

om thin? of Washed thin! That's so hen common soap is used.



Monsieur Pascal's Experiences (Continued from page 1.)

As we look at each other our faces seem to be as red as fire. After a meal of pemican you feel well and strong. It seems to you that you could digest hobnails. Before going to bed we have prayers in common. Missionary priests, owing to the hardship of walking so far in the snow, are allowed to substitute the Rosary for the breviary. We were told our beads behind our mittens, while tramping inside the sledge. When the night prayer is over how come the time when we enjoy a good long smoke. It would be pharisaical to find fault with a missionary priest for indulging in the solace of the fragrant weed, which seems to soothe our tired frames and weary minds. God knows we have not enough to begin to begin to feel not offended at this indulgence. When it is time to sleep we fold our blankets like a letter, put our coats under the pillows, envelop ourselves in the letter-blanket, closing the flaps over our heads. Some cannot bear to cover nose and mouth, but those exposed parts must be very cold by the time morning comes. Being thus completely wrapped up, you begin to feel uncomfortably warm. If so, all you have to do is to uncover a little and look at the

AURORA BOREALIS All the frosty air drives your head again under the flap. On the first morning after camping out on fir boughs you feel a bit stiff, but that soon passes off and you end by sleeping much better than you would in a regular bed. The body gets hardened. After some days of this life you shudder at the thought of a featherbed. Taking the climate all in all, we find it very healthy. Our missionaries live long. At Price Arthur we have Fr. Gastie, O. M. I., who spent more than forty years near Fort Churchill and is now 71 years of age.

"The next question is, On what do people subsist in that great Lone Land? Before the whites came, the Indians used to live on game, which was then much more plentiful than now. They made use of snares, pitfalls and enclosures into which they drove the game. Now that the white man is among them, they can get tobacco more easily, they like tea, they must have powder; thus they could no longer enjoy life were it not for the white traders. There are, however, certain kinds of white man's food which the Indians have no relish for. Once some Indians came upon a white man eating lettuce. They asked for some, and when he gave one of them a bunch, the Indian told his squaw to boil it. When they thought it must be sufficiently cooked they wasted it and threw it away in disgust. Then the husband said: "I have long tried to discover something and now I have discovered it. I often wondered why the missionaries came so near to this country of ours. I now see why it is. In their own country they are obliged

TO EAT LEAVES

like animals. They come here in order to get better food. That is the secret." The Indians are getting to like flour, now that it has become less expensive than it was in the early days. At first they complained that it burned their stomachs. Their principal resource, however, is fishing and hunting. For us missionaries of the north fish is the staple food. We fish both on the water and through the ice in winter. This latter is the easier way. We make two holes in the ice. Through the first one we pass a long pole to which an equally long cord is attached. The current of the river floats the pole, clinging closely to the under surface of the ice. When it reaches the second hole, where you seize it pull the cord on which the net is already hung. It is easier thus to put out the nets in winter than in summer, for in winter there are no waves. Our hauls of fish are almost miraculous. I remember one morning when we caught fourteen hundred large fish. The nets are sometimes 10 or 15 fathoms in length. The excellent whitefish is very abundant. The

CARIBOO

are still very numerous. They are a species of small reindeer. The east of Athabaska Lake and the west of Hudson Bay are full of them. They do not come much in the places where moose are to be found, for the moose do not like the reindeer, because the latter make too much noise. I have travelled half a day with nothing but countless multitudes of cariboo in sight. They are quite as plentiful as the buffalo used to be. They come in vast herds, and return eastward in May. The Indians kill a great many in the autumn when the cariboo swim across the great lakes. With his spear each Indian, following in his canoe, can easily kill fifteen, and as the bodies float, he ties them behind his canoe. The skin is as useful as the flesh. When the Indian needs meat during winter he goes out to his frozen reindeer pile, which is his open air larder, and backs of what he wants. Another interesting thing is

WILD GOOSE HUNTING.

The shore of Lake Athabaska there

is grand sport in this line. There are wild geese, bustards, swans and ducks, but the ducks are despised when the larger winged game is at hand. The wild geese come down from the north, where they have spent the summer, to seek the gravel which is found on the lake shore and the river banks. This is the time the hunters choose. They hide behind bright colored bushes. It is a grand sight to see these great birds settle in hundreds on the water after a long flight. The hunter holds his breath—the cough would be enough to disturb the splendid flock—and then he imitates the honking of the wild geese. All the birds lift their heads. There are sixty of them within short range. He fires and often kills ten or fifteen before they can all fly away.

