

best of company." "Neither an I," Hilton responded. "Soon afterwards the two men were seated at a simple, well-cooked luncheon in a quiet street not far from Piccadilly. "I couldn't bear the country," the elder man confessed, "nor the house where Jane and I had lived so long alone together. My nephew, who will succeed me, occupies the house in the summer. I brought a couple of old servants with me to London." Larry was sympathetically silent. "But you, Larry, why have you turned hermit. Jane liked you—for her sake, excuse what might seem an impertinent question," Mr. Hilton went on after a moment. Larry looked across the table. "Do you not know?" "No," Mr. Hilton shook his head. "But, there—perhaps my question roused painful memories. Don't—"

Larry laughed, a hard bitter laugh. "Painful memories are seldom long away from me," he said, "You know I went to India."

"Well, I was in command of a troop during a period of unrest among the natives. A certain tribe was disaffected and we feared a rising. It took place, and though we had been in a measure expecting it, we were surprised at the moment I was in command, and I floundered hopelessly."

"How was that?"

"I don't know in the least. I felt drunk, stupid, dazed, and my man had to help me into the saddle. What orders I gave I have no idea; but we were beaten back ignominiously, disgracefully, and all through me. Only for Tyson, the next in authority, matters would have been worse. As it was, India and England rang with the miserable story. There were some who said, because I was a Catholic and an Irishman, that I was a traitor."

"But could you not account in any way?"

"In no way. I have no recollection of anything really till our defeat was accomplished. I was a ruined and disgraced man. For myself, though, I loved service, it would not have mattered, but my father—The old man believes we are descended from Conn of the Hundred Fights. You can guess the blow it was to him to hear his only son described as a coward or a traitor."

"Larry, you are neither."

"I was one or other to all men. My father never openly reproached me or questioned me. Ah, Hilton, I think I could have borne it better if he had. I retired to Carriekind, and I have tried, God knows, to make the best of things, both for him and me. Sometimes I see a look on the old man's face that seems to me to ask for an explanation, and I can give none. I wonder you did not hear of the thing at the time it occurred."

"When was it?"

Larry mentioned a date. "Ah! My wife was dying then, abroad," Mr. Hilton said. "I was only interested in that fact. And then things are speedily forgotten. Some new sensation turns up."

Larry nodded, a deeper shadow overspreading his face. "I seldom leave home," he said, after a moment, "but I had to come here. A piece of land was sold to the railway company. I dreaded meeting any of the set I once knew. I need not have feared—not things alone, but people are forgotten. You are the first to recognize me."

Mr. Hilton looked nervously with his fork. He had liked Larry O'Neill well in the days long past, and ventured on a question hesitatingly. "And you—You are engaged, Larry. Did the marriage come off?"

"No—how could it? I released Miss Trevor. She accepted Constance Trevor." Mr. Hilton thought a moment. "She is unmarried yet. I saw her at some art show not long since—as beautiful as ever. Did she act under compulsion? Her father was rather determined."

"There was no compulsion. Constance simply thought as the world thought—I was either a traitor or a coward."

"Strange!"

"To none more so than me," Larry said. "How could any one account for what was unaccountable? There was only one person who believed in my honesty and courage."

"Who was that?"

"Mollie Blake. Miss Trevor's mother was Irish, you know. That's how my acquaintance with the family began. Mrs. Trevor was Mollie's aunt. Poor Mollie! She was an orphan, unprovided for, and exceedingly simple, young, unformed, and quite ignorant of the world, too. Yet her vigorous and foolish championship gave me comfort. I wonder what became of the child?"

Mr. Hilton shook his head. "Like you, I have not mixed much with my kind."

There was a long silence. Mr. Hilton was not an adept at the art of making conversation. He tried to think of something to talk about, while Larry sat grave and abstracted his thoughts far back in the past. The host was relieved by a summons from his man-servant, and left the room. When he returned he carried a vase in his hand. Larry had not moved.

"This is my recent purchase," Mr. Hilton began. "It belonged to Sir Stephen Moreham, once Foreign Secretary. He died a year ago."

"Yes," Larry responded, "I know. A sister of his was married to an officer in my—the regiment. Mrs. Tyson was a pretty, hysterical little woman, but very kind. She was much affected by that unfortunate affair. More than she had the least right to be, seeing we were the most acquainted."

Mr. Hilton had no desire to go back to the unsatisfactory subject. He began divesting the vase of its inner wrappings.

