"Don't notice me, sir!" said he, hurriedly, over his shoulder. "I'm a Union man. You are suspected of being a Yankee ne vspaper correspond-

As he disappeared I proceeded to

entered the Spotts wood House.

reckon they'd have swung him up had

they caught the fellow."
"What became of his portmanteau?"

shirts."
'Have you the old portmanteau still?"

ers for the artillery wheels long ago."
"It belonged to me."

"No, just me, war correspondent of the New York Times."

SHARING WITH OTHERS.

It was only after the widow's cruse

of oil was shared with others that it began to multiply. Blessings multiply

the miser is the difference between distributing and hoarding. The highest

enjoyment of our possessions comes by

sharing them with those who are less fortunate than ourselves. If the sun

were to confine its beams to some nar-

row province of the Orient or to some diminutive star in the heavens where,

would be the light and the beauty of

the solar system? When the sun turns miser the world will die; our spiritual

life will die; in like manner when selfish

ness rule sour actions.

The g'ory of salvation is not that we

God in saving other souls that are as

and increase by distribution; hoarded, they are soon lost. The dif-ference between the philanthropist and

"The d-

'No indeed. It was cut up for wash

to keep them from star-

EMBER 9, 1905.

failed, too. The winds om the north and west, be far out into the gulf, long and perilous. The and wild. Less than a led in all. By the last Dead Men's Point stay. Dead Men's Point stood

h famine. hat old l'hibault had an

oerm oil on the Island of e, "in the lighthouse, gallons of it. It is not ste, perhaps, but what ll keep life in the body.

drink it in the north, st take the oil of the keep us from starving y-boat comes down. hall we get it?" It is locked up. Natathe key. Will she give

" growled Thibault. name I of course she will more than a light?"
ted committee of three,
the head, waited upon ut delay, told her their ed for the key. She r silently for a few min-

refused point blank. said, "I will not give oil is for the lamp lamp will not be lighted ril; it will not be burnsupply-boat comes. For d be shame, disgrace, th. I am the keeper of ou shall not have

with her, pleaded with rowbeat her. She was a und under jaw was set o. Her lips straightened ne. Her eyebrows drew her eyes grew black. ried, "I tell you no, no, es no. All in this house

with you. But not one belongs to the light!

e afternoon the priest her; a thin, pale young the hardships of his life. reams in his sunken eyes. th her very gently and

il, my daughter; think t you do. Is it not our save human life? Surely according to the will of a refuse to obey it?" s trembling a little now. ore unlocked. The tears eyes and ran down her was twisting her hands

r," she answered, "I dee will of God. But how ? Is it not His first comin the duty which He He gave me this light father kept it. He is unfaithful what will he Besides, the supply boat —I have thought of this mes it will bring food. ould be the panishment

No, mon pere, we must le will keep the people. light. looked at her long and glow came into his face. d on her shoulder. "You our conscience," he said eace be with you, Nata-

g just at dark Marcel et him take her in his her. She felt like a little d weak.

whispered, "you have sweetheart. You were tyo the key. That would shame to you. But it is ow. They will have the our fault. To night they to the lighthouse to break nat they want. You need tened in his arms as if an

had passed through her.
ck, blazing with anger.
she cried, "me a thief
at—with my hand behind
my eyes shut? Never. care only for the blame? at is nothing. My light obbed, never, never!" close to him and took him ers. Their eyes were on was a strong man, but she

hibault," she said, "do

"he gasped, "I do. You

n," she continued; "this are going to do. You are to the shore at once to he big canoe. I am going mough to last us for the ll be a hard pinch, but it n we are going out to the at, in less than an hour. morrow is the 1st April. light the lantern, and it tery night until the boat You hear? Now go: and bring your gun."

d off in the black dark the fragments of ice that shore. They crossed the nee, and hid their cance leks on the island. They stuff up to the house and the kitchen. Then they tower, and went in, Mar-shot gun, and Nataline her's old carabine. They door again, and bolted it, in the dark to wait.

in the dark to wait.
they heard the gratprow of the barge
es below, the steps of
ing up the steep path,
mingled in confused
limmer of a couple of lanchelong in and out among obbing in and out among and bushes. There was a of eight or ten mer, and carelessly, chattering and aree of them carried axes, ners a heavy log of wood ad picked up on their way-is better than the axes, ake it in your hands thi

way, two of you on one side, another on the opposite side in the middle. Then swing it back and forwards and let it The door will come down, I tell you, like a sheet of paper. But wait till I give the word, then swing hard.

