GOLLTY OR NOT GUILTY. Bo T. W. Poole, M. D., LINDSAY, ONT. CHAPTER XII.

As the time for the assizes drew near m gailt or innocence of the accused peame once more a theme for animated becausion. That he had held his possed, and seemed likely to do so, to be end. When situated as he was, sithout encumbrances he might have hed to parts unknown, was considerably

In fact he had borne his m in fact so no normal misortunes throughout, with what migat be called as patient a firmness that public opinion, over eapricious, began to show symptoms of a turn in his favor.

Men and women began to inquire of she other, if it might not be true, int young Jents was the real culprit, and that he had first set fire to the milding and then perjured himself to the the employer who had dismissed

" What is John Jenks about ?" be can to be asked, and the reply was not resy satisfactory. He was making his lame an unhappy one, spending haif like days in bed, and more than half the

The position and more than half the might in questionable company.

The position and character of his short, Matilda, have already been made known to the reader. She was a shrewd the girl, gitted with a keen insight into ter, and knew more of John's inner life than

in the point inner life than he suspected or would have wished.

His eye fell before her keen glance, when accounting to her for his distinct from McCoy's. He dared not mise his eyes to her's at all in telling his story of the origin of the fire.

She had noted his restlessness and impaintable ever since that event. She had often heard him talking in his cheep; and more than once he had

see; and more than once he had makened suddenly to find her bending

Her poor mother was growing gradually more feeble in body and mind. One day, as the time for the trial approached, the old lady referred to the subject in the presence of both he shildren. The idea had clung to he that Mr. McCoy was being punished for his harsh treatment of her boy, and the so expressed it in words; where upon her son rose, on some pretense and passed out of the house.

This followed him, with an expression on her face, which he had not seen

Laying her hand heavily on his er, she turned him half round, and the same time she said vehemently
John Jecks! you are a perjure
Main!" The very suddenness willain!" The very suddenness of this accusation startled him, but turn-ing fully round, and facing her with a

soowi, he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," was her response. "You think I don't know
you," she continued, as her eyes shot a
gleam which seemed to penetrate his

What do you know about it? he * I know all about it. Do you think

you could keep such a dastard secret as that from me, if I chose to find it out. Why your very coward face betrays Oh! but she's a handsome gal!"

said John, in a drawling tone, involuntarily admiring the animated form be

tarily admiring the animated form before him, which seemed to swell and glow with a wrathful scorn.

"Listen!" she said, "I will put up with this no longer. Either Mr McCoy will not be tried, because you will not dare to appear, or he will be henorably discharged, and John Jenks, the west colorit will be not in the the real culprit, will be put in the prisoner's dick in his place."
"Who will do that?" he asked, blanching a little in spite of himself.
"I will," she said, determinedly.

she cried looking him full in his face, "I will walk to the court house, if need be, and before God and McOoy and denounce you. You have perjared yourself once, but I am determined you shall not have that sin on your soul a second time, if I can help it." What can I do ?" he asked, almost

pleadingly.
"You can tell the truth."
"And be sent to the prison or the

penitentiary.

"Better go yourself as a punishment

for your sin, than add to it by sending an innocent man there."
"I cannot get out of it now."

clear out, and be here no more.

"To beg, or starve," he said, " for I Better beg and starve and die,

she said with vehemence, rather than live a coward and a villain !"

He sluck away from her presence and sought in his accustomed haunts to

shun the twin demms of fear and re morse which everywhere pursued him Having no money of his own to spend it had of late been his custom to loiter around the bar rooms, when he waited and watched for the entrance of these good hearted fellows, who with a gener ity a together misplaced, unwittingly do the devil's work, by inviting "at hands" to the bar to drink.

Unhappily he had not long to wait. To-night, as the crisis of his fate seemed ching, he drank deeper and more eften then ever before, with the result that at a late hour, he was turned ou on the street to find his way home as best he might. His brain recled, and his limbs refused to do their office. The utmost he found himself able to do was to stagger across

aroused the sleepy hostler, and as that functionary, lantern in hand, at leagth approached the spot, he was horrified to find the unhappy youth writing in pain as from internal injury, while a huge gash in his scalp poured forth a ruddy stream, which congested in clote here and there on his tace and person, rendering him a ghastly spectacle.

