

**Rossland.**—The "Father Pat" Memorial Church in this place was dedicated on January 20. The church, which is a very handsome edifice, was filled to overflowing at the services on both the morning and evening occasions. It is exactly eight years since the Rev. Henry Irwin, who was loved and revered under the name of "Father Pat," passed away to his eternal rest.

#### YUKON.

**Isaac O. Stringer, D.D., Bishop, Carcross, Yukon Territory.**

**Dawson.**—The Lord Bishop of the Diocese, in company with the Rev. C. E. Whittaker, of McPherson, and Mr. C. F. Johnson, made a very pleasant and profitable visit, by whaleboat to the Eskimos at Kittigarzoot and Herschel Island. This is the work to which the Bishop first went after leaving college, and to which he devoted eight years of labour. After an absence of eight years, there was mutual rejoicing at the meeting. For so many years evangelizing efforts seemed to be bestowed in vain, but this year the effect is becoming apparent. The seed sown, has at last sprung up, and is bearing fruit, five Christian marriages and nine adult baptisms being the beginning of the harvest. The attendance and demeanour of the people is cause of much satisfaction and thankfulness, when compared with that of sixteen years ago. The Mission at Herschel Island has been temporarily withdrawn, owing to having no habitable building, but the Bishop this year bought the residence of A. C. Stene, at Escape Reef, fifty-five miles east, as the nucleus of a mission which it is hoped to establish there presently. Mr. W. H. Fry, late of London, Eng., will be in charge.

### Family Reading

#### DASHING DICK.

#### THE LIFE STORY OF A MAGPIE.

By Rev. W. Everard Edmunds.

(Continued from last week.)

#### Chapter 6—Under the Circus Tent.

On awakening the next morning, I tried vainly to make out where I was. Around me on every side, strange birds chattered and sang in a dozen different tongues, parrots, parakeets, mocking-birds, a snow white crow and a brilliant Bird of Paradise greeted the dawn of the bright April morning, each in his own peculiar way. Outside, other weird sounds fell on my ear. The neighing of horses and the barking of dogs mingled with a very babel of unfamiliar cries. My astonishment must have proved rather amusing to my companions. Finally, a parrot who had been watching me for some time, took pity on me and said, "I suppose you are

wondering where you are and what all these sounds around you mean." "Yes," I answered politely, "everything is completely new and strange. Last night I was in New York, but we seem to be out in the country here. Is it not so?" "Yes," said the parrot, "just outside the city." "We are performers in a circus which will start out on tour some time next week. Most of us have been a season on the road, but I suppose you are one of our new hands. We have learned quite a number of new turns during the winter, but no doubt you are a 'special.' But look! here comes breakfast, and none too soon for me." "Good morning boss, good morning sir." "Good morning Poll," said a young man who had come into the yard with a big basket of provisions on his arm, "and how are you feeling this morning?" "And who is this?" he asked as he looked me over critically. I plucked up courage and replied as my old master had taught me to do, "My name is Dashing Dick, sir." "Oh, it is, is it?" he said with a laugh. Well you appear to be a bright little fellow, and I hope you will do credit to the 'Greatest Show on Earth.' The manager tells me you are a whirlwind, and that your work the other night in New York will be a great advertisement for us in the bird department. Well, help yourselves boys, I'll come back later." He emptied his basket and returned to the little tent just across the lot. In a short time he came back again, and we were made to go through our several turns. My previous training stood me in good stead, and I soon adapted myself to the part I was given to play. My companions were all quick and alert, and before the end of the week we were quite ready for the tour. At last the day of our departure came, and for many hours our camping ground was a scene of the greatest bustle and excitement. The creaking of the great wagons, the roar of the lions and other wild animals, and the hoarse shouts of the men, mingled together in wild confusion. All day the work went on without a moment's pause, and before another morning had dawned, we were all on the special circus train, bound for the west. The circus season lasts from April till November, and during that time many thousands of miles are covered. Our circus was one of the best in America, and more than three hundred people were regularly employed. We had an unusually large number of animals, among which were elephants, zebras, giraffes, tigers, trick-ponies, dogs, monkeys, hyenas, snakes and birds. The expenses being very great, we exhibited in only the leading cities of each State. We had a large number of musicians, and the Italian band was one of the chief features of our magnificent parade. Ah! those parades, how the people flocked to see them; little boys would walk many miles to view the long line of animals, wagons, Roman chariots, and high-stepping horses, the latter marching proudly to the spirited music of the band. That sight I am sure, many children would cherish for long years after, and I feel certain that it did the animals good too, to see their bright, happy faces, shining with undisguised delight. Of course the star-performers did not appear in these street parades; their daring feats were reserved for the ring.