One-two-"
"Stop!" cried Nataline, throwing open the little window. "If you dare to touch that door, I shoot." She thrust out the barrel of the rifle. and Marcel's shot gun appeared beside The old rifle was not leaded, but

who knew that? Besides, both barrels of the shot-gun were full. outside the tower, and consternation,

and then anger.

"Marcel," they shouted, "you there? Maudit polisson! Come out of that Let us in. You teld us—"

"I know," answered Marcel, "but I was mistaken, that is all. I stand by Madomoiselle Fortin. What she says

Mademoiselle Fortin. What she says is right. If any man tries to break in here, we kill him. No more talk!"

The gang muttered; cursed; threatened; looked at the guns; and went off

to their boat.
"It is murder that you will do," one of them called out, "you are a murder ess, you Mademoiselle Fortin! you cause the people to die of hunger!" she answered; "that is as the good God pleases. No matter.

The light shall burn."
They heard the babble of the men as they stumbled down the hill; the grinding of the boat on the rocks as they shoved off; the rattle of the oars in the rowlecks. After that the island was as

still as a graveyard.

Then Nataline sat down on the floor in the dark, and put her face in her hands, and cried. Marcel tried to com-fort her. She took his hand and pushed it gently away from her wast.
"No, Marcel," she said, "not now!
Not that, please, Marcel! Come into

Not that, please, Marcel! Come into the house. I want to talk with you."
They went into the cold, dark kitchen, lit a candle and kindled a fire in the stove. Nataline busied herself with a score of things. She put away the poor little store of provisions, sent Marcel for a pail of water, made some tea, spread the table, and sat down opposite to him. For a time she kept opposite to him. For a time she kept her eyes turned away from him, while she talked about all sorts of things. Then she fell silent for a little, still not looking at him. She got up and moved about the room, arranged two or three packages on the shelves, shut the damper of the stove, glanding at Marcel's back out of the corners of her eyes. Then she came back to her chair, pushed her cup aside, rested both elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, and

her clear brown eyes."
"My friend," she said, "are you an honest man, un brave garcon?"

For an instant he could say nothing.
He was so puzzled "Why, yes, Natalhe answered, "yes, surely-I

looked Marcel square in the face with

"Then let me speak to you without fear, she continued. "You do not suppose that I am ignorant of what I have done this night. I am not a baby. You are a man. I am a girl. We are shut up alone in this house for two weeks, a month, God knows how long. You know what that means, what people will say. I have risked all that a girl has most precious. I have put my good name in your hands." Marcel tried to speak, but she stopped

him.
"Let me finish. It is not easy to "Let me finish. It is not easy to say. I know you are honorable. I trust you waking and sleeping. Bu: I am a moman. There must be no lovemaking. We have other work to do. The light must not fail. You will not touch me, you will not embrace menot once—till after the boat has come. Then "— she smiled at him like a sumburned angel—"well, is it a bargain?" She put out one hand across the table. Marcel took it in both of his own. He did not kiss it. He lifted it up in front of his face.

'for the establishment of a new confederacy, recognizing and perpetuating slavery. But, undisguised as were these utterances, they were not aken seriously by the people of the North ern and Western States, for they could not believe tata tarmed revolt would be attempted. Yet many intelligent men saw clouds of war looming up in the political horizon.

So, one hot afternoon, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, the founder and editor of the New York Times, called me into his room. After going rapidly, but

kindled it. They still feared another attack from the mainland, and thought it needful that one of them should be on guard all the time, though the machine itself was working beautifully and needed little watching. Nataline took the night duty; it was her own choice, she loved the charge of the lamp. Marcel was on duty through the day. They were together for three or four hours in the morning and in the evening.

Savannah and Atlanta newspapers, all of which were concleded in violent language and covertly hinted that the people of the South were even then actively preparing for war.

"It is these nints of military prepar it in that have attracted my attention," remarked Mr. Raymond. "We may dismiss the flerce political distribes these articles contain, but the possibil ity that secret steps are on foot for

the morning and in the evening.

