French -

we all

to be a

n, fashion-

#### Kate Shelley

Have you heard how a girl saved the light-ning express, Of Kate Shelley, whose father was killed on the road? Were he living to-day he'd be proud to pos-

seas Such a daughter as Kate. Ah! 'twas cour-age she showed On that terrible evening when Donahue's Jumped the bridge and went down in the

She was only fifteen, but a woman in size, With a figure as graceful and lithe as a With peach-blossom cheeks, and with violet eyes, With teeth and complexion like new-fallen with a nature unspoiled and unblemished by art.
With a generous soul and a warm, noble heart.

'Tis evening, the darkness is dense and profound.

Men linger at home by their bright, blazing fires;

The wind wildly howls with a horrible sound,
And shricks through the vibrating tele-graph wires;
The fierce lightning flashes along the black The rain falls in torrents, the river rolls by

The scream of a whistle, the rush of a train, The sound of a bell, a mysterious light, That flashes and flares through the fast-fall-That flashes and flares through the fast-fall-ing rain;
A rumble, a roar, shrieks of human affight:
The falling of timbers, the space of a breath, A splash in the river, then darkness and death.

And then through her soul in a moment there files

A forethought that gives her the strength of a man;
She turns to her trembling old mother and

Loretto Farm," is tastefully inscribed.

She flies down the track through the pitiless rain;
She reaches the river, the water below
Whirls and seethes through the timbers—
she shudders again.
"The bridge! to Moirgona! God help me
to go."
Then, closely about her she gathers her

And on the wet ties with a shiver sinks

Then, carefully over the timbers she creeps On her hands and her knees, almost hold-ing her breath; The loud thunder peals, and the wind wildly

And struggles to hurry her downward to death; But the thought of the train to destruction so near Removes from her soul every feeling of fear.

In an instant new life seems to come to her She springs to her feet and forgets her deson! on! to Moingona. She faces the storm; She reaches the station, the keeper is there. "Save the lightning express. Ho! hang out the red light. There's death on the bridge at the river to-night!"

Out flashes the signal light, rosy and red, Then sounds the loud roar of the swiftthe sounds the fold roas of the swint-coming train;
The hissing of steam, and then brightly ahead

The gleam of a head light illumines the rain.
"Down brakes!" shricks the whistle, deflant and shrill,
She heeds the red signal, she slackens, she's

Ah, noble Kate Shelley, your mission is done,
Your deed that dark night will not fade
from our gaze:
An endless renown you have worthily won,
Let the nation be just, and accord you its

Let your name, let your same, and your courage declare
What a woman can do and a woman can
dare.

## THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP ON THE EXILE OF THE IRISH

London Universe, July 26.

An appeal was made by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster on behalf of All Hallows at the Pro-Cathedral on Sunday morning. His Emin-nence insisted that the power and glory of the British Empire were not bestowed merely for the enrichment of the English people; that their possession entailed re-sponsibility all who believe in the divine government of the world would acknowl edge. They were bound to give peace to those tribes which internecine wars had constantly divided, and they were bound to give them the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, but it was not for these alone he was appealing. Since the dispersion of the people of Israel on the destruction of Jerusalem, there was nothing more wonderful in history than the way in which the whole world had been sown broadcast with the children of St. Patrick. He would not then recall the black and bitter memories which in the past had contributed to that dispersal ; they were enough to wring one's heart and make him blush for shame. For more than 300 years that exile had been going on. Under the burning sun of the West Indies and in the wilds of the American prairies the children of St. Patrick were to be found. They were scattered through every part of the vast British empire. In every town of the empire. In every town of the northern continent of America, in the islands of the Pacific, in British India, in Australia, as well as in England and Scotland, that noble and inflexible Catholic race was to be found. And multitudes of those who had been brought up in Ireland, on the mountain side or by the river, were now scattered to and Iro, beyond the reach of any priest who could minister to their spiritual needs, and it was the realization of this lamentable state of things that led a young Irish priest, cheered and assisted by the present Bishop of Ardagh, to be-gin in the year 1842 the work for which he was then pleading. Four years after the commencement of his work that young course of the last forty years 12,000 all de same. Say, mister, trow in a nickle, priests had gone forth from the halls of will yer?' The request being complied