"Just look at this, Larry, he said; "even if you aren't an art critic, the vase will appeal."

There was a loud crash. The precious vase had slipped from its owner's hands and fallen on the side of the brass fender.

"Oh!" Larry ejaculated. Mr. Hilton was gazing at the fragments in con-

sternation. "What a pity!" Larry said. "And the thing is shattered, I fear. No patching of it up?"

"No, no," Mr. Hilton stooped over the pieces and lifted a couple of sheets of paper. Half mechanically he began reading them.

"God bless me, God bless me!" he cried. "How on earth—what on earth!" He dropped into a chair, and went on reading while Larry retreated to the windows and looked out. When he turned from his momentary contemplation of the opposite houses, Mr. Hilton was still reading with distended eyes, the thin, crumpled sheets of paper.

"Larry, Larry! Do you know what this is! It is most marvellous, most wonderful. How fortunate I am to find it! God bless me!" Mr. Hilton ejaculated excitedly.

"What is the matter, Hilton?" Larry inquired.

"And you here! Why it is simply astonishing, dramatic!" Mr. Hilton tried to compose himself, and held forth the sheets. "This is a letter from Mrs. Tyson to her brother, Sir Stephen. He must have stuck it in the vase."

"Indeed!" Larry observed.

"And forgotten about it. He was absent-minded, it is said, or perhaps he compromised with his action. One doesn't know, can never know," Mr. Hilton said. "Read the letter, Larry."

"Why should I read what was not intended for my eyes?"

"Nor for mine," Mr. Hilton laughed; then added solemnly: "Way, Larry, it is your justification. It was Mrs. Tyson had you—drugged."

"Drugged!"

"Yes. She was nervous about her husband going into action, into danger—a poor, foolish, goose of a woman she was, I should judge. She obtained some powerful native drug from an Indian servant, which she determined to administer to her husband when the hour of danger arrived. The dose was arranged to produce a form of illness that would render the person taking it quite unconscious. The illness was to resemble an attack of heart trouble that would even deceive medical men. Well, the woman placed the powder in a cup of coffee, and in the confusion of the moment you drank it, and not Tyson."

Larry raised his hand to his head. "Wait a moment, please. I remember the coffee. It tasted queer, and I did not finish it."

"Consequently you missed the full dose."

"Tyson got all the credit out of the rising. He is General Tyson now," Larry said. "He was a brave soldier."

"His wife was not a fit mate for him, evidently. She did not confess anything till your ruin was accomplished. Then she wrote to her brother telling him all."

"I cannot believe it."

"There it is in black and white. What are you going to do, Larry?"

Larry made no reply.

"Look here," said Hilton; "let me interview Mrs. Tyson. I know her. She is a society woman and capable of denying the affair altogether if she is allowed. Let me tackle her. She might suspect you and be prepared."

Thus it was that Mr. Hilton journeyed into fashionable quarters that same afternoon and was fortunate enough to find Mrs. Tyson alone in her drawing-room. He told the story of the interview to Larry O'Neill at dinner.

"She's a poor, weak creature, and capitulated almost at once. She was simply bewildered into doing so. The lapse of time has left her almost forgetful of India. What will you do Larry?"

"Nothing, I think. So many years have passed, and I have grown accustomed to the present state of things. My father, of course, shall know."

Hilton determined differently.

"Oh, well, perhaps you are right," he commented, in non-committal tones; but next day he sought and obtained an interview with an important personage in the Foreign Service. He also called on Miss Trevor. As a result of these two calls Larry received a couple of invitations. The interview with the important man did not last long. Larry was determined to leave the past alone, and perhaps the Foreign Office individual was not altogether sorry. His interview with Constance Trevor was longer. The passing years had touched the lady but lightly. She was fully as beautiful, perhaps more so, than when Larry had seen her last; nevertheless, he greeted her, much to his own surprise, without a quickened pulse.

"No, don't apologize, Constance," Larry said. "I may call you Constance, may I not? You could do nothing but follow the example of all the world. Nobody kept belief in me—well, except little Mollie Blake. By-the-by, has she married yet?"

"No. She developed modern independent notions after my mother's death, and is a hospital nurse. Just at present she is spending a part of her annual holiday with me. She will be down in a moment or two. Won't you take a cup of tea—Larry?"

