THE SONGS MY MOTHER SUNG.

I hear the songs they sing to day,
But never one as sweet
As those my mother sang to me
When sitting at her feet.
My thoughts go back to childhood years,
When hope and I were young,
And as of old I hear to day
The songs my mother sung.

At twilight's hour I often dream
I am a child once more;
I seek the house where I was born,
I pass the open door,
There mother rocks beside the hearth,
Her little ones among,
And life forgets its cares to hear
The songs my mother sung.

O, long the grass has grown above
That loving mother's face,
But still in faithful hearts she keeps
Her old, her dear old place,
No other songs can be so sweet
As those we heard when young,
When sitting at our mother's knee—
The songs our mother sung.

URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane.)

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Condolences and congratulations! deaths and marriages! such is the chequered web of human life. The month of January had seen the restored chapel hung in black for the funeral dirge of its former lord, and the month of April beheld it decked with garlands for the celebration of the double wedding of the two sisters of Laventor.

Rodolph and Gertrude departed on the customary "wedding tour," after which they were to settle in London, where Rodolph was to be launched on a professional career; and Julian was bent on taking Mary to Italy, leaving the question of their future place of residence as yet undecided. Though he had in the future what the world calls "brilliant expectations," his present means were modest enough, and he assured his bride that she would have nothing to look forward to for many a year but a cottage and a spinning-wheel; a prospect which Mary declared was exactly to her taste.

So Geoffrey and his mother were left alone together. His kind, unselfish heart multiplied ways and contrivances for supplying to her the loss of her daughters; but though his efforts were crowned with tolerable success as regarded her, he never by word or complaint gave token of the dreary blank which he himself was feeling. Mary, indeed, had been to him his second self; he knew she would remain ever true and loving; but he knew also that she would no longer be *his* as she had been from their childish days. Another sacrifice for his poor heart to offer, and he did his best to make it.

But that was not all. It was as though the forest of his old life were being cleared, and one by one the familiar trees were falling around him. There was change everywhere, change at Laventor, change at the castle. Sir Uriel, indeed, gave him the same trust and confidence that his father had done, but the case was wholly different. To the old man Geoffrey had acted as guide and protector, but Uriel could judge and see and govern things for himself. He consulted Geoffrey, and loved to do so; but as Geoffrey thought within himself, he could have done as well without him.

And as to Aurelia there could not be but a difference now in their respective positions. During the years of her father's melancholy retirement Geoffrey had stood to her in the place of brother, and had faithfully discharged a brother's part. That, of course, was over now, and with Uriel at her side nothing was wanted. Her life seemed to centre itself in him and in the child, who had called out a new sympathy in her heart, and awakened all its tenderness. Perhaps, too, since the conversation recorded in our last chapter, a certain, almost imperceptible change had come over their mutual relations. Geoffrey was always received with respect, affection and cordiality; but it did not prevent his feeling the inevitable fact that a new order of things had taken the place of the old, and that the past was past forever.

All lives have some hard, tough, bits in them; periods when the sky is not so much tempestuous as dull, grey, and leaden; when courage is needed, not to subdue kingdoms, or to stop the mouths of lions, but to bear the weight of each day as it comes, and plod on through the weary hours as best we may. It is these cheerless moments in life which put souls on their trial, and test the strength that is in them—a strength required, not for the heat of the battle, but for the long day's march.

Geoffrey did not make many reflections on the matter, for his was a character that rarely formulated principles, but was ever acting on them. The time was a trying one to spirits and to temper, but he laid a strong, firm hold on the guiding clue of duty, and it helped him through. On he went, giving himself to his work, resolved to be indifferent to the aching of his empty heart, and pushing away from him the spectres of regret, self-pity, moroseness, and bitterness, which clamored about his daily path with such importunate persistence.

Then came a new source of trouble and anxiety. Uriel's health was beginning visibly to fail, and after various consultations and much urgent solicitation on Aurelia's part, it was at last decided that they should go to London for the best advice, and probably set out thence to try the chance of a warmer climate. Geoffrey assisted at the deliberations, and agreed in the wisdom of the plan. He helped in every arrangement, and took on himself the management of affairs during their absence. He did his best to cheer Aurelia's hopes; in short, he was, what he had always been, the strong, helpful friend. But when he had seen them fairly off, and beheld the carriage that bore them away disappear through the old gateway, then at last there came upon him the full sense of his great loneliness, and for the first time, perhaps, he began to realize how much of his heart he had suffered to escape his own mastery.