the missionary college of All Hallows to the missionary college of All Hallows to minister to the scattered children of St. Patrick wherever they are to be found. He asked them to give their alms for their love of that faithful witness which, lying beside England, had never faltered in its fidelity to the faith, whose Catholicity had only shone more brightly for persecution, and the inflexibility of whose fortitude through the vicissitudes of centuries, had not been equalled by that of any other nation since the founding of the Church. Ireland was the most profoundly Christian and the most energetically Catholic nation and the most energetically Catholic nation on the face of the earth. Let them then give their alms for its scattered children, remembering that they who instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all

## MT. LORETTO FARM.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE AND HIS HAPPY

A reporter of the Telegram, who ecently visited Mount Loretto Farm. recently visited Mour describes it as follows:

A rumble, a roar, shrieks of human affright:
The falling of timbers, the space of a breath. A splash in the river, then darkness and death.

Kate Shelley recoils at the terrible crash, The sounds of destruction she happens to hear. She listens and looks with a feeling of fear; The tall tree-tops groan, and she hears the faint cry

Of a drowning man down in the river near by.

Her heart feebly flutters, her features grow wan, "I must save the express, 'twill be here in an hour,"
Then out through the door disappears in the shower.

Loretto Farm, 's tastefully inscribed. As the visitor passes over a long shaded drive leading from the gate through a belt of woods that skirt the farm on the north he is not belt of woods that skirt the farm on the bett of woods that skirt the farm on the north, he is surprised and delighted by the variety of sights and sounds that greet him. An almost indescribable variety of colors charm the eye; the ear is assailed by the pleasing notes of the feathered songsters as they sing their glad songs, while the gentle, cooling zephyrs that chase each other through the branches of the trees and shrubs, causing them to vibrate with rhythmic sound, bear with them the delicious, delicate fragrance of myriads of wild flowers. Leaving the wood, a delightful scene is presented to view. Field after field of potatoes, oats, corn, rye, cabbage, &c., succeed each other. On the right, and facing the bay Removes from her soul every feeling of reach torn, bleeding limb.

Slowly over the timbers her dark way she feels;
Her fingers grow numb, and her head seems to swim,
Her strength is fast failing, she staggers, hear seels;

Directly in front of the institution a plot of several acres has been laid out in fast of several acres has been laid out, and several kind, color, Directly in front of the institution a plot of several acres has been laid out in flowers and plants of every kind, color, and description. They are massed in colors or formed in the shape of hearts, crosses, &c., or scattered about in bewildering fashion that pleases the eye and forms a fit frontispiece for the charming landscape beyond. To the left lies a large field of the transfer of the charming lands and the color of the charming landscape beyond. scape beyond. To the left hes a large near of rye, twenty-five acres, now darkened and apparently drooping under the shadow of an inky cloud, now bursting forth in all its golden glory as the warm sun again sheds its rays upon it. Twenty acres of this field will be used for ensilage, the remaining five for seed.

acres of this field will be used for ensinge, the remaining five for seed.

Back of this field are the garden beds in which may be found in profusion all kinds of vegetables. Along the fences are blackberries, raspberries, currants, and goose-berries in large quantities, and in the orchard the rich blossoms have given place to clusters of apples, pears, peaches, plums, and quinces in such numbers as to insure

beautiful tracts of oats, whose green tops, level and even as a newly mowed lawn, wave gently in the breeze. They are un usually heavy, and have been pronounced by competent judges to be the finest ever raised in that section. Back of these fields is the barnyard, with its capacious barns filled to overflowing; its roomy, comfortable stables, and clean, newly-whitewashed poultry houses and yards, in which are innumerable chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. The stock of the farm comprises twelve horses, forty milch cows, a fine yoke of oxen, and any number of grunting porkers. Mention should also be made of porkers. Mention should also be made of the potatoes, of which there are thirty-seven acres. "We have more trouble with the potatoes," said Mr. Murphy, "than with anything else on the farm. Bugs, is it? Why, they were here in millions—a regular army of them, just waiting on top of the drills for the young vine to show itself, when they would get under it and cut it off in a twinkling, the robbers. We have been fortunate with robbers. We have been fortunate with them, however, through a plentiful use of Paris green, and will have a fair crop of potatoes.

