

which he spoke of it as the Romish Church. In the second place, against the Archbishop of Manitoba in saying what was not true, that the Archbishop tried to secure ascendancy. The Archbishop did nothing of the kind. He simply asked for the restoration of those rights which, up to 1870, the Catholics of Manitoba enjoyed. Finally against the Catholics, when the hon. gentleman spoke of the loyalty of the Orangemen. I will say that he speaks the truth if he refers to their loyalty to persecution from the beginning to the end of the history of the order. These are some of the outcomes of the mean spirit of hostility manifested toward the Catholics of this country by the hon. member for North Simcoe (Mr. McCarthy), and by the Controller of Customs, a gentleman paid by the Catholics."

Mr. Speaker—Order. I think the hon. gentleman should not indulge in remarks of that kind.

Mr. Devlin—Perhaps I should not indulge in the truth, Mr. Speaker.

Mr. Speaker—I think the hon. member had better take the advice of the chair and not indulge in the language he is using.

Mr. Devlin—Against the Controller?

Mr. Speaker—With regard to hon. members of the House.

Mr. Devlin—I was merely quoting the Controller's language from an organ of the Government.

Mr. Speaker—The hon. gentleman in saying that these hon. gentlemen were actuated by a mean spirit is indulging in language which he, as an old member of this House, will, I think, admit is not in accordance with Parliamentary usage.

Mr. Devlin—Very well, Mr. Speaker. When the question is up again I will refer to the lovely spirit, the generous, broad spirit actuating these gentlemen, the magnificent spirit which has for its object the destruction of a language and the deprivation of a people of its rights.

The bill was read a first time.

Opening a Bank Account.

It is not necessary to be possessed of a vast sum of money to open an account with the largest of banks, writes Walter H. Barrett in a practical article giving directions and advice concerning women's bank accounts in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. Two hundred dollars is ample. In case of lack of personal acquaintances a letter of introduction to the bank president or cashier is a first requisite. Banks are usually open for business with customers between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, so it will be well to call upon the officers with your letter of introduction during these hours. You will be asked to enter your name, address and reference in the "identification" book, and in subscribing your autograph you should do so precisely as you intend to write it on checks. This is necessary because the signature in the book is for comparison in case a question of forgery should arise. These preliminaries over, the first deposit, either in bills, check or draft, may be made. The amount of the deposit must be written on a "deposit slip" to be handed with the money to receiving teller. A pass book, showing the amount to the depositor's credit, a check book and a number of deposit slips will be supplied by the bank, and with these, formalities are over.

OUR OF SORTS.—Symptoms, headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

History of a French Magazine.

The election of M. Brunatiere to be the Editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* marks an epoch in the history of that well-known periodical. Hitherto, throughout practically its whole career, it has been under the sway of what has been dubbed the Buloz dynasty. Francois Buloz was for many years the absolute arbiter of its fortunes, and after him his son Charles. But in the hands of the latter the sceptre of authority at length wavered and then fell. A short time ago he was constrained to resign his editorship altogether, amid circumstances neither pleasant nor creditable, and now the stockholders have chosen another man to fill the place, and the name of Buloz will no more be known where for two generations it was well-nigh omnipotent.

This famous review was founded about sixty-five years ago, in a far different form from that in which it now appears. Externally it was decidedly pretentious, its cover bearing an elaborate design by Tony Johannot. This displayed two female figures—a North American Indian scantily clad, and holding in her hand an olive branch; and a French woman, in classic attire, leaning against a pillar on which were inscribed the names of various illustrious men. These figures illustrated the significance of the title "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." Within, however, the periodical did not fulfil the promise of its face. Its contents were confined exclusively to articles on travel and geography, and these were not original, but mere reprints from other publications books and papers. No wonder, then, that the venture was unsuccessful. It struggled along for two or three years, and then, with a total subscription list of less than four-score, prepared to give up the ghost. Just as the supposedly last number was going to press, however, a crank called at the office. He would, at any rate, be termed a crank in these days. He was eccentric in his notions, pugnacious in advocating them, obstinate to a degree; all around an uncommonly hard man to get on with. His name was Francois Buloz; he had recently come to Paris from Geneva, and he had some money to invest in business. When he entered the "*Revue*" office he found every one suffering with the blues. They had just finished spelling the word "failure."

"But what's the matter?" demanded the Genevese crank; "why don't you make the thing a success?"

"If you think that an easy task, try it yourself."

"Very well," responded M. Buloz, "I'm ready. What will you take for it?"

"Whatever you'll give!" The concern was really worth nothing to its owners.

"Good. I'll give you 500 francs? Is it a bargain? Very good! With your permission I'll take charge of the place at once." And so the Buloz dynasty was founded.