Neither did the "freaks" appear in public, those poor unhappy "oddities" who contribute their important share to the afternoon and evening entertainments. Perhaps I should not call them unhappy, for our "freaks" were cheerful but I know it would be painful to me to stand before a gaping crowd, and hear the many remarks passed upon my strange appearance. With us, we had a Russian giant, two Austrian midgets less than three feet in height, a tattooed African, a fat woman, and many other monstrosities. The ring-performers, equestrians, aerialists, and acrobats, were nearly all foreigners, and some of them spoke no English at all. Contrary to the general belief, they were men and women of good habits. Indeed that is necessary, for otherwise they would soon lose their nerve and skill. Then too, there were a number of children who accompanied their parents, and assisted them in some of their most startling feats. These little ones were very fond of us, and we birds loved to see them gather round, while their fathers and mothers were busy elsewhere. The life of the circus is a varied one, a hard and strenuous one, yet in spite of it all, we were seldom unhappy.

(To be Continued).

#### INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that the most distinguished men who have adorned the Church by their virtues, or who have served their country by meritorious actions, were men who had the happiness of receiving from pious mothers, early principles of morality. Witness St. Louis, King of France, who owes his greatness as a king, and his virtues next to God, to his mother, Blanche. Though occupied during the minority of her son with the affairs of State she had time to devote to the religious training of her son. "I love you tenderly," she said to her child, "but sooner would I see you a corpse at my feet than that you would tarnish your soul by a mortal sin." If Queen Blanche could pay so much attention to her son's instruction, notwithstanding her weighty occupations of State, surely other mothers cannot excuse themselves for want of time, from discharging a similar duty towards their offspring.

#### THE DISCIPLINE OF ENDURANCE.

The worst part of our martyrdom is not the last agonizing moment, it is the wearing, daily steadfastness. Men who can make up their minds to hold out against the torture of an hour have sunk longed vexations. And there are many Christians who have the weight of some deep, incommunicable grief pressing, cold as ice, upon their hearts. To bear that cheerfully and manfully is to be a martyr. There is many a Christian who feels the irksomeness of the duties of life and feels his spirit revolting from them. To get up every morning with the firm resolve to find pleasure in those duties and do them well and finish the work which God has given us to do, that is to drink Christ's cup. The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.—F. W. Robertson.

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#### British and Foreign.

The sum of \$500,000 has been raised to supplement the funds of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., of this amount no less than \$37,823 was either given or promised on the 31st December last.

Central Africa announces that the Right Rev. Gerard Trower, Bishop of Likoma or Nyassaland, since 1901, is to be translated to a new See which is to be formed out of the Diocese of Perth, Western Australia. Dr. Trower was from 1895 to 1901, vicar of Christ Church, Sydney, N.S.W.

A handsome set of rose-coloured vestments have been presented to the parish of St. Clement's, Philadelphia. They will be used according to ancient custom, on the Third Sunday in Advent and Mid-Lent ("Refreshment") Sunday.

A number of communicants of St. Andrew's, Buffalo, N. Y., presented to the church at Christmas a new set of chandeliers of the inverted mantle type and from others were received a lavabo and bread box for the altar,

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# WHEAT

both of silver; a set of service books for the prayer-desk; a missal for the chapel altar and an alb for the crucifer.

The Rev. Henry Pitt, vicar of St. Mary's, Southwark, was preaching a missionary sermon on a recent Sunday, and in the course of it he an-