There are also ten acres of cabbage of several varieties, and two hundred acres of unsurpassed meadow land, on which is growing a fine crop of hay of excellent quality. Besides the meadows are several arge pasture fields, on which the cattle

nay be seen browsing.
At the beach the pier is being lengthmay ened 40 feet, making its total length 240 feet, with an average width of 15 feet, and a bulkhead at the end 50 feet square. Inside this bulkhead a handsome new bath house, 60 feet long and 50 feet wide, has been placed, in which the youngsters delight to plunge. There they play all the pranks that the fertile mind of a precocious child can concoct. Their skill in swimming is remarkable. Playing porpoise, diving, picking up pebbles and oyster shells in the water are accomplished with a celerity and ease worthy of a veritable water nymph. It was a matter of doubt to many of them as to where and when they learned to swim, as, when ques priest was called by God to his reward, but the institution he foudned endured, and in swer was, "I don't know, but I kin swin

with, a score of little naked bodies darted through the air and disappeared under the water with a great splash, to reappear in a moment, the victor with a coin between his teeth.

his teeth.

"Do you like Mount Loretto Farm?"
asked the reporter of a group of children.

"You bet we do," replied one of them,
a bright little urchin of ten. "We has
lots of fun swimmin', playing ball, an'
everything, but we must go to school
every day."

every day."

"And what do you learn?"

"We learn to read an' write, an' arithmetic, an' jography 'n lots o' things."

"Would you sooner be here than in the

city?"
"O' course we would," was the answer as he sped away and endeavored to steal a march on his tutor to indulge in another favorite pastime, fishing.

To the east and north of the dock in

the east and north of the dock in the rear of Seguine Point light Father Drumgoole is erecting another mammoth barn, with a frontage of two hundred feet and a depth of one hundred feet. Under-neath it two silos are being constructed for the preservation of green grain or ensilage to feed the cattle with in winter describes it as follows:

Now every tree and plant its fruitful tribute yields,
Whether in orchards, woods or uncultivated fields.

The grain, after being cut, is placed in the silos and wetted down, which procedure preserves all the juices and nutriment that is contained in the grow-

ing cereal in summer.

Removed nine hundred feet from the main edifice two buildings have also been constructed, two hundred feet apart, to be used as an infirmary in case of sickness. "If the health of the children continues to improve as it has since we came here.' said Father John, "we will have little need for an infirmary, but it is best to be on the safe side." The appearance of the six hundred children gives undeniable proof of the truth of this statement. Several little fellows who were supposed to be not long for this world when taken there are now among the healthiest and most robust of the number. Not a case of sickness has been reported since the occupation of the farm.

Adjoining Mount Loretto Farm on the Adjoining Mount Loretto Farm on the east is a tract of fifty-five acres, lately purchased by Father Drumgoole. This property was the homestead of Rev. S. Milton Vail, whose father, Stephen Montford Vail, was formerly United States consul to Rhenish Bavaria, at Ludwigshafen. The grounds are of the same character as the rest of the farm, and contain two large and substantial dwellings. tain two large and substantial dwellings, one of which is now occupied by the Man-hattan Fishing Club. The property adds fifteen hundred feet to the beach on the

A lime-kiln twenty-one feet in diame ter has been constructed on the beach against the bluff, and can be supplied with an abundance of shells from the neighboring shores. A new chapel will also be buildings being entirely inadequate to accommodate the children and the large outside congregation that assemble weekly to assist at mass. The artesian well is giving unqualified satisfaction, and fur-nishes water for the whole farm at the rate of about one hundred and fifty thourate of about one hundred and fifty thou-sand gallons daily. For the benefit of visitors an elevated plank walk, over three thousand feet in length, is being constructed from the wooded road near the buildings to the Pleasant Plains sta-tion of the Staten Island Railroad. Alto-gether the farm has proved to be a won-derful success surgessing in magnitude derful success, surpassing in magnitude and the scope of its resources the most sanguine expectations of its founder. A trip to Mount Loretto and a stroll on the beach and through the shady paths would well repay the visitor.

