

ON ACCOUNT OF BRIDGEEN.

Johnny and Pat had been friends for years. They had gone to the same school at home. They had come to the country on the same ship. They had taken up camp life together in the pay of the army employer. They had been given funds in neighboring flocks in the same year. When Johnny married Pat had acted as his best man. When Bridgeen was born it was Pat who was named as her godfather. When in the course of time Bridgeen's little brother became due in this vale of tears, it was Pat who had pulled his best horse to death bringing Donna Ross all the way from Montreal to camp to professionally assist at the birth. He had subsequently taken part in several other christenings at Johnny's as an honored guest. He had taken Bridgeen before him hundreds of times in the arms of his mother, from Johnny's house to his own, from his own house back to Johnny's. Her own faithful posseto Colorado had been given to her by Pat as a birthday present. Pat had loved books, readings, and events, on the industry of Bridgeen. As he had remained a single man himself it had been all the easier for him to give his undivided allegiance to Johnny's people. When Pat went away for a day or two he was not to be missed. When Pat returned he always called at Johnny's before going to his own house and left his offerings of affection at the feet of Bridgeen. When Johnny went away it was of course Pat who attended to his flock. Bridgeen had grown big enough to be able to gallop across the camp by herself, she used to dash out to meet Pat, whenever she saw him riding in the direction of her home and she was sure to know him as she had no other. One day of her many journeys on horseback had been to take from her mother a gift of potato cakes to Pat. Many a time after that she had ridden hither-her-ther over the half long way that lay between the two places with good things, or with friendly messages, or of her own accord on visits of love. When it was curing day at Johnny's, Pat was sure to be the first neighbor in Johnny's chiquera and the last to leave it. When it was curing day at Pat's, no one knocked down more scabbily sheep than Johnny. When Johnny killed a pig, nothing could be done with the bacon if Pat were not there to take charge of the salting. In fact, they had been like brothers-in-law Johnny and Pat with Mary and the very strong man Kwainid it had been with them:

of me tongue to say somethin' purty outlin' to her an' Johnny when out rump a blue dog." "Now, Pat, I said reproachfully, "be careful to her Don't ask me to swallow that I who have never injur'd you." "Swallow what?" "That blue dog," I replied. "It is true that I have been at a few weeks in the camp, but I know that there are no blue dogs here." "An' who said there was blue dogs?" The blue dog that ran out from behind Johnny's house wasn't nakerly blue. It was nakerly a yellow dog. But Bridgeen when she was talkin' into had had her mother's blue dog and made him as blue as the sky over her head. Do you see now?" "Perfectly, Pat, and beg your pardon, go on." "Well, when Snap here seen that blue dog after Johnny's horse and I went to tell him at the Misses about it, I told them, but they didn't have no remarks of any account when they heard it, but it was the gallop ship, now, see Johnny. Well, but she a thron as I'm tellin' you, that was all that she said—she got on horseback like a boy and you, and cursin' in Spanish! But that's nothin' to what comes next."

of me tongue to say somethin' purty outlin' to her an' Johnny when out rump a blue dog." "Now, Pat, I said reproachfully, "be careful to her Don't ask me to swallow that I who have never injur'd you." "Swallow what?" "That blue dog," I replied. "It is true that I have been at a few weeks in the camp, but I know that there are no blue dogs here." "An' who said there was blue dogs?" The blue dog that ran out from behind Johnny's house wasn't nakerly blue. It was nakerly a yellow dog. But Bridgeen when she was talkin' into had had her mother's blue dog and made him as blue as the sky over her head. Do you see now?" "Perfectly, Pat, and beg your pardon, go on." "Well, when Snap here seen that blue dog after Johnny's horse and I went to tell him at the Misses about it, I told them, but they didn't have no remarks of any account when they heard it, but it was the gallop ship, now, see Johnny. Well, but she a thron as I'm tellin' you, that was all that she said—she got on horseback like a boy and you, and cursin' in Spanish! But that's nothin' to what comes next."

of me tongue to say somethin' purty outlin' to her an' Johnny when out rump a blue dog." "Now, Pat, I said reproachfully, "be careful to her Don't ask me to swallow that I who have never injur'd you." "Swallow what?" "That blue dog," I replied. "It is true that I have been at a few weeks in the camp, but I know that there are no blue dogs here." "An' who said there was blue dogs?" The blue dog that ran out from behind Johnny's house wasn't nakerly blue. It was nakerly a yellow dog. But Bridgeen when she was talkin' into had had her mother's blue dog and made him as blue as the sky over her head. Do you see now?" "Perfectly, Pat, and beg your pardon, go on." "Well, when Snap here seen that blue dog after Johnny's horse and I went to tell him at the Misses about it, I told them, but they didn't have no remarks of any account when they heard it, but it was the gallop ship, now, see Johnny. Well, but she a thron as I'm tellin' you, that was all that she said—she got on horseback like a boy and you, and cursin' in Spanish! But that's nothin' to what comes next."

