## HOW LOUIS SAVED THE QUEEN OF MAY

ATEN THE CUENTS

AVENUE THE QUEEN OF MAY

If a war is a limit for the part of the control of the and at its foot, in a clump of trees nestled the pretty white church. Louis' room was in the front of the house. Its window commanded a fine view, but he had chosen it because from it he could see the spire of the church as the church. To-night be drew the currain away from it, so that he could see the spire of the church as he lay in bed. He dishted the light a wakening him in the morning, but he felt uneasy, and as though he must keep guard over his Lords house, even in his stumber. There were myriads of stars in the leavens alsasered around the new moon, and one beautiful large one seemed to hang pendent directly over the spire, so near that it seemed to rest upon it. Instead of twinking like the others, it burned steadily, and as he gazed at it he fancied it was leart-shaped. It was as though the Heart of Jesus had rison from the Tabernacle and was keeping guard over His beleved Mother. With that thought, which brought to his lips a smile, Louis fell asleep.

Be had a strange dream. He thought he was bask in the village church, waiting for the Benediction service. The people had not yet come. The church was dark He was kneeling before the Blessed Virgin, in the dim light of the sanchary lamp, which shed a soft crimson glow on his fair hair and transformed the lilies into roses. He thought he was robed in his cassock and surplice the statue. It occurred to him in his dream that he ought not to burn the incense before Benediction, but though he had not tilt the candle around the statue, he suddenly noticed that two of them were burning, and by their in the could see the face of his losses of Virgin herself. He dropped the censer ben a little tolid he remombered stretching them out to his mother. As he did so the candles won out, and he heard the crash of the censer said distinctly, "My son, I am in danger, Wilt thou not protect me?" The words of the Act of Oneverting and he

As he looked, hardly believing his oyes, a brand fell from the wall, and actually lit a candle as it passed. The candle set fire to a rose that lay against the veil of the statue, and in a second the veil was in a blaze. Louis sprang upon the altar and tore it off, burning his hands badly, but in such intense excitement that he did not notice that. He trampled it beneath his feet, and as he did so, folt the charred wood of the altar giving way under him. He took the statue in his arms and sprang to the floor. Then he stood, half bewildered for a moment, as there seemed to be no way of escape. The front of the church had fallen in, and where he stood the windows were so high he could not have elimbed through with a burden. The idea of relinquishing the statue never occurred to him. He tightened his hold upon it, and felt a thrill of joy as he realized it was saf -at least for the present.

As he clasped it, a fanor, born of his dream and the peril of the situation, which was enough to elightly unbalance his brain, siezed him. He felt as though it had become alive in his arms. It was not heavy, and not as tall as he. He held it easily, with the head restling on his shoulder. He was surprised to find he did not feel its weight. As he looked at the face through the the lurid light, he was sure it smiled. "O Mary!" he murmured, "I will gladly die for thy honor!"

His next thought was "How shall I get out?" He looked at the face through the heard the spire of the church come crashing on to the roof, and then he heard the roof giving way from the force of the shook. A groan burst from his lips as the thought of his mother, R ssella and Father Stacy, whom he shook like a aspen leaf. His face blanched, and he could have shriked for fear, but the hopelessness of the situation was apparent to him, and he resolved to die like a man. He placed the statue on the floor and kent down at its feek, waiting for the root to fall in. As he heard it creaking above him he clung to the statue like a frightened child to its mother, in

## FACING A GRIZZLY.

It was in September—and the Colorado sun had done its duty and made Phil as brewn of face and stout of limb as any of us—that the goology class, consisting of the professor and ton pupils, made an accuration into the range with the chject of taking a practical lesson among the limestone beds at the back of Lincoln Peak.

Away we went—feeling very hilarious at the idea of making an independent expedition, even with Blinkers for a general—sorambling over rocks and fallen trees chasing squirrels and chipmunks, throwing stones at birds and rabbits, and behaving generally just like what we were—a parcel of school-boys.

Presently we emerged from the trees and came out upon another little open park-like stretch of ground. Half way across it our attention was suddenly attracted by a stir among some high graes, and out jumped a little, dark-colored, elort-legged animal, which looked like a woolly pig—if there be any such thing in nature.

Away it scuttled, and away we all went, with a shout, in pursuit.

Phil happened to be some distance behind at the moment, being busily engaged in digging a tarantula's nest out of the ground with his knife: but as soon as he saw what we were doing, he came racing after us, shouting: "Look out! Look out! It's a were making so much noise ourselves.