It was not a desperate vigil like that affair with the broken clockwork eight years before. There was no weary turning of the crank. There was just enough work to do about the house and enough work to do about the house and the tower to keep them busy. The weather was fair. The worst thing was the short supply of feed. But though they were hougry, they were not starv-ing. And Nataline still played the fife. She jested, she same, she told long She jested, she sang, she told long fairy stories while they sat in the kit chen. Marcel admitted that it was not

chen. Marcel admitted that it was not at all a bad arrangement.

But his thoughts turned very often to the arrival of the supply-boat. He hoped it would not be late. The ice was well broken up already and driven far out into the gulf. The boat ought to be able to run down the shore in good time.

One evening as Nataline came down from her sleep she saw Marcel coming up the rocks dragging a young seal be

"Hura!" he shouted, "here is plenty of meat. I shot it out at the end of the island, about an hour age."

ing fall of April snow. It was a bad night for boats at sea, confusing, be-

wildering, a night when the lighthouse had to do its best. Nataline was in the tower all night, tending the lamp, watching the clockwork Once it seemed to her that the lantern was so covered with snow that light could not shine through. She got her long brush and scraped the snow away. It was cold work, but she gloried in it. bright eye of the tower, winking, wink ng steadily through the storm seemed world. It was hers. She kept it

when morning same the wind was the shot-gen were full.

There was amazement in the crowd still blowing fitfully off shore, but the utside the tower, and consternation, show had almost ceased. Nataline stopped the clockwork, and was just climbing up into the lantern to put out the lamp, when Marcel's voice hailed

"Come down, Nataline, come down She turned and harried out, not know ing what was to come; perhaps a mes sage of trouble from the mainland, per-

haps a new assault on the lighthouse.

As she came out of the tower, her brown eyes heavy from the night watch her dark face pale from the cold, she saw Marcel standing on the rocky knoll beside the house and pointing shore

She ran up beside him and looked There, in the deep water between the island and the point, lay the supply-boat, rocking quietly on the waves.

It flashed upon her in a moment what it meant — the end of her fight, relief for the village, victory! And the light that had guided the little ship safe through the stormy night into the harhor was hers. She turned and looked up at the lamp,

still burning.

"I kept you!" she cried.

Then she turned to Marcel; the color rose quickly in her cheeks, the light sparkled in her eyes; she smiled, and held out both her hands, whispering. ing, "Now you shall keep me!" There was a fine wedding on There was a fine wedding on the last day of April, and from that time the

island took its new name - the Isle of the Wise Virgin. THE END.

HOW A REPOSTER FACED DANGER IN DISGUISE.

BY MAJOR GEORGE FORRESTER WIL-

LIAMS. The young and untried Republican party, having in 1861, selected, at its convention in Chicago, Abraham Lin-coln and Hannibal Hamlin as its candi dates in the presidential campaign, the Democratic party became hopeless ly divided and disorganized by section-I pride and prejudice, the result being at pride and prejudice, the result being two national conventions. The South ern wing of the Democracy met at Charleston and nominated Bell and Everett; the Northern wing assembled in Baltimore and named Douglas and Breckinridge. This wide and serious split in the ranks of the hitherto dom-This wide and serious inant political party in the country made the election of Lincoln a foregone conclusion.

Even as early as August and before Even as early as August and before the serious work of the campaign had begun, the newspapers published in the South were breathing defiance; loudly asserting their right of seces-sion, should the "railsplitter" be successful in reaching the presidency. There were also preguent hints that recovers to arm might be necessary a recourse to arms might be necessary for the establishment of a new con

own. He did not kiss it. He litted it up in front of his face.

"I swear to you, Nataline, you shall be to me as the Blessed Virgin herself."

The next day they put the light in order, and the following night they kindled it. They still feared another attack from the mainland, and thought of which were compled in violent land.

these articles contain, but the possibil ity that secret steps are on foot fo military organization among the people of the South must be looked upon as a danger to the republic. I have endanger to the republic. I have dideavored to learn the precise facis
from our correspondents in the South,
but so far they have failed to respond,
one way or the other."
"What do you propose to do? I
asked, knowing very well that Mr.
Raymond's conversation was leading up
to some sort of proposition.

to some sort of proposition.

