The sleepy little parish in the province of Quebec, seemed, like Rassela's happy valley, shut out from all the world. Beyond the hills, I told myself, mankind knew bitterness, defeated hopes, broken faith, dreams gone astray, but on this hither side such sadness could not come. I glanced half enviously at the peaceful village lying in the sun. I had paused near the rude Calvary on the bank above the noisy stream and I now discovered that a woman was standing at its foot. pocket and turned toward me with the ready smile of her people. I made some comment upon the soft beauty of the day. From where we stood we could see the gleaners at work in the fields, and an occasional snatch of song or burst of laughter was borne to us on the still air.

"It is a spot that knows no sorrow," I said.

My companion, who was not young woman, followed my glance. "It is a happy people," she answered slowly, "like the children, but there is no spot where sorrow comes not, m'sieu', save in the blessed heavens. I've seen heart-break so cruel here the sun has never been so bright since that day."

"Tell me about it." I urged.

She made a gesture of assent and invited me to a seat on the bank. was long ago," she began, after moment's reflection; "so long that if you ask them yonder about M. le cure they'll think you mean the cure who lives by the charch-a very good man-but I don't mean him, I mean the Abbe Moreau-a very good man likewise, save for one sin. Ah! m'sieu', who of us has not one sin and more? The good God sees and I think he is not so hard with us as we are with each other. Mais-I don't know-I am only an old woman.

"Well, nobody can tell you that story like me-nobody knows. But I don't forget, it's all clear as if it was yesterday when it happened. It begins with Narcisse Duplan, the same who killed himself, as m'sieu' has heardno? It was because of Marie his wife-she ran away and left him, and then it was the same as if the sun had gone out of the sky for Narcisse. He grew so dull; where he came the laugh and the song, they vanished like smoke. We were sorry-oh, yes! but your neighbor's sorrow don't make much difference to you after all, m'sieu', it don't last long, and bimeby we forgot. Marie wasn't worth remembering anyhow, and so we told Narcisse, but the winds will heed your voice sooner than will a man who loves. He knows no reason, and poor Narcisse had none at all. So one day there was an end to his sorrow. -he stopped it all with his knife-like this. He left no money, no land, noquestion. Nobody was willing to take her-children were plenty in Beaupre and every year there were more here and the fields and the brookmore coming. Nobody wanted this child -nobody had cared for the mother and maybe the child would grow up like her. Then the cure said to me:

"'Madame Rose, there is no child to make sunshine in your house-let this

little one come in. "And I answered:

"'Pardon, M. le cure, what do l care for Marie Duplan's child? The mother is a bad woman. My husband told me that many times before he died. She made Sylvestre Laroque the same as crazy with love for her, she ruined Jean Prevost's home, she broke her father's heart, and now she's gone away with the Englishman and that poor fool Narcisse is dead. "'S'pose my house is lonely, I can-

not do what you ask. Once there was a little child here that I loved more than all the world-oh! you know M. sound. le cure -and the Lord took her. want no other child in her place, I only want her back again-my arms

are empty without her.'

erous with her gifts.

"So he had to take Margot himself and he carried her all the way to the manse. She wasn't afraid, she just clung to him close; she was about five years old then and not big for her age. Was she pretty? Par exemple! Maybe there were prettier children in the parish, don't than She was better -charm. Beauty is a very nice thing, m'sieu', and the woman that has it is I go. like a careful soldier always well armed, but it is as quick to depart as the rose itself-fire, fever, the years and behold! it is gone. That other stay still the end. Margot's mother had it too, in her low voice and her soft eyes and in the heart that knows no age. If Narcisse Duplan left nothing to his child. Marie was more gen-

twelve years that Margot lived at the that made him very happy. Then let, if you had taken Margot this had manse, but they made some differ- one day, because of his abundance, he not happened!' She said other cruel ence. Not with the cure, but with adopted a small child. She had no things besides, and the rest said them her. She was like her mother, just as father nor mother, and was all alone likewise. fair to look upon. When she passed, in the world. Well, for sure, that all the young men felt their hearts made some difference! Other days tell you. I didn't want to hear their

her-missed her.

