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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—JALMEZ.

VOL. V.—No. 2.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

In the Days of The Canada Company.

The actual lives of our first settlers of English, Scotch and Irish stock in, perhaps, the most lively sort of history to appeal to the curiosity of Canadian readers of to-day. It must not be written by any timid hand if all its interest is to be preserved; and some would say that it must be written now or never, when the old men and women who are passing on to the land where bi-graphics are not committed to printers ink, are carrying beyond recovery personal recollections and hearsay that it were a thousand pities to lose. We welcome one book of this class of inner history of pioneer life.

"In the Days of the Canada Company" and hope it will find many imitators in other parts of the country than that concerning which Mrs. and Miss Lizars write. Not that we consider the work of the authors from a literary point of view above criticism. The book would have been improved had the MS. before it reached the hands of the printer been submitted to a discriminating editor in order that slack parts might be filled out and redundancies eliminated. But from cover to cover there is so much matter of living sympathy and curiosity that we prefer to get rid of the duty of criticism at the outset. In the first place there are scores of quotations to which we have no reference whatever, a thing that always irritates a conscientious reader. Then there are some pages that would better suit the columns of the conventional "society" newspaper, and there are allusions to people of the hour, Barrie, Watson, Max O'Neil, Bodkin, Rev. Mr. Rainford and others, who are of course quite foreign to social life in the Huron tract in the days of the Canada Company. Mistakes too have crept in, as when we are told that in or after 1825 Canning and Castlereagh were fighting duels. Castlereagh was dead in 1822; the duel was fought in 1809.

The great bulk of the pages of this volume are taken up with the history of the earliest Goderich families. The central figures are those of Captain Robert G. Dunlop, who was afterwards elected to the Provincial Parliament; and his brother Doctor William Dunlop a man of considerable literary attainments. Both were close friends of John Galt who was far and away the most interesting of the men who sat on the boards of the Canada Company. Galt was a great man, a novelist and a poet. But above all a noble character. Doctor Dunlop we first meet as surgeon in the 89th at Fort Erie displaying high courage and humanity that suit him well. He had the makings of a great and good fellow. Major Strickland, a settler near Peterboro entered the service of the company in 1826 at Galt's suggestion. Dunlop and Strickland were the makers of the Huron road. Their doings in the wilderness which does not appear to have contained anything wilder than Dunlop himself, is related very brightly. When they had advanced near the St. Clair they met Bishop McDonnell of Kingston, then ruler of a vast diocese, who though acquainted with Dunlop failed to recognize a veritable "wild man of the woods." When the Bishop's companions heard him speak they forgot his appearance in listening to his conversation. The appointed work upon reaching lake Huron was to clear and lay out the new town of Goderich. Guelph having been carved out of the forest by Galt. They consumed enormous quantities of whiskey then and thereafter if we are to judge by the frequent mention made of their drinking habits. An instance of the daring even of the women of that period is furnished in the case of Strickland's wife, who in following up her husband along the Huron road walked sixty miles with her baby in her arms. A mixed up assortment were the first settlers in Goderich. It is impossible to give in this short notice any idea of the variegated color of the social life they planted there. With some of them at least religion seems to have been of small account and hard drinking was transplanted Scottish feeling. We saw over a great deal of their doings, the shocking intolerance of their religion, believing that these things have only been set down here in the interests of truth. The Dunlop homestead was named Gairbride. In 1838 a high and mighty woman ordered on the Robert Lizars McGill. She kept in herself the two brothers and the neighbors objected. The two Dunlops told penny to decide which of them should carry her, Captain Dunlop won, whereupon a negro servant was called in and ordered to read the marriage ceremony. A July 1836 a Presbyterian minister requested the ceremony but the wife not feeling satisfied with the pre-existing one, in 1838 came the "rebellion."

Everything in those days made women's lives most unenviable. In peace their salivages were increased by the abundant manufacture and consumption of whiskey. In war they suffered indistinguishably misery. After Lord had driven Mackenzie from Navy Island Sir Francis Bond Head described the place thus:

Two women alone were left to tell the tale of the massacre in words. It needed no words to help them in the suffering of Mackenzie's faithful wife who had followed and a sickly in their. There a pine place had been a cross like a tiny hut, finished with a row of six inadequate shelter from the first hot and pitiless rain and wind. Piles of bones as high as a man's head and mud of it as white as snow were strewn about had turned fast into a tomb and the ragged bushes showed what their clothing had been.