"Why Jenks, how came you here,

"Why Jenks, how came you here, are you badly hurt?" asked the

hostler.

The unfortunate man seemed yet hardly to have gathered his wits sufficiently to respond; and when he did so, a little later, it was with maudlin caths and half-formed threats against the disturber of his peace.

"That was no fit place for you to be lying," said the traveller testily.

With the aid of the hostler, he now at uggled to his feet; but was wholly unable to stand.

"Stan with him." said the hostler,

"Stay with him," said the hostler, and I will fetch the doctor."

After what seemed to the injured man and his companion a long delay, though in reality not long. Dr. Bolus presented himself, not in the best of humor at being disturbed in his pleas ant slumbers, on behalf of so unpromising a patient.

"We must get him home," he said after his first brief inquiries and exam

Tenderly they lifted him into the stranger's carriage; the dumb brutes showing their dislike of the ill-fated burden by paving and snorting. Then slowly they proceeded down the silent street, the hostler going before with his lantern.
It had been the custom of late for

It had been the custom of late for this elserable young man to come into his home at all hours of the night Tilly had often sat up in anticipation of his coming; but to night, feeling tired and somewhat indisposed, she had retired early to bed; and was at length awakened by a loud knocking at the door.

the door.

While hastily attiring herself, the door was pushed open, and when in a brief time, she presented herself, lamp in hand, she confronted Dr. Bolus in the entry.

"Don't be frightened," he said,

"John is burt, that is all."
The men entered, bearing their now more conscious burden. At sight of the pale face and clotted hair, she the pale face and clotted nary such wild have thrieted, but remembering trather poor mother was in the next room, she made a powerful effort to control hereif and succeeded to the doc-

They laid him down on a rude sofa and the doctor proceeded to examine his patient, whose sensibility and coherence were now rapidly returning.
As a result, the doctor looked grave, and proceeded to dress shook his head, and proceeded to dress the wounds; the stranger and the bostler lending such assistance as they

At length he was put to bed, and made as easy as the circumstances per mitted. From Tilly laid her hand upon

the doctor's arm and drew him aside
"Tell me, doctor, is there danger?"
"There is danger," was the reply "The flesh wounds are not important but he is probably hurt inwardly." You think he may die?'

"There are some very grave symptoms," said Dr. Bolus. At this stage you understand, it is impossible to pro

you understand, it is impossible to pronounce positively; but I would advice you to prepare for the worst."

"Oh doctor, you must help me," she said, her eyes fluing up with tears. "There is so much at stake—so much depending on what may be done.

'Y us mean about his making a will,"

"Y in me in about his making a will,"
suggested the doctor.
"On no, not that," she said, hiding
her face in her hands.
"Oh doctor, how can I tell you!"
"Sit down here," said the doctor,
kindly, "You are tired and weak."
"I must do it," she said to herself,
in a low tone. He may die; but it
must be done now, whether he lives or
dies."

dies."
"Doctor, my brother has been doing very wrong of late—very wrong—and— for his own sake and the sake of others

who may suffer innocently, he ought to acknowledge what he has done." Here she paused and there was utary silence.

"Has it anything to do with the fire at McCoy's?" he asked, at length.
"Yes, yes," she answered quickly.
"That is it. He was angry at Mr. McCoy, and set fire to his store for revenge. Oh, dear, that I should have the shame of relling it," and her tears

burst out afresh. You know what ought to be done, doctor," she said, seeing that he was

"Do you think he will make a state ment?" asked the doctor, not relishing the new role which seemed to be await-

ing him. "On, he must, he must," she cried, "for his soul's sake and for Mr. Mc Coy's sake, whom he has so deeply Speak to him doctor.'

Dr. Bo us stepped softly to the bed side an 4 motioning the others away, he bent over the wounded man, who was now comparatively comfortable was about to speak, when Jenks himself broke the silence. Looking up in the doctor's face, he asked quietly.

'Has she told you?"
'Who?" asked the doctor. "Tilly, there, she has called me perjured villain, and she is right, doctor. I set fire to McCoy's store, and I swore that he had done it him-self. May God forgive me," he said

Tilly had stolen in behind the doctor,

my one there at such an hour."

all blame.
"My team is at the door," continued the second of the second Mr. Jermyn, looking at Tilly. If there is anything I can do, or anybody I can fetch, just command me freely."