#### THE NEW URSULINE CONVEYT AT STANSTEAD.

The Ladies of the Monastery of the Urorchard the rich blossoms navegives to clusters of apples, pears, peaches, plums, and quinces in such numbers as to insure an abundant crop.

On the right is an extensive field of corn that is thriving wonderfully under the Sacred Heart, (Miss Maggie McDonard of Father John's "Irish farmer," Mr. Murphy. The field comprises fifty-five acres, and gives promise of an excellent and full crop. Adjoining this field, and and full crop. Adjoining this field, and and full crop. Adjoining this field, and and full crop. See Sea on either (Miss Roy); Mother Ste. Agathe, (Miss Roy); Mother Ste. Agathe, (Miss We followed you in spirit and united their fathers have gained through weary rotten spots sulines in Quebec, who have been elec-ted to the charge of the new convent Coupal), of Montreal. Lay Sisters:— Sister Ste Luce, (Miss Baillargeon) Sister St. Roch, (Miss Paradis). On Tuesday last Mother Ste Catherine, lately elected Mother Depositaire, proceeded to Stanstead with five of the above ladies, escorted by Mr. W. M. McDonald, brother of Mother of the Sacred Heart Assistant Superior of the new convent, and accompanied by the two Mesdames Murray, of Toronto, mother and sister-in-law of Mother of the Purification. On arrival at Stanstead, they were received by the worthy parish priest, Father Dufresne, and the leading parishioners with carriages to carry the Ladies to their future home, the church and convent bells ringing and the convent brilliantly illuminated. The reception was all that could be desired. The new convent is a very handsome and substantial brick and stone building, four stories with man stone building, four stories with man stone of extensive grounds about the centre of the village. Every modern improvement has been introduced, and with the magnificent surrounding country, this institution, intended for superior edu-cation and open to all denominations, is certain to occupy a prominent position among our educational institutions in our province. The lately elected Superior, Mother St. George, will leave on Thursday next for Stanstead with the remaining four religious ladies, and the remaining four religious tadies, and the public installation of the convent will take place on Sunday, the 17th inst. The classes will open on the 1st September for boarders, half boarders and day scholars-Quebec Chronicle, Aug. 11

> Rev. J. McLaurin, Canadian Baptist Missionary to India, writes: During our stay in Canada, we have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with very great satisfaction. We are now returning to India, and would like very much to take some with us, for our own use and to give to the diseased heathen.

It is so agreeable that even an infant will take it. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, asthma and bronchitis, Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is reliable for young or old.

### FATHER BARRY IN CHATHAM.

RETURNING FROM PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND.

Chatham, N. B., World, Aug. 9. On last Wednesday evening an interesting ceremony took place in St. Michael's Pro-Cathedral. It was the presentation of an Address of Welcome Home to the Very Rev. Thomas F. Barry, V. G. Father Barry had passed the first four years of his sacerdotal ministry [1866-1870] in Chatham, where his gentleness, zeal and piety are well remembered. In 1871, he was stationed in the mission of Resti-gouche, where he built the R. C. Church at Campbellton; thence he was sent to labor for some years in Madawaska, and now (since 1881) is pastor at Caraquet and Vicar-General of the diocese. In the month of February last, the very

rev. gentleman, with the consent and good will of the Bishop, in company with another priest of the Diocese (the Rev. J. A. Babineau, whose return home to Tracadie, about a month ago, we published at the time), embarked at New York, along with a number of other Canadian tourists, priests and lawnen to make a tourists, priests and laymen, to make a pilgrimage to pass the Holy Week and Easter at Jerusalem, calling on their way at other interesting places in Europe, Africa and Asia, included in the round trip for which they had bought tickets from the now celebrated tourist and ex-cursion furnishers, Messrs. Thomas Cook

cursion furnishers, Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son of London, who also have agencies in New York and all the principal cities of Europe.

On Tuesday, 5th, Father Barry stopped off at Cambellton to celebrate Mass in the Church which he had built there as a thanksgiving offering to God for his ordination to the priesthood. When on that evening it become known that he would evening it became known that he would also call at Chatham on the next day, a asso can at Chatham on the next day, a meeting was duly convened, without delay, of the two principal Religious Societies of the R. C. Congregation of Chatham, when it was resolved that a joint address of welcome be presented to the very rev. gentleman; and a committee of three from each society was appointed to prepage and present the same

prepare and present the same.

