked during the course of the six centuries which have elapsed since his death, are innumerable.

During more than six centuries, Saint Anthony has been invoked throughout the Catholic Church as having the power to find things that are lost. And numerous and striking miracles, which rest on unimpeachable testimony, justify this devotion. "All men know," say the Bollandists, "that Anthony of Padua has been destined by God for the exercise of that power which enables him to restore to their owner things lost by accident or carried off by thieves." In a sermon on Saint Anthony by the pious Polhart of Teneswar, Friar Minor of the Observance, says: "Just as our Lord glorified Saint Anthony in his life time, by giving him the grace to bring back wandering souls, so hath God conferred on him since he has been in Heaven, the privilege of miraculously restoring lost articles to those who have recourse to him." To obtain his grace, it is usual to recite the Rosary in honor of the saint.

Saint Francis of Sales reproved the censurers who found fault with the popular practices of addressing prayers to this Saint for the recovery of lost things. "God," he said, "has shown us that such is His good pleasure, for He has hundreds of times worked miracles by this Saint. Why then should we not believe the evidence of facts?" "Of a truth, sir," he once said to one of these indiscreet critics, "I wish that we too might together make a vow to Saint Anthony for the recovery of that which we lose every day; for you Christian simplicity, and for me the humility which I neglect to practice." Hamon, T. II, p. 389.

May this illustrious Saint deign to find, above all other things, for the Church her past triumphs, for England her faith of old days, and for each one of us that particular path of perfection which grace calls us to follow, that path which our infidelities have caused us to leave. Great Wonders worker, obtain for us thy humility, thy zeal, thy love for Jesus and Mary, and unite us one day with thee in thy glory!—Catholic Columbian.

A GRAND CELEBRATION.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP CAMERON.

HALIFAX, N.S., June 26.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of his Lordship, Bishop Cameron, was celebrated at Antigonish to-day. Elaborate preparations had been made to make the solemnization one of pomp and grandeur, and the affair will long be remembered by the Catholics who participated. Arches were constructed and the cathedral and approaches were beautifully decorated, as was the interior of the diocese church. Seventy priests of the diocese were present besides a noble prelate from other parts of Canada, his Grace, Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, Bishops McDonald, of Charlottetown, Sweeney, of St. John; Hawley, of Newfoundland, and Larocque, of Sherbrooke, Que. St. Ninian's cathedral, which holds nearly 2,000, was packed. Pontifical high Mass was celebrated by Bishop Cameron. Archbishop O'Brien preached an appropriate sermon. Rev. Dr. Guinan, vicar general, on behalf of the clergy of the diocese, presented an address accompanied by a purse of \$2,000, and an address from the laity was accompanied by a purse of \$1,700. To these the recipient responded. To-night his Lordship was entertained at a grand banquet at St. Francis Xavier college.

Nearly everyone needs a good tonic at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true tonic and blood purifier.

SMILES.

Teacher: Can you swim, boy? Boy: Yes, sir. Teacher: Where did you learn? In the water, sir.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

At some parties you spend half the evening in coaxing the people to sing, and the other half in wishing you hadn't.

He: I find it very hard work to collect my thoughts. She: Papa says it is always difficult to recover small amounts.

"I conclude that's a fly," said a young trout. "You are right, my dear," said its mother, "but never jump at conclusions."

"Green tea or black tea, miss?" inquired the shopman in a sort of medico manner. "I don't think it matters," said the girl; "missus is color-blind."

She: I can't help thinking I have seen your portrait in the newspapers somewhere. He: Oh, no doubt; it's often been published. She: Then I am not mistaken. What were you cured of?

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a lawyer. "Yes, sir; a great deal, I thank you. 'Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?' "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

Maclachlan: I suppose you have come again in connection with the diamond pin I thought had been stolen from me. It turns out, after all, that I had left it in my dressing-case. Nym Doyle from Scotland Yard: I deeply regret that fact. Maclachlan: Why? Nym Doyle: Because I have found a clue to the thief.

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Parties having burial lots in above Cemetery, who wish to have them decorated and attended to for the season, would do well to leave their orders with P. McKENNA, & SON, the popular Florists and Landscape Decorators, Cote des Neiges. Telephone 4197.



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