So the sad autumn days set in and found Geoffrey devoting himself to the old routine of work and business, but, it must be fairly owned, with the relish gone which once made his labors a pleasure. Not for that, however, did he relax in their fulfilment, or show himself a whit less painstaking. And by this time he had earned a character in the country as a man of hard work, great sagacity, and spotless integrity, so that he was appealed to in many affairs, and had little leisure for moody reflections.

Autumn was fast becoming winter, and the days brought the Holmes-Abbotts back to Swinburne with the usual complement of visitors in their train. There, as elsewhere, some changes were apparent in the family circle. Mabel had made a marriage that satisfied her mother's expectations, and, it is to be presumed, her own, as her husband was a tolerably rich baronet; so that Geoffrey had nothing now to fear from the powers of ridicule, even if Julian's marriage with his sister, and his own greatly improved position in the judgment of the world, had not availed to convert ridicule into respect. So, when Christmas came, it was quite natural that Geoffrey should once more receive a note from Lady Annabel pressing him to visit them, and naming, as an additional motive for his acceptance, the presence at Swinburne of "your old friend, Mr. Paxton." And somehow, Geoffrey was glad to accept. The flunkies and the French dishes, the company of strangers, and the talk about big people were not more to his taste than heretofore, but his own diffidence and awkwardness were less, and the prospect of seeing Paxton again was a real pleasure. So to Swinburne he went.

Everybody received him heartily and kindly. Some of the guests were of the neighborhood, and cognizant of his real claims on their respect and consideration. Others knew him only as brother-in-law to Mr. Julian Wyvern. A few had met him in Lady Annabel's *salon* during his memorable London fortnight, and had a confused remembrance of Mr. Houghton's being pointed out to them that evening as a "remarkable man." As to Paxton, he greeted him not as an acquaintance, but a friend. It was decidedly a much more agreeable state of things than that which he had encountered at the same dinner-table a brief two years before. He was thinking so, as he found himself getting through the evening with a certain amount of social facility, when the commonplace remark from some lady guest, that "she hoped Lady Annabel had good accounts from her daughter," gave an unexpected turn to the conversation. There were excellent accounts from Mabel; Lady Annabel had had a letter from her only that morning. So full of spirits; she and Sir Henry are at Naples, and enjoying it so much. "Somehow, everybody seems to be at Naples this winter," she continued; "the Windermere party are there, and Julian, and your friends, Mr. Houghton, the Pendragons—so sorry to hear about Sir Uriel's health—but he has had so many trials."

Paxton caught the name, and it at once attracted his attention. "Ah, Sir Uriel Pendragon!" he said, "I ought to know that name again; I hoped that his trials had all come to an end, and that 'the Fortune of the dragon race,' Mr. Lindesay was once good enough to tell us about, was now fairly reinstated."

"Oh, in one way of course it is," replied Lady Annabel; "but he is dreadfully delicate, and they have gone to Naples for his health. Mabel tells me that Miss Pendragon is making quite a sensation there—nothing like it known for years—it seems certain, I believe, that her marriage with the duke will take place on their return to England."

"What duke?" asked Geoffrey of Eugenia, who sat next to him, in a tone in which something of his old growl was audible.

"The Duke of Windermere," she replied; "Mabel has spoken of it in several of her letters. You saw him, I think, at our house one evening. He is a convert, you know, and every one has been speculating who would be the fortunate lady, for it seems he was resolved only to choose a Catholic.

"A great match for the Pendragons," said Lady Annabel; "but I am really glad; for if poor Sir Uriel dies, as they say he will, Aurelia, poor girl, would be left alone."

"Well," said Mr. Lindesay, "and I don't see but it's quite suitable. If you come to pedigree, the Pendragons have the advantage. Windermere is not a very old creation, I fancy."

"Oh, yes," said Eugenia, "but you know pedigree counts for very little now in this liberalized world of ours. Still, no doubt, it's quite suitable, and Aurelia will look the duchess to perfection."

"And act it, too," said Mr. Lindesay; shouldn't you say so, Mr. Houghton? It always struck me in her poor father's time that she showed great power of management."

Geoffrey had been holding a wineglass in his hand, apparently occupied in turning its beautiful cut stem, with a view of observing the prismatic colors. But at this appeal he was obliged to look up, though he did not distinguish himself by the quota he contributed to the conversation. He only said, "Quite so.'