"Thank you," said Tilly, "you are

very kind." It was agreed that Mr. Jermyn and It was agreed that Mr. Jermyn and the hostler should go for the magis-trate, while the doctor offered to re-main some time longer in the sick room. "Wants to make his will, I suppose," said Mr. Jermyn; "very right, poor tellow; though I hope he will live long

fellow; though I hopenough for all that." "He seems a very nice, kind man," said Tilly, balf to herself, and half to

said Tilly, half to herself, and half to himself, the doctor, as the sound of wheels died away in the distance. "What a splendid girl that fellow has for a sister," thought Mr. Jermyn as she drove away with the hostler: but he kept his thought to himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

Both the doctor and the magistrate lept till a late hour the next morning, stept till a late hour the next morning, and as a consequence, it was not till the forencon was well advanced that the villagers became informed of the important doings of the night before. Noil McCoy, who was the person chiefly interested in the events which had just transpired, bad left the village at an early hour, wholly massage of

nad just transpired, bad left the village at an early hour, wholly unaware of Jenk's misacventure, or of its results, and was supposed to have gone in the direction of Mr. Maloney's.

He accounted for his numerous visits there, to his own satisfaction, at least, on the ground that he liked to let his generous hallman and that he generous bailsman see that he was standing his ground, and gave no indi-cations of running away to evade the

it was noon, however, before he pre-sented himself to the Maloney house hild; and then after a substantia n.1d; and then after a stoctantial dinner, he was proceeding across the fields with his host, to inspect some tile draining, when their attention was attracted by a boy riding up the lane towards the house, and beckening and waving his hat in a most excited "Great news! Mr. McCoy," he

"Great news! Mr. McCoy," he said, as soon as they came near enough to be spoken to. "Great news! Dr. Bolus has been looking for you every where, and sent me here—"
"Thinks I have skipped, I suppose," said Neil, interrupting him.
The boy grinned from ear to ear.
"What is it?" asked Maloney im

patiently.
"Jenks has met with an accident-

been nearly killed—dying now they say—and he has contessed that he set the store on fire himself—"
Here the by paused a moment, as if to note the effect his words produced.

to note the effect his words produced, and eyed the two men keenly.

Maioney jumped from the ground; threw up his hat in the air; shouted "hurray!" clapped his hands; made as though he would have turned a somersault, as in his young days, but touch his back too stiff and unyielding; and accordingly substituted for it the less exacting movements of an Irist is at which he was an adept, till nally he was compelled to desist from sheer want of breath.

Neil had been nibbling a straw.

when the announcement was made, and he continued the process afterwards, greatly to the surprise and bewider

greatly to the surprise and bewilder-ment of the messenger, who thought, of the two men, Neil had the most reason to be overjoyed.

"I was sure that Jenks had done it," he said to his friends, as they walked towards the house: "and I am hardly surprised that it has come out."

"Glury be to God!" cried Mis.
Maloney, devoutly, as she heard the

Maloney, devoutly, as she heard the news. The other members of the tamily, it less exuberant in their ex pressions of joy, were not less pleased nd delightes

and delighted.

Soon a pair of dashing greys were harnessed to the Sunday carriage, and the two men were speeding along to wards the village at a rapid pace.

Before starting, Neil had tound occasion to ward a word or two to Mary, in

private. You remember those silly words said, about your prayers, that day in Mertonville," he asked. "I would have recalled them the next moment, if I could, but I take them all back, now; will you forgive me?"
"There is nothing to forgive, Mr.

McCoy."
It was very ungrateful on my part,"

You were sorely tried that day, said Mary, blushing a little, as she remembered the boldness she had herself displayed on the occasion. "I would not have gone to you as I did," "she added, "only you were in

trouble."
"I can never forget your kindness and that of Mr. Maloney, and you all," he said to Mrs. Maloney, as he took his leave. It is almost worth while being in trouble to have found such triends."

The news proved to be true, and Neil started for town soon after, to acquaint his lawyer with the strange

turn his affair had taken.

Meanwaile attention was turned to
the sick room, which in a few hours
more proved to be the chamber of death.

