

Your anxiety is for your delicate child; the child that in spite of all your careful over-watching, keeps thin and pale. Exercise seems to weaken her and food fails to nourish. That child needs Scott's Emulsion with the Hypophosphites—not as a medicine, but as a food containing all the elements of growth. It means rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, sound digestion. No child refuses Scott's Emulsion. It is pleasant and palatable.

SONG OF THE SAILORS OF HAVRE. Queen of the Waves, look forth across the ocean. From north to south, from east to stormy west; See how the waters with tumultuous motion, Rise up and foam without cessation. But fear we not, though storm-clouds round us gather, Then art our Mother, and thy little Child Is the All-Merciful, our tender Father, God of the sea and of the tempest wild. Help, then, sweet Queen! in our exceeding danger, By thy seven griefs, in pity, Lady, Think of the Babe that slept within the Manger, And help us now dear Lady of the Wave!

RIGHT FROM THE MINES. Family Ties may be Broken in the Grand Rush for Gold, but What's Wealth Without Health—Dr. Carter's Catarrh Powder is a Wonderful Cure—It Never Fails to Relieve in Ten Minutes. Fred Lawrie, of Trail Creek, B. C., writes: "I have used two bottles of Dr. Carter's Catarrh Powder, and have been wonderfully helped. I can recommend it to all who are suffering from Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostate, etc. Mr. B. L. Egan, Eastern, Pa., says: "When I read that Dr. Carter's Catarrh Powder would cure my Catarrh in ten minutes, I must say I was far from being convinced of the fact. I decided to try it. I purchased a bottle. A single puff of the powder through the bladder afforded instantaneous relief. Sold by Geo. B. Hughes."

Animal Relief. Landseer's picture of the shepherd's dog beside the coffin of his master in the lonely hut is familiar to all—the tribute of genius to the grief of which the dog is capable. There sits the noble collier, his head laid on the coffin, his eyes dim, as though with unshed tears that refuse to flow as he subduedly whines out his grief in his whining. Few could look on that picture without being moved. The artist has not only painted a picture, he has told the story, and not only that—he has unveiled a heart, or, more truly, a pair of hearts—the heart of the poor, mute, bereaved collier and his own. Goethe speaks of a famous German painter whose forte was to paint sheep, and Goethe said that he had, by the wonderful gift of vicarious sympathy, lived in the sheep, and that was the secret of his success, as it must be the secret of any really great animal painter. One sometimes feels that Rosa Bonheur must have done the same with her beautiful liquid-eyed oxen, or Mr. Peter Graham with his shaggy, wide-eyed Highland cattle; certainly Landseer did it with deer and dogs, and, perhaps, no picture of his has more directly spoken to the general heart than the picture of the mute dog-mourner—the very embodiment of grief. The following anecdotes will, we think, be accepted as further testimony to the truth of Sir Edwin's wonderful presentation.

Our first is from the pen of that true animal's friend, Miss Power Cobbe. "Sly," she says, "proved an intense comfort to her mistress, towards whom she displayed a real attachment. Sly constituted herself constant of the drawing-room, and followed suspiciously any guest who might move about it. A touch of her mistress' book or writing materials brought forth a warning growl. The poor beast's love for her mistress far exceeded all her other sentiments. Mrs. E. having returned unexpectedly from a long absence (when can such events be otherwise than unexpected to a dog?) Sly very nearly lost her life for joy and did lose a litter of puppies. After long years the old lady died abroad and her body was brought to her home enclosed in a leaden coffin and placed on trestles in her library. In some inextinguishable manner the strange, pall-covered object conveyed to the dog the fact that her beloved mistress lay within, and (as I was informed by several eye-witnesses of the scene) the poor

brute yelled with agony and leaped again and again upon the coffin, with piteous gesticulations of fondness and despair. A few days afterward, on the day of the funeral, Sly and six other dogs who lived about the house and office all displayed unbecomingly signs of madness and were enclosed in the stable yard and shot down by the servants from the windows overlooking it."