Paxton's eye was scanning him curiously. We have said that with the great poet study of character was something more than an amusement. It came near to an occupation; and the wonderful pictures struck off in those felicitous phrases which filled his writings were after all but reflections of images, less conceived by his fancy than caught from nature by his keen eye, and laid up for future use. Observation of others was become such a habit with him that he carried it on, almost unconsciously; and he had brought the art to such perfection that he read the human countenance as other men would read a book. And in Geoffrey Houghton's countenance, and in his whole bearing, he had detected a great change. Freer, more self-possessed, not one whit less honest and original, yet decidedly softer and more refined. The results were patent to all beholders, but Paxton's curiosity was piqued to know the cause. His campaign in the great Pendragon case, and his London fortnight, might have done something, but it certainly could not have done all. "No," said the shrewd observer to himself, "it is only suffering that can have wrought *that* change; Geoffrey Houghton has suffered, and what is more, he is suffering still."

When once he reached the conclusion his interest was roused to pursue the game. The inquiry would have had its attractions for him even if the subject of it had been a total stranger; how doubly so when it affected the happiness of his Cornish diamond, as he was wont to call the squire of Laventor. The rest of the evening, therefore, he devoted to watching the unconscious Geoffrey, in an unobtrusive fashion of his own; and in each line of his countenance, in each tone of his voice, in the subjects on which he seemed willing to speak, as in those which he showed himself resolute in avoiding, Paxton alike gathered materials which he was not slow in skillfuly piecing together.

"Are you anything of a sportsman, Mr. Paxton?" said Holmes-Abbot, addressing his guest; "some of our friends here are preparing for great execution to-morrow among the pheasants."

"Thanks," said Paxton, "but I leave executions to Marwood and his assistants; and I should run a good chance of being delivered to their tender mercies if I were to take a gun in my hand, for I should certainly shoot something besides the pheasants."

"Sorry for that," said his good-natured host; "I was in hopes you would enjoy a good day's sport. I believe there are not better preserved woods in all the country."

"Then for fear of being peppered in them by mistake," replied Paxton, "I shall avoid them carefully in the long walk to which I have set my heart on challenging Mr. Houghton, unless indeed he perfers the *battue*."

"With all my heart," said Geoffrey, with a start, rousing himself from something very like a brown study, into which he had fallen whilst the talk around him had turned on dogs, guns and gamebags.

"But surely *you* are a sportsman?" said Mr. Lindesay; "without the cry of 'Death to the pheasants!' a country gentleman would be sadly put to it for winter occupation."

"As he is likely to be, if things go on as they have begun," said young Holmes-Abbott, reckoned the best shot in the county, and much distinguished at pigeon-matches.

"I don't know," said Geoffrey, with his usual absence of human respect. "I shoot a pheasant or two when I want to eat them. It gives one an object for a beat through the woods on an October morning. But for the 'kill, kill, kill!' just to fill one's game bag with so many dead birds—for my own part, I would as soon be a poulterer, and wring their necks in my poultry-yard."

Several of the gentlemen exchanged glances, and young Holmes-Abbott shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "You know he is an original."

"Is it a question of conscience?" said Mr. Lindesay, who was rather fond of displaying what he called "a respect for opinions." "The huntsman's pursuit of wild game has, I fancy, never been forbidden. It finds honorable mention even in the pages of Scripture."

"Ay, the huntsman," said Geoffrey; "just so; wild animals and so forth. I shall shoot bears, I daresay, when I get to Manitoba. But, then, there is a difference. If I don't shoot them they may chance to eat me, or, what is nearly as bad, to eat my sheep."

"Are you going to Manitoba?" asked Eugenia, with surprise, "that is quite an unexpected piece of news."

"Some day possibly I may," replied Geoffrey; "people talk of the benefit of foreign travel, and the backwoods would be more to my taste than the Bay of Naples."

"So he is thinking of Manitoba, is he?" thought Paxton. I shall hear more on that subject before I have done with him to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXII.

A WALK WITH PAXTON.

The morning had come, bright and cheery, and the sportsmen had all set forth to the woods, a lively party of men and dogs, whilst Geoffrey, indifferent to the surprise excited by his whimsicality in declining a day's shooting in the best pheasant covert of Cornwall, was conducting Paxton over the broad opens down that stretched along the coast in the direction of Tremadoc.

"You are a bold man Mr. Houghton," said Paxton; "those remarks of yours last night about the gentlemen poulterers were rather home thrusts to some of the party."