Political war followed the "rebellion" and the intensity of the Orange and anti-Orange feeling was exaggerated by extracts from one of Dunlop's letters to the electors. Speaking of Orangism he writes:

I have always looked upon it here as not only an unnecessary but a positively pernicious union, seeing that the Catholics of the Canada have proved themselves as loyal at least as the Protestants; and if I wanted further reasons for the opinion I would not need to go far from my own door to find them. There has hardly ever, as far as I know, been an Orange procession in Usherich that has not been accompanied by a row. They whacked the Catholics when they could find them. In default of Catholics they whacked the Protestants; and when they could find people of no Christian sect they whacked the heathen—that is to say they h-l-a-s-h-ed one another.

In this condition of things the presence and character of Father Schaeffer made a pleasing provision upon the reader. His was the "constant role of peace maker." He had fought under Napoleon in the Peninsula. Here is a spirited sketch of him:

He was a tremendous man with a plain but good face, and strode along in his coat as if his stride were still dictating at his side. His ability to speak in Latin, his desire to speak in English and his long divorce from his native mixture of French and German, enabled him to be able to speak up definite or known tongue. Once between Goderich and Irishmen (Dunlop's) he met the Orangemen having a walk. They opened up in ranks in front of him and he walked right in between them right and left as in progress, they were using as he passed up the aisle made for him. To have had such a position was no small testimony of a man's power.

There is a story told to account for the choice of the Catholic vote from one side of politics to the other. William Cayley is said to have insulted Father Schaeffer who had charged him with flagrantly breaking a promise. We are told that when Bishop McDonnell visited Goderich he did not deign to listen to such a novelty as his sermon, flanked in crowds which reached to the square after the school house was full of overflowing. There is mention of the first Mass being said in Stratford in 1827 by Father Dunlop, who, in the following year, performed the first Catholic marriage between Richard O'Donnell and Julia Coffey. In another year the O'Donnell family took their first-born to Guelph to be baptized. The Godparents were Patrick Gosselin and Alice Downey at Stratford, with the following year, performed the first Catholic marriage between Richard O'Donnell and Julia Coffey. In another year the O'Donnell family took their first-born to Guelph to be baptized. The Godparents were Patrick Gosselin and Alice Downey at Stratford, with the following year, performed the first Catholic marriage between Richard O'Donnell and Julia Coffey.

HEROISM AND HOLOCAUST

Seven Nuns Perish in Roberval Convent Fire.

A Horrifying Scene of Suffering—None Prove Themselves Heroines—Rescue Undertaken in Face of Certain Death—Charred Remains Taken from the Ruins and Buried.

ROBerval, Lake St. John, Que., January 6.—The lives of seven Ursuline Sisters were lost to day in a fire that destroyed the Convent of Our Lady of Lake St. John at this place. The convent was in charge of Reverend Mother Eliza Gosselin, of St. Francois de Paula, with the Rev. Mother Frédolesse Lecourneau de Marie de la Nativite, as assistant. The seven nuns who lost their lives were engaged in rescue. The names of the dead and their religious title, respectively, are:

- Mother St. Francois de Paula, nee Eliza Gosselin, of St. Jean Chrysostome, Sister Providence, nee Emma LeTourneau, of Quebec.
- Sister St. Ursule, nee Curithia Garneau, of St. Foye.
- Sister St. Anne, nee Laura Hudon, of Haberville.
- Sister St. Antoine de Padua, nee Catherine Bouilla, of Deschambault.
- Sister St. Dominique, nee Marie Louise Girard, of Roberval.
- Sister St. Louis, nee Rose Gosselin, of St. Jean Chrysostome.

Still another nun was badly burned in trying to extinguish the fire. The convent and the school are nothing but a mass of ruins. The buildings on the Experimental Farm were saved.

The loss is estimated at \$75,000, with only about \$12,000 of insurance. The school was closed on account of the holidays, and most of the pupils had gone home. Those remaining are all safe, and housed at the Marcoux Hotel, where they are well looked after. The nuns are scattered throughout the village.

Roberval is 101 miles north of Quebec city and situated on the east side of Lake St. John. The place bears a name famous in Canadian history, being that of a French governor sent out to New France more than three and a half centuries ago, whose mission, however, ended in disaster, while he himself is said by some authorities to have been finally massacred in Paris, while others assert that he never returned from his last voyage up the Saguenay. The Hotel Marcoux, a handsome building overlooking the lakes, is quite a distance from the scene of last night's disastrous conflagration.

The first notification the villagers here had of the existence of the fire was a shooting upward of flame from that part of the lake where the convent is situated, about a mile east. Some people at first thought it was the church; others declared it was the convent, and such proved to be the case. The church and convent are half a mile apart and this accounted for the confusion.