for she slipped her rosary into her cause you felt it was like a cloak neath the sin and sorrow he found miles and miles this day. I was in how nice she found the school and how that time. The little child was a When I reached the church I thought:

he showed us the letters besides. I glad when she had gone and he came there was so many people. But it was never saw anything more beautiful back to the manse. It was so lonely. very still; there was no music-noththan those letters, and he seemed so Everywhere he saw her face and he ing! Then I saw my dear M. le cure pleased when I told him that, be- thought he heard her voice. First it standing by the steps of the altar and cause it was he who taught her from was like the voice of a child sing- and I heard every word he said. And the very beginning And he said:

and I didn't want to come back to child!' it, because it was so lonely without | "'So he sorrowed many days; he must wait till my heart went not so

dull, and they were afraid. |Then I | turned his head it wasn't to look far said to them:

would miss his child and M. le cure saw her face there with the shining was the same as her father. And she eyes and the blush of a wild rose in is Margot-nobody could know her her cheeks. It was so he thought of all right, because time will cure him. young girl. Time cures everything. You cut your- "'And one day he looked down and self and no matter if you lose much because the face wasn't really there It's the same with the heart. It to him. He loved her-and he was a tle by little, the edges come together | men love your wives, he loved her as -it gets itself mended. It ain't so you women love your husbands- he

they said I was right and they would ways in his prayers her face would wait patiently until the cure was come-he was only able to ask for one healed. But what do you think? M. | thing. le cure got no better. In all weather he walked as if he wasn't able to keep still. And there was nobody to hear confession. The church stood empty day after day—day after day—and the whole village began to murmur. Then one Sunday, when everybody had gone thing but his little girl Margot, and to church, the doors were shut and a what to do with her was the one great little card was hanging there. Al- | ed a place there—he was not so old, phonse Seguin-he's Baptiste's father, m'sieu', and he's too old to work in the fields now-he took the card and read how there wouldn't be any service he renounced his vowsthat day, Well, for sure, the people

were very angry. "All that week long the cure did just as I've been telling you, but when Sunday came again there was no card himself and looked around at us all. fit. He knew all about my motheron the church doors; they stood open It seemed like an hour, and it was so Good-bye, my children.' quiet I could hear Angele Prevost's

"Then he said, very soft: "'My people-

"There was a little stir among us like the noise you hear when you ing. throw a stone in o the hedge and the more:

cure didn't stop, he just kept on in seemed too great a sin. Bimeby Al- we love them.' that same gentle voice:

many will not be here. Who knows? as he loved them now. Very often in didn't more, for I thought it was only It's like that in this world, and so it | those other times he thought them stuain't all easy to say good-bye. Truly pid and he lost patience with them, say: I sorrowed most to let her go; the but now he was more gentle and he others had their husbands and children just thought of them as children -

a man like other men, I told my- er in the whole world. The priest shrank back then as if I had hurt her, self when I saw how his face grew taught that little child out of the and she cried: white and whiter. He was very good books and her mind was like some to us then, and he smiled just as oft- lovely flower, and she taught him, madame. There was another place, but en as before-only his smile hurt, be- too, so that everywhere he looked be- I cannot go there now, I've walked drawn up over a big sore that you something good and fair. But there trouble, but the more close I came to wanted to heal and were not able. came a day when it all seemed very Beaupre, the more distant seemed my Margot wrote back long letters about dark to him, and I'll tell you about cares, till at last they disappeared. sweet the children were. And she said young girl now and she went away "Everybody is in there-I will go too, there was no spot like Beaupre to teach the children in another vill- there too. They will be glad to see me after all-it was the very heaven of age. He let her go because he thought again. And afterwards I will go to the the world. She loved all the people it was for her happiness, and she was manse, and M. le cure and Ursula-oh! she said she heard its voice all the a ward of the church and the bishop they'll be more than happy to have time and it called, 'Come back- come and others said it was best. He seem- me with them once more." So I crept ed glad, like everybody, because of her into the church; and it seemed like "The cure read it all out to us and good fortune, but he was no more some fete day that I didn't remember, ing "Dors-tu bien" to her doll; then my heart leaped in my breast, and "'She was a good pupil, Madame it grew older and it said the 'rith- then I understood-never mind what. Rose. No man ever had so good a pu- metic tables and spelled the words; I heard the women sob, but I didn't pil. No man in the whole world is then it grew older still and it wasn't weep. Why should I weep? All the prouder of her than I am.' And then so loud, but it was the same voice, and same I stole away; I wanted to be he went away and walked-walked. he heard her say, "Good-night, fath- where I could think. I went along by "I know something how he felt, for er." And when she thought he wouldn't the brook till I came to the Calvary sure. When my little girl died I tell him good-night any more, he put and I waited there in the bushes. couldn't stay in the house; I couldn't his hands up so and he cried, "Oh! was happy-oh! never so happy as then. bear the emptiness and the stillness, my God, I miss my child-I want my I wanted to run to the manse, but some

