

to keep them from star-  
 failed, too. The winds  
 on the north and west,  
 far out into the gulf,  
 long and perilous. The  
 and wild. Less than a  
 dead in all. By the last  
 Dead Men's Point stood  
 in flame.  
 that old Thibault had an  
 oil on the island of  
 in the lighthouse,  
 gallons of it. It is not  
 oil, perhaps, but what  
 I keep life in the body,  
 I drink it in the north,  
 I take the oil of the  
 I keep us from starving  
 I shall we get it?" asked  
 It is locked up. Nata-  
 the key. Will she give  
 growled Thibault,  
 name I of course she will  
 Is not a life, the  
 more than a light?"  
 ted committee of three,  
 at the head, waited upon  
 on delay, told her their  
 for the key. She  
 I silently for a few min-  
 refused point blank.  
 said, "I will not give  
 oil for the lamp. If  
 lamp will not be lighted,  
 I will not be burn-  
 I will not be burn-  
 supply-bat comes. For  
 I had to shame, disgrace,  
 I am the keeper of  
 you shall not have the  
 with her, pleaded with  
 rowbarb. She was a  
 and under jaw was set  
 p. Her lips straightened  
 Her eyebrows drew  
 her eyes grew black.  
 "I tell you no, no,  
 no. All in this house  
 with you. But not one  
 belongs to the light!  
 afternoon the priest  
 her; a thin, pale young  
 the hardships of his life,  
 remains in his sunken eyes,  
 than her very gently and  
 all, my daughter; think  
 you do. Is it not our  
 have human life? Surely  
 according to the will of  
 a refuse to obey it?"  
 trembling a little now,  
 are unlocked. The tears  
 eyes and ran down her  
 was twisting her hands  
 r," she answered, "I de-  
 will of God. But how  
 ? Is it not His first com-  
 should love and serve  
 in the duty which He  
 He gave me this light  
 father kept it. He is a  
 unfaithful what will he  
 Besides, the supply boat  
 I have thought of this  
 will bring food.  
 it is out, the boat may be  
 could be the punishment  
 No, mon pere, we must  
 I will keep the people  
 light.  
 looked at her long and  
 glow came into his face.  
 on her shoulder. "You  
 our conscience," he said  
 ce be with you, Nata-  
 et just at dark Marcel  
 et him take her in his  
 her. She felt like a little  
 ed weak.  
 whispered, "you have  
 a sweetheart. You were  
 iva the key. That would  
 shame to you. But it is  
 w. They will have the  
 our fault. To-night they  
 to the lighthouse to break  
 they want. You need  
 here will be no blame."  
 ened 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.  
 I care only for the blame?  
 is at nothing. My light  
 bbed, never, never!"  
 loss to him and took him  
 ers. Their eyes were on  
 was strong man, but she  
 r than them.  
 "Thibault," she said, "do  
 he gasped, "I do. You  
 n," she continued; "this  
 are going to do. You are  
 to the shore at once. I  
 to be big canoe. I am going  
 enough to last us for the  
 ll be a hard pinch, but I  
 u we are going out to the  
 in, less than an hour,  
 tomorrow is the 1st April.  
 light the lantern, and it  
 very night until the boat  
 You hear? Now go:  
 and bring your gun."

wildering, a night when the lighthouse  
 had to do its best. Natalie 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. The  
 bright eye of the tower, winking, win-  
 kling steadily through the storm seemed  
 to be the sign of her power in the  
 world. It was hers. She kept it  
 shining.  
 When morning came the wind was  
 still blowing fitfully off shore, but the  
 snow had almost ceased. Natalie  
 stopped the clockwork, and was just  
 climbing up into the lantern to put out  
 the lamp, when Marcel's voice hailed  
 her.  
 "Come down, Natalie, come down  
 quick. Make haste!"  
 She turned and hurried 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-  
 ward.  
 She ran up beside him and looked  
 there, in the deep water between the  
 island and the point, lay the supply  
 boat, rocking gently 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  
 harbor 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, whisper-  
 ing, "Now you shall keep me!"  
 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 REPO-TER FACED  
 DANGER IN DISGUISE.

BY MAJOR GEORGE FORRESTER WIL-  
 LIAMS.

The young and untired 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 sectional  
 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  
 dominant political party in the country  
 made the election of Lincoln a foregone  
 conclusion.

