PAT'S POT.

_ BY -

FRANCES MAITLAND.

At dinner we sil got talking in, you may say, in a general way (Finlay had come in and got into his ceat and smartened himsell), and Father Paly told us among other things of a widow-wife who had lost her one cow in the plague. How she was to got on at all he didn't know, he said, for she owed the ow-doctor a lot and we shoulind altogether with the rent, and her boy had sprained his leg and was home from his place.

"Well," says Finlay, "we'll swhat we can do among us," and he out with a pound note.

"God Almighty bless you, Finlay," says his reverence.

"God Almighty bless you, Finlay," says his reverence.
"And there's Pat," says Mrs. Finlay, and gives her sign to one of the little ones to fetch the mug, and they counted out as many as eleven bran new shillings on (he table.
"Well done, Pat," says the priest.
"The thinking Pat had an inkling your revetence was coming," Finlay says laughing, and then he turned to me, and I knew the mistress had told him of my fright.

me, and I know the mistress had told hirt of my fright.

E. a rovey went away very pleased; was as poor as most of his parishioners himself, from what folk said; they said too he nover tasted meat from Sunday's end to Sunday's end if it wasn't when Mrs. Pagan, the housekeeper, bought a sheep's head.

Sunday's end it is was it in a sheep's head.

Somohow I could nover get my tongue round "Who's Pat?" straight out to Mrs. Finlay. I thought, and with truth as it turned out, she wasn't indined to tell.

Well, one day, I'm ashamed to say it, I asked one of the bairns—"Pat" had just dropped one of his shillings into the wee thing's lap—and she called out about it to her mother quite pleased.

"Pat's our Pat, our own Pat," she says quite proud-like.
"Yaa" sava I. "but who is he,

says quite proud-like.

'Yes," says I, " but who is he,
Nell?" But she could only repeat,
Pat's our Pat," and I saw she knew

"Paks our Pat," and I saw she knew no more.

"Who's Pat at all, Peter?" 1 said to young Finlay another day. when "Pat" had been at work.

"Who's Pat p" and he laughed.

"Well, Miss Jeanie, I wish you would tell me!" and he laughed again and walked away.

This much I noticed, the Finlay's never used one of Pat's shillings for themselves. One day, I mind, a pellar body came with buttons and hooks and eyes, and such like things, and when Mrs. Finlay had made her choice she found—Finlay was out—she had not enough in her purse to Pay.

pay. There's Pat," says I (I had put a shilling or two in the pot that week myself).

"For God s sake!" says she, and I put the mug back as quick as I could on the she shelf, and ran upstairs and brought my own purse down.

This much too I saw that they may be a noor man or women

on the she shelf, and ran upstairs and brought my own purse down.

This much too I saw that they never sent a poor man or women away empty handed from their door; helping the poor wasn't counted a sin then as it is now, but just the other way, we took our Lord's word for it, and did for one another what we could. At the Culterhows they got their penny or nivefou (handful) of oatmeal, or if the day was spent, a drop of porridge and a bed in the barn, but many a time at Myrtown Mains I've seen a beggar wife with, maybe, a half-dozen of weans at her back near jump out of her skin with joy, as the saying is, when Mrs. Finlay put one of "Pat's" new shillings into her hand.

I never spoke at home of "Pat," but, I am free to confess. it was many a long day before I got accustomed to silver coming down like drops of rain from the skies here, there and everywhere. And many's the time I wondered if Satan himself hadn't his hand in it; or how a house could be "canny" where such queer-like things went on. Once or twice I had it in my head to go to Mr. McPherson and sell him, but I was feared hed not believe me, or maybe, I ought to say that he threw his shillings down (he might have been there himself for aught I can tell!). Once I mind we missed him for the best part of a month, and Mrs. Finlay was getting quite anxious filts, and it would have broken my heart, he would be for me to leave the Mains.

It wasn't every down eame a shilling into her tea-cup! I mind we missed him for the best part of a month, and Mrs. Finlay was getting quite anxious filts, and the prove the say and that that was how they were so well off, but it wasn't so at all. "Pat's" shillings maybe didn't come to a five-pound note in the year and, as I have said, they never touched a penny for them:

I never saw the shillings anything but new but once. There had been a

salves.

I never saw the shillings anything but new but once. There had been a talk of the butcher getting a bad coin, and I says, half in fun, "Maybe 'twas o' Fat's shillings, they look a heap too ne # for me." The Finlays looked at me as mad as could be; I might just as well—better maybe—have said it of one o' themselves; and down came, before old Finlay had time to open his tipe, with the biggest clatter ever you heard, a battered old shilling, a

George, with a pig tail worn thin, and a big hole bored through it just at the

edge.
"Pat can speak for himself, Finlay
"Pat milling himself up; he had had

ange and solve the series of t

"Haven't I?" says Mrs. Finlay, dry like.
"Well, I'm going to tell her," says Jess; "it's nought to be ashamed of, but just the other way in my way of thinking," says she.
"And who said it was aught t' be ashamed of?" Mrs. Finlay said (it was not often she spoke so sharp)—" but you were always one for your own way, Jess!"
"Tut, Auntie," says Jess, and lays her head against her. Mrs. Finlay had come to us. "I wouldn't ex you, you know that."
"That do I,'. Mrs. Finlay said in her old hearty way, and stooping she kiesed her. "Tell Jeanie what you like, she's no talker and a wise like lass."