The presentation was made on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Pro-Cathedral—Father Barry standing inside the sanctuary railings, the committee occupying a place before him, outside the railing in front of the pear, while their secupying a place before him, outside the railing, in front of the pews, while their Secretary, Mr. Thomas Crimmen, read aloud the address. Father Barry replied, expressing thanks in a brief but interesting and touching account of his visits and prayers at the various holy shrines and places enumerated. Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament followed; after which a numerous stream of members of the congregation passed into the large the congregation passed into the large parlor of the episcopal residence to con-verse with Father Barry and the other rev. gentlemen present. Among these, besides the Bishop, were the venerable Father H. Rouxel, for many years Pro-fessor of the Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal; the Rev. W. Morrissy, Rev. T. Allard Bay Lohy, Carter, Pay Rev. T. Allard, Rev. John Carter, Rev. M. F. Richard, Rev. P. W. Dixon, Rev. N. Power, Rev. Edward Bannon, Rev. H.

Joyner, Rev. Laward Bannon, Rev. H. Joyner, Rev James Smith, &c., &c.
On the following day the Very Rev.
Mr. Barry left by the accommodation
train for Bathurst, whence he would proceed on Friday to his home at Caraquet, where his parishioners were preparing to give him a hearty welcome home. The following is the

ADDRESS: VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—To VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—To the Scapular Society and the Society of St. Vincent of Paul—religious confrater-nities of the Roman Catholic Congregation of Chatham—has been assigned the honor of greeting you in a joint address, on your return from your pilgrimage to the Holy Places in Ezypt, Palestine and Europe, dear to the Christian heart, on this the anniversary of your first mass

our prayers to yours while you knelt at the sacred spots ballowed by the foot-prints, the acts, miracles, life and death of the Redeemer of mankind ; while you contemplated, in the places where the events took place, the scenes in the lives of the Patriarchs and Prophets recorded in Holy Writ; while you worshipped before the various holy shrines in Rome Loretto and other parts of Italy, in Lourdes and other parts of France and Spain, in Cologne and other parts of Catholic Germany, of Belgium, and England, and last, though not least, in the Island of Saints, the home of your and our ancestors, dear, faithful, virtuous

While we felt assured that we had share, with other friends, in all your prayers, we also prayed to our good God to bless, protect, and prosper you in all your wayfarings; and now, with glad and thankful hearts, we bid you welcome home again in renovated health and

May you be long spared to labor in the Lord's vineyard, to communicate the light of sacred knowledge, and the warmth of enlightened piety to the members of the christian fold committed to your devoted pastoral care, for many happy years yet to come!
Elizabeth Flanagan, Mary Connors,

Mrs. Ihos. Delaney, Committee of the Scapular Society.
William T. Connors, Thomas Crimmen, Ruby F. Waddleton, Committee of The St. Vincent of Paul Society.
Chatham, N. B., Feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord J. C., August 6th,

Messrs. Mitchell & Platt, druggists, London, Ont., writes Dec., 1881: We have sold Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil since its

The most suddenly fatal diseases of Summer and Fall are the various forms of Bowel Complaints which Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will promptiy remedy.

#### LIGHT AND GENTEEL.

New York Freeman's Journal. An amiable father, who goes out of his way to give some excellent advice as to the management of journals, is kind enough management of journals, is kind enough to say that he has "a promising son, healthy, bright, who has spent twelve years in school, who is considered a good scholar, and who took a prize for writing Latin verses." He shows "no particular liking for any profession;" but his father thinks it is time for him to earn a living, as he is twenty years old. He and his father would like something light and genteel, say journalism. And then follows more advice about the conduct of a weekly paper, and the question: "Can you sugpaper, and the question: "Can you suggest anything for the boy?"

not manage his own son should think he can manage a weekly journal. But let

that pass.