Once it became known that the convent was on fire there was consternation. Ordinarily in that institution were almost 50 young ladies under tuition of one kind or another, besides a number of nuns, voices, etc., making a total of almost a hundred. Most of the nuns were away, however, during the holidays. Besides these over a hundred other scholars attended the institution, who did not sleep in the convent at night. Many of the latter joined those who rushed to the spot in the conflagration and their aid was valuable in guiding those who were not acquainted with the locality. So soon as good intentions had reached the spot it was seen that nothing could be done to save the large and stately edifice from which the flames and smoke were issuing. The Convent of Our Lady of Lake St. John is the largest in the district, which is under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Chicoutimi, Monseigneur Labrecque. The institution was built of brick, five stories in height and finished in 1837, contemporaneous with the opening of the Roberval branch of the Lake St. John railroad. It replaced the wooden building which was erected in 1827, when the mother-house at Quebec took up the matter of establishing an outpost in this then comparatively unknown section.

REMAINS RECOVERED.

ROBerval, Q., Jan. 7.—The remains of three of the nuns burned to death yesterday were found last evening in one of the towers of the convent.

Search is still being kept up. Six of the nuns who perished were seen outside of the convent when the fire broke out. They lost their lives in trying to save the valuables and archives.

The funeral of the three sisters recovered will take place to-morrow morning.

The nuns will be open their classes in a few days in Hotel Byron, which has been generously placed at their disposal until the end of June.

IN THE LEGISLATURE.

QUEBEC, Jan. 7.—At the opening of the Legislative Assembly this morning, Mr. W. Stephenson, ex-governor of Roberval, was the burning of Roberval

A SAD NEW YEAR'S CALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

In my visit to day to a cheerless home I was saddened by its look of sorrow and poverty, and the melancholy feeling was doubled by the knowledge that one of its inmates—an aged man—had by his imprudence and intemperate habits and earlier life contributed to his own and his feeble wife's present discomfort. The unfortunate victim of early waste and dissipation is now, and has been for some time past, temperate enough, but the needful reform came too late to retrieve the errors of the past. In fact it has been more of an enforced reformation than of a repentant or voluntary resolve to amend.

The wasteful course of drinking went on as long as means and bodily strength permitted, and when these two main factors failed, inevitable temperance began, but the compulsory amendment has not been accompanied with that kind of peacefulness of spirit or resignation which springs from a sincere conviction that past wrong-doing should be atoned for or repented of. In the present case it rather emitted the memory of the former ill-spent years and wasted health and squandered money which the ill-starred individual had shed his sweat in earning for he was a hard working man, and had the manly, honest and upright character which is the true mark of the Irish Catholic Celt. These commendable traits, however, did not save him from falling under the grievous curse of intemperance through many years of his earlier life, even at a time when his numerous family was growing up around him. The sorrowful thought of this must weigh heavily on his mind in his present forlorn condition. As I saw him to day, he sat by the stove, stooped, wasted, sick and melancholy. His aged, tottering wife is his sole companion, and the rented house in which they live is but poorly furnished, and it has a look of bleakness and desolation which tells its sad tale of the errors and mismanagement of the past and of the lamentable fact that the time for reparation is well-nigh closed.

He plaintively told me of the racking pains that tortured his body, and of the refusal of food to remain in his weakened stomach, of his difficulty in breathing and of his inability to sleep at night as he was wont to do. Having heard this painful recital of the ills that humanity is heir to, or the accumulated evils that indulgence brings in its wake, I did not deem it necessary to pry into the state of his mental feelings, as this could be all too plainly guessed at.

As he sat there, weak, decrepit, forlorn and brooding I could not help the impression that he was kept lingering between life and death by an All-wise Providence, as a sad example and warning to the younger brood of moral delinquents who may have already started on the downward path, but who may not yet be hopelessly abandoned or beyond the reach of amendment.

These strictures which have reference to the past misconduct of the poor old man whom I saw pining sadly in the gloom of his wretchedness, are not uttered in a spirit of bitterness, for his pitiable state is enough to melt the hardest heart into tears of compassion. The case in question is to be regarded merely as a type of thousands of others who have fallen under the destroying habit of indulgence in strong drink. The typical victim we are holding up to the gaze and pity of the sober portion of humanity must himself have made many resolves to overcome the vice, and seeing his ineffectual efforts he must have many times deplored the inherent weakness of unregenerate human nature as he saw his well-meant resolutions fade away before the storm of violent passion and depraved appetite.

