

A RIDDLE ON THE LETTER "H."

Someone has reprinted the poem, once attributed to Lord Byron, but now believed to be from the pen of a Miss Tanshawe, called a "Riddle on the Letter H." It is unique in its way, and may afford fine scope for those wishing to study the peculiarities of language, especially the English language:

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And the echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed,
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth,
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils and with monarchs is crowned,
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear;
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.'

ANOTHER CURIOUS POEM.

Here is another poetical curiosity, from whose pen I know not. Read it and guess the answer to the riddle, before I tell you:

Our God made Adam out of dust,
But in his wisdom made me first.
My body, though he made complete,
Had neither arms nor legs nor feet.
My ways and acts He did control
And fashioned me without a soul.
A living being I became,
And Adam first gave me a name,
Then from his presence I withdrew,
No more of Adam ever knew;
But God, whose purpose none can see,
Then put a living soul in me,
And soon He did that soul reclaim,
Though changed in this, not changed in name.
And when from me that soul had fled
I was the same as when first made,
And without arms or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.
And when I travel o'er our sphere,
I seldom on the earth appear.
I labor hard both night and day,
For fallen man much light display.
Thousands of people, young and old
Shall at my death more light behold.
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave—nor hell below.
Your curiosity is aroused by this time, and to allay it, the one word **WHOLE** must suffice.

CARCASSONNE.

While poetically bent, here are some lines from the French of Gustave Nadaud, done in English by Mrs. Sherwood, that are worthy of preservation:

How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long;
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen.
It almost seems a wrong—
A dream I had when life was new;
Alas, our dreams they come not true;
I thought to see fair Carcassonne;
I have not seen fair Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue;
Fain would I walk five weary leagues,
(I do not mind the road's fatigues)
Through morn and evening's dew.

But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes that yellow blight;

I could not go to Carassonne;
I never went to Carassonne.

They say it as gay all times
As holidays at home;
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome.
The Bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds;
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our Vicar's right; he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware!
He says: "Oh guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart,
Against ambition's snare."
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind—
Then I could go to Carcassonne;
I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father! pardon me,
If this my wish offends!
One sees some hope more high than he,
In age as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne!

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said: "My friend, come go with me,
To-morrow, then, thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair"
That night there came, for passing soul,
The church bell's low and solemn toll!
He never saw gay Carcassonne!
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

—R. C. Gleaner.

THE LATE BISHOP OF HONOLULU.

The Right Rev. Gulstan Francois Ropert, who died last week at Honolulu, was the very highest type of cultured gentleman and zealous French missionary. He belonged to a religious community jocularly named, from the street in Paris where their Mother House is situated, the Order of Pie-Pus. Last year when some petty medical board in Honolulu wanted a certain priest removed from the leper settlement at Molokai because he did not bow to its views, Bishop Ropert unflinchingly upheld the priest, and the officials clothed with their little brief authority had to back down. The good Bishop was consecrated in this city a little over ten years ago. May he rest in peace.—Leader (San Francisco).

DEFINITION OF MATRIMONY

The following tale has been resuscitated and is meandering generally about among the newspaper offices.

"Archbishop Ryan, visiting a small parish in a mining district for the purpose of administering confirmation, asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was, and she answered that it was a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world. 'No, no,' remonstrated the pastor, 'that isn't matrimony; that's the definition of purgatory.' 'Leave her alone,' said the archbishop; 'maybe she's right. What do you or I know about it?'"

ABSTEMIOUS ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

The Lancet, commenting on the fortitude and indifference to cold displayed by the members of the Duke d' Abruzzi's Arctic exploration party—all Italians—says:—"The rigorous limitations of fermented liquors in the dietary and the prohibition of distilled alcohol had also their invariable effect in maintaining the health of the party. Dr. Cavalli Molinelli allowed no cognac, rum, or whisky to be taken except on rare and special occasions as a condiment or as a medicine. Wine was conceded only

in small quantity at supper—about 120 grammes of 'barolo' (a dark-red 'blood-making' wine), or 60 grammes of port. The good results from this regimen were conspicuous he adds, not only in the excellent hygienic conditions above referred to, but also in the temper of the party; alacrity and cordiality always prevailing among the subalterns. Nor was it only among those of Italian nationality that these effects were seen. The Norwegian contingent, inured more or less to the ingestion of alcohol, and using beer as a constant beverage at home, were manifestly better for the abstention from these drinks, as practiced on board the 'Stella Polare' and on the sledge journeys."

A REMARKABLE POPE.

From the New York Sun.

The death of Cardinal Parocchi leaves only one survivor besides the Pope himself of the conclave which elected Leo XIII. Cardinal Oreglia di Santo Stefano, still not much older than Cardinal Pecci was at the time of the election of twenty-five years ago, is the only member of the Sacred College not created by the present Pope. Leo XIII. has outlived every man who took part in his election save Cardinal Oreglia, and the greater number of Cardinals of his own creation besides. In five weeks more he will complete the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, and two weeks later his ninety-third year.