THE INDIANS

of the Northland are divided into many tribes. Our wood Indians embraced the Catholic religion much more readily than the Indians of the plains. The Sioux and Blackieet are very hard to convert. At Battleford, where our Fathers have labored so long, the Indians are still plunged in paganism. However, the government schools, especially the boarding schools, where the children are separated from their parents, are doing much good. A new generation is springing up. If the government continues this good work the Indians will soon cease to be savages. The condition of the Indians in the north is quite different. They are just like white people. At Ile a la Croix there have been Grey Nuns these 40 years. If you went there you would be surprised at the piety and civilized appearance of these redskins. They cut their hair short and dress like white people. One Sunday I noticed that 300 of them received Holy Communion and 40 were confirmed. They could sing hymns all day long. As there have been no Protestant missionaries in those parts, all the Indians are Catholics and none of them are heathens. These Indians have really attained that degree of civilization which is attainable in the forest. Furs are still as abundant as ever and bring higher prices. The Indians live comfortably and buy watches, etc.

THE LANGUAGE

of my northern Indians is very difficult. When first I was sent alone



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM, '02-'03

among them I found the study disheartening, but I was young, determined and vigorous. I wanted to speak to them and they did not understand me. By little and little they taught me the names of various objects which they pointed to, and gradually I became familiar with their language and the more I learned it the more I admired it. Then I began to enjoy their company. They are never in a hurry, they can talk all day long about everything under the sun. They speak of Moses and pretend that they are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, or they tell fairy tales about huge beavers, or they relate the traditions of ancient wars. They are very anxious to know if white people ever visit each other and the Indians used to do. When you understand the Indians you come to

LOVE THEIR SOULS

and thus forget many shortcomings. I was seven years alone east of Athabaska Lake, 150 miles from the nearest priest. This was one of the greatest trials of my life. Occasionally I could visit the nearest neighbor, my companion in those missions, but to do so I had to travel with my dogs from Monday morning till Saturday. In summer, when the ice breaks up in Athabaska Lake, about the feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, I used to spend two months with my companion at the principal mission house. But when we were separated if I wanted to go to confession, I had to travel a week, which gave me plenty of time for preparation, and then travel back another week, which gave me plenty of time to perform my penance. On my relating this experience in Europe, my hearers often ask me, But what can you do if you happen to fall into sin? There is only one thing to do, beg pardon of God. In such circumstances a holy fear keeps us from sin. Besides we have

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

in our huts. It would be too bad if after all that we have sacrificed for the love of God, we should offend Him seriously. Faith is lively in such cases. The true consolation of the missionary is the Blessed Sacrament. Take away the love of Jesus and you have no true missionaries. With faith you have everything, but it must be a strong, real, inward faith, not the

THE OLD RELIABLE ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

faith of those who want to appear good. The missionary who is alone several thousand miles from his own country, must say to himself: My life is to be spent here. God will reward me if I do sacrifice myself. The missionary must accustom himself to confide his troubles to God. When his heart is full of sadness he will not seek comfort from the Indians, who are not sufficiently advanced in the spiritual life. He must therefore commune with Our Lord. To make you understand how I did this I must describe my dwelling. It had three small rooms and three windows, one of glass, and two of thin parchment. In the middle room the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. I made candles out of grease. God was there. My room was built of two beams of wood with caribou skins stretched between them. Being alone with the holy angels, for the little Indian boy, who did chores for me during the day, slept in his father's hut at night, I slept splendidly when I did sleep. But sometimes the evenings were long. I had a dozen books, but I knew them all by heart. I could not pray all the time. Occasionally an Indian came to chat with me and sing hymns with me. But some nights I

evidently he need not have gone so far, but the fertility of our soil was not then known. One door was closed against us, the railway companies had no great interest to send people to Prince Albert and the Saskatchewan; but now that the C. N. R. is following the C. P. R. into Prince Albert, we are on the eve of seeing the Saskatchewan Valley in direct connection with Alberta. Our valley will have on the south the C. P. R., and to the north other railways lines which will open out a still finer country. In the latitude in which you are here the soil remains pretty good as far as Regina, but beyond Moose Jar and up to the Rockies there is nothing but pasture land here and there. Things are quite different in the northern valleys. There the soil is too fertile, the grain grows too high. Great numbers of excellent Catholic immigrants have settled in my vicariate this year. Thanks to Mr. Lange's intelligent business abilities three hundred German Catholics from the States, under the spiritual direction of the Benedictines, have taken up several townships. There will soon be seven thousand. Six Benedictine Fathers and three Brothers are busy carving out twelve parishes. They already talk of a college and convent for German-speaking youth. The Canons Regular of the Immaculate Conception will also soon have three or four parishes of French-speaking Catholics to the east of the German colony. I have, besides, three or four secular priests in my vicariate. The majority of my clergy are O-lates, who were the pioneers of the faith in that country. The Saskatchewan vicariate was long despised as a hopeless region for the white man; but now that railways have found it out, the day of its prosperity, thank God, has dawned.

