

Chats with the Children.

Before they had any money.
Of the world geography.
What did they know the little boys
Who went to school like me.

There was not any grammar then.
They could not read or spell.
For books were not invented yet—
I think it was just as well.

There were not any rows of dates.
Or laws, or wars, or kings.
Or generals, or victories,
Or any of those things.

There could not have been much to learn.
There was a much to know.
I was used to be a little boy
Ten thousand years ago.

For history had not begun.
The world was very new
And in the schools, I don't see what
Two children had to do.

Now, always there is more to learn—
How history does grow
And every day the new things
They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this
I'm glad I live to day.
For boys ten thousand years from now
Will have no time for play.
—St. Nicholas.

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

In the winter the skylark of England
Does not sing; but in early days of
spring the great flocks of these birds
break up, and then go in pairs to look
for places to build their nests and rear
their young ones. And then the charming
song of the skylark is heard in all
its sweetness. While the mother bird
is brooding over her eggs to warm them,
her mate often rises into the air, and
then with quivering wings mounts
vertically upward so far that he looks
like a mere speck in the sky, and all
the time pouring forth his rich and
beautiful song, but at last ceases his
song before descending again to the nest.—St. Nicholas.

A DOG'S EARS.

Anyone who has heard of the
megaphone must have wondered at
the extraordinary power of increasing
sound that is produced by form, and I
would like to call attention to one
point in connection with cutting dogs' ears
that I do not remember to have
seen mentioned anywhere—that is,
from an acoustic standpoint.

I have lately purchased a small
Yorkshire terrier, imported from
England only a few months ago. Its
ears were clipped in England after
what the seller of the dog declared to be
"the very latest style."

The ears were first clipped and then
stiffened up with three effects in the
dog:

First.—That the buzz of a bee or
fly causes him to retreat under cover
of safety.

Second.—That he ducks his head
when about to be patted, a sure sign
of the length of time the pain of the
operation must have lasted.

Third.—(An effect I had not expected)
That he has absolutely no
idea of the direction of sound.

In the ears of a mastiff dog anyone
who observes the shell-like form of the
ear opening may easily imagine the
immense power of such a trumpet like
instrument to increase the volume of
sound. A change in the acoustical
arrangement of the flap of the ear
would necessarily entirely puzzle and
bewilder the owner as to the direction
of sound, and this one point on ear cut-
ting would seem of itself to condemn
the practice.—"Our Animal Friends."

If scientists are to be trusted, it is a
mistake to suppose that the lives of
animals are peaceful and happy.
Worms are in constant terror of birds.
The smaller birds are never free from
the dread of hawks, or owls, or cats.
Cats are afraid, not only of their
ancient enemy the dog, but of the wick-
ed small boy who throws stones. Dogs
are afraid of one another, and in
mortals of cows. Horses are haunted
by the wail of the whip. Sheep
appear to suffer from a constant pro-
vision of the butcher. Sprats are
tormented by the expectation of
being swallowed by the mackerel,
and mackerel are always expecting
the same fate at the jaws of the shark.
Almost every living thing is afraid of
man. Besides, not an animal exists
which is not being perpetually goaded
by hundreds of parasites. The wood
cock and turbot swarm with tape
worms. In the young caterpillars the
broodworm lay its eggs, and the little
animal that has hatched out the cater-
pillar will not a particle is left.
Thousands of little worms live in the
rabbit, and when the dog eats him
they lodge themselves under the dog's
toes and often drive him mad with
pain. Great tumors are raised on the
backs of sheep and cattle by parasites
which bore under the skin. Even the
crocodile suffers from never-ending
toothache, caused by a little beast that
lodes in his jaw.

FASHION'S WAR ON HEADS.

In Our Animal Friends for Septem-
ber, 1895, appeared an article by J. A.
Allen, which gave a graphic description

of the cruel methods of the plume
hunters in Florida. It is notorious,
he says, "that one man from New
York employed regularly for years
from forty to sixty gunners in this
murderous work." And he adds that
it is little wonder that the birds were
almost exterminated in South Florida
at that milliner's agents have had to
seek new fields. He states that it is
not uncommon for one hunter to kill
as many as one hundred birds in a day
for days in succession. The hunter
cunningly secretes himself and uses
a small rifle which makes little noise
and does not greatly alarm the birds,
and the murderous work is continued
till the few birds which remain are no
longer worth the time it would take
to secure them. The trees are still
full of nests, some with unhatched
eggs, but many containing young,
doomed to a lingering death from
starvation. Mr. Allen quotes the
description of an eye witness who
visited an island which had been thus
devastated, and who saw hundreds of
broken eggs and piles of dead, half-
decayed birds.