"Were they?" said Geoffrey. "Well, so much the better; I have no taste for indiscriminate slaughter. I like to see the wild creatures on the wing, without feeling it my duty at once to knock them over."

"Then it won't exactly be a love of wild sport," said Paxton, "that is taking you to Manitoba?"

Geoffrey laughed. "Oh, Manitoba is only a castle in the air," he said; I fancy sometimes, when the mood is on me, that a log-hut in the woods and a brush with the bears would be a pleasant way of beginning life over again.

"I should say now," said Paxton, "that one who has begun life so well, and kept it up as successfully as you, Mr. Houghton, would make a mistake in thinking of beginning it over again."

Geoffrey sighed. "I don't know much about the success," he said; "life, after all, is a heavy sort of business."

"To some, no doubt, but surely not to you," said Paxton. Perhaps you won't believe me serious if I say that my three days at Laventor, the year before last, have left a picture on my mind that I don't care to forget; a picture of real unmistakable home-happiness."

"Ah, but there have been a precious lot of changes," said Geoffrey. "Laventor is not now exactly what you remember it. My two sisters have married, and left us."

"Then I should say," said Paxton, "stopping with great deliberation to light his cigar, "that the best thing you could do would be to follow their example."

Geoffrey shook his head. "I'm not the man to succeed in that class of adventure," he said; "I should be more at home with the bears, I fancy."

"In other words," said Paxton, "you are going to Manitoba to build a log-hut, shoot bears—and—get rid of yourself, if you can; but that last, my dear Mr. Houghton, is a matter difficult of accomplishment."

"I didn't quite mean that," said Geoffrey; "I was only thinking that there are some days in one's life when one feels as a poor brute of a horse must feel that has to pull it's load, with the collar chafing is galled neck, and the roads heavy."

"And what advice would you give the animal under such unpromising circumstances?"

"I suppose," replied Geoffrey, "one would have to tell him that there's nothing for it but to pull on, and look forward to the stable."

"That might do well enough for a horse," said Paxton; "if a man were in the shafts, something more would be needed."

"I don't know, really," said Geoffrey; "it does not seem a very sublime sort of doctrine; but on my word, at such times, I think the only thing is to trudge on blindly and doggedly. But it's grim, hard work, if you keep to it, I can tell you; and at such times, you see, I think of Manitoba."

"You are quite right in principle, I am sure," said Paxton; "the hours you speak of everyone knows. Even in Scripture, if I mistake not, there is notice of 'the dark and cloudy day.' At those times one has just nothing for it but to suffer, and to go on suffering; that is the business to which life is reduced. But there are just two things a man should bear in mind, which a draught horse could not precisely be made to comprehend; first, that sooner or later the bad bit is sure to end; and, secondly, that when it is ended he will find it to have been a time of progress."

"After a plodding, trudging sort of way," said Geoffrey."

[To be continued.]

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The soul cannot give herself entirely to God without the aid of prayer.—St. Catherine of Siena.

Chastity alone represents in our life a state ab all comparable with that of immortal glory. —St. Bernard.

A STRANGE STORY.

A Convert Attracted to the Church by a Longing for Holy Communion.

The editor of the *Dakota Catholic* has received the following communication, from a priest of another diocese:

Some months ago I asked a convert to tell me what had led her to change her religion.

"Oh, Rev. Father, it was to be able to receive Holy Communion that I wished to become a Catholic." She then related the following circumstances:

"I came to G———, and was visiting at a friend's house. One morning while making an excursion among your beautiful mountains I happened to enter a poor little village church. The priest was saying Mass. I saw a young girl rise from her place and advance towards the altar railing and kneel there, the priest turned towards her, holding the pure white Host between his fingers. He then came down and gave it to her. Moved by an unaccountable emotion, I waited anxiously to see her rise—she returned with her hands joined, her eyes cast down, her face radiant with happiness.

"I had very frequently taken part in the Protestant celebration of the Lord's Supper. I recalled the painful efforts which I had made to excite any faith in the Sacrament of which I had partaken, performing it as a duty which I had to fulfil. And here, in this little village church, I saw a communicant radiant and happy.

"I rejoined my companions who were waiting for me in an adjoining cemetery, wondering at my long stay in the chapel. I had no idea how long I had remained, but I will never forget my first visit to a Catholic church.