of me tongue to say somethin' purty outlin' to her an' Johnny when out rump a blue dog." "Now, Pat, I said reproachfully, "be careful to her Don't ask me to swallow that I who have never injur'd you." "Swallow what?" "That blue dog," I replied. "It is true that I have been at a few weeks in the camp, but I know that there are no blue dogs here." "An' who said there was blue dogs?" The blue dog that ran out from behind Johnny's house wasn't nakerly blue. It was nakerly a yellow dog. But Bridgeen when she was talkin' into had had her mother's blue dog and made him as blue as the sky over her head. Do you see now?" "Perfectly, Pat, and beg your pardon, go on." "Well, when Snap here seen that blue dog after Johnny's horse and I went to tell him at the Misses about it, I told them, but they didn't have no remarks of any account when they heard it, but it was the gallop ship, now, see Johnny. Well, but she a thron as I'm tellin' you, that was all that she said—she got on horseback like a boy and you, and cursin' in Spanish! But that's nothin' to what comes next."

EDUCATIONAL. YOUR SUCCESS. In acquiring a sound Business or Biographical Education rests largely with your teachers. The Nimmo and Harrison Business and Shorthand COLLEGE. Cor. College and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY. The Course of Instruction in this Academy includes every branch of the Education of Young Ladies. In addition to the regular course special attention is paid to Modern Languages, Fine Arts, Music and Drawing.

St. Michael's College. (In Association with Toronto University). Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and Directed by the Jesuit Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific, and Commercial Courses.

THE ABERDEEN RANGE. They are giving the best satisfaction. Every range warranted. WASHINGTON ENDOWMENTS. The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic University was held at the university.

THE COPP BROS. CO. Best Quality Coal and Wood. THE VERY BEST ROGERS' COAL. HEAD OFFICE 20 KING ST. WEST TORONTO.

The Elias Rogers Co., Limited. Largest Foundry on Earth making CHURCH BELLS, CHIMES, AND PEALS. Forest copper and tin only. Terms, etc., from McHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md.

SEND FOR HW PETRIES NEW 2nd MACHINERY. EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL COMFORTING. Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and highly Nutritive Properties.

ARE YOU DEAF? Are You Deaf? All cases of DEAFNESS or HARD-HEARING are cured by the use of the... In a Central Aural Clinic.

THE POPE AND THE ANARCHISTS.

From the Paul Mail Gazette. While events of great importance have of late been following each other with rapidity in our great world, it has not been the least of these that the Holy Vatican has for the aged Pontiff been pursuing a calm and uneventful course, at least on the surface. Up to the death of King Humbert, Leo XIII. went regularly every day in the morning to the Vatican palace to two guards and one or more prelates. After the tragic murder of the King it was thought better at the Apostolic Palace to increase the number of these guards, who never left him out of sight, and the much more closely to the entrances to the garden. In fact, now three times a day the whole dome is thoroughly searched by armed men, to be sure that no suspicious characters have slipped in, while at the same time a large number of those who attend to the Pope's wants and keep him company have been asked to this special of subdued surveillance, an exceedingly cautious to the Pontiff, but in the first shock of the news he allowed his friends to take their precautions they pleased, and now finds it difficult to discontinue them in the face of all the arguments brought forward. I cannot breathe so he exclaimed, "and anyway my life is no more over that if an Anarchist should enter it, it would only be by a short time!" However, finding mild reinforcements in vain, and evidently despairing not to order a change, he has been seen to take the special air and to the private study. At the Vatican Palace, also, precautions have been taken, and a much more searching inquiry into your business there is now made than before, but at least it is not under the Pope's eye, and he is as much alone as though guards did not exist, and there he stays.

MR. EMBREE'S DEFENCE.

The following letter from Mr. Embree in defence of his stand in the Miss O'Rourke case was crowded out last week. To the Editor Catholic Register. Sir, I have been informed that articles have appeared in both the Catholic journals of Toronto condemning me for my action in the matter of the recent appointment to the staff of the Jameson Avenue Collegiate Institute. From my recollection of one of these articles which was brought to my notice, it is a distortion of facts, upon which are based hysterical appeals intended to prejudice the mind of its readers against me. The purpose of trying to remove the prejudices of those whose minds are readily biased by such appeals, for such a task would be hopeless. But I have had, and still have among Catholics, those whom I am pleased to call friends, both in this city and elsewhere, and my letters for them and for any others who "open eyes desire the truth."

PROTESTANT COLONIZERS.

One of the prevalent fallacies of the day is that Catholicism is a "dying religion." For those who hold such a view, it is not surprising that they are not people are best fitted to assume the guidance of the world, the following quotation from the Ohio Westerner of Columbus will be of interest. In answer to the question, "Do Protestants have a better chance of our Germany contemporary republics. The Protestant Americans have

PROTESTANT COLONIZERS.

One of the prevalent fallacies of the day is that Catholicism is a "dying religion." For those who hold such a view, it is not surprising that they are not people are best fitted to assume the guidance of the world, the following quotation from the Ohio Westerner of Columbus will be of interest. In answer to the question, "Do Protestants have a better chance of our Germany contemporary republics. The Protestant Americans have