The making of Latin verses is both light and genteel, but, unless they could be worked into the Sozodont advertise-

innes," is not "ight" or "genteel." The father evidently has the art of "interviewing" in his eye. If he only knew that "the eminent gentleman deep in the confidence of President Arthur" who makes unful discourse in the confidence of the confiden awful disclosures in reportorial English is the President's valet, Alec; that the "Well-known publicist" who furnishes the interviewer with a two-column "story" has no existence except in the writer's imagination, would he not shudder, and

constantly wearing a dress coat and making brilliant epigrams to admiring ladies in "society." This is a dream. There is no employment harder, in its earlier stages, more wearing on morals, nerves, and brain, than that of daily journalism. To be told that Gen. B. has arrived, to waylay him at the station, to cling to his carriage until he reaches his hotel, to cajole, to bully, to persuade him to say something, to write down carelessly what be ought to have said, in the estimation of the policy-makers of your paper, is that "light and genteel?"

Our amiable father ought to give his

son a chance to choose an avocation for himself. If he persist in clinging to the "light and genteel" phantasm, a black-smith may be found who will set him to smith may be found who will set him to work for a consideration. It is not nearly so hard—when you get used to it—to hammer a horse shoe as to lick Latin hex-ameters into shape. It does seem a shame that twelve years of school should lead to a blacksmith shop. But if the "light and a blacksmith snop. But if the "light and genteel" error be persisted in, it will probably lead to a worse place,—the penitentiary. For "light and genteel" young men "must live," and the more "light and genteel" their aspirations are, the more cigars, jewelry and theatre tickets they require. Now these luxuries are not to be obtained in sufficient quantities by sitting on a high stool, with a diamond pin in one's shirt front and a pen engaged in arithmetic in a "light" manner, or in any

other "genteel" way.

We advise our correspondent to teach
his son at once that he can not begin life where his father left off, and that hard, persevering work at some honest business or trade is the only way to give content-ment. The fewer a young man's wants are, the richer he is; the luxuries of light

years, by the mere wishing for it.

A rotten spot of the many rotten spot

in Pagan society was a contempt for work Let us—and we particularly commend this advice to our correspondent—take warning in time. A man who is not afraid of work, and who has the strength to do it, will never become a burden to himself or society.

# "If You Must Marry."

Writes a colored philosopher: "Let common sense have a show in de transakshuns. Doan go off yer feet bekase you meet a girl who can sing like a robin, smile like a rose, and jump off a street kyar widout boderin' de driver to stop A wife will have much to do besides singin' an' cultivatin' dimples. If you am gwine to marry ax yourselves how fur ten dollars per week will go when divided up fur cloze an' perwishuns an' house rent an' fuel an' incidentals. Befo' you fall in love wid a gal who looks too sweet for anything in a red plush sacque, kinder figure on how many sich duds your income would afford her. Befo' you am all broke up ober a gal who plays de pianner, talks French, paints landscapes, an' reads poety, jist sit down an' figger out who am to cook your meat and taters patch yer cloze, darn yer socks, an' help yer make twelve dollars buy fifteen dol lars worth of tings. Befo' you let a pa'r of flashin' eyes an' a cunning dimple captivate yer, look aroun' a little an' see if de owner has got a temper like a wild cat. Marriage am a lottery simply bekase people take each other unsight

# Their Name is Legion.

sold Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil since its introduction, and we can safely say, no medicine on our shelves has had a larger sale, or gives better satisfaction. We always feel safe in recommending it to our customers.

Warning.

The most suddenly fatal diseases of Summer and Fall are the various forms of December 1 Competition and soothes and healthy action of the bowels, and soothes and healthy action. It has cured hundreds of cases where all other remedies and applications have failed. NATIONAL PILLS is the favorite purga-Sold by all druggists.

### Anecdotes of the Holy Father.

The two following anecdotes are, at least curious, and will, no doubt, find a place in future histories of the present pontificate. In 1877 Cardinal Pecci was called to reside in Rome as Camerlengo. During his absence from Perugia, the figure of Our Lady in one of the churches in the city, was robbed of the crown and jewels. Plus IX. made good the loss by presenting a new sceptre and crown to the Cardinal for the statue. A couple of days afterwards the witty Pontiff remarked, in the presence of several of his attendants: "I have already placed the crown and sceptre in the hands of the Cardinal of Perugia, for the burden sper, and the question: "Can you suggest anything for the boy?"