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 "ralliesplitter" be  
 successful in reaching the presidency.  
 There were also pregnant hints that  
 a recourse to arms might be necessary  
 for the establishment of a new con-  
 federacy, recognizing and perpetuat-  
 ing slavery. But, undisguised as were  
 these utterances, they were not taken  
 seriously by the people of the North  
 and Western States, for they could  
 not believe that armed 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  
 clearly, over the political situation as  
 it then existed, Mr. Raymond directed  
 my attention to two severe editorial  
 articles he had clipped from Charleston,  
 Savannah and Atlanta newspapers, all  
 of which were couched in violent lan-  
 guage and covertly hinted that the  
 people of the South were even then  
 actively preparing for war.

"It is these hints of military prepar-  
 ation that have attracted my atten-  
 tion," remarked Mr. Raymond. "We  
 must dismiss the fierce political diatribes  
 these articles contain, but the possibility  
 that secret steps are on foot for  
 military organization among the people  
 of the South must be looked upon as a  
 danger to the republic. I have en-  
 deavored to learn the precise facts  
 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.

"Well, you see, Mr. Williams, 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."

"All right. When am I to start?"

"I do not doubt your readiness, Mr.  
 Williams, else I would not have sum-  
 moned you. But it is quite evident  
 that you do not fully appreciate the  
 difficulties and dangers attending such  
 a trip."

"There may be difficulty, but I do  
 not see any danger."

"You do not understand the bitter  
 feeling that evidently exists in the  
 South. A correspondent from a New  
 York newspaper will be viewed with  
 suspicion and probably be exposed to  
 considerable personal annoyance. Be-  
 sides that, he would find it almost im-  
 possible to discover military prepara-  
 tions."

"Then how do you intend to get the

desired information?"

"By sending our correspondent  
 cleverly disguised."

"But how?" I asked, beginning to  
 be very keenly interested."

"You are young and I know you  
 be something of a mimic. I believe  
 you can personate a young English-  
 man, and, by pretending ignorance of  
 the precise condition of our political  
 affairs, be able to pass through the  
 South unperceived."

To my surprise Mr. Raymond pro-  
 ceeded to unfold his plan. It included  
 the procurement in London, England,  
 of a complete outfit from top to toe,  
 which was to be sent to Port au Prince,  
 where I was to go and assume the tour-  
 ist character assigned me. In due time  
 I arrived in New Providence, and took  
 possession of my London wardrobe that  
 was awaiting me, the leather port-  
 manteau in which it had been packed  
 aiding the deception.

Taking passage on the steamer that  
 touched at Galveston and adopting 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 any  
 military preparations. In New Orleans,  
 my next stopping place, quiet recruit-  
 ing was going forward under the dis-  
 guise of carpentering, the members  
 being drilled every afternoon to learn  
 the manual of arms and the school of  
 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 separated, as if they were  
 cattle. At Memphis, Nashville, Mobile,  
 Atlanta, Charleston and Savannah these  
 preparations were visible on a more ex-  
 tended 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 themselves.

I naturally met with adventures, and  
 was frequently amused by the so-called  
 impenetrability of my disguise. I was  
 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 igno-  
 rance of existing events and idioms in  
 the United States. I invariably pre-  
 sented in demanding why any Southern  
 acquaintances called Mr. Lincoln a  
 "ralliesplitter," and in Mason, Ga.,  
 was one day taken out to a beautiful  
 plantation a few miles from the city,  
 where two negroes cut up a tree and  
 split it into fence rails for my de-  
 lection and education. When they  
 talked of "Yankees," "Northern  
 lines," or "Douglasses," in allu-  
 sion 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 men they were fated after and to  
 meet on many a bloody battlefield.

Giving full rein to their imagination  
 and inherent bounce, these chance ac-  
 quaintances would coolly tell me over  
 my fraternal "brandy smashes" and  
 "malt 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 all.  
 All sorts of extraordinary yarns were  
 spun until I grew weary of their re-  
 position.