Besides the cruelty involved in the
extermination of birds and the train-
ing in habits of heartless brutality
which such employment gives to men,
there is the injury to agriculture which
is sure to result, and of which the signs
are now apparent in some localities.
Through the destruction of the herons
in one part of Florida there was a
noticeable increase in the number of
snakes the young of which had formerly
been killed in great numbers by the
herons. Man's folly, or perhaps in
this case it would be better to say
woman's, has disturbed the economy of
nature.

NATURE'S FIREWORKS.

It might almost be said that there
is little or nothing in nature that is
not wonderful, but certainly one of
the most remarkable sights of nature
is the phosphorescent or light-giving
quality of certain minute plants and
insects which in various parts of the
world provide a magnificent display of
natural fireworks. In certain portions
of the ocean its surface is covered with
millions of diatoms, often brilliantly
phosphorescent, and giving to the
observer a traveler many beautiful
effects of luminous seascapes. The
captain of a Norwegian barque,
for instance, reported that on one of his
voyages, while in the Bay of
Funchal, the water being fairly
alive with these luminous plants,
he observed a waterpout forming
among them. During the day it would
have attracted little attention, as the
phenomenon is a common one, but
being at night the crew of the ship
were startled and amazed to find
themselves suddenly confronted by a
pillar of fire or light that extended
upward to a height of about a
thousand feet, and moved along with
a decided bend. It emitted a pale
yellow light, which stood out in strong
relief against the blackness of the
night.

Another remarkable exhibition of
luminous water is the phosphorescent
lake of Nassau, in the Bahamas, dis-
tant only about fifty yards from the
sea, with which it is connected by a
channel. The lake is an artificial one,
having been cut for the storing of
turtle. It is said to be the most
phosphorescent piece of water in the
world, and on every night offers a
most remarkable spectacle, which is
one of the sights of the place. A
boat is always kept ready for the use
of visitors, and there are at all times
a number of small boys at hand to dive
under and around it. As soon as the
water is disturbed it appears to be
at once transformed into liquid fire,
which the youngsters keep tossing
and throwing about them.

Some birds, which are aware of
the luminosity of certain insects,
utilize them for the purpose of
illuminating their nests, fastening
them on the sides as if they were so
many tiny lamps.

Legitimist Heir to England's Throne.

Mr. Goldwin Smith writes in The
Weekly Sun: There are many curious
objects in the political museum.
While Anarchism is alive its ex-
tremest opponent, Legitimism, is not
dead, but puts forth a manifesto in an
organ no less respectable than The
Nineteenth Century Review. Most
people will be surprised to learn that
there is a legitimist claimant to the
throne of Great Britain, and that she
has her partisans at the present day.
Her name is Mary Theresa Honoria
Dorothea, Arch Duchess of Austria
Este-Medena, and wife of H. H. H.
Prince Louis of Bavaria. By the law
of primogeniture this lady ought un-
questionably, as her adherents say, to
be Mary III. and IV., Queen of Great
Britain. Here indubitably is the
elder line. It was excluded from the
throne as Roman Catholic by the Act
of Succession in the reign of William
III. Catholic disabilities are now
generally repealed. Why, say the ad-
herents of Mary III. and IV., should
they remain in force against the legiti-
mate heirs of the Crown? The Act
of Succession is only an Act of Parlia-
ment, and there is nothing appar-
ently in the way of constitutional
principle to prevent a motion for its
repeal or amendment. Nevertheless,
this motion is not likely to be brought
forward, or, if brought forward, to be
carried. The House of Hanover is
seated safely, though not by right of
primogeniture, on the British throne.

Farm and Garden

A good deal of northern fruit, es-
pecially apples, is being brought into
the city and province this year from
Missouri and Kansas. It is a notice-
able thing about these importations
that every package contains the
grower's name and address in plain
letters, so that all can see it. Of the
thousands of barrels of apples which
came into Manitoba and the West
from Ontario last year it is almost
safe to say that not a dozen barrels
were so marked. Ontario grows some
of the finest fruit in the world, and
Manitoba needs it, but Ontario fruit
growers have either got to handle the
trade better or they will never get it
in some times and will get less than
they should in others. Ontario apples
usually come through in good shape,
but with nothing on the packages to
assist the many prosperous merchants
of Manitoba in buying direct from the
grower. If Ontario peaches, pears
and plums can be got to Manitoba
in good shape then there is no reason
why American fruit should be brought
in the present large quantities. Onta-
rio is but two or three days away
California and Washington are ten
days off, and yet California fruit is
used all over the province, while
Ontario fruit is sold at the station
platform from 3 cents per basket up-
ward. If there is some fault, some
peculiar quality in Ontario fruit, that
makes it spoil in three days, while
California fruit keeps for fifteen or
twenty, then the sooner all parties
learn it and those costly experiments
are stopped the better. But if the
fault is in the packing and shipping,
then all that can be said is that Onta-
rio dealers and growers deserve to
lose one of the best markets for their
fruit for their carelessness. Certainly
the American fruit is put up with
more care, and there are many who
believe if Ontario growers studied
conditions as well as California, their
fruit would reach Manitoba in good
condition. It is worth while trying,
because if Ontario fruit cannot be got
to Manitoba for physical reasons then
it is useless to keep up a duty to pro-
tect the growers of it.—Winnipeg
Tribune.