We did not hear what, we were making so much noise ourselves. But the little animal, whatever it was, was too quick for us and disappeared into some willows while we were still twenty yards behind. The next moment the willows waved and bent and out bounced a great she-bear—a grizzly!

With a yell of dismay we all turned and, scattering like a flock of sparrows when a cat jumps into the midst of them, fled for the nearest trees. Binkors, quite forgetting that he was the general of the little expeditionary force, made such use of his long legs that he was safely up a tree before any of the rest of us had reached one. As for me, I nover reached one at all.

As for me, I never reached one at all.

In turning to run I tripped over the ax, and though I was up again in an instant, the cheek made me the last of the fugitives.

The chase was very soon over. In six jumps, as it seemed, the great beast caught me, and, with one blow of her paw on the middle of my back, sent me, face downward, to the ground, with every atom of breath driven out of my body.

This last direumstance was a good thing for me; I could not have moved a muscle if I had wished to. Consequently the bear supposed that I was dead, and instead of tearing me up into small pieces, as I axpected, she began snifting me all over and turning me about with her claws.

Suddenly, however, she ceased and began to growl, and I heard Blinkers up in his tree call out, "Go back I You can't do any good. You'll only get yourself killed, too." From which I concluded that Blinkers and the bear had one thought in common; they both supposed me to be dead.

I was beginning to recover my maxiety to see what was going forward I made a slight movement withone arm, and in an instant the bear had all that happened afterwards I gathered from the other boys.

Phil, when he saw me knocked down, instead of climbing up a tree like the rest, ran back to where I had dropped the ax, and, picking it up, advanced to my rescue.

It was a mad thing to do, there is no doubt about that; but Phil did it—and without a thought of his own danger. It was in vain that Blinkers called to him to go back; he did not strike.

The bear dropped my arm and advanced a step, standing across my body, growling and turning up her lips until all her great white teeth were exposed; but still Phil came on. At six feet distance he stopped. The bear took a step forward, and the another, and then, with all the strength of his body doubled by the intense excitement of the moment, Phil struck at her with such force and precision that he split her skull clean in two.

But, even in dying, the bear sue ceeded in doing some milechief.

ceeded in doing some mischief.
With a last convulsive effort she struck out, and, with her great claws, tore away the front of Phil's coat, west and shirt, and made three deep cuts all across his ohest from the left shoulder diagonally downward. Another inch and Phil must certainly have been killed. As it was, he stood for a moment swaying to and fro, and then fell forward on the dead body of the bear.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmeleo's Pills. They not only cleause the atomach and bowles from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusious from the blood into the bowles, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Archbishop Croke's Views.

The following has appeared a The

tiobe:

Nir.—In this that your arrespondent

"L. I. I. anciotakes to 1718 this
microl internow of Mr. W. I. Actasi
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I'r. Exaw of Review of Subsuberlast, accurring the school y-tem in

New Zadand.—being flaverable to the
present condition of the achrods in Man

tab. I was, therefore, be pain out in

the new that the Archbishop has

lealard in a letter to The New Zealand

Tablet that he had been entirely move

resented by Mr. Stead. And it appears

that even this did not say by the editor

of the American edition or The Review

of Reviews, so he undertook to add to

and otherwise improve on the original

"interview," as it had appeared in the

Lugish edition.—It is the American

cittion that "L. E. E." quotes,

so I place the two side by side to enable

yours readers to judgo of how interviews

are not only manufactured br' after
wards improved on .—

English edition—I think, replied

Dr. Croko, "that the New Zealand system is fairly satisfactory. The State

provides an education solely secular,

and minaters of all denominations are

authorized to impart religious instruction

to their pupils one day in the week, he

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Even, however, if the "interview"

war occrosed it does not by any neas
schools, it is just to take them away

from the Catholics in Mantoba.

M. J. Gorman.
Ottawa, May 13.

To the Editor of The Globe

Sin.—Liberals who favor the secularizing of the schools as a solution of the Maultoba school question can gain no advantage in argument from quoting Archibishop's Croke's approval of the New Zealand school system, for this simple reason, that the Archibishop has repudiated many of the statements attributed to him by Mr. W. T. Stead in an interview published in last September's number of The Review of Reviews (English edition), while he has indignated in the statement of the statement of the additions and misrepresentations made by the American editor of The Review in the American reprint of the interview from the American celtion of The Review, and is very different from what Mr. Stead published in the English edition. Let me give "Lik chort caluacion in Now Zealand, Dr. Crock replied as follows: I think that the Now Zealand system is the best in the Now Zealand system is the best in the Now Zealand system is the best in the Catholic School. The system works admirably, and why should it not? It is a mistake to be always thrusting dogmatic teaching into very kind of in 'tuction. Religion vau be all the bette. taught if it is not made to state by a monotonous repetition."