Not only on that afternoon, but on several subsequent ones, did Larry partake of tea in Miss Trevor's drawing-room. Constance was never deceived. It was not for her sake he lingered in London when even his business at the lawyers had been accomplished. Four months later Hilton was induced to visit Carriekind, and one September evening he and Larry's father, the latter younger in looks and spirit than for years back—sat smoking by an open window while Larry and his wife strolled about the gathering dusk.

"Mollie is just the wife for him," Mr. O'Neill commented. "She says she would have married him at that unfortunate time had he asked her; but of course she was only seventeen then."

"And Irish hearted," Mr. Hilton replied. "I have a sort of pity for Miss Trevor, and the speaker laughed, "and for myself."

"Yourself?"

"Yes. Didn't the truth come out through the breaking of my beautiful Kan-be vase? It was a beauty."

Hilton laughed again, lightly, as if well pleased—Magdalen Roche in the Tasmanian Monitor.

HE WON'T HAVE MIRACLES.

Chicago New World.

Last week the city press contained striking accounts of several cures that occurred at various Catholic Churches of this city. The dailies declared those cures "miracles" and wrote them up rather sensationally, but probably the intention was good.

We fear that so much cannot be said for a professor in the Divinity School of Chicago University. This savant—the Rev. Dr. Willitts—on last Saturday delivered himself of a lengthy fustian against miracles in general, and we incline to suspect, Catholic miracles in particular. Coming as it did, so soon after the chronicling of the cures at Chicago Catholic Churches, his discourse has been interpreted as rather pointed by many.

It is true he confined himself to a denial of Old Testament miracles. The plagues of Egypt, the passing of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, the rising to life of the dead man who touched Elias' bones, a dozen things similar—all these he put down as purely natural occurrences around which the imaginative Jews grouped an interminable mass of legend and folklore. The rev. doctor evidently thinks the greatest Jews of old were stupendous liars. No man, he asserts, is able to perform a miracle. Few people, indeed, have ever heard of any mere man claiming such ability, still it must be conceded, even by Rev. Dr. Willitts, that the Creator of the heavens and the earth must have power to direct Nature as He wills, and this being so it is conceivable that He may operate through man as His instrument.

The day in which we live is grossly materialistic, a statement which none will deny, yet that even in the midst of the prevailing materialism a number of remarkable things are taking place is absolutely certain. We may not declare those miracles, since the Church, in her caution, reserves such right to herself, but we may term them cures when, obviously, such they are. As cures, however, they certainly transcend the laws of nature. The occurrence at St. Joseph's Church, this city, last week, is an instance of the kind. If we reject God as its author it simply defies analysis. A young woman whose leg, through an accident of some years ago was shortened three inches, suddenly had it restored to its full length. Auto-suggestion is powerless to produce such effect. Lourdes has witnessed eleven cures of the kind, two of necrosis, one of cancer of the heart and three of leprosy—all these cures instantaneous. Moreover, forty-eight cases of a sort by means of been cured there and eight cases of dumbness, to say naught of those hundred cases of pulmonary tuberculosis cured and seventeen cases of cancer. In St. Joseph's Church, New York, last July, a woman was instantly cured of a ghastly cancer of the cheek and at St. Anne-de-Beaupre, Canada, the same day, a Protestant woman from Rochester, New York, was instantly cured of a malignant cancer of the breast. In neither of the last-named cases did the trace of a scar remain. Nature does not work instantaneously; nature does not heal without scars.

But Rev. Willitts may claim hypnotism as the agent employed. Very well; let him find one human being whose leg has been lengthened three inches by hypnotism. Let him gash his cheek with a knife and cure it instantly and without the trace of a scar by means of psychotherapy or by auto-suggestion. Let him go to the leper colony at White Castle, Louisiana, and attempt the cure of the lepers there by hypnotism. Let him put out both his eyes and self-hypnotize himself into perfect sight. Let him be made perfectly dumb and then get someone to restore him to perfect speech by means of hypnotism. If he doesn't know these things cannot be done, the world's greatest authorities on hypnotism so confess.

It is shameful that such an attack on miracles should emanate from the Divinity School of a great Baptist university. What sort of divinity do such professors teach? Does Rev. Willitts believe that God who created the universe has lost control of it? Does he conceive that the Author of Nature has no power to suspend the operation of its laws? What laws can Nature have outside His will? To deny the possibility of miracles is to deny either the omnipotence of the Creator or His infinite mercy. It is no wonder Chicago University is growing to be a hotbed of Christians everywhere. Evidently some of its instructors are somewhat to blame.