Turning aside from the desolate man himself I began to conceive to my self what must have been the baleful effect of his example upon the minds of his rising family. The scrutiny was painful in the extreme, for it revealed the fact that some of them had followed in the footsteps of their father, and through inherited dissipation had sunk into premature graves. Others of them had left home at an early age and scattered over the country. What the conduct of the absent ones must have been is unknown to me, but I very much fear that in the conflict of life they did not exhibit those strong moral qualities which battle against all forms of wrongdoing, and which may have suffered the penalty I can well imagine what must have been their final reproaches against the lax parental example which prevented the laying of a sure moral foundation, which would have been to them a safe-guard and shield in the day of strong temptation. And as I gazed at the fiend, melancholy stare of the riotous parent, I could detect some twinges of regret and re-

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ROBerval, Que., Jan. 6.—The Rev. Father Marcoux, chaplain of the Ursuline convent of Roberval, related the story of the fire to a correspondent. At a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning Sister St. Henri, whose name was Miss Hermine Hudon, of Haberville, was lighting some candles at the crib which is in Catholic chapels at this season of the year when the draperies caught fire. Another sister, who was in the chapel at the time, hastened to get some water, and when she returned the whole chapel was in flames. Meanwhile Sister St. Henri had been endeavoring to smother the blaze, but had only succeeded in getting herself horribly burned.

At this point the convent bell was sounded and this awoke Father Marcoux, whose apartments were situated immediately over the chapel. The bell only awoke him in time to make his escape in his night gown, carrying his sash over his arm. The flames burst up through the flooring of his rooms, which were speedily destroyed with their valuable contents, comprising the personal effects of the reverend gentleman.

Had he got the alarm half a minute later he believed that he would never have got out alive, as the smoke was so thick that as it was he was nearly suffocated. He found the nuns outside and is positive that four at least out of the seven who perished had got safely out, but had gone back again, some to try to smother the fire, others to save the community and others to see what had happened to those who had gone in, but who did not return. One of the nuns was ill in bed and perished in the flames.

REMAINS INTERRED.

The small pieces of bone found here and there among the ruins testify to the excruciating agonies which the unfortunate nuns must have endured. Nothing is left of anyone but the shapeless trunk, the head and limbs in each case being almost totally destroyed. The remains were encased together in one coffin of ordinary size, which they are sufficient to quite fill. The funeral took place this morning, Bishop Labrecque officiating.

Stratford's Catholic Mayor.

Mr. John O'Donoghue won a signal victory in Stratford on Monday, says The Mitchell Advocate. He was elected Mayor by a majority of 108 over Mr. E. T. Duffin, one of the most respected men in the city. The fight was a political one from start to finish, and resulted in a triumph for the Conservatives. In Mr. O'Donoghue's own ward he polled a majority which exceeded all the majorities given Mr. Duffin. This is a certificate that any man might feel proud of. John has The Advocate's heartiest congratulations. The Herald, speaking of one particular feature of the contest, says: "Mr. O'Donoghue is the first Roman Catholic Mayor of the city of Stratford, though not the first Roman Catholic that has sought election. The Roman Catholic people of this city are almost solely Liberal, and on two occasions ex-Ald. Goodwin, a Roman Catholic Liberal, aspired to be Mayor, on the last occasion two years ago with the special approval of the Liberal caucus. But the Liberals abandoned him right and left and he was defeated by hundreds. In due time Mr. O'Donoghue appeared as a candidate, but his religion proved no barrier in the eyes of the Conservatives who constituted the bulk of his supporters, and he was elected by a handsome majority over so strong an opponent as Mr. Duffin. Among Mr. O'Donoghue's staunch supporters were many Orangemen and extreme Protestants, who thus attested that no difference existed between the two religions in the matter of electing a Roman Catholic who had been distinguished with such success as Ald. O'Donoghue.

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Obituary.

Mrs. A. M. Campbell—a resident of Toronto for sixty years—died on the 6th instant of the smallpox, and the sanctity of the Church. She was a relic of the late Patrick Campbell and mother of Joseph P. Campbell, whose death occurred in this city a few years ago. Mrs. Campbell was indeed a devout and practical Catholic, whose days were passed in the exercise of those religious duties which prepare the soul for a better world. At the age of 77 years she passed to the reward for which she labored during her long life. May her soul rest in peace.