The following very striking instance is recorded for by Mr. Hamerton, a true friend of the "lower brethren," now alas, passed from among us:

"A dog was bereaved of his master, and afterwards became old and blind, passing the dark evening of his existence sadly in the same corner, which he hardly ever quitted. One day came a step like that of his master, and he suddenly left his place. The man who had just entered wore ribbed stockings; the old dog had lost his scent, and referred himself, rubbing his face against them. Believing that his master had returned after these weary years' waiting, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The man spoke the momentary illusion was dispelled, the dog went sadly back to his place, lay wearily down and died."

This might well recall Homer's story of the dog Ulysses, which alone among the dwellers in his own house at once recognized him on his return after his long, weary years of wandering.

Our next anecdote appeared in the Spectator of September 1, 1853: "When a lady friend of mine was in her last illness the cat was continually with her, lying on the bed. The lady died and the cat was of course not again admitted to the room, though presenting herself again and again at the door. When the coffin was being carried down stairs the cat happened to appear, and on seeing it uttered a loud cry. In this case the sound made was entirely unlike those made by cats under any circumstances, unless it be the cry made when in sudden pain. But the most remarkable part remains to be told. The cat went to the funeral and then disappeared for many days. But after that she repeatedly attended funerals in the same cemetery, walking before the clergyman, her master."

For the following instances of affection and devotion in cats, says Chambers' Journal, we are indebted to a lady correspondent: "Last October," she says, "I was staying a few days with a friend in a small country village not more than a mile from Edinburgh. One morning I was about to leave my bedroom, and had just opened the window, when I saw a large yellow cat wandering about in the grass which surrounded the house. The creature had a timid, scared look, as if not much in the habit of associating with human beings. I spoke to it in a tone of encouragement, however; on hearing which it leaped up on the window sill and began to purr in a friendly way. I told my friend, the lady of the house, about the cat, when she gave me the following account of it: "This poor animal belonged to my poor deceased father. It came to our house a very small kitten, and was accustomed from time to time to receive food from my father's hand, with now and then a little caress or kindly word. But my father was not a cat fancier, and as a general rule did not take any great notice of the creature. About a year and a half ago my father grew seriously ill, and after a few weeks of suffering, died. During his illness the cat went up and down stairs like a distracted creature, refusing food and mewing again and again in a mournful way. Sometimes it came into the sick room and jumped on the bed, but its master was too ill to notice it, and it went away with a disappointed look. When all was over and the last attentions had been paid to my father and all was quiet in the death chamber, the poor cat came in and took up its position on the bed at his feet. From this place nothing would induce the creature to move, and feeling astonished at his fidelity and affection we left it lying during the day, though, strange to say, it manifested a desire to leave the room at night, returning always about nine in the morning, and if the door was shut mewing till it gained admittance. On the funeral day the faithful creature did not seem to understand the absence of its master; it left the room upon the removal of the body, but the first thing we saw when the mourners returned was the poor puss lying at the door of the chamber. It was long said, the lady in conclusion, 'before the affectionate animal recovered its usual sprightliness, and I would not like anything to happen to a creature which has testified such a strong affection for one so dear to me.'"

Edgar Quinet in his journal tells how one day he went with the naturalist, M. Geoffroi de St. Hilaire to the Jardin des Plantes: "In one of the cages was a lion and a lioness together. They were standing up quite motionless and seemed not even to see us. Presently the lion, lifting up his great paw, placed it slowly and softly on the forehead of the lioness, and both continued in

the same attitude as long as we remained before them. What was intended by the gesture? A painter who should have desired to represent not pain and grief and the deepest emotion could not have invented anything more striking. 'What does it mean?' said I to Geoffroi. 'Their lion whelp did this morning,' replied he. 'Then I understood what I saw—pity, good will, sympathy—all these sentiments might be read in those three countenances.'"

The following interesting account is extracted from James Forbes' "Oriental Memories": "One of a shooting party under a banyan tree killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise and seemed disposed to attack the aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously. The sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gestures seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given to him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race."