In the cities of Louisiana, Alabama,  
 Mississippi and Georgia I was never  
 suspected. It was only when I reached  
 Charleston, S. C., the hotbed of seces-  
 sionism, that danger appeared. Here I  
 was very closely questioned, and it was  
 only owing to the fact that I was able  
 to mention 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 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 forms, stood a tall,  
 slender, dark looking man. He was half  
 drunk and quarrelsome. For some rea-  
 son he began to suspect me, and re-  
 marked as he tossed down his five fingers  
 of whiskey that he did not believe I was  
 an Englishman, but a dashed Lincoln  
 spy.

Fortunately, having a few sovereigns  
 in my pocket, I threw one down in pay-  
 ment of my order. The drinker reached  
 for the coin and seized the glittering coin.  
 "That's British anyhow," he ex-  
 claimed. "Have you any more of  
 them?"

"Enough to pay for another round of  
 drinks," I replied, giving the necessary  
 order and tossing down another sov-  
 ereign. Taking the first opportunity I  
 left the bar room and departed the  
 next day. I saluted the first breath of  
 suspicion was dangerous.

During my trip I had, of course, writ-  
 ten 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  
 piecemeal to several private friends  
 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 be-  
 ing accomplished at night at the main  
 offices.

Sarcely had some of my letters be-  
 gun appearing in the Times when  
 Southern newspapers alluded to them,  
 at first sarcastically, then virulently.  
 It was freely asserted that if the iden-  
 tity of the correspondent were dis-  
 covered, he might make an unpleasant  
 acquaintance with Judge Lynch.  
 Finally I decided that matters were  
 getting too warm for comfort, and so  
 started for Richmond and registered  
 under my nom de plume at the Spot-  
 wood House. I had scarcely signed the  
 book when I noticed that the clerk at  
 the desk was secretly scrutinizing me.  
 Walking into the street I was going  
 toward the railroad depot when a man  
 whose face I never saw rapidly passed

**PLANNING AND DOING**

WHILE METHODIST WOMEN MISSIONARIES  
 TALK OF CONVERT MAKING, THE  
 CATHOLIC PASTOR ACTS.

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

"The Women's Missionary Society of  
 the Methodist denomination met in  
 joint convention in the Methodist  
 church ten days ago. During the three  
 days' session, wide delegates from  
 Chicago, Rockford, Freeport and other  
 points united with the local societies in  
 legislating for the conversion of the  
 Catholics in Mexico, South America  
 and the Philippine Islands to the sect  
 founded by John Wesley. St. Ann's  
 Catholic Church in this city was quick-  
 ly receiving the Methodist sheep into  
 green fields and pastures new. It may  
 not be a common occurrence, but it is  
 nevertheless true that while the Metho-  
 dist ministers and the returned women  
 missionaries from the above-named  
 countries were pleasantly engaged formu-  
 lating plans for the conversion to  
 Methodism, Catholicism was just as  
 pleasantly employed increasing her  
 membership from the Methodist fold.

Rev. Thomas F. Leydon, the well-  
 known pastor and priest of St. Ann's  
 Catholic Church here and St. Joseph's  
 Church at Apple River, was pleasantly  
 occupied during the missionary con-  
 vention 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  
 in full communion with the Roman  
 Catholic Church."

Has it ever occurred to you when  
 surrounded by sorrows that they may  
 be sent to us only for our instruction,  
 as we darken the eyes of birds when  
 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.

There is nothing so good  
 for you these days, to keep  
 Stomach right and Liver  
 active, as

**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**

Of course, you know that. This  
 is just to remind you if you  
 are not feeling "up to the  
 mark."

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**SHARING WITH OTHERS.**

It was only after the widow's curse  
 of life was shared with others that  
 it began to multiply. Blessings multiply  
 and increase by distribution; but  
 hoarded, they are soon lost. The dif-  
 ference between the philanthropist and  
 the miser is the difference between dis-  
 tributing 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 rules our actions.

The glory of salvation is not that we  
 have ourselves been saved, but that we  
 are saving others. We should give some  
 of our powers to the great purpose of  
 God in saving other souls that are as  
 precious in His sight.

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 good you would be a small loser, perhaps.  
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 your custom.

They would also lose the custom  
 of every other woman who tried it  
 and of thousands who had never  
 tried it but had been told that it was not  
 as represented.

Therefore Ogilvies must make Royal  
 Household Flour the best flour because  
 they stake their reputation upon it, and if  
 you and thousands of others found it was  
 not the best, Ogilvies would ruin their  
 business.

So Ogilvies make Royal Household  
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