Another old and esteemed friend—Mr. George O'Reilly, of the town line between York and Scarborough—has also paid the debt of nature. On Saturday the sad news was announced that he had departed this life on that morning at his home, in the midst of his sorrowing family whose tender care, together with the visits of the Church, sustained and sustained him in his last moments. Mr. O'Reilly was born in the city of New York in 1826. He came to Canada while still young, and resided on his farm from youth to manhood and a bachelor of life. He was a man of respect, his nature being that of a warm and generous nature, with a will to do a good turn whenever he could and do it cheerfully. Mr. O'Reilly leaves to mourn his loss two sons and three daughters, and also a brother-in-law who was very much attached to him. The Hon. John O'Donoghue, Q. C. of Toronto. The funeral proceeded on Monday to Leslieville church, and thence to St. Michael's Cemetery, where the remains were placed in the vault. May they rest in peace.

IN THE DAYS OF THE CANADA COMPANY. The story of the early life of our first settlers of English, Scotch and Irish stock in, perhaps, the most lively sort of history to appeal to the curiosity of Canadian readers of to-day. It must not be written by any timid hand if all its interest is to be preserved; and some would say that it must be written now or never, when the old men and women who are passing on to the land where bi-graphics are not committed to printers ink, are carrying beyond recovery personal recollections and hearsay that it were a thousand pities to lose. We welcome one book of this class of inner history of pioneer life. "In the Days of the Canada Company" and hope it will find many imitators in other parts of the country than that concerning which Mrs. and Miss Lizars write. Not that we consider the work of the authors from a literary point of view above criticism. The book would have been improved had the MS. before it reached the hands of the printer been submitted to a discriminating editor in order that slack parts might be filled out and redundancies eliminated. But from cover to cover there is so much matter of living sympathy and curiosity that we prefer to get rid of the duty of criticism at the outset. In the first place there are scores of quotations to which we have no reference whatever, a thing that always irritates a conscientious reader. Then there are some pages that would better suit the columns of the conventional "society" newspaper, and there are allusions to people of the hour, Barrie, Watson, Max O'Neil, Bodkin, Rev. Mr. Rainford and others, who are of course quite foreign to social life in the Huron tract in the days of the Canada Company. Mistakes too have crept in, as when we are told that in or after 1825 Canning and Castlereagh were fighting duels. Castlereagh was dead in 1822; the duel was fought in 1809. The great bulk of the pages of this volume are taken up with the history of the earliest Goderich families. The central figures are those of Captain Robert G. Dunlop, who was afterwards elected to the Provincial Parliament; and his brother Doctor William Dunlop a man of considerable literary attainments. Both were close friends of John Galt who was far and away the most interesting of the men who sat on the boards of the Canada Company. Galt was a great man, a novelist and a poet. But above all a noble character. Doctor Dunlop we first meet as surgeon in the 89th at Fort Erie displaying high courage and humanity that suit him well. He had the makings of a great and good fellow. Major Strickland, a settler near Peterboro entered the service of the company in 1826 at Galt's suggestion. Dunlop and Strickland were the makers of the Huron road. Their doings in the wilderness which does not appear to have contained anything wilder than Dunlop himself, is related very brightly. When they had advanced near the St. Clair they met Bishop McDonnell of Kingston, then ruler of a vast diocese, who though acquainted with Dunlop failed to recognize a veritable "wild man of the woods." When the Bishop's companions heard him speak they forgot his appearance in listening to his conversation. The appointed work upon reaching lake Huron was to clear and lay out the new town of Goderich. Guelph having been carved out of the forest by Galt. They consumed enormous quantities of whiskey then and thereafter if we are to judge by the frequent mention made of their drinking habits. An instance of the daring even of the women of that period is furnished in the case of Strickland's wife, who in following up her husband along the Huron road walked sixty miles with her baby in her arms. A mixed up assortment were the first settlers in Goderich. It is impossible to give in this short notice any idea of the variegated color of the social life they planted there. With some of them at least religion seems to have been of small account and hard drinking was transplanted Scottish feeling. We saw over a great deal of their doings, the shocking intolerance of their religion, believing that these things have only been set down here in the interests of truth. The Dunlop homestead was named Gairbride. In 1838 a high and mighty woman ordered on the Robert Lizars McGill. She kept in herself the two brothers and the neighbors objected. The two Dunlops told penny to decide which of them should carry her, Captain Dunlop won, whereupon a negro servant was called in and ordered to read the marriage ceremony. A July 1836 a Presbyterian minister requested the ceremony but the wife not feeling satisfied with the pre-existing one, in 1838 came the "rebellion."