But perhaps the most impressive and extraordinary case that has yet before us is that of "poor Norman's" dog in the Isle of Skye. Here it is, as told a year or two ago in the Inverness Courier, one of the most reliable papers in Scotland. "A circumstance has just occurred at Portree, Isle of Skye, which may be added to the many chapters regarding the fidelity and attachment of dogs to their masters. A rammer spread through the town one morning that on the previous night the dogs had torn open the grave of a young man who had died of fever and was interred some weeks previously. It transpired, however, that the case was not so revolting; when the young man was buried his dog followed the funeral to the church-yard and was in difficulty removed. It returned again and again to the spot, and, unobserved, had dug into the grave until it reached the coffin. The dog had gnawed through the coffin when the fact was discovered, but the body of his dead master was untouched, and there the faithful animal was found eagerly looking into the grave. 'I doubt,' says a correspondent, 'if there be on record a more striking instance of canine attachment; for you must bear in mind that four or five weeks had elapsed since the interment, and the churchyard is six miles from the house where poor Norman's father lives.'"

With reference to the position of the Catholic press among the world's daily newspapers, Father Columban said that Catholic representation in the journalistic sphere is not what any lover of truth would wish it to be for the leading papers almost without exception, are controlled by those who do not believe in the Catholic Church, and consequently cannot be expected to be sincerely favorable to its interests. In every country there should be at least one Catholic daily paper certainly equal to and if possible greater in worth than any similar publication in the hands of non-Catholics. The journal to which I allude would not be exclusively religious. It should be a strong competitor with its contemporaries in the supply of all branches of news, save that class of information which right reason and religion tell is nugatory to the people. The Catholic cannot reliably look for safe guidance to the leading papers of the time in matters relating to theology, philosophy, history, and science. For it is the natural outcome that non-Catholic writers should enunciate false principles and urge illogically when treating subjects broaching on the true religion. In every country Catholicity has virulent enemies, who do not scruple to calumniate the bridge of Christ and to upbraid their falsehoods through the medium of the press, and literature of an imaginative and poisonous nature is spread broadcast with the most lamentable consequences, threatening the ruin of youth and the demoralization of the people. The doings of those who still despoil the Church and seek to crush her should be exposed to public opinion. The affairs of the Church should be correctly and extensively chronicled in every land. The working of foreign missions and the difficulties and hardships of those who preach the Gospel in distant lands should be brought under the notice of the Catholic world at large. Accurate information from the centre of Christendom should be circulated wherever the cross is set up. And in the doing of these things and of many others it is within the scope of the press to take an active and powerful part. Any movement for rendering the Catholic press more efficient and up-to-date cannot fail to do service to the Catholic cause, to place a weapon in the hands of those who profess the true religion which will tell with effect upon the sowers of discord in the religious life of the nations, and help to preserve and sustain amongst mankind a healthier tone of thought and action, raise the standard of literature and promote the temporal and spiritual well-being of the human race.—Catholic Standard and Times.

One of the most interesting papers read at the Catholic Scientific Congress in Fribourg was that of Father Columban, G.P., St. Joseph's, Paris, on "The Catholic Aspect of Modern Journalism." Father Columban, who is a native of Gornahoe, Thurles, said that the progress of journalism is one of the marvels of the century. Following various improvements of the printing press, the cheap production of newspapers has placed them within the reach of the masses and consequently has added considerably to their influence in moulding the thoughts and inspiring the actions of the people. No more than ever the necessity exists of obtaining speedy, reliable and extensive information of the affairs of nations, whether political, commercial or scientific, and the newspaper is the medium by which this knowledge is acquired. A comparison of the news sheets offered to the public one hundred years ago with those which are published today is sufficient to demonstrate the marvellous change for the better and the astonishing strides which journalism has made. Corresponding with the advance of journalism the reading appetite of the public has become intensified, and so whetted that the absence of the newspaper from the breakfast table would be as keenly felt and create as great a void as if it were one of the most necessary and best relished adjuncts of the meal. The man who does not scan the morning journal feels that he has not discharged one of the most pleasant of his diurnal duties, and realizes that his mind is impoverished by such a denial. Nowadays it is the newspaper affords a platform for conversation everywhere, and the man who imparts information derived therefrom speaks with authority and confidence. What is so universal in its diffusion and which engages so much attention and has so much to do with the affairs of daily life must have no small influence—an influence from which the greatest men in the realm do not escape and cannot prudently ignore.