If you had given me a mountain of

lass."

If you had given me a mountain of gold, I could not have been better pleased than with Mrs. Finlay's words, for she was one that said what she meant; and wise or not, I had never carried a word out of the house all the years I had lived at the Mains. So, the baby settling down, we stirred up the fire a bit and sat down for our talk.

the fire a bit and sat down for our talk.

Well, Jess told me what I'd guessed before, from their name and from their going to chapel, that the Finlays had come from the old country.

The first of them was a Peter, too, and he settled down at the Port (Port-patrick) with his wife and seven weans, but they might just as well have stopped at home if it eame to bettering themselves. The Port is a poor place at best, and Jess couldn't mind whether it was the time of Boney's wars, when everything was famine price, or whether it was the year of the potatorot, when if our folk didn't die by the score as they did across the water, they knew what want was anyway (Mr. McPherson had told us all about it when he was counting up his judgment and his plants. (Mr. McPherson had told us all about it when he was counting up his judgments and his plagues). Whichever time it was—and, both together for aught I can tell—the Finlays, like most of their neighbors, were in a bad way. Finlay had been out for a cast in the boat one day—not that he was a fisher—but he'd need of something to stop the hole in the lungering bei lies at home (Jess said she'd heard her grandfather say that many a time the bairns made their dinner of kail, stalks and all, and a stir of bran in it to thicken it up). Well, as I was saying, Finlay had been out for a cast, and, maybe, not being accustomed to it, had had no chance, and was on his way home as downhearted as could be, past the post captain's big house by the harbor (the Fort, poor as it was, was a big place then), when the captain's lady came out, and, seeing the look in his face maybe, slipped, as she passed him, a new shilling into his hand—he never forgot her for it if he was like the rest of the Finlays, I'll warrant that! It put a bit of heart in him to go home—he knew the wife would make it go farther than him self—and he freshened up his step as he took the corner of the street, and you may think the wife was as pleased as himself when she saw what he laid on the table, and while they were talking over it, and the children all around, there came a cap (knock) at the door. It was an old beggar-body, an Irisher, seeking (begging), and Mrs. Finlay was for saying she had nought for him, and, saving the shilling, it was true enough. But Finlay, when he saw him, had him in. Skin and hone he was, and more bone than skin, for, poor worn body, the bones of his elbows were through, and if he could stand it was all he could do So Finlay helped him to the low chair by the fire, and 'it's something he wants to warm his heart.' he says to his wife, for when he saw how ill the old body was he was feared.

"I'll get him a drop at Miss Gordon's," he says (there were Gordons oven in my days at the Port Inny), and was for lifting the shilling. There wa

and so he had if she only had the wit to see.

"Ye'd spen' the shilling that, maybe, ye'll over see on a beggar-body, an leave your wans empty-bellied? say sine, "Shame on ye," says she, And the poor body by the fire heakening every word.

"There's One gle'd His last drop of blood for you an ine," says Finlay, "an' in Hie name an' the name of the Morber that bore Him pass over, that shilling," says he, for she had got it into her hand.

Well, the words sobered the wife a bit, and she landed over the shilling as she was told,

They were thinking the beggar body scarce sensible as he sat shaking and groaning by the fire, but at Finlay's words he lifted his head, "And in the name of Him of whom yer spakin," he says, "an' the Blessed Mother of Virgins," says, he, "I promise you-and mind what I say—ye'll never want for a shilling as long as yo live, nor yer childer after ye," says he.

Well, they were thinking it was just an old man's talk, and paid no heed to it at the time, and Finlay got his dram, and they lifted him into the children's bed. I was forgetting to say that Miss Gordon, when Finlay told her what the spirits was for, wouldn't touch a ha'porth of his coin, but gave him a meal for the bairns to carry home beside. So Pat's "luck" began at once, you may say.