"The next day I returned alone. The young girl was at the same place; I united my prayers with hers, and, when she arose, I know not what impulse caused me to rise and follow her. The priest, who did not know me, also gave me Holy Communion. I cannot tell exactly what happened around me at that moment, but within me I seemed to see a glory, and rays of light, darting from the Host, illumined my soul. When I rose the church was empty. All at once a fear seized me. I hastened to the priest's house and said to him:

"'Reverend sir, I am a Protestant and I have received Communion. Have I done wrong? But I have been so happy and my heart is still aglow.'

"The good priest asked me many questions and then said: 'My child, only Catholics can communicate worthily, and if you had consulted me sooner I would have told you that you could not do so, but your good intention is so manifest and all those circumstances are so extraordinary that I would not dare to say that you have profaned the adorable Sacrament.'

"I went away feeling rather sorry that I had acted so hastily, but my sorrow was only exterior, for in my heart I felt deep joy and ineffable sweetness. Henceforth I had but one thought, I must become a Catholic so as to be able to receive Communion. I obtained my husband's consent with some difficulty, and two months later I made what others called my *First* Communion, but which was in reality my *second* one."

The reader will understand with what emotion and astonishment I had listened to the lady's narrative. There was nothing to be said except to admire the ways of God in dealing with souls; but in my heart I said: "Here is indeed a soul who recognized Jesus 'in the breaking of the bread.'" She did not impose secrecy on me; therefore I feel at liberty to give your readers the benefit of these interesting details as she related them to me.

BE KIND.

The Lesson Taught by a Contrast Between Two Families.

What a power there is in being kind! In a family in Edinburgh there are three children. There is Charles, a fine little fellow of ten, and a diligent, capital scholar. Then there is sweet, wee Mary, between five and six, and there is Tommy, another little brother of two, scarcely much bigger than a baby. They are all happy as children can be. Though Charles is older than the rest, he plays with the little ones, and never speaks a cross word to them. So they love him with all their hearts and they watch at the window and weary for Charles coming home from school.

There is another family in the same street, where there are also three children. There is Maggie, nine years old; and Peter, a year younger: and Jessie, who is only six, but what a difference between Peter and Charles! Peter's sisters can get no peace when he comes into the nursery. He is a surly, ill-natured boy, always teasing his sisters or calling them names, or destroying their playthings. He thinks it fine fun to break their cups or saucers, or to pull the stuffing out of their dolls. Peter, too, thinks he is always in the right. When his mother or the servant find fault with him they get nothing but impatience or sulkiness.

Boys, which of the two are you like—kind, loving Charles, or wicked ill-natured Peter? What would your sisters say if we were to ask them?

Dear young readers be kind to everybody. Most of all be obedient and loving to your fathers and mothers. Be kind to brothers and sisters, servants and companions. And be kind, too, to the poor beasts. Never be cruel, even to a fly on the window. How soon a dog or a cat knows who is kind to it? And don't it make you happy to be kind?

It is the selfishness, unkindness, cruelty of the unrenewed heart that keeps us in mind of what sin there is in this world. There will be none of these things in heaven. All who follow Jesus on earth will go to that world of love at last. As the hymn says:—

"In heaven, above, where all is love
There'll be no sorrow there."

Reviling God.

One of our German Catholic exchanges gives this account of a terrible judgment visited upon blasphemers: In the year 1878 there was given at Bonn, the seat of the celebrated German University, a farce, "Conclave and the Papal Election," by the "Literary and Pleasure Union" of that place. The production thereof created quite a scandal, and the religious feelings of the Catholic population were grossly outraged. The members of this "conclave" elected Professor Obernier as Pope; barmaids dressed in tricots indecently carried placards marked "conclave;" a bottle of wine represented the Holy Ghost, and other outrageous and shameful proceedings were placed on the stage. God, however, decreed a just punishment to these malfactors. Professor Obernier shortly after was taken ill, and in a short time died in great agony of cancer of the stomach. The manager and chief mover of the blasphemous production is suffering now with consumption, and his days are numbered. Another actor was stricken with apoplexy in view of the spot, and died suddenly. Still another was found dead, lying along side of his dog upon the street; another is paralyzed and merely exists, a living corpse. An official who took part dropped dead on the street and his friend and companion followed in two days. Another has been lying in bed for months, and is wishing for the death that does not come. Three others well-to-do in the commercial world have failed, and one of these is in prison for false pretences. These are facts—indubitable facts—the proof which lies in our hands. The foregoing shows conclusively that God will punish severely any infraction of His Commandment, "Touch not My anointed," and which the actors in the Bonn scandal did not observe when they attempted to hold up to ridicule and contempt the head of the Catholic Church, the anointed of the Lord.—*Colorado Catholic.*