her. And when I saw the cure al- went into the fields, and everywhere quick. And I thought I'd go in a litways walking in the fields and over she went with him in his mind. He the while and I'd knock very soft on the hills I told myself, 'Voila! the felt her little fingers in his hand, and the study door, but M. le cure would house is empty for him too, poor man.' he heard the patter of her feet running know that knock anywhere. He'd throw "He grew very still, and then the to keep up by his side, and sometimes the door open wide and he'd cry, "It she said good-bye. When she came to smile didn't come so quick to his face he carried her as he used to when she is Margot-enter-hasten!" Just to the end she kissed the paper many -it had disappeared. Sometimes-most was five, or six, or maybe seven years think of that made my heart go fastoften-he'd pass by the men and wo- old. Pretty soon she was able to fast-and I knew it would take too men as if they were but stones, and keep up and very often she would run long for it to grow slow and calm again, pered. he had no word for the children run- far, far ahead and would laugh at but when I would have left my hidingning out to meet him. Well, the peo- him when he didn't catch her. The place some people stopped near me and ple said for excuse he had migraine priest made pictures like that, but I heard them say it was all my fault perhaps, but when there came no bimeby-and this was very strangechange they thought he had the fev- it wasn't any longer the little child that God would never pardon him, and er because his eyes were strange and he thought so much about. When he then they cursed me. Well, I didn't child and that will cure him." down where a little child would stand "'He misses Margot. Any father | -he only looked just so far and he without loving her. Bimeby he'll grow her. It was not the child, it was the

blood the skin comes together again. he groaned out aloud. It was all clear cracks maybe, but little by little, lit- priest of God. He loved her as you good as it was, but it will do! Don't I couldn't live without her. He went know what I speak? Ain't my heart | back to his house, but she wasn't there; cracked-like this very long time, hein? he went out into the fields, but she "The people listened to me, and wasn't there. He couldn't pray -al-

"'Then he knew he wasn't fit to guide his people any more. He kept said: away from the church, he spent long days beneath God's sky and he tried not to think of the happiness that you know, but it was impossible to put that dream aside. He only asked to live a little time in the sun, he wantnot so much more than forty. Then he told himself, "I'll be a priest no longer," and he wrote to the bishop that

"The cure stopped talking and stood very still with his head dropped on his breast; presently he straightened to be with the children; that I wasn't

"'Pray for me,' he said at last, oh! she did much wrong my motherwide and the people-so many people pray for me. I am he that I have and he made up very shameful stories -went through. I never saw so many told you about. I have sent that letter besides, about me and one Antoine -everybody, little and big, was there. -I have forsaken my parish. Soon I Marcel, because I took his flowers and thought. The bishop gave him a long It was very still in the church and go to see Margot and I will say to when he went away forever I wept for penance, he went to the Silent Broth we waited a long time but himshy the ber "Child I cornet live without when he went away forever I wept for penance, he went to the Silent Broth we waited a long time but himshy the we waited a long time, but bimeby the her, "Child, I cannot live without his grief. He loved me, madame, very erhood, and he stayed there many years cure came in. He was all in black and you. I am no longer a priest. I true, that Antoine, but I cared not for they say. He never came to Beaupre his face was so white, and somehow want to marry you. Will you come him either; my heart was here in Beau- again. Perhaps he is dead, perhaps he is dead, perhaps he it didn't seem as large as before. He with me?" And I think—I think— she pre all the while. But the people be- lives—I know not. But he is pardoned, walked to the alter store than he will say yes. I don't know but there walked to the altar steps, then he will say yes. I don't know, but there lieved those stories and they would- that I know. All the people prayed for stood for maybe two—three minutes will say yes Good by my morele n't let me stay. So that is why I him, and the good God heard those stood for maybe two-three minutes. will say yes. Good-bye, my people. come home, and-I-have-no-home! prayers for sure."

