

GRANDMA'S OLD HOME.

She was taken from it to dwell amidst Wealth.

Philadelphia Times. Such a dear old house it was! Nestling down in a sweet old-fashioned garden, with an orchard full of weather-beaten, gnarled old apple trees behind it, while an outer circle of ancient cedars drew up about it like faithful guardians, the low white house with its broad wings, made you think of a mother bird brooding over her well-filled nest.

The nestlings were all gone now, but tried their strength against the buffeting of the world, and had wandered far from the old house, which seemed shabbier and more cramped every time they came back for a visit.

Only grandma clung to it closer and closer as the years went by, and when the busy sons and fashionable daughters called it lonely, and the grandchildren wondered over its queer little caddy holes, and remarked with open contempt upon the stiff old furniture and tiny-paned windows, the old lady listened and said nothing, but her heart throbbled with indignant pain as though she heard the maligning of some dear friend.

They don't of course, know," she thought, excusing them in her gentle way. "But though to other eyes it may seem poor and old-fashioned, to me it never can be so, for it was the first, the only home I ever had."

After the sad, tender manner of the old, who only have a happy past and empty present without a living future, she fell a-dreaming of by-gone times, when her faithful John had brought her a bride to this dear home, which seemed so grand and beautiful then after an orphaned childhood and girlhood, without a settled home.

No! no! how could it ever seem lonely and humble to her, when it was so rich in a thousand happy, blessed associations? Had not she and John planted that very mountain ash together? Had not that been John's favorite rose bush? and could the rooms ever seem empty and cramped to her, when every nook and corner spoke to her, sometimes of the living or the dead, as eloquently as tongue could do?

Here was where she used to sit and watch the fire on winter evenings, rocking the cradle with her foot, while she toasted the bread John liked browned to a shade. This dark spot on the worn floor was where Baby May had turned the ink over, while she sat writing to the soldier husband and father far away, where the Potomac rolled its bloody waters. And here beside the centre table, on which lay the well-thumbed family Bible, she had knelt and prayed for twenty years with John, prayed with her little ones in tearful grief when he was gone, prayed for them when they slipped from her arms out into the world, and where she still nightly bent her stiff old knees to pray for them and theirs.

No, Grandma only loved the old house better as the years rolled by, but when old Phoebe, who had been half servant, half companion to the old lady, died, it was decided in family council that she must really make up her mind to live with one or the other of them, as it was out of all question her remaining in that gloomy old house all alone.

So one sad, sad day, overpowered by the sons and daughters, who meant to be kind, grandma went softly to and fro over the old house, taking leave of it all, and last of the farewells was the visit paid to the two green mounds under the oak, where John slept and the first-born little son. Then with a feeling that the world had come to an end, grandma drove away to the fine big residence—they don't call them homes now—where Henry and Henry's wife, who for all her kindness rather overpowered grandma with her fine ways, had given her a stately room and, what was most dreadful, a maid! A maid that called her "Madame" and for "yus" said "oui!"

Yes, they meant to be kind to her, but the gray stone pile and the maid gave the old lady the feeling that she was in an asylum and had a keeper, and in spite of all her grandeur, grandma's wrinkled cheeks lost their soft pink, like that of a half-withered rose, and she grew all at once very feeble and worn, though every one was so busy that it passed unnoticed. She was pinching for the old home, though she felt it would be ungrateful to say so, and somehow to pray in the magnificent church, where she sat in a velvet cushioned pew, did not seem to give her help, for God was not close to her, she thought, as He used to be when she knelt at home. If she could only go back and tell her friend all about it, just once, kneeling where John seemed to come and join her! This feeling grew and grew, though as there was no one to tell it to, she shut it up in her own heart. One morning the French maid came running down to the family with great excitement in her dark face, and in broken English informed them that "Madame had slept not in her couch, nor could Celeste find her anywhere, though she search, Mon Dieu! she search everywhere!"

Then Henry recollected all at once that he had rather neglected his mother lately. Mrs. Henry forgot her "cultured" calmness and joined in the search, weeping bitterly. Jane came running in as the news spread with reproaches for herself and all the others. Joe left his desk for once and set telegraph wires and police to work in every direction, and for the entire day confusion and grief reigned supreme, while the sons and daughters found their minds wandering back to childhood and "mother," as they had not done for years, and I think they learned over again, and far more perfectly the lesson of filial love.

AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

Experience of a Catholic Lady Teacher—Customs and Habits of the Peos tribe—The Secret Dance—Protestantism's Failure.