The clergyman had called at inter vals during the day and thought at times the patient showed signs of con-sciousness. Once or twice his parched sciousness. Once or twice his parched lips moved as if in prayer, and he seemed not wholly oblivious to the prayers which were offered up at his bedside. But gradually he fell into a

edgement of the crime to Dr. Botts, as a time when his mind was clear, and his thoughts coherent, left nothing further to be desired in order to satisfy the Grand Jury, who summarily dismissed.

to be desired in order to satisfy the Grand Jury, who summarily dismissed the charge, without it having been presented to the judge at all.

Mr. M Coy passed out of court with the feeling of elasticity and buoyancy of former years. It was as though within the past few days a great burden had been litted from his shoulders, and he felt once more a free man.

Once again, a portion at least of the world suited upon him. The Insurance Company came forward and paid the full amount for which his property had been insured. The wholesale dealers with whom he had done business pressed him to buy what goods he wanted. A more kindly and generous spirit was shown towards him by many of his neighbors in the village and adjacent country: though there were not wanting some who telt in a sense not wanting some who telt in a sense aggreered, as though they had been de spoiled of a victim.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FFARFUL ORDEAL

THE TERRIFYING ADVENTURE THAT BE

By Thos. D. McGoe. My Aunt Bess married very early. She was just entering boarding school when she met my uncle, ten years her senior. As he was wealthy

when she met my uncle, ten years her senior. As he was wealthy and a man of the highest integrity, his attentions to my aunt were not discouraged by her parents, and their marriage followed three months after their first meeting.

My aunt was a frail, delicate, little creature, with a baby's face, and a winsome, pet-lish manner that were very engaging. Being an only daugh ter and the child of their old age, her doting parents had kept her very close, and she was ill qualified to make her way in a world of which she had seen so little. The man who had won her young affections was a stern, practical fellow, who, from extensive travel and by acquaintance with large business in terests, snew the world, and has seen much of life. He was, by nature and experience, one would imagine, well qualified to be the support and stay of so clinging a creature as my aunt.

qualified to be the support and stay or so clinging a creature as my aunt.

The truth is they were very happy; not that they avoided all the shoals that lie in the way of domestic bliss. With designing butchers, unconscionable grocers and froward servants my aunt by nature and education was hardly formed to deal; and it is useless and the court to except but that so practice. to deny or to expect but that so practical a man as my uncle had little patience with such insufficiency. But nevertheles she was a very tender husband, and she the most loving wife imaginable

After their hoaymoon they went to live in a simple but comfortable cot tage in N—— street. The location mightily pleased her husband and my mightily pleased her husband and my aunt, like the dutiful wife she was, was pleased to be pleased with it too. She did, indeed, venture to suggest that it might prove to be the least bit lonesome in the long winter evenings, when ne was away and the great park across the way was deserted; but she immediately overruled her own objection when her husband pointed out the beauty of the spot. the wide lawn, the great the spot, the wide lawn, the great forest trees, where robins and jays seemed as much at home and as secure as in a primeval wilderness. And ther the vines climbing all over the house and the flower beds and the quaint, little bay windows made it a very at

tractive place indeed.

My uncle, by the necessities of a large and growing business, with which he allowed no other considerations to interfere, was obliged to be absent frequently from home; but it was rarely for more than an interval of a week and the welcome of his home coming seemed to my aunt when at last that tion for so many dreary hours of waiting. She never told him, and he could never, from her happiness on his re turn, catch a hint of how lonesome she had been, or how often she had cried

while he was away. Oge evening late in September my aunt sat alone in the little front paraunt sat alone in the little front par-lor, looking out across a dreary and lifeless stretch of the leafless park. She had just left off crying. Her one servant, imbued with the lever of the servant, imbued with the lever of the strike that had been declared a few days before by the domestics of the metropolis, had gone off in a rebellious huff an hour before, and this vexation, with the gloominess of the weather and the prolonged absence of her husband whom a telegram, received that morning, had led her to expect on the 4.3 p. m. train, made her very disconsolate and miserable. She was the picture of despair as she leaned her chin on her hand and gazed wistfully through the

window.