"Then he turned and went swiftly here. breath came puff-puff, and she was from us like a shadow; he made no sign 'way behind me, but I knew that of the cross-he didn't seem to see anything. We heard his steps on the ed for the church. stone floor and the door closed to and then there was no more sound in the letter to M. le cure, write it quick

birds fly up scared, then it was still something, hein? But we had no words some one who is young and gay.' again in a moment and he said once and nobody looked at his neighbor. I liked that. Why should we look at our "'My people, it is a long time that I neighbor? S'pose we had thought be- lie. I cannot have my dear cure think have known you all and you are very cause the cure stood so near God with me like that. I love him as he loves dear to my heart, and maybe when I our sins he was different from us- me." tell you good-bye you will feel sorry that only showed our ignorance. He "'There is no other way to save him as I do. For I come this morning not was no more than a man and we like her mother for nothing. phonse Seguin went out on tiptoe and "She stood still and warred with "'It makes it easier if I tell you a then Jules Perrot went too, and aft- herself, and once she almost fell, so I story, because we are the same as the er that every one of us till we all pushed her into a chair by the table, children, we all like stories. Very stood in the sunshine. Truly it was then finally she said: well, then: there was a priest once mo longer quiet then. Everybody was who lived in a beautiful little parish, sorry for M. the cure and everybody I'm a road what you tell me, only man beings may acquire immunity who lived in a beautiful little parish, sorry for M. de oure and everybody I'm a good woman, madame. I'll aland he was very fond of his people blamed Margot, Then what do you ways be a good woman." and they loved him too, so he thought | think, m'sieu' ! Mere Angele she up-"It don't seem very long, those he would stay with them always. And braided me-me. She said, 'Rose Miche-

were on her face same like the sky in did it become. And that was just be- sake of a little girl, and I was the April. Oh! she would be back again cause a little child was there. I said real one to blame. So I sat there all some time, she said. But I thought that priest loved his people before, but alone and wept, and presently the door maybe when that sometime comes truly he loved them not so tenderly behind me was opened very gently. I

"I looked round scared and there and thought not deep of her, but al- God's children- and he couldn't be stood Margot. I thought I was ways I must think that she might have angry with them. Then he told him- dreaming, but no! it was she— and been with me all the days making sun- self. "Now I understand how the yet it was no more the same Margot shine like the cure said, and I missed | good God loves us." And it was his I used to know. She was no longer love for the child that showed him the a girl, she was a woman, and her face was all white as if she suffered I know that? If your little child "The years stood not still with miseries. I put up my hands to keep goes away, m'sieu', don't you sorrow that man and little girl. They both her off-I didn't want her near me for her? Ain't the world a sad grew older, and the love between them | -it was she who had brought all this place without her? The cure is only grew too, till there was nothing sweet- sorrow and shame to Beaupre. She

"'Oh! I nave no other place to go, thing held me back, and I told myself I that the cure had given up everything, know what to do then. I wasn't able to think very plain-there was so much noise-the brook and the birds seemed to mock at me. Bimeby I told myself, "I will ask Madame Rose to help me.' I don't want harm to come to the cure. What must I do?"

"She stopped speaking and looked at me with those soft eyes of hers. "'You must never see him again,"

said; "you must go away where he can't find you.'

"'And then what will happen?' she asked.

"'Why,' I said, "I don't know for sure, but I think the bishop will talk with M. le cure and give him some penance and M. le cure will do it and so get back his peace one day."