Two great changes were at once effected by M. Buloz. He threw Tony Johannot's picture into the waste basket and gave the review the severely simple cover it has ever since worn, and he decreed that pen and ink should take the place of shears and the paste-pot. He went to the University and asked the leading members of the faculty to write articles, and to other eminent men on the same errand. They hesitated. The review was dying, they said. But he assured them that it was very much alive, and would soon be the foremost magazine in Europe; and then he added that he was quite ready to pay good prices for contributions in advance of publication. Thus he finally prevailed upon Guizot, Cousin, Villemain and others to write for him; and their example led a host of literary aspirants to seek M. Buloz's patronage. Emile de Girardin, George

Sand, Prosper Merimee, Alfred de Muscat were presently enrolled on his list of contributors, and it began to look much as if the "*Revue*" were indeed to become the leading literary periodical of Europe. The cranky editor felt sure of it and began to give his crankiness full play. Never was autocrat more arrogant. To some of the best writers in France he said: "Perhaps I'll print your article—if I find it good enough! But I'll pay you nothing—not a sou. Surely you will be amply repaid by the honor of having your name appear in my '*Revue*.' In future, of course, if your work merits it, I may pay you for subsequent articles. But not a sou for this." Was there a revolt against such tyranny? On the contrary; the best writers of France competed with each other in their eagerness to write for the "*Revue*" on those terms. Thus the magazine soon became what its editor declared it would be. As for its contributors, they became immortal; for thirty years every man elected to the French Academy was chosen from their ranks.

Talking Canary Birds.

The story of the talking canary, which attracted much attention, has brought out other instances of an acquired power of speech in the same bird. In the organ of the Selborne society, where the story originally appeared, there are some further cases given, and probably many more may be yet forthcoming. Attention has been directed to an account of a talking canary at Norwood which was published in a natural history magazine for 1858. It began by repeating a word which its mistress had often used to it—"Kissie, kissie"—and by following the word up by an imitation of the sound of a kiss. Its mistress had been in the habit of kissing the bird and talking to it as if it were a child. After a time the bird repeated other words, until it had a large vocabulary of phrases, one of which consisted of five words.

Again, in 1863, a talking canary was heard and seen at a cottage near Bath. Visitors crowded to the spot to hear and see it. Its vocabulary consisted of such phrases as are generally taught to parrots. A case is also recorded of a speaking canary having been exhibited in Regent street about 20 years ago. The explanation given is that the bird is gifted with unusual powers of imitation, and will pick up airs freely which it is in the habit of frequently hearing. Left to itself, it quickly imitates the notes of other birds, and in Germany and the Tyrol canaries are usually placed for this purpose besides the nightingale. In our own country they are often taught to imitate the lark. The words which it imitates may be regarded as a mere development or variant of its musical notes.

Early Plants.

However desirable it may be to secure early vegetables by setting out those started in the hotbed or in the living room of the house, the work of setting should not be attempted too early in the season. It must be remembered that house or hotbed-grown plants are tender and not susceptible to such a degree of cold as is frequently experienced in the early part of the season. It is therefore safer to omit transplanting until the weather is quite uniform in temperature. Potted plants may be hardened by putting out of doors and so sooner prepared for transplanting. Earliness of product is governed largely by uninterrupted growth, the setting should therefore be so carefully attended to as to prevent any shock to the growth.

"For a long time I suffered with stomach and liver troubles, and could find no relief until I began to use Ayer's Pills. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."—D. W. Baine, New Bern, N. C.

A Catholic Author.

Concerning the Catholic author, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Frank Carpenter, in correspondence to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, tells some interesting facts.

Mr. Johnson was a professor in the University at Georgia at the time the war began, and when it closed, leaving himself and all his friends poor, he opened a boarding school for boys at his home, near Sparta, in Georgia, and made here for years \$20 000 and upward annually by teaching. He had about fifty boys who paid him tuition fees of \$500 a year, and the most famous families of the South sent their children to him. The story of how he gave up teaching and devoted himself to writing for an income about one-tenth the size of that derived from his school, is an interesting one. He says: "I like the profession of teaching very much, and I looked upon it as my life work. I never thought of making money by writing for pay, and it was not until I came to Baltimore that I realized that I could write anything which had a real money value. I left Georgia on account of the death of my daughter. We loved her dearly, and I could not endure life amid the old associations without her. I gave up my school and moved to this city and began teaching here. About forty of my boys came from the South to Baltimore to enter my school, and had I not changed my religion I would probably be teaching to-day. Some time after I came here, however, I grew convinced that my religious ideas were wrong, and from being an Episcopalian I was converted to Catholicism and became a member of the Catholic Church. The most of my students were Episcopalians, and when their parents learned of the change in my religious belief they withdrew their sons from the school, and the result was that I eventually gave up teaching. In the meantime I had written some short stories which were published in a Southern magazine which was then printed here in Baltimore. These now form a part of my book known as "*The Dukesborough Tales*." They attracted attention, but I never thought of their having any money value until one day Mr. Alden, the Editor of *Harper's Magazine*, asked me what I had received for them. He was surprised when I told him that I had written them for nothing, and he said that he would be glad to have me do some writing for *Harper's*, and that if I could give him stories like those he would pay for them. I then wrote some stories for *Harper's*. They were published after I was fifty years of age."

Saved by a Dog.

The sagacity of a dog saved a Woodburn family from being burned to death. Fire started in the house of John Rooney, on Poole street, North Woburn, about 2 o'clock in the morning, and the family, consisting of five persons, barely escaped with their lives. They were saved by the instinct of the house dog, who rushed upstairs and roused Mr. Rooney by barking. Escape by the stairways to the lower part of the house was cut off by the fire, and the upper rooms were fast filling with smoke. Mr. Rooney succeeded in tying some bed covering together, and with this lowered one of his sons to the ground. He obtained a ladder and rescued the others, but not until they were nearly overcome by the smoke. Afterward the dog was found crouching in a corner of one of the rooms, nearly suffocated.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25c., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.