Mrs. Finlay's bark was worse than her bite, as the saying is, for she sat up with the poor body all night and did what he could till the end came and the parish carried him off. Well, when she was cleaning the corner where he died, she finds a bran new shilling among the rags and straw; it must have been about his clothes, she thought, and put it on the table for Finlay to see, and suddenly she sees another upon the bed, and was looking at the pair of them in her hand when down comes another upon the for. Well, when she was cleaning the corner where he died he see an and survey to the pair of them in her hand when down comes another upon the bed, and when he was at it a shilling at Drumfries; they were wildish, and he was a farm of his corner, and he

the door. It was an old beggar-body, and Irisher, seeking (begging), and Mrs. Finlay was for saying she had nought for him, and, saving the shilling, it was true enough. But Finlay, when he saw him, had him in. Skin and hone he was, and more bone than skin, for, poor worn body, the bones of his elbows were through, and if he could stand it was all he could do 18.0 Finlay helped him to the low chair by the fire, and took the bit of blanket they had on the children's bed for his shoulders and put another peat on the fire, and 'i't's something he wants to warm his heart,'' he says to his wife, for when he saw how ill the old body was he was feared.

"I'll get him a drop at Miss Gordon's,'' he says (there were Gordons even in my days at the Port Inny), and was for lifting the shilling. There was the "hullabaloo," as our weans say.

"Shame on ye," cries the wife, snatching it up; "Shame on yes for a legistis for a beggar body," she cries, "an' your own fresh an blood wantin' for bread?"

"His death writin the face of him,' says Finlay, pointing to the old body, says Finlay, pointing to the old body,

her, but Culterhows is but small. A cousin of my mother's who kept lodgings herself helped us to find a house, and we got just what we wanted in India street, and Finlay gave us the picking of the Mains (I was like his daughter, he said), and the furniture was good, maliogany in the parlor and spare room. I had my bit saving too, and Aggie a husband advanced a couple of hundred pounds, and we have made a comfortable living enough. Mr. MoTherson never forgets us, and takes our diming room Assembly time, and her ladyship and Miss Eglantine have been to us twice, and just to give us a helpinghand, I know that well enough; it's not the sort of place they're used to, but her ladyship says she never could abide an hotal, and Miss Eglantine says she would come farther to hear my mother talk and eat our honey and mutton-hams (Aggiesends us them from Birnicknowes.)

The Finlays wrote regular for a time and them Mrs. Einlay did and

The Finlays wrote regular for a time; and then Mrs. Finlay died, and not long after he took ancher wife (I wouldn't have thought it of him, but you can never recken on men!) and now we have to content ourselves with a line at the New Year or a photograph maybe when some of them have been Melbourne ways, but last year, as it came about, I heard of them silf from a young Australian gentleman, a doctor friend of the nephew! spoke about—he that explained the antirax (it's a queer word, you never could think of the Almighty sending an antirax, but maybe that's because plague's a Bible name. Well, Adam brought this young gentleman home to supper one night, and he amused himself with our photograph book and all of a sudden he cries. "By Jove, if there isn't old silver shilling Finlay?" Many was the time I had wondered if "Pat'" had crossed the sea with the Finlays and never liked to ask, You would maybe smile if you knew how glad I felt when I heard him call old Finlay that; and you will laugh outright when I say that, in these ten years at the Mains, I got downright ond of "Pat!" Well, I was pleased, as I say, but I was "mum" about Fat and says quite quiet, "why is Finlay called that?" "Oh," says the young man, quite careless and free, "the Finlays live near our poople, and my sisters are often over at their station. Old Finlay's Irish (well, he was by origin of course) and has a pet Banshee or Brownic, or Bogie, anything you like, that tips the family all round every night, they say. We had a boy that came from them, and he said it was a caution to see the way the silver flew about. I've often tried to draw 'young Finlay,' as they call him, the son, about it, but he looks as innocent as a dying duck!"

My heart was warm when I heard that!

"The old chap has built a big church up there," he went on, "and they had the Bishop up last spring, and a lot of fuss. He may have 'laid' the Banshee for aught I know elicit the than that!

the Daissies to a saint I know better than that!

After the young fellow had gone, I felt free to tell my nephew about Pat. He laughed at it, as these young ones will do, and said the Finlays had made up a fine-like tale. He didn't doubt the old beggar had left his shilling or two, and they had got hold of them.

Well, the Finleys were not that sort of folks, but sensible God fearing people as you could come across, and I've seen Pat's shillings myself, many and many's the time, drop down when there wasn't a soul but myself about the house (they'd all be away at early Mass). And many and many's the time I've stooped to pick them up and put them with my own hands into the mug on the mantel-piece, and never once did I see one taken out for the Finlay's own use. It's not for m's to explain, but what I've told's'Cospel truth, and there's many a poor body has put his blessing on the Finlays because of old "Pat's Pot."—Irish Monthly.

Kingston's Catholic Puills.

Kingston's Catholle Pupils,

The Kingston news says editorially:

The highly creditable record made by Roman Catholic pupils at the entrance examination, in the report just published and the have escaped notice. Of the successful candidates the second and third highest in the whole list were graduates of St. Mary's school, and of those obtaining more than 500 marks a very large proporation were from the Mary's, the Couracition were from the Mary's, the Couracition was the St. Yincent's Academy. The west of those who imagine and the state of the second and the second and

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