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

THE SIMPSON Limited COMPANY. H. H. FUDGER, President. J. WOOD, Manager. Send for our Fall and Winter Catalogue. Two Mail Order Specials. V30. Black Taffeta Silk Belt, hem-stitched and corded, oxidized buckle, special, 25c. V40. Black Taffeta Silk Belt hem-stitched and corded, trimmed with buttons at back, pretty oxidized buckle, special, 50c. Address The SIMPSON Co. Limited Toronto, Ont. Dept. C.R.

FREE! Portrait of the Late Pope Leo XIII. Magnificent Reproduction of Molthe's Celebrated Work.

An Exceptional Offer to Readers of the Catholic Register. The exact measurement of the magnificent picture is 22 x 28 inches. It has been sold at \$1.00.

The Register Offers It Free to All Subscribers who pay Subscription up to 1904. The Offer only holds good to the end of 1903. Send in now and secure the most faithful picture of the late Pope. Address The Catholic Register Publishing Co. 9 Jordan Street, TORONTO

I found afterwards that they were young doctors studying his methods. Father Kneipp spoke to me rather sharply, going directly to the point. Never mind what he said, I deserved it. I shall not forget it, and, like Dr. Johnson, "I think to mend!" "Come again in a fortnight," he said suddenly. The consultation was over and I was ushered out. I had not reached the door when "zwei und zwanzig," a crippled boy, a far more interesting case than mine, came in. Father Kneipp dislikes women, me in particular, because no one had warned me not to wear gloves, a veil and a good bonnet. If I had put on an old shawl over my head and looked generally forlorn, he would have been kinder. Isn't that dear? His benevolence is of the aggressive type; he grudges time spent on rich people—is only reconciled to them, in fact, because they offer up gifts in return for health, and in this way a great sanitarium has grown up where the prince is nearly as well treated as the peasant—but it is the peasant folk, his own people, that the Pfarrer loves! This is the only truly democratic community I have ever lived in—a pure democracy governed by a benevolent despot! The despot is past 70 years old; he had an aldermanic figure, a rough peasant head, and extraordinary bristling white eyebrows, standing out a good two inches from his bent-house brows. His coloring is like an old English country squire's, brick-red skin, bright blue eyes and silver hair. He is a prelate, so his purple cassock is piped with purple silk, and he wears a tiny purple skull cap. His two inseparables were with him, a long black cigar and a white spitz-dog.

1850. They moved to Walkerton in 1870. Mr. and Mrs. Klein celebrated their golden wedding three years ago. The family consisted then of seven sons and two daughters. One of the latter (Louise) died suddenly on the 8th of April last. The shock of this very probably hastened the death of the deceased lady. The remaining members of the family were all present at the funeral, the sons acting as pall-bearers. R. I. P.

Death of Mrs. Klein, Walkerton. On Wednesday of last week there died at Walkerton, Ludawicka Lang, wife of John Klein, Esq., of Walkerton. The funeral took place on Saturday morning last at 10 o'clock to the Church of the Sacred Heart, and was very largely attended by all classes of the community, thus showing the respect to the deceased and the family in which they are held. The deceased lady was born in Waldstadt, Germany, 74 years ago, and came to this country when 19 years of age with her father and two sisters to join her brother Reinhold Lang, then residing in Berlin, Ont. She married Mr. Klein 5th November,

"MAN IS FILLED WITH MISERY."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this. SPEND THANKSGIVING DAY OUT OF TOWN. Single fare in effect for Thanksgiving Day this year allows passengers to spend five days out of town. Tickets are good going Wednesday, Oct. 24th, and are valid to return until Monday, October 19th. Call at Grand Trunk offices for tickets and all information.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. ENTRY. Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry. HOMESTEAD DUTIES. Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely: (1) By at least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years, or— (2) If the father (or the mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of the law as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother, or— (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by himself in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of the law as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. APPLICATION FOR PATENT. Should be made at the end of the three years before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so. INFORMATION. Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at the Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion lands in the railway belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories. JAMES A. SMART, Deputy-Minister of the Interior.

IN ADDITION TO FREE GRANT LANDS, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

THE BEST ALE! COSGRAVE'S THE BEST PORTER! (From Pure Irish Malt only) COSGRAVE'S THE BEST HALF AND HALF! COSGRAVE'S ALWAYS ASK FOR THE BEST! COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. TORONTO. TEL. PARK 140. And of all reputable dealers.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Inventors and others who realize the advantages of having their Patent business transacted by experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Insurance Co. Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

McSHANE'S BELLS. Over 10,000 ringing round the world. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.