

DR. FALLON'S COMMENTS.

The following was laid over from last week's issue. The Rev. Dr. Fallon, pastor of St. Joseph's church, was interviewed this morning regarding the statements made at the White College, Toronto, Friday night, by Mr. S. H. Blake, to the effect that he, Mr. Blake, believed in toleration in every thing, and that before any action was taken with regard to abolishing the coronation oath, Roman Catholic bishops should cease to take the oath in which it is stated that their duty is to do away with heretics.

speaks." For 12 years he worked at the development of his idea, scrawling mysterious symbols on the banks of trees, and at last perfected his invention, consisting of an alphabet of 30 conventional signs representing a like number of syllables, forming the basis of the Cherokee language.

SOME NEW ANECDOTES.

Dr. Stubbs, the Anglican Bishop of Oxford, and the famous historian, who died recently, was a good deal of a humorist. When Professor of History at Oxford in one of his lectures on Henry VIII, he declared that, while the extant portraits of the King's wives were no justification for his Majesty's conduct to them, they more or less accounted for it.

One of the most ludicrous mistakes made by the telegraph was caused by the loss of a single dot in a telegram from Brisbane to a London news agency. As it reached London it read, "Governor-General twins first son," which the news agency "edited" and sent around to the papers in the following form: "Lady Kennedy, the wife of Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor-General of Queensland, yesterday gave birth at Government House, Brisbane, to twins, the first being born a son."

In Sir Mount Stuart Grant-Duff's "Notes From a Diary," there is related an instance of extreme amenity that is probably unparalled. Two young ladies were discussing the proper colors for the devil—one maintaining that they were black and yellow, the other something else.

The Jewish World tells a story.—A huckster was inviting passers to buy "Largest Portraits of De Wet." A small group, attracted by the same, invested. The cards supposed to contain the slippery Boer leader were carefully tucked in envelopes. The sudden burst of trade must have brought the humble merchant several shillings, but almost immediately his clients returned to protest that the cards were quite clear of any portrait; there was only a rough landscape drawing on one side, and the other contained pictures of soldiers.

PRAYERS OF THE SISTERS OF ST. MARY.

"The Sisters of the Congregation of St. Joseph of the Archdiocese of Chicago," observe the pious custom of offering up to the Sacred Heart of Jesus all their prayers, mortifications, good works, special vows, etc., during the entire month of March, May, June and November, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all persons who may see their aid in this way.

LEO XIII. HIS OWN GUIDE.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who is now at work on a life of Leo XIII., characterizes him as one of the greatest statesmen, as well as one of the greatest scholars, of the present age. "It was no light task," he said, "to undertake to write a comprehensive biography of the man who was born before the battle of Waterloo, and has lived into this century after attaining such great eminence."

"The Pope is a man of wonderful vitality to endure the fatigue he has recently undergone. When you and I are 61 we shall not be celebrating jubilees. But there is no doubt that in spite of his vitality the Pope is steadily growing weaker. Though I have not seen him lately I hear what is going on in the Vatican."

He talks less than formerly and spends several hours of the day on a couch, lying down, with eyes closed. There are moments when he seems himself, when he shows his old strength, but not often. Those who hear him tell me that he may live a year longer. There was a prediction, you know, that Queen Victoria would die in January of this year, but the Pope would die in July. First part of this prediction has been fulfilled. I trust that the second may be no less so.

AN INDIAN'S ALPHABET.

Restricted Catholic Missions for Indians contains an interesting account of the invention of an alphabet by Seaman of a Cherokee Indian. A white man's explanation of a letter in the person gave the clue to the representation of sounds by arbitrary signs, and the Cherokee conception of enabling his nation to read down the memory of their forefathers by the paper that

BROTHER GUILLET, O. M. I.

The Northwest Review remarks:—"The Edmonton Bulletin, while mixing up names and things, imparts the interesting news that Brother (not Father) Guillet, an Oblate lay brother, lately visited Edmonton after 55 years' seclusion among the Indians, now Esquimaux. Reindeer Lake, where the good brother has spent more than a third of a century, is about two hundred miles west of Hudson's Bay, and is almost as large as Lake Ontario. The Bulletin says it is "on Chesterfield Inlet," the usual water route from Reindeer Lake at 57 degrees north to Chesterfield Inlet at 64 degrees is over 1,200 miles.

An End to Bilious Headache—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile on the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

A FORTUNATE BOY.

A strange incident is reported from South Auburn. Two gentlemen, who were strangers, driving through the country, apparently for pleasure, called at a farmhouse and asked a little girl standing at the threshold for a drink of water. The child brought out two glasses of water, and each of the gentlemen gave the child twenty-five cents. As they were about driving away one of the family asked if the gentleman would like to hear if the little boy "recite" a prayer. The lad recited his "piece" with admirable effect, and one of the gentlemen was so pleased that he said, handing the boy a bank bill, "Here's a little something for your education."

Mr. de Raymond has been appointed alderman to bear the bric-a-brac to Mr. Martelli at Washington. His name has been used by Mr. Haill Cairns in "The Eternal City," with some truth to the real facts of his family history. But the fidelity to the Holy See which is expressed in what is there said is the cardinal fact of De Raymond's life. He is a natural in the case of a family which is at once old English Catholic, old Irish Catholic and Roman. He joined the Private Chamberlain to the Pope until a few years ago, when he entered the Church, where he is now a dignitary. He is rather below than above the middle age, graceful in person, gracious in manner and a general favorite in Rome.