"Well, you see, Mr. Williams, if it is really true that the people of the South have already gone so far as to organize military commands in the leading cities, there must be some vis ible indication of their existence or presence The discovery that com-panies, battalions or regiments have been formed and are drilling so far in advance of the day of election would be a distinct stroke of newspaper enter prise, and that is what I am aiming at."
"And you want me to make a tour
of these states and write letters telling

what I see or discover."
"Yes."
"Ail right. When am I to start?"

"By sending our correspondent cleverly disguised."

desired information ?"

"But how?" I asked, beginning to be very keenly interested."
"You are young and I know you to be something of a mimic. I believe to something of a mimic. I believe to be a symmetric form of the symmetric form."

"The arrival of the shoulder of the should

you can personate a young English you can personate a young Englishman, and, by pretending ignorance of the precise condition of our political affairs, be able to pass through the South unsuspected."

To my surprise Mr. Raymond proceeded to unfold his plan. It included the procurement in London, England, of a complete confit from ton to too.

complete cusfit from top to toe,

an assumed name I landed on United States territory, and stopped for a couple of days in the island city. On the instant I discovered the people were intensely excited and talking freely of withdrawing from the Union and setting up a new republic; but the Galveston folk had not yet begun ary military preparations. In New Orleans, my next stopping place, quiet recruiting was going forward under the discovered that discovered the people were intensely excited and talking treely of withdrawing from the Union and setting up a new republic; but the Galveston folk had not yet begun ary military preparations. In New Orleans, my next stopping place, quiet recruit ing was going forward under the discovered the supplies of the conversion to when the martyr President entered in the capital city of the course, I lost my English outfit; but when the martyr President entered Richmond in 1885, went with him and course, it is a proposed to the second train, in which I travelled. Though I was insistential in misionaries from the absvenamed countries were pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to Methodism, Catholicism was just as pleasantly employed increasing her membership from the Methodist fold.

*Rev. Thomas F. Leydon, the membership from the Methodist fold.

*Rev. Thomas F. Leydon, the membership from the Methodist fold.

*Rev. Thomas F. Leydon, the membership from the Apple River, was pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to write were pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to write were pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to write were pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to write were pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to write were pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to write were pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to write were pleasantly engaged formulating plans for the conversion to write were pleasantly engaged formulation with the capture were pleasantly engaged my next stopping place, quiet recrut-ing was going forward under the disguise of campaign clubs, the members being drilled every afternoon to learn the manual of arms and the school of surprise the same old clerk was on duty at the desk.

"Do you remember a Yankee corres the company. Here I saw for the first time a slave auction sale, in Canal street, not far from the Clay statue, where parents and children were non chalantly secarated, as if they were cattle. At Memphis, Nashville, Mobile, Atlanta, Charleston and Savannah these preparations were visible on a more extended scale; in fact, the further I went the more evident it became that the people of the entire South were in deadly earnest in adopting secession as an escape from the political dilemma in which they found the uselves.

I naturally met with adventures, and was frequently amused by the so called information given me by humorously inclined young men of my own age. Being rather successful in aping the vernacular and apparent insular impu dence so often displayed by English-men when visiting America for the first time I was never weary of asking questions calculated to betray an ignor-ance of existing events and idloms in the United States. I invariably persisted in demanding why any Southern acquaintances called Mr. Lincoln a "railsplitter," and in Macon, Ga., was one day taken out to a beautiful plantation a few miles from the city, where two negroes cut up a tree and and split it into fence rails for my delectation and education. When the talked of "Yankees," "Northern hire linge," or "Doughfaces," in allud-ing to the people of the West and North, I always asked the meaning of these epithets, being considerably astonished at the manifest ignorance displayed by these youthful fire eaters concerning the nen they were fated after and to meet on many a bloody battlefield.

Giving full rein to their imagination and inherent bounce, these chance acquaintances would coolly tell me over our fraternal "brandy smashes" and "mist juleps" that the Northern men had become so debased by factory life it was impossible they could be made into soldiers; and that the capitalists in the "Free" states were too timid and too fond of their money to risk a war which must be disastrous to them. All sorts of extraordinary varns were until I grew weary of their re-

In the cities of Louisiana, Alabama, In the cities of Louisians, Alexand, Mississippi and Georgia I was never suspected. It was only when I reached Charleston, S. C., the hotbed of secessionism, that danger appeared. Here I was very closely questioned, and it was only owing to the fact that I was able only owing to the fact that I was able to mantion many well known men I had previously met in my journey through the South that I escaped detection.