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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Crested Loops and Politics—Story of Cardinal Vaughan's 16,000 Converts—Notable Progress of the Faith in Scotland.

IRELAND.

On Christmas morning an attempt was made by Orangemen to wreck the Catholic church at Derryagh, Handstown, near Belfast.

A terrible accident occurred on the Cushindale Railway, a short distance from Ballymena station, resulting in the death of a young man since identified as Mr. John Heuthe, a cashier in the Ballymena branch of the Provincial Bank.

The following letter appears in The Freeman.

DEAR SIR—I observe with regret that the abolition of Armagh being favored by political meetings. Two such meetings have recently been held within its limits. I see by the papers that two more are announced to be held within the next week. Were these meetings likely to promote any object of national utility, they should have every encouragement from me. As matters stand, they certainly tend to sow discord, foster ill-will, destroy charity, accentuate and embitter a dispute which has already become the disgrace of Ireland. Things have indeed, come to a pretty pass when any headstrong and irresponsible member of the community can call together a few boys or others as thoughtless and irresponsible as himself, announce a public meeting and command the services of a number of leading members of Parliament to speak at it. I have hitherto used every precaution which prudence could suggest to keep out of a dispute which any thoughtful Irishman must regard with feelings of shame. I have counselled any one who sought my advice to observe a similar attitude. But, if my garden by contending factions, it becomes quite clear that I can no longer regard the path of neutrality as the path of duty. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, CARD. LOUGH. Armagh, Dec. 29, 1896.

ENGLAND.

A sixth member of the Cunningham family, residing at Skibberen, the present being a married man and first cousin to the family of five already committed to the lunatic asylum, is now showing the strongest symptoms of being similarly affected. It appears that this unfortunate man paid a visit to the house of his relatives, where he partook of some of the meat off which they dined, and to which is now commonly attributed their melancholy state. He is at present under medical treatment and being dosed with medicines to force on sleep. When he wakes up he commences to rave again and gives the strongest indications of insanity.

Father O'Leary of Oionakilly writes an incisive letter to the Freeman addressed to the recalcitrant minority of Redmonies and Healyites. He tells them that as soon as they get a majority of the party to support them the Irish people will be happy to support them also.

A shooting fatality occurred at Sharon, near Morville, Co. Donegal. A constable named Thomas Greenwood was shooting wild fowl when by some unhappy misadventure a charge lodged in the body of a young man named Bernard McCann, a deaf mute, who was some distance off. McCann died almost immediately.

Bl. and the Hon. Mrs. Ross of Glensberg has presented a magnificent organ to the church of the Sacred Heart, Newry.

A new spire for the Catholic Church at Clilden is contemplated.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Father Joseph Judge, P.P., Menlough, county Galway, archdeacon of Tuam, which occurred at the Mater Misericordie Hospital yesterday morning. The deceased was ordained over 40 years ago, and had been parish priest of Menlough for the past 24 years.

The wid-wid Garry, of Kylebeg, near Cloughjordan, an evicted tenant, has been triumphantly reinstated by the generosity of the Nationalists of the district led by Reverend Father Moynihan.

Mrs. Margaret Hobbs of Barnaby House, Frankfurt, is dead at the age of 102. She has 14 children of whom six survive.

Lady Betty Balfour, Lady Montegale and the Hon. Miss Spring Rice paid a visit to Glin school recently. The Rev. Mother received them; and they expressed themselves highly pleased with the visit.

A young couple named Liddy had a domestic dispute. The woman jumped into the river at Lough Quay. Her husband endeavored to save her; but both were drowned.

William Ward, son of a Castlecock publican, was dangerously wounded by a shot on Dec. 27th. The trouble arose out of a matchmaking.

A beautiful bunch of primroses were gathered in the fields on Christmas Day by Mr. Bell of Crough Tyreese.

Exciting scenes occurred in Waterford on Dec. 29 in connection with

A UNITED IRELAND

Unanimous Protest Against English Overtaxation.

Lord Dunsraven, the Catholic Bishop of Limerick, Mr. John Daly, the Landlords and the Tenants on the Same Platform.