It is only natural that a man who can not manage his own son should think he can manage a weekly journal. But let chat pass.

The making of Latin verses is both light and genteel, but, unless they could be worked into the Sozodont advertise worked into the Sozodont advertise.

The making of Latin verses is both light and genteel, but, unless they could be worked into the Sozodont advertise.

The Cardinal of Perugia, for the burden of years is already pressing heavily upon me," Within two months Pius IX. was dead, and the cardinal of Perugia, for the burden of years is already pressing heavily upon me," Within two months Pius IX. was dead, and the cardinal of Perugia, for the burden of years is already pressing heavily upon me," Within two months Pius IX. was dead, and the cardinal of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of the cardinal of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Conclusion of Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. During the Perugia had succeeded him on the throne. ment, they would not pay.

It is hard to find anything sufficiently "light and genteel" for a tenderly-reared youth, except the playing of lawn tennis. which actually occurred the next day; in the second he had a similar warning of youth, except the playing of lawn tennis. But that would not pay. In fact, the number of "light and genteel" avocations that pay are very limited.

We fear that even journalism, which our amiable father thinks would lead his son into the "acquaintance of leading statesmen and arbiters of the nation's destinies," is not "light" or "genteel." The father evidently has the art of "interview-tine"; in his gap. If he goals know that its send the wished for favor. send the wished for favor.

"No, I don't drink with you to day, boys," said a drummer to several com-panions as they settled down in the smoking car and passed the bottle. "The imagination, would he not shudder, and fondly draw his boy closer to his bosom? sworn off." "What's the matter with you old boy?" sang out one. "If you've is neither "light" nor "genteel." The journalist is represented in the novels as constantly wearing a dress coat and it ?" "Well boys, I will tell you. Yes-terday I was in Chicago. Down on South terday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than 25, wearing thread-bare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. He unrapped it and handed it to the pawn-broker, saying: 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes; little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once inttle things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawn broker. 'Got'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought them for baby. Give meten cents for 'em.' 'The baby will need them,' said the navaphacker. baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, s-she won't, because she is dead. She's lying at home now—died last night.' As lying at nome now—died last night. As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show case and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please; but I—I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."—Chicago Herald.

## "Converts to Rome."

The Pall Mall Gazette, in noticing a new edition of Mr. Gordon Gord list of "Converts to Rome" durin present century, says it gains considerably in interest from the names being ably in interest from the names being grouped under various heads, such as "Nobility and Gentry," "The Army," "Oxford," and so forth. Of the professions the army has been most fruitful in recruits, having sent over close upon 150, and the navy the least fruitful, with only 29. "Parents," says the Pall Mall, "who are afraid of the 'Romanizing tendencies' of Oxford will find their fears confirmed in this book, for while Cambridge ha in this book, for white Cambridge has yielded 148 "verts" during the century, Oxford has yielded just double that number. The five colleges which head the list are Christ Church (39), Exeter Father Parkinson, who is nose (20). now rector of the Catholic Church at Ox. ford, was, it seems, a Cambridge man, and was formerly in the Church of England, being Vicar of Wakefield at the

# The Sun Cholera Mixture

Now that it has been ascertained that the cholera has appeared in Europe, prescriptions are in great demand by correspondents, who write to the editor as if he were a personal friend and the family physician. For more than forty years what is known as "the Sun cholera medicine" has stood the test of experience as the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. As was once vouched for by the New York Journal of Commerce, "no one who has thi by him and takes it in time will ever have the cholera." Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excellent thing for the ordinary summer complaints colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, &c., and we have no hesitation in commending it. Here it is: Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubard, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wineglass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained. -Chicago Herald.

Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

PERSONS OF SEDENTARY HABITS, the greater part of whose time is passed at the desk, or in some way bent over daily tasks, desk, or in some way bent over daily tasks, cramp the stomach, weaken its muscles, and incur dyspepsia early. Their most reliable and safest medicinal resource is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, the Great Blood Purilier, and which is especially adapted to Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation and Poverty or Impurity of the Blood. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

mild and thorough.