But N—— street was deserted and even the best of weather, for, being shut off at both ends, it was no thor oughfare. In its two blocks of extent on the one side there was scarcely a dozen houses, and on the other lay the park. In a whole day not a dozen carts half that number of pedestrians would enter it, and after nightfall it was as silent as the grave, without an

It had rained with relentless persist ence since morning, and as night s the chill drizzle continued. Ten o'clock one childrizzie continued. Ten o'clock found my aunt, supperless, still sitting immovable in her expectant attitude. Her concern for her husband had now risen to real apprehension, and this feeling was succeeded later by a nerv ous anxiety that, canad her to chart feeling was succeeded later by a nerv ous anxiety that caused her to start with every flaw of the rain, or the audden rattle of a casement. My aunt fairly started from her chair

ment of the crime to Dr. Bolus, at ually subsided, and after a few parting

ually subsided, and after a few parting yelps the oppressive silence of N—steet succeeded. My aunt now made bold to light the gas and drew her seat closer to the fire. She attempted to read, but with little success. A concern, an uneasiness for her own safety now seized her and superseded the anxiety she had suffered on account of the man who was dearer to her than her own self.

A florry of the gas, a sudden draugh A flurry of the gas, a sudden draught of cold air on her soculder interrupted her thoughts; she looked up. At the same instant the terrible confusion of sounds she had heard before rang in her ears and nearly caused her to swoon; for this time the din was at her door, and, directing her glance that way, there in the dim light she saw in the open door the figure of a man of cost forbidding agreement. way, there in the dim light she saw in the open door the figure of a man of most forbidding appearance. He was of giant stature and his great bulk filled the door completely. His sudden appearance, the manner of it his black beard covered with froth and his dark beard covered with froth and his dark gleaming eyes, made a sight to chill the blood of anyone. But, appalling as it was, it did not strike so much horror into her heart as did the change his features assumed after my sunt had gazed toward him for a minute. He seemed in an infinitesimal point of time to have seamed the room with aggre to have scanned the room with eager, furtive glances, as if he had divined the situation and knew that she was the situation and knew that she was alone and unprotected. Then it was that he gave vent to a mocking, noise-less laugh, and seemed convulsed with a half smothered mirth, a sneering ex-

It may be wondered how it was that a timid, fearful girl, afraid of her own a timid, fearful girl, afraid of her own shadow, or a dark room, ever withstood such a visitation; my ant herself could never understand or hardly realize how she passed through the ordeal; but this we will leave to psychology or to the science within whose province the solution of such phenomenon naturally comes. Certain it is that my annt lived through it, though indeed she did not escape unscathed. Her dark, glossy ringlets, of which she was justly vain, became by the metamorphosis of that awful half an hour, as white as snow. the metamorphosis of that hour, as white as snow.

That the being now within her room was a madman she did not doubt. That he intended violence; that in his iron grasp she would be as belpless as a child, and the knowledge that no belp was at hand, all these and a thousand was at hand, all these and a thousand other terrible considerations rushed through her mind. But contrary to all precedent, she did not scream; she could not utter a sound. The knowledge of her danger and her helplessness oppressed her like an awful dream, a nightmare that wakes the dreamer by its dreadful intensity. Neither could she move a hand or foot. She was she move a hand or foot. She was literally paralyzed with fear. For some moments the madman's mirth continued. Then he drew nearer

to my aunt's chair, his face relaxed in to a serious expression, and with a polite bow he announced: "Good evening; I am Dr. Thorne.

I have come to perform the operation.
It must be done to night."
He opened his great coat as he said this and drew from thence a bundle of instruments shiny and new, wrapped in

brown paper. My aunt caught glimpse of a keen bladed knife and glimpse of a keen obtact anne and a dne pair of soissors.

The horribie significance of these re-marks was not lost on my ann. She was to be butchered by this maniac, perhaps to experience the slow tortures of vivisection. She tried to murmur a prayer, for she believed her end was at land and nothing could avert it.

hand and nothing could avert it.

"But where is the table?" inquired the lunatic, looking round the room.
"We must have a table," he added,

impatiently.
... My aunt always remarked when "My aunt always remarked when telling this story that it was God and his angel that snggested her reply and strengthed her in the heroic resolution sue had taken, the instant it flashed across her mind. And, indeed, all who knew her were inclined to believe that she was miraculously sustained. She determined to humor the madman the madman his intentions, she answered with ap

parent composure;
"Why, you know, doctor, the table was not quite to our liking and was taken back this morning. But I know where one can be had. If you'll be eated I ll go and fetch it.

seated I il go and fetch it.