Mrs. Mary A. Thayer, a teacher in the Indian school at James, New Mexico, is taking her vacation in the East, and tarried for a few days in Baltimore. She brought with her some curiosities, useful and ornamental, made by Peos and Navajo tribes, some of which were purchased by our citizens. In conversation with a reporter of the Mirror she said that the Peos Indians at the James pueblo numbered about five hundred. They are all Catholics by baptism and belief. They speak the Spanish language and are communicated with in that tongue when necessary by teacher and priest. They are rapidly acquiring English, which is taught in the school for forty-eight children, who are apt pupils. These children recite, at the beginning and end of their regular studies, or at such time as is appointed, the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary. There is a Prose-lyterian school at this place, in charge of a gentleman and his wife, but it is practically abandoned and useless. Very tempting dry goods and other wares are sent from the North, but the Indians do not, for an exchange of faith, accept the bait. There is no term of reproach that so sensitively offends them as to be called "Protestant." The resident priest is Father Ramillen, a Frenchman. He is a very wise and zealous pastor, clearly comprehending that Indians are to be dealt with as a peculiar people. He respects their race habits and does not expect them to act altogether as white men or women.

He instructs them in religion, and the fruit of his labor is abundant. These Indians are brave, kind and industrious. They have splendid horses and are wonderful riders. Fruit, vegetables, fowls and meat are plentiful, but money is scarce because a market for goods is distant. The nearest railway is twenty-seven miles off. The Indian houses are built of adobe, of two stories, the upper story reached by a ladder. Each house is something of a fortress, because, in former years, the fierce Apaches made hostile incursions, and this method of defense became imperative. About the only wild game is the rabbit. Fish are small. They are caught in a rapid river that descends from the mountains. The climate is delightful winter and summer. In complexion the Peos Indians resemble light mulattos, and some of the young women and girls are beautiful. Mrs. Thayer desired to bring with her one of these handsome girls, but could not do so. At the Presbyterian Sunday school the attendance was very slim. On one occasion an old Indian and two girls were present out of curiosity. Though Catholic teaching has made this tribe peaceable, thrifty and reasonably civilized, there is one hereditary custom they will not abandon. That is the "Secret Dance," which takes place in the month of May. Great preparations are made for this festival, and all white people, including the priest and teacher, are scrupulously excluded. A few of the principal Indians act as "governors"—that is, as guards—and they exact the temporary banishment of the whites from their premises while the ceremonies progress. At this time no Indian, except the governors, will speak to or hold converse with the alien race. It is known that dancing and feasting are in order, but what else takes place is a profound mystery. No one has ever been able to elicit from an old or young Peos the nature or object of their dance. If the priest knows he keeps his own counsel. He probably understands that there is no breach against morality, and is content, for the present, to leave the Indians to their traditional customs. This festival lasts for three days. On other occasions dances are given, and to these everybody is welcomed and treated to a banquet. In Dakota the great treat in gastronomy is roast dog or puppy stew, but the Peos tribe do not eat such debatable dainties. These Indians take their meals upon a table for which they spread a table for white guests. They are proud of their pure, unadulterated blood, and even the very few suspected of being half-breeds deny the impeachment vehemently. They are devoted to their children, and, while they easily forgive blows, in war or altercations, from guns or swords, they resent the act of angry striking with the hand or fist. So, the teacher never corrects the children by infliction of any bodily hurt. Indeed, there is little cause for punishment. Catholic instruction has been most beneficial to them, and they appreciate it in the most touching ways. Nearly the whole tribe may be seen at church on Sunday, and though Communions are not as numerous as they might be, the Indians always call for the priest when death threatens them. They never neglect the prompt baptism of their infants. Their fashion of wearing the hair is universally the same—banged in front and falling over the ears. An Indian will never show his ears if he can help it. They make pottery and beads. Their grain is laboriously pounded between stones, and the meal is soft, fine, and, when turned into cakes, delicious. White machines, such as portable grinding mills, would be acceptable, it is probable that the old, slow ways might be preferred. A railway supposed to be projected in the direction of James, from the main line miles away, will work wonders. It will open up

the outside world to these people for the disposal of their agricultural products, animals, etc., but it may also furnish civilized temptations that do not now exist, and whose absence, perchance, is good for their souls. We cordially commend Mrs. Thayer to our friends everywhere, and wish her much success. She is doing much for the good of the Indian and the glory of God. Ten years ago she was a Unitarian, but had the grace of conversion, and no one more sincerely appreciates the blessed privilege of being safely at home in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church.

"Four times since the authority of the Church of Rome was established on Western Christendom has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults she has survived we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish."—Lord Macaulay.

A Congregational minister of New York has abandoned the pulpit and begun practice as a divorce lawyer.

In the Morning. "Four years ago," said Col. David Wylie, Brockville, Ont., May, 1888, "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was history and nursed in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I limped my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain." Many got up and walk in the same way.