The conductors of newspapers, like other professional men, owe a duty to the public. They should not mislead their readers or resort to un-

DEFOULE'S WILD STRAWBERRY. BABY WAS CURED. I was highly recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I used it in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. I feel it is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public. MRS. CHAS. HOTT, Harlow, Ont. THE HEAD MASTER. I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I feel it is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public. H. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charles, N.B.

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The Montreal Star's London cable of the 1st inst. says: The semi-annual meeting of the Bank of British North America took place today. Chairman Hoare gave an index of the general feeling in commercial circles. Canada is on the eve of a great business revival. The bank's profits for the half year were \$34,031, against \$25,941 for the preceding like period. The interim dividend was 2 1/2 per cent, compared with a per cent.

Forest H. Parker, president of the Produce exchange Bank of New York, and his wife, were drowned on the 4th inst in the Chain Lake, near Paus-Smith's, in the Adirondacks. Mr. Parker and his wife had gone out on the lake in a row boat. That afternoon the boat was found floating on the lake, bottom upward. The bodies have been recovered. Mrs. Anchorn, Toronto, and Richard Moore, of Fergus, both inexperienced canoeists, attempted to run Mon River chute, near Gravenhurst, by the short portage on the 1st inst. The canoe was upset. Mrs. Anchorn was drowned at once, but Moore was rescued by Mrs. Hodgins of Toronto, who waded in and with the aid of a branch of a tree saved his life.

DR. CLIFT. Graduate of N. Y. University and the N. E. Hospital. 21 years practice in N. Y. City. Diploma registered in U. S. and Canada. Address: CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. Office, Victoria Row, Telephone Call. Accommodations reserved for patients. References on application.

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A. A. McLEAN, LL.B., Q.C. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc., Etc. BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN. January 20, 1897.—Sm.

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What Is Cheapness. Cheapness is not peculiar to prices. Goods are often cheaper than the prices; particularly is this true when the purchaser feels that the goods are bought with a certain amount of uncertainty and unreliability. We have no cheap goods, although no one disputes the cheapness of our prices. Your friends would appreciate a nice Fancy Rocker or Table, selected from our stock. Goods selling now will be stored until required. JOHN NEWSON, The Bargain Giver. Boots & Shoes. REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE.

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WALSON'S BUILDING. Jan. 21, 1888.—17.

Calendar for 1897. First Quarter, 3rd day, 7. Full Moon, 10th day, 11. Last Quarter, 18th day, 18. New Moon, 26th, 25. 25. D Day of Sun Sun Tim M Week. rise sets rise sets

Calendar for 1897. 1 Wed 5 26 6 24 11 3 2 Thur 27 27 22 25 11 3 3 Fri 28 30 1 1 11 3 4 Sat 30 28 2 2 11 3 5 Sun 31 26 3 3 11 3 6 Mon 22 24 4 4 11 3 7 Tues 23 22 4 4 11 3 8 Wed 24 20 5 5 11 3 9 Thur 26 18 5 5 11 3 10 Fri 27 16 6 6 11 3 11 Sat 28 14 6 6 11 3 12 Sun 29 12 6 6 11 3 13 Mon 30 10 6 6 11 3 14 Tues 31 8 6 6 11 3 15 Wed 1 6 6 6 11 3 16 Thur 2 4 6 6 11 3 17 Fri 3 2 6 6 11 3 18 Sat 4 0 6 6 11 3 19 Sun 5 0 6 6 11 3 20 Mon 6 0 6 6 11 3 21 Tues 7 0 6 6 11 3 22 Wed 8 0 6 6 11 3 23 Thur 9 0 6 6 11 3 24 Fri 10 0 6 6 11 3 25 Sat 11 0 6 6 11 3 26 Sun 12 0 6 6 11 3 27 Mon 13 0 6 6 11 3 28 Tues 14 0 6 6 11 3 29 Wed 15 0 6 6 11 3 30 Thur 16 0 6 6 11 3

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