She arose and stepped hastily to the door, but the madman, as if suspecting her design, was after her. She turned; he laid a heavy hand on her arm. "I'll go along," he said in a perfectly rational manner.

Out into the rainy night and along

the dark pathway my aunt went hast ily with the madman at her side, clasping in his powerful hand the drawn knife. How she peered into the dark ness for the friendly sight of the night watchman, how eagerly she listened for the footfall of a policeman, or some sane human being !

But N—— street was deserted and sechoed to their footsteps alone. All the houses were steeped in Stygian gloom, and not a ray of light gleamed from anywhere. Something prompted her to go on. With a nervous haste which she was anxious to conceal, she walked forward, boping by some chance or other to meet with a belated pedes trian. When they reached the narrow lane at the end of N—— street to the right hand she saw a gleam of light and right hand she saw a great of the same open door. Some one was within.

As they drew nearer my annt saw it was a grogshop. She could even hear low voices and the noise of clinking glasses. A few steps more and she

but still struggling and foaming in the

My aunt was never alone for an hour afterwards in her life. Her husband renounced all other cares and was never absent from her side.

A GREAT PASTORAL

HE ENGLISH SCHOOL QUESTION TREATED IN A MASTERLY MANNER BY BISHOP OF MIDDLE-BROUGH.

Lenden Tablet, December 1. In his Advent Pastoral, read in all the churches of the dioese on Sunday last, the Bishop of Middlesbrough writes:
. Now I beseech you, brethren, time

"Now I beseech you, brethren, ture there be no schisms among you, but that you be perfect in the same mind and in the same judgment." (ICor. i. 16.)
The season of Advent, which is sowed to a great struggle for the very existence of our Catholic schools. The wave of a great struggle for the very existence of our Catholic schools. of our Catholic schools. The wave of continental intolerance has reached our shores, and the Christian character of our Public schools has to make way for a system of secular instruction, from whose curriculum all definite Christian teaching is to be eliminated. Not only is definite Christianity placed outside the school hours, but the proposed Bill would empower the local authorities, if they so pleased, to refuse "facilities" for its being given as all. A pretence of appeal is offered to fuse "facilities" for its being given at all. A pretence of appeal is offered to the Beard of Education, but it new transpires that at the end of five years the right of appeal would cease, after which managers would be powerless to protect the denominational character of the school, the local authorities being supreme. Taking the bill in its most tavorable sense, by it Catholics would lose straight away one half of their 1,056 schools, while the other half would not be secure. Bitter experience has taught us that we cannot perionee has taught us that we cause trust local authorities indiscriminated it is not too much to ask the prote tion of law where our religious righ

are jeopardized. But the glaring injustice of this pro on the graring injustates of the pro-posed measure does not end here. Catholics will have to bear the cost of their own school buildings and of the religious teaching, but will be required to contribute to the cost of the pro-vided schools as well, and what is more wantonly unfair, to the Protestant reli-gious teaching, knowas "simple Bible Teaching" It is deficult to realize the effrontery of this proposal. They or their utmost to rob our children of their hithright, and then call upon Catholics to contribute their rates and taxes towards the establishment of a new form of Protestantsm. It is to next the path the next the matter. new form of Protestantism. It is to establish this new sect at the public expense that the voluntary schools are to be swept away. It is little wonder the country has revolted against so tyrannous a proposal. All that Catholics are contending for is equal justice and fair play all round. We claim the right to educate our children is the taith of our Fathers, and we are prepared to give to others what we ask for ourselves. As we are called upon as citizens and subjects to contribute our share to the rates and taxes of the country, and as we likewise contribute country, and as we likewise contribe largely to the industries and to the wealth therefore of the communities in which we live, it is not unreasonable to demand that we shall not be denied the beneficial use of our own hard earned contributions to the public purse. To say, moreover, as has been said over and over again, that Catholics are ask-ing the Protestant public to pay for their religious teaching in their schooltheir religious teaching in their schools is entirely at variance with truth. The free use of the school house more than defrays the cost of the religious teaching, whereas in the case of the provided schools, Catholics are called upon to pay for a for n of Protestantism thouse as undengminationalism. If the known as undenominationalism. If the truth were told, the local authorities. in not a few cases, are carrying on the