Great Things From Little Causes Grow—it takes a very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions are not taken, this simple cause may have momentous consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution today owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

MISS BLAUVELT'S DECORATION.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt, most charming of prima donnas, has landed in America, after staying on the continent since January. Among her recent spoils, which she attributes to the Roman Society of St. Cecilia. This society was founded in 1855, and Mlle. Blauvelt sang twice for it, one of her performances being Verdi's "Requiem." No wonder she is proud of the honor, for it has only been conferred on eight persons in three hundred and thirty years. What is more, it has never before been conferred on a woman or on any English-speaking singer.

COLUMN OF COMICS.

A musician, whose English is not as perfect as his music, while conducting a festival recently was called upon to introduce a solist. He did it in this fashion:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have been asked to introduce to you Monsieur Valder to play for you a fiolet solo; I had, now done so, and he will now do so."

From South Africa comes this story of classic "boon mot" on the part of a British gunner, apparently marked for doom. It happened during General Buller's successful sortie from Ladysmith, when the British battery machines on the left were impeded. The captain of one of the batteries, seeing his first sergeant flying by with the first gun, shouted angrily, "He's gone, where are you going, to which the gunner curtly replied, "Hanged if I know, ask the mules."

A lady from Chicago was making a visit in Atlanta, Ga. The negroes were to her both new and interesting. This is one of her many experiences:—"Tell your mother," she said to her washerwoman's daughter, when she came for the soiled clothes, "that there was a nightgown missing from last week's wash." When the clean clothes were brought she said to the child; "Tell your mother that I have found the gown; it did not go to the wash." "Yes," was the answer, "manny said 'cose she wouldn't take a big thing like a nightgown."

"What's this?" demanded the police, hurrying to the scene. "A hold-up!" A pale, scholarly-looking man in spectacles was standing over a burly ruffian and shaking his slender fist at the prostrate form. "I presume that is what you would term it," he replied. "This fellow stopped me just now and ordered me to hold up my hands. I complied and he began to search my pockets. 'I will put a bullet through you,' he said, 'if you take them down all during the time I am—'" "And then I knocked him down. 'All during' is an alumnical perversion of correct English that no man can utter in my presence unrebuked." The unlucky footpad had tackled a professor of rhetoric.

It was Jack's first voyage, although he had succeeded in passing himself off as a seasoned sailor. One night he was told to take a spell at the "lookout." He had not been long at his post when he sighted three lights of different colors and he promptly hailed his officer on the bridge. "Eight lights are they?" he yelled. "What lights are they?" shouted the officer. "How'd if I know, sir," said Jack. "It looks like a chemist's shop."

A youngster of seven, describing to his father how a lady caller, childless herself, had joyfully proposed to purchase the little fellow, the father replied, "But I'm afraid they couldn't afford it, sonny; they couldn't possibly raise sufficient money to buy you." To his astonishment, the seven-year-old promptly responded, "They might get up a company."

Little Johnny;—Aunt Julia, what makes those funny spots on your face? "Aunt Julia, who is very freckled, 'I believe it's because I have so much iron in my blood; it is only when I have been out in wet weather, though, that they are noticeable."

In a northern suburb of London lives an old German who has two dogs, of which he is very fond. One is a pup, while the other is quite old; but, as sometimes occurs with dogs of different breeds, the old dog is much the smaller. "Dere was somedings funny about dem dogs already," said their owner, who was showing them to a friend the other day, "dot leedest dog vas de piggest." His worthy spouse, realizing that her husband had not made the point quite clear, thought she had better come to his assistance. "You must excuse mine husband," she said, "de English languidige he knows not goot. 'Vot he means is dat de youngest dog vas de oldest."

Few of the struggles of life are more agonizing than those of the schoolboy who has no idea of what is expected of him, but determines to do his best. His frantic efforts to meet the teacher's suggestions half-way are simply heroic. A few days ago, the master of one of the elementary schools in Newbury was teaching his boys the composition of sentences, and said to them, "If I ask you, 'What have I in my hand?' you must not answer 'chalk,' but make a full sentence and say, 'You have chalk in your hand.'" Now we will go on. "What have I on my feet?" "Boots," came the immediate reply. "Wrong; you haven't listened to my directions." "Stockings," ventured another heedless one. "Wrong again, worse than ever," wretchedly cried the master. "Well!" he continued interrogatively to a lad near him. "Pleas, sir," then he paused. Perhaps he thought his answer might seem funny, but convinced that he was right, he recklessly gasped out, "Corn's."

A Highlander was once advised to take shower baths. A friend explained to him how to fit up one by the use of a cistern and colander, and Sandy accordingly set to work and had the thing done at once. Subsequently he was met by the friend who had given him the advice, and being asked how he enjoyed the bath, "Man," said he, "it was fine! I liked it rale weel, and kept myself quite dry, too." Being asked how he managed to take the shower and yet remain quite dry, he replied:—"Do, ye dinna, surely, think I was sae daft as to stand below the water without an umbrella!"—lit-bit.

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MAY.

Again it is with us, the month of flowers—
"Madonna, thy own sweet May!
"though it blooms not here with the sunny hours
Of an island far away,
Where often, in childhood's happy bowers
I wreath'd its garlands gay.
Ah, merrily we danced around
The Maypole on the green;
And some little maiden's heart would bound,
As at morn she eyed her pen.
And thought, "How prettily I shall be crowned!
And ail must call me queen."
But we thought not of thee, Madonna mia!
None roid us the month was thine.
Our lips had been robbed of the "Ave Maria."
Our eyes of thy picture, thy shrine;
Our youth's first freshness, O dulcis, O pia,
Of love, that is "better than wine."

Fitznoodle, to gamkeeper—When I was in Australia I shot the biggest kangaroo the natives said they ever saw.
Gamkeeper—Indeed, sir! What was you aimin' at?

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