

MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

By IUDIA, FOR THE REGISTER.

My home-leaving followed a sleepless night and a busy day, as home-leavings often do—and upon boarding a C. P. R. train some miles east of Winnipeg, to say the least of it I was in a somewhat confused state of mind and body. To add to the discomfort of the situation tears persisted in coming to the surface—very undignifying in a World's Fair postulant.

To court composure I seated myself opposite an old lady, and proceeded to cultivate her acquaintance: old ladies are invariably kind and matronly. Have seen an oil painting here, in the Holland Exhibit I think, that represents my case; it is entitled "A sore Heart;" but I did not succeed in getting into the old woman's arms. Her opening remark was "How could you be so bent upon pleasure as to leave your husband at home?" That was a terrible thrust; I sat corrected, and as Samantha would say "considerably riled" also. Fastening my eyes upon a be-jetted and glittering gown front that she wore, and rather out of place amid its quiet surroundings—very quiet and rather worn—I answered, "I am not a pleasure seeker in the ordinary sense of the word, and I despise such vanities as showy dress, but I hope I have a desirable thirst for beneficial knowledge, and the World's Fair is a grand school." My remark did not disturb the peace of her soul; she was all serenity, and I was conscience stricken. Then very complacently and in a rather low tone of voice she began telling me of her life, its history embracing that of the different members of her family. The motion and noise of the train induced drowsiness in me, and drowned the sound of her voice. I could not hear a word but nodded from time to time in self defence. There she sat making mouths at me—"I had left my husband for the pursuit of pleasure!" When she smiled it was a mocking grin expressing—"You are a fine woman to leave your dear husband at home! at times great eyes with stern expression meant "Oh, you wretch to leave your husband!" Then she would desist from making mouths and faces at me, fold her hands and glance in another direction, which said "But it is too late now! too late now! awful, awful things may happen before you return—because you have left your husband at home!"

At last exhausted nature kindly hustled old woman and ill-treated husbands out of my mind's ken, and I slept to awaken at Winnipeg. The early dawn of a fine September morning gave an added beauty to the level, airy, breezy streets and their many fine buildings gladdened my sight.

During the few hours I waited there I saw several familiar faces whose owners are not among my acquaintances; which reminded me that Winnipeg is a huge beehive made up of representative bees from every hive in Ontario and out of it too.

Leaving Winnipeg for St. Paul, by Northern Pacific R. R., the day's trip through Southern Manitoba and Northern Dakota was thoroughly delightful. One is awed by the vastness of those prairies; several countries with different nationalities could, on 'the European plan' find room there. But diversity would not improve what is wonderful because of its absence. I close my eyes now, and behold again the grassy stretches where Bryant's "Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase the sunny ridges," and the great wheat fields with grain garnered not within walls but under the shelter of the blue heavens in four-stack family clusters. Those family groups are very close; so great must be the harvest in those regions. Where fall plowing had been done the furrows were often apparently a mile in length.

I noticed that in the regulation frame houses of farm and village, throughout Southern Manitoba especially, there was frequently a pagoda style of roof; beginning at the apex was a straight, followed by a curved or concave slant. It had a pretty effect.

I was surprised at not seeing more and larger vegetable gardens, until we reached the neighbourhood of Bowesmont, gardening was not obtrusive. The Customs' Office was the only reminder that Manitoba and North Dakota were not one and the same.

Amongst other kine on the prairies were a good number of Galloways; and they are not only picturesque but historical, for we are told that James, "the Black Douglas" and his clansmen in the guise of Galloways successfully entered and captured a fortified castle. The wooded valleys of Forest River were approached, and the prairie boundless was left behind, although the country was found level until evening brought Grand Forks. There the vegetation seemed a compromise between grass and bush, rather rasping to both touch and sight.

St. Paul was reached next morning; leaving there at night, no view of passing landscape was possible until morning. When the sun again rose we were in Northern Illinois and Chicago was seen. The country through which we speeded wore a dried-up, dusty, scorched, and even burned look, for from time to time we passed over sections through which fire had run. Was informed that there had been no rain worth mentioning for three months. But the corn crop of Illinois seemed abundant judging by the piled-up stooks. Great herds of stock were also noticeable.

Upon expressing my weariness of more than one ornamental windmill on every farm—for the numerous windmills became more and more suggestive of the kites peculiar to David Copperfield's friend Mr. Dick—I was informed that they were not necessarily ornamental, but that they were useful and really necessary for drawing water from the prevailing deep wells.

This all merged into gusts of smoke, dust, extreme heat, clatter, screech, scream, whistle, and pandemonium generally, and Chicago gradually asserted itself, on Thursday, Sept. 14th, 1893, the hottest September day known by the city in 23 years.