YALE'S BIG WINDFALL

Professor Loomis Leaves the University More Than a Quarter of a Million

NEW HAVEN, Conn., September 18.—The announcement is made that Yale will eventually come into possession of the estate of Professor Charles Loomis, the astronomer, who was a member of the faculty and who died August 15 at the hospital in this city. The estate is valued at from $250,000 to $300,000. All his books and pamphlets which relate to astronomy and mathematics are left to Yale and all his other books and manuscripts go to his son. The remainder of the estate goes to Yale in trust. The use of a third of the income is given to each of his sons, Henry B. and Francis E. (now in Europe), and the remaining third is given to the Yale observatory. Upon the death of his sons their shares also go to the observatory.

The income of Yale's third is to be applied in the discretion of the faculty to the payment of salaries for astronomical observers and for the promotion of the science of astronomey. If the income is not entirely expended the balance is to be applied to the trust fund known as "The Loomis Fund" and to form a part therof. The executors are the son Henry B. Loomis, and the treasure of Yale *ex officio*. The estate is entirly in stocks and bonds. This is the second largest bequest ever made to Yale, the largest being the Sheffield estate made by Joseph E. Sheffield and worth between $600,000 and $700,000. Comparativly few persons knew that Professor Loomis was worth so much in consequence of the retired and economical way in which he lived. But it is now seen that his life and fortune were devoted to Yale.

THE FLOUR TRADE.

The Best Output of Flour at Minneapolis for Ten Months.

MINNEAPOLIS, September 18.—The *Northwestern Miller* says:—The mills last week made the heaviest run in ten months. The aggregate production of the eighteen mills which ran was 141,990 barrels, against 134,580 barrels the week before, and 168,770 for the same time in 1888. The general sentiment is that flour has been in better demand the past week, and about everybody reports either equalling or exceeding current production. This has been done at the expense of shading prices, which are still irregular and cover a considerable range. Bakers more readily disposed of their patent and the foreign demand is somewhat more active for the same grade. Some firms say they are selling a greater quantity of bakers' than their mills are making, but the patent has to be partly absorbed by filling old orders. Ocean rates have been still further advanced and are a constant barrier to an active export movement. The direct exports last week were 49,165 barrels, against 36,000 barrels the preceding week.

GULF FISHING.

Acquisition of Valuable Property in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

QUEBEC, September 16.—The liquidation of the old Jersey fishing house of Le Boutillier Bros., by the Jersey Banking company has been followed by the formation of a Canadian and English company to take over the fishing property of the old firm and continue its business. The principal promoters of the new company are Richard Turner, president of the Quebec Board of Trade; Joseph Whitehead, of England; E. B. Garneau, William Shaw, Joseph Louis, Daniel Louis, J. H. Botterell, George Davie and A. Charlebois. The president and a couple of directors have just returned to town from an inspection of the company's property, which is valued at half a million dollars, consisting of buildings, farms, beach lots, wharves, fishing property, vessels, etc., the real estate situated principally on Bonaventure Island, which is entirely owned by the company, at New Carlisle and Paspebiac, in the Baie des Chaleur, and at the Magpie and Thunder rivers, on the Labrador coast, north of the westerly end of Anticosti. While the fishing has been very poor this season on the Labrador cost, it has been unusually abundant in results in the Baie des Chaleurs, and within the past few weeks several cargoes have been shipped by this company to Europe, besides five or six to Boston. The name of the new company is the Le Boutilier Bros. company, limited, and it is incorporated by letters patent issued by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

OTTAWA FRANCOPHOBES

Assemble in Meeting and Pass Some Strong Resolutions.

OTTAWA, September 18.—A meeting of the Equal Right association was held here last evening, when the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, on the motion of Rev. Jno. Crothers:—

That this meeting takes this opportunity of expressing its hearty approval of the proposed action of the Manitoba Government, as lately expressed by the Hon. Jos. Martin, attorney-general, with regard to the non-recognition as official of the French language in the legislature, as well as the suppression of the separate school system in that province;

And, further, that this meeting pledges itself to support no party in the province of Ontario that does not, by its leaders, take immediate and effective measures in the direction of making English the language of instruction in all schools in receipt of public moneys, and of compelling the use therein of such books only as are authorized by the Department of Education.