CHANGES AT THE UNIVERSITY.

There has been evidently a great upsettlement at the Catholic University. Bishop Conaty is no longer rector, and the institution has been put under the direct supervision of Cardinal Satolli.

What will be the precise effect of these changes it will be difficult to say now. Monsignor O'Connell, the new rector, has had experience in the American College at Rome and is no doubt fully conversant with the intentions and sentiments of the Holy See. There has been long talk of abandoning the university idea and converting the institution into a general seminary, but whether this could be done under the conditions of the endowments may prove a vexed question.

The Catholics of America expected great things from the University but they have been doomed to disappointment. From the beginning its career was troubled, and with age these troubles did not grow less. Its treatment of the Irish chair was not the least of its mistakes and it looks like poetic justice that the rector who forced out Dr. Henebry without giving him a hearing should himself now be without a place.

One of the great sources of the University's weakness was its divorce from the great body of the hierarchy. Very few of the Bishops looked with favor on its administration and the overwhelming majority refused to send students to its halls. It may be reserved for Monsignor O'Connell to break down this distrust. We hope for the honor of the Church he will succeed.—The Leader (San Francisco).

GOOD RESULT OF AGITATION.

The Catholic Association of Ireland has won its first victory. Perhaps it would be more correct to attribute it to the Catholic Shareholders' Committee. Anyhow the Great Southern and Western Railway, in deference to public opinion, has thrown open to public competition all future appointments in its service. Now let the Catholic shareholders see that the examinations are fairly conducted and the sad state of affairs we recorded last week will soon disappear. The Catholic youth of Ireland has always more than held its own in fair competition with the favored gang of the Protestant ascendancy. But the Irish Catholics must not be content with a single victory. Let the good fight go on 'till the last vestige of religious intolerance and exclusion is swept from the island by the besom of popular opinion and Catholic organization.—Leader.

ASK FOR
OGILVIE OATS
DELICIOUS FLAVOR. FREE FROM HULLS. WARRANTED PURE
PUT UP IN ALL SIZED PACKAGES
OGILVIE'S HUNGARIAN
AS NOW MANUFACTURED THE GREAT FAMILY FLOUR.
INSIST ON GETTING "OGILVIE'S" AS THEY ARE BETTER THAN THE BEST. HAVE NO EQUAL.

MANITOBA

CROP OF 1902:

	BUSHELS
Wheat	53,077,267
Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
Peas	34,154
Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343	

The Province of Manitoba has yet room for thousands of farmers, and laborers. There are 25,000,000 acres that can be cultivated and only 3,000,000 acres under cultivation.

THE LIVE STOCK INDUSTRY is rapidly increasing; opportunities for stockmen and dairymen are to be found in many districts.

Lands for sale by the Provincial Government are the cheapest and most desirable in the Province.

For full information, maps, etc., (FREE), and all applications for farm lands, address

C. VOKES, or **J. J. GOLDEN,**
Chief Clerk Provincial Government Agent,
Dept. of Provincial Lands, 617 Main Street, Winnipeg
WINNIPEG

THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

This Certifies that **David German**
has been a student in the Correspondence School of Architecture and Design
that he has satisfactorily completed the subjects mentioned herein, as taught in our
Architectural Drawing and Design
Courses has been examined and found duly qualified, in them, and is hereby awarded this

DIPLOMA
as an acknowledgment of his proficiency and in recommendation of his acquirements

SUBJECTS
Authentic, Scribbles, Ornamental Drawing,
Geometry and Mensuration, Advanced Architectural Drawing,
Geometrical Drawing, History of Architecture,
Architectural Drawing, Architectural Design.

WITNESSE: The Signatures of Members of the Faculty of the International Correspondence Schools and of Officers of the College Company, Proprietors of the Schools,
Given under the Seal of the Company at the City of Scranton, Pa. this 21st day of June, 1900.

N. E. BONNER,
LOCAL MANAGER.
305 MCINTYRE BLOCK WINNIPEG

Listen a moment

and you will hear something to your advantage. We mean every word we say. We are in the **HARDWARE BUSINESS** to make money of course, but we have found out the quickest way to make the most that is, by selling the best line of goods that is on the market. That does not mean that our prices are high. They are not. We have a line of

Stoves and Stove Furnishings
that for real value cannot be surpassed. We are the sole agents for the well known

PENINSULAR RANGES

These stoves a reputation for beauty and heat. They are nicely fitted up and its ornaments make it by far the most attractive stove that is manufactured. We would like to say a word about our Tinshop, which we have also added to our business. In this department we can guarantee satisfaction, as we employ none but first-class, experienced hands. Kindly favor us with a call when you need a man in this department of the hardware business.

10 per cent. off all purchases for this month.
Remember our location

THOS. E. COPELAND,
234 Main Street. Telephone 1929.