This is how Mr. Stead's version of that part of the interview appeared in the American edition. Religion vau be all the bette. taught if it is not made to state by a monotonous repetition."

This is how Mr. Stead's version of that part of the interview appeared in the American edition. Religion vau be all the bette. taught if it is not made to the interview appeared in the American edition. The following shows what Mr. Stead's version of that part religious instruction to their pupi

telligent Protestant thinkers do not approve.

The good old Archbishop states that Mr. Stead misunderstood him even in the mild report of the interview given in the English edition of The Review. Ho is now, as he always has been, a staunch believer in denominational achools and believes it a stauncful tyrauny and injustice that Catholics and others should be forced to support schools which they do not in conscience approve, and that State funds should be withheld from the schools in which people of various denominations wish their children to be educated.

I sun not aware that Dr. Albert Shaw.

was near content to be sequenced.

I am not aware that Dr. Albert Shaw,
the editor of the American edition of
The Review of Reviews, has yet apolegized for his shameful misrepresentatio of Archbishop Croke's views.

W. V. L. Lindsay, May 14. THE ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.



to tell yet that if you want do yet welling easily, in the ' to date' way, the Sinlight w without rubbing yer clothes all pieces (and year hands to oyou m

Sunlight Cleans sciotnes an I most everything the with lers labor and greater comfort.

Books for For every 12 V/rappers sent
1: 1 k-k Baok, Ltd., 23
Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

"THE PALACE, THURLES, Jan. 5, 1896.

"MP DEUR FATIRE LINE. Jah. 5. 1899.

"MY DEUR FATIRE LINE.".—Il have just recorded your letter, and with it he New Realand Tablet, which you were good enought to seed no. "As regards the character sketch given of me by Mr. Stead in The Review of Reviews of Soptember last I shall only say that, as a matter of fact, I have had no formal interview, but only a passing conversation with that gentleman, and that, in consequence, the so called sketch drawn from memory, recounts soveral things as said or done by me which I cannot at all recognize, and do not at all admit or accept." There were no railroads open in the Province of Auckland when I was Bishop there, and consequently I never travelled by them other as a "dead head" or as a paying passenger. It is literally true, however, though expanded by Mir Stead, that myself and the priest who chanced to accompany me to distant parts of tion mission had, for the most part, free quarters; but, of course, I never went so far ax to say that people generally in Mow Zealand "had free board and lodgings wherever they went." That is simply abund.

"Heferring me" x: letter, and commented on by The Tablet, all I desire to say is that I apoke to Mr. Stead in the pass and not in the present tense ("seemed" for "seems"), that I had regard to the Province of Auckland and alone and not to New Zealand at large, as he would give people to understand; and that what I meant to convey was the best the procurable, affording as it did an easy opportunity of imparting religious instruction to Catholic pupils on one or two days of each week, before or after school hours.

"At this distance of time I cannot possibly state how far the Auckland clergy, during my administration, availed of the facilities the proverse head, and the what I meant to convey was the best then procurable, affording as it did an easy opportunity of imparting religious instruction to Catholic pupils on one or two days of each week, before or after school hours.

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## REMARKABLE CASES!

Chronic invalids Raised from Their Sick Beds
After Giving Up Hope.

Chronic Invalida Raised from Takir Sick Beas
London, Ont.,—Henry R. Nicholls, 176
Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr.
Chase's catarrh cure. 25c.
Markdale-Geo. Crowe's child, itching
ezcom; cured. Chase's Ointment.
Truro, NS.—H. H. Sutherland, traveller, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's
Ointment. 60c.
Lucau—Wm. Branton, gardener, pin
worms; all gon. Chase's Fills.
L'Amable—Peter Van Allen, eczema
for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

A mable—Peter van Aine, eczeums for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Gower Point—Robano Bartard, dread-ful tiching files, 30 years. Well again; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Mayersburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Maloine—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Files. 22c.

Will's son, crippled with thousation and suffering from diabeth thousation and suffering from diabeth thousation and suffering from diabeth and suffering from diabeth of the control of the suffering from the sufficient from the suffering from the sufficient from t

THE ARCHSISHOP'S LETTER.

We append the full text of Archbishop
Croke's letter on the alleged interview:

facturer, Toronto.