TORONTO, September 18.—A council of the Provincial Association of Equal Rights, organized at the June covention, met here this afternoon, Principal Caven presiding. A resolution was adopted expressing approval of the policy announced by the Government of Manitoba in regard to the use of the French language and separate schools, pledging the assistance of the council in the attainment of the object.

The disagreeable sick headache, and fast stomach, so frequently complained of, can be speedily relieved by a single dose of McGALE's Butternut Pills.

NERVOUSNESS CURED BY ONE BOTTLE.

Sherman House Barber Shop. W. A. Hutich, prop.
CHICAGO, Oct., 1887.

The wife of the undersigned was troubled with nervousness about a year and a half ago to such an extent that she was almost without any sleep for some months. Physicians and medicines were without avail, and it appeared at last necessary that she would have to be removed to an asylum, but upon advice of the physician a last trial was made with a change of climate, but without having derived any benefit whatever. After an eight-weeks' absence she returned home, and was then advised to try Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and am glad to say now that the first dose of the medicine improved her condition, and after taking one bottle full of it she recovered her health entirely. So that since then she has needed no doctor or medicine. F. L. BOLDT, Cashier.

Our PAMPHLET for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent FREE to any address, and POOR patients can also obtain this medicine FREE of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG Medicine Co., Chicago

Agents: W. E. SAUNDERS & Co., 188 Dundas street, London, Ont. Price, $1.00 per bottle; Six bottles for $5.00.

It Should be in every Irish Home.

Messrs. CALLAHAN & CO.,

Gentlemen—The Oilograph of Mr Parnell, issued by you, appears to me to be an excellent likeness, giving, as it does, the habitual expression of the Irish Leader.

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Equal to Oil Painting [in 16 colors] The only correct Likeness of the Irish Leader. Mailed in tubes on receipt of $1.00. Size, 20x24. Agents Wanted. Address: CALLAHAN & CO., 743 Craig Street, Montreal. 49 12

The Irish Christian Brothers.

St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, N. F., (under the patronage of the Most Rev. Dr. Power) is conducted by the Irish Christian Brothers, who aim at giving the pupils a complete and thorough education, Elementary, Commercial and Classical. At this College boys may advance from the Elementary stage to the subjects prescribed for the Matriculation and the Arts and Science Examinations of the London University.

Boarders $160 per annum. Prospectus on application to
5-5 J. L. SLATTERY.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME DES NEIGES, MONTREAL. The re-opening of Classes in this special institution for boys, from the age of five to twelve years, will take place on Tuesday, the 3rd of September next.
1-13 REV. L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C., Sup.

SALESMEN WANTED

To handle my thoroughly reliable Nursery Stock. I engage men on salary or liberal commission. Permanent employment guaranteed. Outfit free; Previous experience not required Write to C. L. YATES, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y. Mention this Paper. 6 4

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. No. 2230. DAME NATHALIE LALONDE, wife of JOSEPH LAMARCHE, a contractor, of Montreal, gives notice that to-day, under judicial authorization, she brought an action against her husband to be separated as to property.
Montreal, August 29th, 1889.
DAVID, DEMERS & GERVAIS,
5 4 Att's. for Plaintiff.

DRUNKARDS

may not be aware that intemperance in drink is just as readily cured as any other disease which medicine can reach. We say cured, and we mean just what we say, and if you happen to be a victim of this habit and wish to rid yourself of all desire or taste for liquor, you can do so if you will take

Pfiel's Antidote for Alcoholism.

Ordinarily one bottle is sufficient to enact a positive cure in from three to five days, and at the comparatively trifling cost of $1 per bottle. No one thus afflicted should hesitate to try it. We guarantee the result. For sale by all druggists.

On receipt of $5 we will forward a half dozen to any part of the United States and Canada. Charges prepaid. Send for circular.

PFIEL & CO.,
155 N. 2d Street, Philadelphia, Pa

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvas for the sale of Nursery Stock Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.)

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Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
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A wonderful invention for lighting CHURCHES, Halls, etc. Handsome designs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue and price lists free. BAILEY REFLECTOR CO. 118 Wood st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Should keep a box of McGALE'S PILLS in the house. They are carefully prepared from the *Butternut*, and contain nothing injurious. As an Anti-Bilious Pill, they cannot be equaled.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE—25 cents per box.