One night I had visited a theater with each property of the state of the sta

with some young men, and we entered a bar room for the inevitable brandy smash. At one end of the long counter, behind which three men were dispens-ing liquors in various firms, stood a tall cadaverous - looking man. He was half cadaverous looking man. He was half drunk and quarrelsome. For some rea-son he began to suspect me, and re-marked as ac tossed down his five fingers of whiskey that he did not believe I was an Englishman, but a dashed Lincoln

Fortunately, having a few sovereigns in my pocket, I threw one down in payment of my order. The doubter reached

over and seized the glittering coin.
"That's British, anyhow," he ex-"Have you any more of

"Enough to pay for another round of drinks," I replied giving the necessary order and tossing down another sovereign. Taking the first opportunity I left the bar room and departed the next day. I realized the first breath of

next day. I realized the first breath of suspicion was dangerous.

During my trip I had, of course, written several letters for Mr Raymond, some of which he printed, reserving the others for data on which to base his ringing editorials. Each letter went plecemeal to several private friends who forwarded the inclosures to the who forwarded the inclosures to the Times office. Dates were purposely mixed and fictitious names used, when ever possible. The greatest difficulty was the posting of my missives, it being accomplished at night at the main

end of the island, about an hour age."

But Nataline said that they did not need the seal. There was still food enough in the larder. On shore there must be greater need. Marcel must take the seal over to the mainland that night and leave it on the beach near the priest's house. He grumbled a little, but he did it.

That was on the 23rd of April. The clear sky held for three days longer, cslm, bright, halcyon weather. On the afternoon of the weather. On the afternoon of the 27th the clouds came down from the north, not a long furious tem pest, but a brief, sharp storm, with considerable wind and a whirling, blinding fall of April snow. It was a bad night for boats at sea, confusing, be-Scarcely had some of my letters be-gun appearing in the Times when Southern newspapers alluded to them,

PLANNING AND DOING.

WHILE METHODIST WOMEN MISSIONARIES CATHOLIC PASTOR ACTS.

In a recent issue of the Warren, Ill. Sertinel Leader (non - Catholic) peared the following notice of s conversions to the Church, which will be read with interest :

east-bound train on the point of start tag. Tickets were usually sold by conductors on the trains in those days; so I had time to decide how to act. On the appearance of the conductor I paid for a ticket to Culpeper, and when the train stopped I quietly walked up the principal street and entering when the train stopped I quietly walked up the principal street and entering where I was to go and assume the tour ist character assigned me. In due time I arrived in New Provicence, and took possession of my London wardrobe that was a swalting me, the leathern port manteau in which it had been packed aiding the deception.

Taking passage on the steamer that touched at Galveston and adopting an an assumed name I landed on United States territory, and stopped I quietly walked up the principal street and entering to the principal street and entering in the included such that he conversion of the Catholics in Mexico, South America and the Philippine Islands to the sea lacky in finding another train for Washington on the eve of departure.

I subsequently discovered that my light from Richmond had been noticed and the first train was carefully searched at Warrenton Junction, but no heed was paid to the second train, on been done in the conversion of the Catholics in Mexico, South America and the Philippine Islands to the sea and the Philippine Isl

when the martyr President entered Richmond in 1865, went with him and occupied during the missionary convention baptizing four of the Methodist members-a married lady with her son and daughter and a young gentleman popular in social circles, and they are pondent disappearing from here in 1861, lesving his baggage behind him?' I in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church."

asked after some conversation.

"Indeed I do," was the response.

"The boys were hot after him, and I Has it ever occurred to us when surrounded by sorrows that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when "Well, you see, when supplies ran short here, during the war, I broke his trunk open and wore out all of his we wish to teach them to sing?

A kind act, a gentle word, a loving smile, a modest demeanor are so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives, and which will always spring up and bear fruit.

for you these days, to keep Stomach right and Liver

There is nothing so good

Of course, you know that. This

is just to remind you if you

are not feeling "up to the

mark."

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tried it but had been told that it was not

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they stake their reputation upon it, and if

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not the best, Ogilvies would ruin their

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it guarantees you the best flour because the

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Ogilvies simply ask a trial—knowing that it will make a permanent friend for Royal Household Flour.

So Ogilvies make Royal Household Flour the best flour, in their own protection.

good you would be a small loser, perhaps.

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