In considering the elements and
evidences of national greatness, we
are too apt to ignore or overlook our
agricultural interests, while, as a
matter of fact, in a country like ours,
these are paramount, and naturally
overshadow all others. Arts, manu-
factures and commerce may seem to
be, and really are, of great impor-
tance. If the bank's discount freely,
and our emporiums are crowded with
merchandise and merchandise, if the
hum of industry is heard in our
workshops and factories, and the canvas
of our shipping whitens the seas,
we are disposed to accept these as the
greatest evidences of national prosper-
ity. We are liable to forget that
there is a still greater interest on
which all these things depend. Let
the labor of the husbandman cease,
let the heavens fall to favor us with
fruitful showers, let the seed sown
in faith and hope fail to germinate
and produce first the blade, then the
full corn in the ear, let blight and
midew blast the hopes, and the toil
of the farmer go unrewarded for a
single season, and what becomes of
our boasted prosperity? Can the rich
man grind his gold or leave his bank
stock into bread? With all his hoard-
ed wealth and glittering gold around
him, he would starve to death side
side with the beggar in the midst of
his equal. The wheels of our fac-
tories and of our railways, the sails of
our commerce, the laboratories and
implants of the scientist, the pen,
pencil and chisel of genius, the trap-
pings of wealth and the banquets
of pleasure, all have their existence
and influence only as a result of the
labor of the farmer, only because the
fields yield their crops in response to
the patient toil of the tiller of the
soil. We might manage to live in
dependency of the merchant and the
manufacturer, the trader, the specu-
lator, and the politician; but it is
certain we could not live without the
farmer, the cultivator of the soil, the
sower the seed, and the reaper of the
harvest. Suspend for a single year
the world's practical agriculture, and
the shivering shadow of famine and
death would cloud every path, darken
every home, and chill every heart.
Life, with all its energies, aims and
ambitions, its love, hope and joy, is
sustained by the golden sheaves that
reward the farmer's toil. How man-
ifestly, then, does our boasted civiliza-
tion, with all its social, financial and
political interests, depend upon the
farmer and the field, the seed, the
sower, and the soil, and how grate-
ful should all classes feel that the year
has been crowned with a fruitful har-
vest, bringing hope and cheer to all
—Farmer's Advocate.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W.
Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes:
"Please send us ten gross of Pills. We
are selling more of Paroloo's Pills than
any other. They keep. They have
a great reputation for the cure of
Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr.
Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes:
"Paroloo's Pills are an excellent medi-
cine. My sister has been troubled with
severe headache but these pills have
cured her."

Domestic Reading

Deep and worthy love, whether of
woman or child, or art or music, is
hardly distinguished from religious
feeling. Our carcases, our tender
words, our still captives under the in-
fluence of autumn sunsets, or pillared
vistas, or calm majestic statues, or
Beethoven symphonies, all bring with
them the consciousness that they are
mere waves and ripples in an un-
fathomable ocean of love and beauty,
our emotion in its keener moment
passes from expression into silence,
our love at its highest food rushes
beyond its object, and loses itself in
the sense of Divine mystery.

There is one universal honor paid
to high and noble principles of life,
which is that everyone claims them for
his own. No one acknowledges that
his principles are inferior or unworthy.
Many a man will admit that certain of
his actions have been wrong, when he
will stoutly deny that their sources
have been bad. He will confess to
having done a selfish deed, but never
to being a selfish man. He may as
knowledge speak of revengeful con-
duct, but will warmly resent the charge
of a malevolent disposition. What-
ever guilt may be confessed, evil in-
tections are always repudiated.

Low conditions, we fancy, are mor-
tally unfortunate than that of men uncap-
able of interest save in their daily toil.
For nothing so directly contributes to
happiness as a permanent interest in
some pursuit disconnected with one's
business or professional life. Such a
pursuit, whatever it may be, affords
not only a needed diversion, but a
safeguard against many of the ills and
discomforts of existence. It robs
monotony of its terrors, keeps the
mind from feeding upon itself, and
broadens the judgment, the narrow-
ness of which is the chief defect of
men engrossed in a single occupation.
It brings to the mind a feeling of con-
tent, a sense of satisfaction, of which
the man without separate interests for
his leisure hours knows nothing.—
The Dignity of Labor.