THE NEED OF REAL CATHOLICS.

In his address at the Federation Convention in Boston, Bishop Connevin made a stirring appeal for Catholic union against the evils of socialism and atheism, which he said were being widely disseminated among the people of the United States of all grades and classes of society. On being introduced by National President Feeney, Bishop Connevin said:

"In the federation I see a mighty power for good. With Archbishop O'Connell, I hold that the federation ought to be a mighty wall to resist evil. It should be a living wall, not a dead wall, and it should be supported by the buttresses of the Church throughout the country."

"It is not material power that will unify the federation; it is not Boston culture or the wealth of Chicago or New York or tangible things that will cement this federation and bind it together. Its unification is only to be found in the faith of Jesus Christ."

"Every man must be a stone in the great wall. In order that every man do his part, he must not only be linked to the other parts, but he must be animated by faith and by Christian charity. It will be a deplorable thing if we do not bring the men of all social and intellectual grades to stand together in this federation. We must have men who will live as Catholics, think as Catholics, and act as Catholics in their daily lives at all times."

"We need to carry on a work of education. The propaganda of atheism and socialism is being carried on in our minds, in our shops, in our factories, in the offices of our professional men and in the rural districts. Literature of this propaganda is circulated among those who are disoriented by their position in life, whether old or young. The false doctrines of rebellion against law, both of God and country, of atheism and socialism, are being disseminated and discussed widely. The young men of to-day can argue socialism and put forth its so-called principles in a very plausible way."

"We must educate our young men so that they can meet the arguments of those socialistic atheists. Catholics must carry on this work of education among themselves, so that they may be able to overthrow the doctrines of their opponents. For this end they must be real Catholics, thinking as Catholics and living up to the teachings of Catholicity."

A BROAD-MINDED MINISTER.

REV. CHARLES D. KELLOGG OF SANDY HILL COMMENTS ON A SERMON OF ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL OF BOSTON.

Rev. Charles D. Kellogg, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Sandy Hill, N. Y., writes a very interesting letter to the Sandy Hill Herald from Boston. In the first paragraph the reverend gentleman pays a fine tribute to Archbishop O'Connell, and makes some candid admissions regarding the Archbishop's criticism of modern Protestantism. That portion of Mr. Kellogg's letter to which we refer is as follows:

"As the local papers state that I am spending my vacation in the city of Boston, I may admit that I was in that famous town last Sunday. I may possibly bring to the attention of your readers some items of interest that I gathered during my brief sojourn. The day was of especial importance to Roman Catholic brethren in connection with the great Federation movement. Archbishop O'Connell is one of the strong men of New England, a grand type of the noblest Christian manhood. He preached the sermon in the Cathedral, and set forth some vital truths that all Protestants will do well carefully to ponder and to consider. Among these is the undisputed fact that we are not succeeding in retaining the interest of the men in the services of the church in any degree to compare with our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church. That we are not paying the same deference to the inspired Scriptures as are they. That whilst in a former day the Bible among many of our number was a fetish, it is now a fable. And as a still more solemn and alarming fact of the times, we are not extending to our boys and girls the influence in our schools of a moral and religious education. That

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THE EVIL OF REPORTING SENSATIONAL CRIMES.

The Chicago Evening Post raises a protest against the evil of reporting sensational crime. It believes that if the public would criticize the papers more upon this line they would find their criticism an effective remedy with the editors and proprietors. It contends that, although publicity in reference to criminals has its legitimate functions and defense, the parading of pictures of criminals and the assumption of their injured innocence or the endeavor to arouse indignation against them, work perniciously in the case of boys and girls of little education, who readily make heroes of criminals, glorified by indiscriminating and highly colored notoriety. It quotes from the Paris Cosmos the following paragraph, which is very suggestive for us in America to-day:

"The reading of criminal narratives brings on a diseased excitement and creates a dangerous obsession in the case of some weak and impulsive persons. This is not the only danger of the excessive publicity given to criminal cases. Professional criminals find in such public narratives, filled with too minute detail, useful information about the way to commit crimes with the least possible risk. It is time for us to realize the truth. Let us stop advertising crime; and since examples are apt to be followed, let us make good deeds interesting to the public rather than blazon forth evil-doing."

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