The agitation against the overtaxation of Ireland is general over the whole country and among all classes of the population. Lord Dunsraven presided at a great meeting in Limerick on Dec. 20, when the Bishop of Limerick, Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Lord Fermoy, Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P., Mr. John Daly, Mr. Massey Saunders, J.P., and others delivered addresses. We publish Dr. O'Dwyer's address in full. The Most Rev. O'Dwyer, who on rising was loudly cheered, said:

My lords, ladies and gentlemen, I may appear to some of you more or less out of place at a meeting of this kind. The questions which you are here to-day to discuss lie so entirely outside the sphere of a bishop's ordinary occupations that it may seem strange to you that I should not only be present at this meeting but venture to assume the prominent position of proposing the first resolution. That view did present itself to my mind for a moment, but only for a moment, for on reflection I saw that the issues that are here involved are of supreme importance, and go to the very foundation on which every interest in the country must rest. It seems to me that this movement at the initial stage of which we are engaged is nothing less on the part of the Irish people than a struggle for existence, and I say to myself homo sum, I too am a taxpayer, and there is no grievance of the taxpayer that is a stranger to me. Now, gentlemen, we are not here, as we have often been assembled together, to redress our grievances of any one class of the community or to abate what we may have thought the excessive privileges of any class, but we are here to put a stop to a system which if it continues and is allowed to grow will make living impossible to Ireland for every class (applause). I believe it is the instinctive apprehension of that great issue that has brought here together in this union men who never—at least within my recollection—stood together on a common platform; it has given us this union of Irishmen that I never hoped to live to see, and with regard to it I will say from my heart esto perpetua (loud cheers). I have also stated on the part of some persons who are actively engaged in this movement that it is simply the outcome of a feeling of resentment against the present Government for recent land legislation. With regard to that I would say that I cannot judge what is in any man's mind, but while I have a far simpler and more natural explanation of their actions I am not driven to any theory of that kind (applause). Now, it seems to me that the times, hard as they have been for many years, have been especially hard on the Irish landlords. They have felt, with a decreasing revenue, the constant burden of taxation (hear, hear), and it is a wonder that that class, finding by the report of the Financial Relations Commission that the burden of taxation which has been crushing them to the ground was not only oppressive but unjust, that they should rise up as one man to shake it off their shoulders if they could (applause). On the other hand, we have been told that many of our fellow countrymen who hitherto have been what is called Unionists are not sincere in this—it has been said that they are simply encouraging this movement in order to distract the attention of the Irish people from the great political questions on which it has been fixed for many years. With regard to that I would venture to make another and similar remark to what I have said of the other category. For myself I do not believe that the Conservative party of Ireland have come into this movement insincerely and dishonestly (applause). I never will believe that. We may differ from them. We have fought them openly; yet they are Irishmen, they are gentlemen, and I do not believe they would descend to deceive and betray their fellow countrymen (applause). For my own part I believe that this is a genuine and honest movement, and if I did not believe so I would not take part in it (hear, hear). But I will venture to add this, that if any man in Ireland is so foolish as to imagine that the spirit which these meetings will evoke in Ireland can be slayed at pleasure by any man he will find himself woefully mistaken (applause). Either of two things will happen—either the English Parliament by a great and signal act of justice will redress this grievance, or you will find that you are laying the foundations during these days of the broadest, the soundest and the truest National movement you have had in Ireland for a hundred years (loud applause). Now, my lords and gentlemen, this report of the Financial Relations Commission makes an epoch in the history of the country. It has been a revelation—absolutely a revelation for many

OF US, AND IT HAS SHOWN US BEYOND YEAR OR MAY THAT THIS COUNTRY IS BEING ABSOLUTELY RUINED BY A SYSTEM OF TAXATION THAT IS DRAINING HER VERY LIFE BLOOD (hear, hear).

