

Kate Shelley.

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

Kate Shelley recoils at the terrible crash, The sounds of destruction she hears to her heart; She springs to the window, she throws up the sash; She looks and looks with a feeling of fear; The tall trees groan, and she hears the faint cry...

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP ON THE EXILE OF THE IRISH RACE.

London Universe, July 25. An appeal was made by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster on behalf of all Catholics at the Pro-Cathedral on Sunday morning. His Eminence insisted that the power and glory of the British Empire were not bestowed merely for the enrichment of the English people...

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 arms for their love of that faithful witness...

MT. LORETTO FARM.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE AND HIS HAPPY FAMILY. A reporter of the Telegram, who recently visited Mount Loretto Farm, describes it as follows: Now every tree and plant its fruitful tribute yields. Whether in orchards, woods or uncultivated fields...

THE NEW URSULINE CONVENT AT STANSTEAD.

The Ladies of the Monastery of the Ursuline Order, who have been elected to the charge of the new convent just erected by them at Stanstead Plains, are the following:—Mother Ste. Eulalie (Miss Dion) Lady Superior; Mother of the Sacred Heart, (Miss Maggie McDonald) Lady Assistant Superior; Mother of the Conception, (Miss Latourneau); Mother of the Purification, (Miss Murray); Mother of the Holy Mary of the Angels, (Miss Roy); Mother Ste. Agathe, (Miss Coupl); Mother Ste. Euphane, (Miss Coupl); Montreal, Lay Sisters: Sister Ste. Luce, (Miss Baillargeon); Sister Ste. Roch, (Miss Paradis). On Tuesday last Mother Ste. Catherine, lately elected Mother Depositaria, 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, accompanied by the two nuns, Messrs. 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 Duressne, and the leading parishioners with carriages to carry the ladies to their future home, the church and convent buildings ringed 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 mansard roof; standing in the centre 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 education and open to all denominations, is certain to occupy a prominent position among our educational institutions in our province. The lately elected Superior, Mother Ste. George, will leave on Thursday next for Stanstead with the remaining four religious ladies, 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.

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.

"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 boy of ten. "We have lots of fun swimming, playing ball, and everything, but we must go to school every day."

To the east and north of the dock in the rear of Seguin Point light Father Drumgoole is erecting another mammoth barn, with a frontage of two hundred feet and a depth of one hundred feet. Underneath it two silos are being constructed for the preservation of grain or ensilage to feed the cattle with in winter months. 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 growing 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."

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. St. Manon Vail, whose father, Stephen Montford Vail, was formerly United States consul to Rhenish Bavaria, at Ludwigschafen. The grounds are of the same character as the rest of the farm, and contain two large and substantial dwellings, one of which is now occupied by the Manhattan Fishing Club. The property adds fifteen hundred feet to the beach on the farm.

A lime-kiln twenty-one feet in diameter 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 erected, the present one in the main buildings being entirely inadequate to accommodate the children and the large outside congregation that assemble weekly to assist at mass. The artisan well is giving an abundant supply of water for the whole farm at the rate of about one hundred and fifty thousand 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 station of the Staten Island Railroad. Altogether the farm has proved to be a wonderful 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.

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 Restigouche, 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. Babiniau, 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 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 excursion firm, 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 Campbellton 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 became known that he would also call 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 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 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 parlor of the episcopal residence to converse with Father Barry and the other rev. gentlemen present. Among these, besides the Bishop, were the venerable Father H. Rouxel, for many years Professor of the Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal; the Rev. W. Morrissey, Rev. T. Allard, Rev. John Carter, Rev. M. F. Richard, Rev. P. W. Dixon, Rev. N. Power, Rev. Edward Bannon, Rev. H. Joyner, Rev. James Smith, &c., &c.

On the following day the Very Rev. Mr. Barry left by the accommodation train for Fribourg, 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 the Secular Society and the Society of St. Vincent of Paul—religious confraternities 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 Egypt, Palestine and Europe, dear to the Christian heart, on this the anniversary of your first mass.

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 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 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 that pass. The making of Latin verses is both light and genteel, but unless they could be worked into the Suzzout advertisement, 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. 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 heart of "interviewing" in his eye. If he only knew that "the eminent gentleman deep in the confidence of President Arthur" who makes 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 fondly draw his boy closer to his bosom?

No! Journalism as at present practised is neither "light" nor "genteel." The journalist is represented in the novels as 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 he 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 persists in clinging to the "light and genteel" phantasma, a blacksmith 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 hexameters into shape. It does seem a shame that twelve years of school should lead to a blacksmith shop. 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 boy 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 contentment. The fewer a young man's wants are, the richer he is; the luxuries of light work and gentility mean pauperism or ceaseless discontent.

"Gentility," the desire of sons not to be better, but to be more "genteel" than their fathers, is a vice which is helping to make us a nation of scoundrels, of discontented and restless beings, who crave money without work. The remedy for this lies with fathers. They unfortunately encourage a foolish ambition which would fly without wings, and reach what their fathers have gained through weary years, by the mere wishing for it.

A rotten spot of the many rotten spots in Pagan society was 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 becase you meet a girl who can sing like a robin, smile like a rose, and jump off a street kyar without bodern' 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 gen' dollars per week will go when divided up fur cloze an' perwushans 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 poetry, 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 dollers 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 becase people take each other unsight and unsehn."

Their Name is Legion.

Legions of people have had their lives made miserable by Piles. This painful difficulty is often induced and always aggravated by Constipation. Kidney-Wort is the great remedy for all affections of this kind. It acts as a gentle cathartic, promotes a healthy action of the bowels, and soothes and heals the inflamed surface. It has cured hundreds of cases where all other remedies and applications have failed. 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. Pius 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 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 Conclave on February 18th, 1878, Cardinal Pecci received from Naples a black-edged letter from the Avvocato Pecorari, in which the latter stated that he had recently had two dreams: in the first he had been warned of the death of his wife, which actually occurred the next day; in the second he had a similar warning of the death of his daughter, who lived at a great distance, and this likewise came true. The third dream, on the night of the 16th, was the election of the Cardinal of Perugia as Pope by acclamation. Should this dream come true, Pecorari begged for a special Pontifical blessing. On the 20th, Leo XIII. was enabled to send the wished-for favor.

He Swore Off.

"No, I don't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions as they settled down in the smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking. I've sworn off." "What's the matter with you old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking something's up. What is it?" "Well boys, I will tell you. Yesterday 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 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 me ten cents for 'em.' 'The baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, she won't, because she is dead. She's lying at home 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. Gurdie's "Confessions of a Convert to Rome," says it gains considerably 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 has yielded 145 'verts' during the century, Oxford has yielded just double that number. The five colleges which head the list are Christ Church (39), Exeter (39), Balliol (29), and Brasenose (29). Father Parkinson, who is now rector of the Catholic Church at Oxford, was, it seems, a Cambridge man, and was formerly in the Church of England, being Vicar of Wakefield at the time of his conversion."

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 a 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 tried it 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, diarrhoea, 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 rhubarb, 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, 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 Purifier, and which is especially adapted to Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation and Poverty or Impurity of the Blood. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

NATIONAL PILLS is the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

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