

Chats with the children

A QUER LITTLE COBBLER. A queer little cobbler, I've heard people say. Sat stitching and stitching the whole live-long day.

THE BAND OF MEROY.

I am sure all the cousins are fond of animals, and that they are always kind to them. Who does not love a cute little puppy, with his loving, whedding ways, his fondness for romps, and his queer habit of getting scared at nothing, just for all the world like a baby afraid of the dark.

And a soft, fluffy little kitten, tearing around after spoons of cotton, dancing up the legs of the table with her paws turned them, running after her tail, or cuddling up on her little master or mistress's shoulder, purring her pleasure and delight at the warmth and caresses; is there any little boy or girl who has never had such a pet, or who would be cruel or neglectful to either?

I hope no many. Certainly none of the cousins would be cruel to their pets. I am sure, or ill treat the tiny, helpless little beings who are so sensitive to pain, and so loving and grateful in return for kindness.

But there are, I am sorry to say, very many grown up people who are cruel to animals. They do not care how much pain they inflict upon the poor dumb creatures who cannot retaliate upon their persecutors.

Now I do not want any of my little cousins to grow up like that, selfish and thoughtless men and women, who cannot see anything beautiful or lovable in God's dumb creatures, whom He has given to us to help us in doing our work, and to make the world happy and joyous, and whom He intends us to treat kindly and mercifully.

Those who wish to be enrolled must send me their names and addresses, together with five cents in stamps for a badge. The badge is very pretty, and makes a nice brooch or buttonhole ornament. It should be worn to school and all enquiries about it answered by explaining it smearing, you will thus get others to join.

The members residing in Toronto will have the chance of competing for a handsome silver medal every year, and those living in other towns will have a competition for a beautiful book; either "Black Beauty," or "Beautiful Joe" whichever they choose.

Hurry up, cousins, and send your names in, the more names we have the sooner we can start these competitions. You are not obliged to send for a badge but if you wear one you can get your schoolmates to join, and I will give a story book to every boy or girl who sends me ten new names.

I hope the teachers will help by explaining to those of their pupils who may not have seen this. The competition for the silver medal will result in a sum of money for the church in the parish of which the successful competitor resides. Members need not necessarily be subscribers to the "Register," all information will be sent to the various school teachers who can inform their pupils of what is going on. The first girl or boy who sends his or her name for enrolment, and for a badge, will receive a handsome jewelled card for their prayer-book.

OUR CAT.

Many years ago, while residing at the "North End," Boston, I was the possessor of a cat, which my brother, Erasmus, prevailed upon me to give him, and just before sailing pussy was taken on board of the vessel then lying at one of the wharves not far away.

gave me all evidences of joy at being once again at home. My first thought was that my brother had arrived with his brig, and pussy, recognising the old land marks, had found her way back to us, but a diligent search along the wharves failed to discover any signs of the vessel, and it was not till several weeks had passed that I heard of her arrival at Portland, Maine.

AN ARABIAN PROVERB. He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him. He that knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him. He that knows, and knows that he knows, is asleep; wake him. He that knows, and knows that he knows, is wise; follow him.

PUZZLES. WORD REBUS. Death takes the taker. ACROSTIC.

A country we all love; a city in the same; another city; what this puzzle will be if you don't find it out; another city; a city; something you do not know; a city. Initials read downwards give the name of a famous old voyager.

DECAPITATION. Decapitate to decapitate and leave a legal agreement, decapitate again and leave comfort.

Answers to Puzzles, March 24th.

ANIMATURAL PUZZLE. The lighthouse put two guests in room No. 1; then she put guest 8 in room 2; guest 4 in room 3; guest 5 in room 4; guest 6 in room 6; guest 7 in room 8; guest 9 in room 9; guest 11 in room 10; guest 12 in room 11; then she went back to room 1 and fetched guest 18 and put him in the last room, so she accommodated 18 guests in 12 rooms, each with a separate room.

PUZZLE. Catholic Register. CONUNDRUMS.

1. A Donkey, because it would always come in 96 feet ahead.

MARKS. One cousin who sent four correct answers gave no name and address, so they could not be registered.

Lotie Omsom 2; Florence McCarthy 3; Marina McGuffey 5; Jennie O'Malley 8; Mary G. Murphy 1; J. A. Doyle 2; (I will look through your letters and make it right) S. J. Murphy 8; T. Boland 2.

Another letter from the cousin who gives no name; I cannot record these marks.