A lady in Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance, or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time, without feeling exhausted; but since I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience. For female complaints it has no equal."

Solomon's Wisdom. The wisdom of Solomon, were he alive today, would lead him to choose Burdock Blood Bitters as a remedy for all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. It cures dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, constipation and all forms of bad blood from a common plume to the worst scrofulous sore.

Several Seasons. "For several seasons I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and find that it makes a perfect cure even of the severest attacks of summer complaint and diarrhoea. It is as precious as gold."—Mrs. F. C. Winger, Fonthill, Ont.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes: 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$50; 3rd, \$25; 4th, \$10; 5th, \$5; 6th, \$2.50; 7th, \$1.25; 8th, \$0.625; 9th, \$0.3125; 10th, \$0.15625. Prizes will be awarded on the 15th, 5th and 19th of September, 1891.

The Voice of the People. In every part of Canada the voice of the people cries for relief from the scourge of Burdock Blood Bitters as the best and surest blood purifier known. Nothing drives out boils, blotches, humors, sores and impurities so quickly as B. B. B., and perfect health with bright clear skin always follows its use.

Mrs. O'Hearn, River Street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her cough, and Cracked and Sore Throat; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the Epizootic with the very best results.

A Common Origin. All skin diseases of whatever name or nature are caused by impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a natural foe to impure blood, removing all foul humors from a common plume to the worst scrofulous sore. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

D. H. CUNNINGHAM, importer of Diamonds, Watches and Jewellery, Manufacturing and Fine Watch Repairing, 77 Young Street, second door north of King, Toronto. PURITY OF INGREDIENTS and accuracy of compounding, make Millburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine the criterion of excellence.

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICITY.

The Pall Mall Gazette prints a long list of the names of converts to Catholicity during the past year. Prominent among them are to be noted those of Mr. George Skelington Escher, a lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Ussher, Protestant Primate of Ireland; Mr. G. P. Lathrop, the well-known author, and his wife, who is a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; Major-General and Mrs. Whynates, and Mr. Basil Lechmere, son of Sir Henry Lechmere, Bart. At a time when all England is, as it were, venerating anew the memory of Nelson, it is interesting to find that the Hon. Edward Horatio Nelson has become a Catholic, making the third of the present Earl Nelson's sons who has taken that step. Viscount St. Kyres, the oldest son of the Earl of Hildesleigh, and a popular student at Oxford, whose conversion was prematurely announced a year or so ago, and denied by his father, has now openly declared his adherence to the old faith by taking an active part in the formation of Newman House in South London, which is to be worked by Catholic members of Oxford University on the social and religious lines laid down in the Papal encyclical. Among the ladies occur the names of Miss Stewart of Ascog Hall, Bute; Mrs. Thornton, superintendent of Mysore College; Miss Charlotte O'Brien, the daughter of the late W. Smith O'Brien, M. P., and of no fewer than three matrons of London hospitals, as well as several in the Provinces. The latest clerical recruit is the Rev. Thomas Cato, M. A., of Oriel College, Oxford, making the twelfth minister of the Established Church who has "gone over" within a comparatively brief period. The usual statistics of conditional baptisms and confirmations just presented show that the number of conversions in each of the fifteen Catholic dioceses of England ranges from 700 to 1000 annually.

Home Without a Mother. The room is in disorder. The cat is on the table. The flower stands on the mantelshelf to rot. And Johnny is screaming. As loud as he is able. For nothing goes right when mamma's away. What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first business to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated woman, and is the only medicine known for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases of womb troubles.

N. McLae, Wyebridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throats, etc., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for lurns, wounds, and bruises." Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Save Your Hair. By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair, Toronto.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and restoring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles Street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. Kim, Dealer in Dry Goods, 205 Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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3134 PRIZES WORTH - \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH - \$15,000.00 TICKET, - \$1.00 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00

LIST OF PRIZES: 1 Prize worth \$15,000..... \$15,000.00 1 " " 5,000..... 5,000.00 1 " " 2,500..... 2,500.00 1 " " 1,250..... 1,250.00 2 Prizes " 500..... 1,000.00 5 " " 250..... 1,250.00 25 " " 50..... 1,250.00 100 " " 25..... 2,500.00 100 " " 10..... 1,000.00 500 " " 5..... 2,500.00 500 " " 2..... 1,000.00

Approximation Prizes: 100 " " 25..... 2,500.00 100 " " 10..... 1,000.00 500 " " 5..... 2,500.00 500 " " 2..... 1,000.00 3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00 S. E. LEFEBVRE MANAGER, 81 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

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Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s., and 35s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Dispensing Vendors, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address be not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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