volentary schools at a profit. THE QUESTION OF THE TEACHES.
One of the most objectional features therefore simulating a compliance with time it would deprive us of our Catholic teachers. It takes their appointment out of the mauagers' hands, and leaves us at the mercy of opponents, and, if we are to judge from the intolerant spirit they manifest, will not be slow to press their advantage. It this be true of the Capbolic teacher in general, it will tell with fourfold force against our teaching communities up and down the country. We have reason to know the force of unreasoning prejudice, and the narrow, ignorant bigotry that still sur-vives in places, and sometimes in the nost unexpected quarters. Occasionally, too, some anonymous Catholic writes most opportunely to the press to writes most opportunely to the press to confirm the existing prejudice against the religious teacher with the additional poison of the Catholic name. We can speak with a personal knowledge extending over a period of thirty six years, during which time we have been engaged in establishing or premoting the establishment of Catholic elementary schools, first under the Act of 1876. the establishment of Cataolic elementary schools, first under the Act of 1870, and, secondly, under the Act of 1892. Now, looking back over this period, we have no hesitation in saying that the great increase in our schools, their multiplication and extention, and unquality ad efficiency. Questioned efficiency, are due, und God, to the self-sacrificing labors, God, to the self-sacrificing labors, taked evoted care, and the unwearied patience of our teachers. It is this devotion to duty, in pired as it is by the highest motives, that gives the key to their remarkable success. The religious character, as every Catholic knows has an influence over the children that at one selemp and refiging. The their office. The utmost he found himself able to do was to stager across the street to an open shed attached to the hotel, and here he laid himself down and speedily passed into the paralysis functication.

Still later in the night, the sound of wheels, and the "whoa, whoa" of the driver may have smote upon his ears, but failed to rouse him to conscious sees. Another moment and he was be failed to rouse him to conscious sees. Another moment and he was be failed to rouse him to conscious sees. Another moment and he was be failed to rouse him to conscious sees. Another moment and he was be failed to rouse him to conscious sees. Another moment and he was be insight have been instantly grashed to death, had not the noble animal to death, had not the noble animal to death, had not the noble animal transport of the shed, not expecting to find the shed, and tarveller with difficulty.

The bolated traveller with difficulty the find the shed traveller with difficulty the shear of the properties that the shed to the one of the shed to an open shed attached to the shed to to an open shed attached to the shed to an open shed attached for the shed the count of the paralysis of the shed the shed to the hould not the count of the paralysis of the shed the shed to the hould had passed away from its earthly tenethed to the shed the shed to the hall clock man fairly started from the theory of 11 with an alarming and numeral clanger. A fear of the shift the shed t

were able to survi-starvation. Now the general teachi more adequate work they do, the anonymous Catho render service, gradge them the t no one is dece the Government, kind. The Sister any source whice earn, and it is go as a body that the ence, not only of the Board of Edu ice may be assured tyrang sarroying the Cat schools, and drive desert, it is to the cat schools. the first place, th even at the cost While we wri words, the Bill i dentiless remove mequalities, bu conception, is their zeal to sei and in their reci have outraged THE DUT The monster t held in Lancashi metropolis and evidence of the ment the mas Catholics alone net in their the of thousands, to peril. No gover

DECEMBE

done in the past.

schools were most and yet they had t

highly paid board to our teaching c

position of such they know that law, it would p Let us hope the Hitherto we ba of security as I once for all. V the past could sw mot the. T its grant streng made a mercile and most defer the lambs of poor—the article laborer. In it little account lated by the saught, though it is the mos earth. It is is not too muc on our schools on our faith. Catholics derstand that sacred interes remedy is not Catholics bel parties in the religion is m they should i mos enemy. paion is st wards of thirt ention rage German pose ashes of th

great statesm his marvelle hero of the h try. His be ened to meas if possible su would compl had begun. the religious and priests, strictions of betered in e throughout ! body hither They would its own gr strength au and thes wa No Centre Bismarek W pected resu credit as D seived ita power, term the as the of the Iron strength an could pass vain did th

erms with

to Can issa

brave prof

man enoug beaten, ac

journey to

God, due which, wit singleness by the en example s lost on the called upo