When flying past homes on the prairies, and seeing little children disappearing as specks on the great expanse, never to be even caught by my eye again, I wished that I could collect the hidden darlings and bring them to the front. Again, when finding homes of the poor railroad men in the thickest smoke and dirt, and in the hideous din of the Chicago railroad centres, I was convinced with Goethe that "God intended man to live in the country." And when I saw their little children—poor little victims—I felt that theirs was a cruel fate, and wished that I could take them to the fresh air, sunshine and flowers enjoyed by the happy chicks in the prairie homes.

That p.m. I visited the Fair grounds but in an aimless way, for I was too weary to subject myself to method. But wonders arose on every side. Next morning I called at the Hotel Manitoba, and then visited the Manitoba exhibit.

Struck with its impressiveness, I exclaimed to an attendant, a mere lad, "Well, I hope you have learned that this splendid display should have been placed within the Exposition grounds!" He replied, "No! it is better here; we should not have been given the necessary space in the grounds."

And he was right as I was thoroughly convinced later when examining Canadian exhibits in the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts building. They were hopelessly crowded, and my sensibilities were shocked by the

heavy, musty odor exhaled by stuffed fur, leather and feathers.

Space and good ventilation are the prime necessities for the Manitoba exhibits and these essentials are best secured just where they are located. Within the grounds they would be seen at a great disadvantage, and the extra thousands who would visit them there, would pass them by indifferently.

At one door of the spacious, light and airy Manitoba Hall a mounted moose and elk keep imposing watch and ward, at another door apparently about to drive out, is an Indian with Red River cart and pony.

But the crowning glory is the contra-tower made of sheaves of wheat, oats, barley and grasses, in which birds and wild fowl nestle and poop out, and from which antlered heads look in ornamental dignity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Obituary.

Died at Ottawa on the 16th Sept. last, Mr. James McManus, at the advanced age of 78 years. Born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1815, the subject of this brief notice left his native home 87 years subsequently; and, joining the memorable exodus of our race which for some years previously had been swelling with a "vengeance," sought a home in the New World. Ottawa was ultimately decided upon, and here he had resided for the past 41 years.

Mr. McManus was a witness of many of the changes and vicissitudes which have marked the growth and development of the Dominion Capital from the position of a disorganized and straggling lumbering town until reaching its present orderly and magnificent proportions. He found the settlement of saloons, saw-mills and lumber-piles struggling with the name "By-town." The "Boys" of "Stoney Monday" were still present in full force; and, with undiminished zeal, were still ready to "fly" the granite rock in testimony of their devotion to the Crown and Constitution—both of which, at this period, stood in imminent peril. Of a most inoffensive nature, the subject of this brief memoir had a horror of the broils (frequently, alas, occurring amongst Irishmen) which disgraced this period, although justice obliges me to chronicle the fact that the name of the "Cavan Blazers" never parted with a son readier to defend the honor of faith and fatherland whenever either was assailed.

Mr. McManus lived the life of a most exemplary Catholic, of a law-abiding citizen, and of a sincerely patriotic Irishman. In the latter respect many years of close personal intercourse with our lamented friend enables me to bear public testimony to the measure of his love for his native land. Often have I heard him express the hope that he would never be called away until he had witnessed the triumph of Ireland's cause. Providence has willed that he should be disappointed, although as his eyes closed in death, it must be some consolation to realize that the clouds were then breaking in the old land, and that the dawn of a new era was lighting with its effulgence the hill-tops of that country.

Mr. McManus leaves a family of one son and five daughters. One of the latter, having chosen the better part, is now a nun of the Good Shepherd here, where, in the practice of deeds of mercy, her hours, her days and her years are spent.

His son, Hugh, for many years the well-known and popular proprietor of the City Hotel here, is still a respected resident of the Capital. May his soul rest in peace.

RAMBLER.

In connection with the ever-melancholy subject of death, about which I have been writing for the last half-hour, I cannot refrain from a brief reference to the death of Mr. Patrick

Masterson, also a native of the County of Cavan, Ireland, but for the last forty years a resident of the township of Alnwick, County of Northumberland, Ont., an announcement of which appeared in yours of Oct. 10. Patrick Masterson was amongst the first of my fellow-countrymen with whom I became acquainted in Canada, and the prospect of seeing him each year for many years subsequently made my labours lighter and pleasanter indeed. I will not mar the beauty of the notice which has already appeared in your paper by any addition of my own, but must content myself with tendering to the surviving members of his family the sincere assurance of my sympathy for their bereavement. Eternal rest to your soul, Patrick Masterson.

R.

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