What has become of the boys? They will be left behind if they don't look out.

Oakley and Wife Become Catholics.

On Friday, the feast of the Annunciation, ex-Mayor and Mrs. A. Oakley Hall of New York, were formally received into the Church, in the church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Columbus avenue, by Rev. Father George M. Searle.

The Church in South Africa. The development of the Catholic Church in South Africa proceeds steadily. In the Natal Vicariate, which is under the jurisdiction of the Right Rev. Bishop Gilbert O.M.L., there are as many as thirty convents—sixteen of Trappistine nuns, four of Augustinian nuns, three of Holy Cross nuns, two of Dominican Sisters one of Sisters of Nazareth, and one of "Daughters of Jesus." The work done in these convents is invaluable.

A DINNER PILG. Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a hearty nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Farnese's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Pol Plancon and Others

[Written for THE REGISTER.]

[The following article was written a couple of weeks ago.—Ed. C. K.]

In high spirits, despite the dark clouds above and the damp sidewalks below and the wet weather everywhere, we sallied out for the Armories. Were we not about to hear the great Plancon, the world's great basso, and would that not be recompense sufficient for any number of moon-veniences arising from the ill-humor of Pluvius? The unstable god of the upper regions? So on we hurried until the lighted windows of the Armories looked in sight. Here we found the square bordered with carriages, each depositing its burden of the fair and the brave. Around the door, only one side of which was open to admit the eager waiting throng, was crowded a mass of people pushing and jostling each other in their eagerness to enter, though why they should push and jostle was a mystery, when, as one man was heard to remark, each had his ticket, and his seat reserved. However, by degrees, the anxiety was rewarded, and each entered the charmed precincts, entering the bare hall, where our tickets were hurriedly checked, we removed our wraps, and found ourselves still out off from the main hall by dark curtains which confronted us gloomily; these were raised and the crowd surged through. Seats were found, in many cases amidst great confusion, and we could now look about at our leisure; our Meosa was gained at last.

And what was the scene on which our eyes rested? We found ourselves in a vast barrack-like edifice, the red brick walls of which stretched straightly and barely before us. At regular intervals, and in regular rows, were lines of doors below and lines of semi-circular windows above, with a line of openings, looking like small port-holes in the side of a ship, between. Over each door, with mechanical precision, was the motto "Grenadier K" or "31 blander J," the whole being very suggestive of the different quarters in which the accommodations, and perhaps the character, of the above-named bodies are lodged. Above the electric lights shone white and glisty, and chill blasts from the many open doors were rioting everywhere. Row after row of plain wooden chairs ranged on the plain brick floor were suggestive of anything but luxury, and taking our tone from our environment the mercury perceptibly fell, and one almost shivered. However, remembering the treat that was sure to come, we braced up and tried to see the bright side; to find the oasis in the desert. We found it, right in the centre of the longest side of the building, and right before where we fortuitously found our seats was the platform, flanked by velvet hangings, crossed here and there with the Union Jack, and garnished round the balcony with a pattern in red and white. Opposite to this, but behind us, was what, I suppose, we may call the Government box, since Sir George and Lady Fitzpatrick were in it, and this also had a valence of red, white and blue adorning it. These were the only bright spots, but we made the most of them.

Having attended other functions, held under military auspices, in other lands, the glamour of which was not yet dead, we had raised up visions of similar glories here. We remembered two walls draped from ceiling to floor with soft hangings of bright and varied hue, the large stately stair with carves of gold improvised for the occasion for the bright bayonet; we saw the striking background for these formed from the luxuriant palmetto and other tropical foliage, and we saw in fancy the military coat of scarlet with facings of blue and epaulettes of gold, whose owners moving midst the more somberly attired civilians, brightened the scene everywhere. We heard the musical crash of the martial band, as the deep-throated brass instruments gave forth their tones, and all and everywhere was pleasurable excitement. But here all this was lacking. We had forgotten that we were no longer in a tropical climate, but rather guests of "Our Lady of the Snows," and we had forgotten also that the dark green uniform of the Queen's Own through neat and smart, falls to carry with it the decorous and gallant air of the coat of red. While disillusioning ourselves, the crowd was gradually being seated. And what a motley scene! Men with overcoat and hat on away off in the galleries; men with overcoat and hat off in the more sacred seats in front of the stage; women with all kinds of head gear, and women without any save nature's adornment arranged in most becoming or grotesque fashion; women with handsome costly silks sweeping the dusty brick floors, and subsiding into the cheap wooden chairs, drawing their wraps, beautiful or otherwise

over their bare shoulders and covering with them the dainty bodies and flowers that took so long in the arranging. But appearances had to be sacrificed at the demand of the obliquely presiding deity, and even the men in many instances re-donned overcoats and sometimes re-donned hats.