"'And what is for me?' she asked. "I couldn't tell, m'sieu', so there was no more speech between us for a while. Soon she began talking again, and she

"'I have no longer any school. There is an old man in the parish yonder who wanted to marry me. He has much money and the people there think he couldn't be. She was like a pure litis a grand man-me, I know different. the dove-I say that and I know all I cannot marry him, and so I told him about her mother. I can say nothing many times. Money and lands won't else, for I have looked into her eyes satisfy a woman's heart, madame. They and have seen the whiteness of her can't buy happiness. Well, he was very soul. But there could be no home for angry when I tried to make that clear her in Beaupre and so she went away and he said he would fix me sure—I into the night; and she said, the last shouldn't teach the school longer. So thing, 'Pray for me, madame, pray for he told them all it wasn't right for me "'No,' I said, 'you have no home

"Then m'sieu', it was plain in one great flash how the cure could be sav-

"'Hold,' I cried to Margot; write a church, save only some women cry- and I will bear it to him. Tell him you don't like the stupid life of the village is Sir E. J. Monson, who, at Paris, re "P'rhaps you think, 'msieu', we said and so you go to see the world with ceives £,9,000. The Ambassadors

"'But, madame,' she interrupted, that ain't true. I cannot tell that

and save his soul,' I said. 'Va! it will pretty, she had—how do you call it? to preach, not to hear confession—no, couldn't blame him. It was the fault be but a little pain. S'pose it is a lie, it is I who make confession, and then of Marie Duplan's child-she wasn't we women, can't always say what is But | true-we must think of others and keep "Everybody moved quick, but the nobody said a word in the church, it back what will be for their harm if

before she began to write. She tore other cases as many as 100 stings must again and again; when she had sin be endured before the victim ceases to again and again; when she had finished at last she read me the letter suffer serious inconvenience from the It wasn't very long and she letter. suffer serious inconvenience in person attack of bees. Occasionally a person attack of bees. "Well, I went home quick, I can ished at last she read me the letter. attack of bees. Occasionally a put to the letter it that what the poorle read me the letter. attack of bees. Occasionally a put to the letter. It wasn't very long and she said in is found who is naturally immune in the letter. beat faster. Only she was not the same as her mother, for she seemed shut himself in his room with is book, said the same words, and I knew it what they couldn't tell him are not able to acquire immunity by it that what the people yonder spoke is found who is naturally immunity by same as her mother, for she seemed shut himself in his room with is book, said the same words, and I knew it what they couldn't tell him, that she not to see them. Then one day she but now he cared no longer for his spoke true. But I could do nothing. was very happy because she knew what came to tell us good-bye. She was going books. It was the same as if his house, The bishop was angry with M. le love was. She meant always to be hapto teach in a village yonder, and she which was always a pleasant place, cure and God was angry. It was too py and gay in the world and she wouldwas both gled and sorry to leave was set right down in paradise, so late. The cure had given up everyn't ever see him again. That made her Beaupre, and the smiles and tears much, so very much more beautiful thing—God and the church—for the sorry, but only a little, for she hadn't ing at the rate of 1,000,000 a yest.

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time to think much of the old life. Then times before she gave it to me. "'Will he understand?" she whis-"'Yes.' I answered.

"What?' she asked, 'will be understand that?"

"'No.' I said very firm, he will just think you are Marie Duplan's

"'Oh, God!' she sobbed, 'how can I let him think me like that-how can If "I was very sorry for Margot, msieu', but what would you? The cure must be saved. He had not yet left the manse when I reached there, and I handed him the letter myself. He didn't ask any questions; he just opened it and read it, maybe two, three times, as if the writing wasn't easy to make out. Then he went past me very quick and closed the door of his room, but saw his face and I understood.

"It was late when I got home and Margot still sat by the table, She raised her head when I came in and I saw the heart-break in her face too. The pain of it hurt me sharp like the blow with a knife. I had looked on sorrow that day. I had never seen such sorrow before, and never once since that time. But all the same I think it was the cure who was wounded the deepest, because he must tell himself that Margot had failed him every way.

"As for her, m'sieu', I wanted to keep her with me always, only that me.' That is all. I don't know any thing more about her-she never came

"And the cure?"

"The cure, m'sieu'? It was like

WHAT BRITISH AMBASSADORS ARE PAID.

With regard to the emoluments of Great Britain's diplomatic representstives abroad the best paid Ambassador Constantinople, Berlin, and Vienna have each £8,000. The Ambassador to St. Petersburg receives £7,800, next comes Rome with £7,000, then Wash ington £6 500, then Madrid £5,500. The Ministers at Pekin and Teheran have £5,000 plus £1,000 as a personal allowance. At Tokio the Ambassador gets £4,000, at the Hague £3,600, at Athens £3,500, at Stockholm and at Copen hagen, £3,000 each.

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