A contest between the employer and
the employed is as unreasonable and
as hurtful to the social body as a war
between the head and hands would be
to the physical body. Such an antag-
onism recalls the fabled conspiracy
on the part of members of the body
against the stomach. Whoever tries
to sow discord between the capitalist
and the laborer is an enemy of social
order. Every measure should there-
fore be discontinued that sustains
the one at the expense of the other.
Whoever strives to improve the friend-
ly relations between the proprietors
and the labor unions, by suggesting
the most effectual means of diminish-
ing and even removing the causes of
discontent, is a benefactor to the
community. With this sole end in view
we venture to touch this delicate sub-
ject, and if these lines contribute in
some small measure to strengthen the
bond of union between the enterprising
men of capital and the sons of toil, we
shall be amply rewarded.—Cardinal
Gibbons.

I wonder if Catholics who often say
they hate to go to confession really mean
what they say, or if they have any ap-
preciation of the comfort of the con-
fessional. I recently stood beside the
sick-bed of a young Protestant woman,
who was in the gravest danger of
death. She had allowed her health to
be undermined without procuring
medical aid, acting on the advice of a
friend who had espoused the fad of
"Christian Science," but when a
most frightful hemorrhage poured
from her lips, on my own responsibil-
ity I instantly summoned a doctor.
He, good grave man, sat beside her
bed three mortal hours of a long, long
night and soothed as well as nursed,
and when she cried that she could not
die he held her close and gave her
strength. And then, in the presence
of a half dozen friends, she made her
confession, told the story of all her
little sins and failings exactly as a
dying Catholic would whisper it in the
ear of a priest. Not a bad story, but
a sad one, because the good doctor in
whom she trusted had nothing to give
for her help and consolation. How
the needs of human nature are pro-
vided for by the good mother who guards
our dying bed as she has blessed our
cradle, strengthened our youthful in-
experience and consoled our infirmities!
The longing for help, which comes to
the dying, is met by the Church in
such a human way, a way I never ap-
preciated more than when I stood by
that dying girl; and I wonder if she
was not in the spirit of the Church,
for when I said, "Ask God to forgive";
He is your Father, He will have
mercy," she was content, and prayed
for forgiveness like a trusting child.—
Buffalo Union and Times.

A Woman Piper.

Among the newest London feminine
achievements is the bagpipe playing
of Miss Elizabeth Campbell, whose skill
and lung power have created quite a
sensation in the Highlands this season.
It is said that she plays her wild
instrument remarkably well.

Browned in Muskoka
The Buffalo Union and Times says
that when, in 1887, the death of
so young a man being the occasion of
such widespread regret in that city as
that of Leo M. Rohr, which occurred
so tragically last Friday. In the first
flush of early manhood, full of health
and strength, and with unusual promise
of a glorious future, this brilliant
young Catholic gentleman was snatched
out of life without a moment's warning.
On Saturday, 14th Sept. Mr. Rohr,
accompanied by his friends Dr. M.
Breuer and Edward Davis, left Buffalo
for a short vacation in the Lake
Muskoka fishing region in Canada.
The gentlemen were canoeing on the
Savannah river on Friday evening about
6.30 o'clock, when Mr. Rohr's boat
capsized. Dr. Breuer thus tells of the
accident and its sorrowful result.
When the canoe capsized it was oc-
cupied by Rohr and Edward Davis.
The latter, who was thrown into the
river, could swim, and he was rescued
by the guide, who worked the ladder
in a canoe occupied by himself and
Dr. Breuer.
Both canoes were going against the
rapids, Dr. Breuer and the guide being
in the lead. The guide got safely

through the rapids, and made for the
shore.
"When we were almost to the shore
I looked around and saw the canoe
was stuck on a rock. It was per-
fectly serene, but Davis frightened
the waters as they rushed on the
rapids knocked the canoe about as
if it were a toy. It was thrown
on one side and then on the other."
"Finally I saw Rohr standing
steadily on a rock, and with a
foolish. He was smiling as if he
thought it was a good joke—
follow, I don't know whether he was
of the danger he was in or not."
"I'll never forget that smile. It
went out only when the body of my
young friend shot into the water and
it was a piece of lead. I never saw
Rohr again."

Money in Chickens.

We read that even the chickens of
the Northwest have nuggets in their
gizzards and have developed Klondike
gold. Ah! those are the pullets in
the gold bugs of every party in the
Buffalo Union and Times.
She—"The tone of our organ is be-
coming very dull."
H.—Well, why don't you get an
organ grinder to harp on it."

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