After much confusion in finding seats the audience was at length placed, not however, before the performance had begun, for when the first chords of the nocturne—Chopin—were struck, the crowd was still surging down the aisles. We heard little intermittent tinklings and purrlings from the piano, saw the musician rise, bow and disappear, and the first man was over. Next, a tall, graceful lady, Madame d'Alvigny, appeared on the platform looking very lonely amidst the surrounding void. "Though she must have felt cold, she rose to the occasion and sang in a warm sympathetic voice, between a contralto and mezzo-soprano, two songs, "Les Adieux Speak of Me" and "Le Dieu." The artist was applauded and recalled, though not rapturously. The audience were not yet in the proper receptive temperament. A violin solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise," by Hausen, was then given by M. Ernest du Domaine. This was the first thing that brought that "silence deep as death," which complains that the performer commands his hearers. This was beautiful. We know nothing of technique, but we know that the brilliant runs and delicate flutings, like the piping of little birds, gave great pleasure and the clever player had to give another exhibition of his skill. After this came the star, the expected one, Plancon—the only Plancon—stood before us. And what did we see? A man of massive physique and grand proportions confronted us. We remembered reading somewhere that this man had a shaggy head, and we therefore looked for the long locks, and what is generally recognized as the poetic appearance; but no, nothing loose or shaggy here. Massive is the only word that describes him. Massive head, massive chest, and when we had heard him sing, we added massive voice. In evening dress, with vast expanse of white vest and lavender kid gloves the great Frenchman appeared smiling and bowing before us.

"One of Delmonico's waiters," murmured the cynical one at my side. Blushing at this irreverence I again turned my attention to the stage. The great voice had begun to pour forth its tones, and like a mighty din, or prayer for pardon, rolled out Goddard's song, "La Valon." We knew not what the words were, all the school French of the united party—and we thought we had quite a stock—failed to enlighten us. Nevertheless, we knew it was grand and sublime. This was followed by "Complet de Vulcan," and in response to a grand recital, the master gave "The Palms." This was a great favorite, and as one of our party tersely explained, "The palms? Oh, you know; it tells all about Palm Sunday." So we heard the sublime music and imagined the hosannas and benedictions. When the applause which followed this had subsided, Miss Beverly Robinson, with Mrs. Blunt at the piano, and a soldiered as trumpet, gave the military hymn, "The Soldier Boy of England." We never heard Miss Robinson sing better. She sang with spirit and clear enunciation and her upper notes especially were very musical. In response to a decided encore she gave the beautiful and ever-popular "Killarney."

In the second part of the programme M. Ernest du Domaine and Madame d'Alvigny gained fresh laurels, while Mr. Hubert de Blanck won the first part. In his Rhapsodie No. 2, from Liszt, he drew from the piano great chords, bell-like chimings and wonderful chasing of notes in a frantic race. He was enthusiastically recalled. Miss Frances World, evidently a great favorite, gave in a full, rich soprano voice, two songs for which she received a recall and a handsome bouquet of roses.

Twice in this part the great basso appeared. In "Le Voyageur" and "Complet Baechique" his great runs and wonderful trills were a revelation, and here, how we wished we were French if only for a night. Away amongst the crowd we saw Monsieur on one singer, with face illumined and hands clapping high above his head like a pleased child, and we knew that he understood and we envied him. Did you catch any of the words? I asked one at my side. I thought he said something about la bonne sour, did you hear that? "I did not hear that at all" was the answer I received with emphasis on the "that." We hated to think we had been deceived, and yet how account for this diversity of opinion; it would be heresy to think the enunciation of the great singer at fault, so we therefore attributed the misunderstanding to the acoustic properties of the building, though to do them justice they are said to be very good. But it was in the great finish, when Plancon in "Les Deux Grenadiers" gave "Le Marsillais," that we were repaid in full. When the great singer sang in an attitude bespeaking every noble emotion that can inspire the patriot, with hand raised at the last in great, grand dramatic climax, and with the most glorious of voices sang this martial song, then this great magnificence appeared at its fullest, and audience

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