There are no taxes in England. Let an Irishman go to live in London and he will pay the same taxes that he pays in Ireland no more and no less. But they did not add that, man for man, the average of wealth, over the provision for living in England is very different from what it is in Ireland (hear, hear), and if the 14 millions of the Irish people were born not in this country, governed and impoverished as it has been, but were Englishmen born and living, they would not be the nation of paupers that they are (applause). Then again, gentlemen, they say to you: "Quite true, the incidence of taxation everywhere falls more heavily on the poor man than upon the rich man. But that is not a question of class." But again, unfortunately, the class and the country coincide here. (Applause.) Ireland is a poor country, England is a rich country, and, therefore, the incidence of taxation falls not upon a class in Ireland, or a class in society of the United Kingdom, but upon that geographical unit that we recognise as a separate entity (ap. applause). And there is the only argument that is worth discussing as far as the question presents itself to my poor intelligence. They say "what the Financial Relations Commission as found is true and just, you are paying excessive taxation and you are the poorer for it, but it cannot be helped. Ireland is not a separate fiscal entity from England. You can not discriminate between the taxation of one country and the other, and it would be just as easy for Dorsetshire or Wiltshire to complain of its taxation as it is for the Irish people." Now in that argument I believe is the key of the situation, and it is round that the fighting will take place (applause). I venture to submit that Ireland is a separate taxable and fiscal entity, and I would ask any gentleman here who read the letters on this point to Mr. Morley in The London Times to say if any answer whatsoever has been given to them. I have seen no answer, nor attempt at an answer. He showed beyond year or may that in the very Act of Union in which this financial wrong began provision was made for the relief of Ireland according as her circumstances required, by such exemption and such abatement of taxation as the circumstances of the country might require. Those were the very words of the Act of Union (hear, hear). And when again in 1816 the Exchequers of the two countries were amalgamated, and it was decided that no longer was there to be discrimination between the taxation of the two countries—the same saving clause was introduced, and we were to get whatever exemptions and abatements the circumstances of the country required. And again in 1864 when this question was referred to a committee of the House of Commons the same right on the part of Ireland was recognised. And tell me, gentlemen, is it not a matter of notoriety that the income tax was put upon the English people for many years before it was extended to Ireland? And it was not extended to Ireland on account of the recognition of our right to special treatment, and when it was first put on in 1853 did not Mr. Gladstone state that it was to be a mere temporary measure, and is not its maintenance a violation of that undertaking? (Applause). Therefore it is too late in the day to tell us that Ireland is not a separate taxable entity. I will go further and I will say this, that if it were the necessary and logical conclusion from the English legislation, no matter how old, no matter how consistent, it would be absolutely worthless because God and nature contradict it (applause). It is vain to tell us that we are one with England in the sense that Dorsetshire and Wiltshire are one England may rule us, England may rob us, but while the four seas roll round Ireland and the grass grows green we are, and ever shall be, a nation (loud cheers). Therefore I say, gentlemen, that there is no political wisdom, there is no common sense in trying to bolster up a bad case by flying in the face of nature by statements of that kind. For us Irishmen, to whom the maintenance of the claim to nationhood is the inheritance of ages, those epithets make very little difference; but for countrymen who have identified themselves with the cause of the Union they are inconvenient, and very inconvenient indeed. For let us assume now for a moment that Ireland is not a separate taxable entity, that we have no right to have a discrimination between our taxes and the taxes of England, and then ask why so; is that in the nature of things? Obviously not, and the only explanation of it will be that it is the necessary and logical result of the legislative union between England and Ireland (hear, hear). That answer will tell you that no matter how true the findings of the Financial Relations Commission may be, though Ireland is paying three millions a year beyond her fair proportion, though it is an increasing burden, though that will inevitably run her, though its consequences are to be seen in a dwindling population, in a perishing commerce, in the decline of every class in the whole community, yet it is inevitable, for it is the price that Ireland has to pay for being united in one Parliament with England (hear, hear). Now, gentlemen, there are many of us who consider that union with England is dear at any price

of us, and it has shown us beyond year or may that this country is being absolutely ruined by a system of taxation that is draining her very life blood (hear, hear). That report of the Financial Relations Commission has been made; it is a very ugly and very inconvenient fact for the English government of Ireland (hear, hear), for it must be a very unpleasant thing for a people such as that of England, that have been posing before the world as a beneficent and philanthropic nation that have relieved the unfortunate Irish of the management of their own affairs for the sole and whole purpose of pouring the wealth of England into our miserable lap, it must be a very unpleasant thing to be convicted before the whole world of systematic plunder and of dooming us by a system of taxation to inevitable ruin (applause). This report of the Financial Relations Commission is many things for us English legislators for us, and every piece of legislation was to bring the millennium, and yet the millennium has not come. We have had laws that were drastic, far-reaching in their effects, and wide in their principles, and yet somehow or other the country does not appear to be much the better of them. You have had the Land Laws, over which we had a desperate struggle in the country for many years. Many landlords have thought them revolutionary and socialistic, and many of them have been brought to the verge of ruin by them; and yet are the farmers of Ireland richer to-day than they were thirty years ago? (Hear, hear). And if you explain the poverty of the farmers by competition with foreign countries in agricultural produce, ask yourselves are the shopkeepers richer, are the commercial classes richer. Look around you in Ireland and show any class of the whole community that is prospering. The truth of it is, gentlemen, there has been a blight over every interest in the country. Passing what they call ameliorative measures for Ireland has been like pumping water into a sieve. The country held nothing, it has been drained of its very life-blood by this Imperial system of taxation (applause). Now, with regard to the report that this Financial Relations Commission has made, I do not think it necessary or desirable at a meeting of this kind to go into details as to the evidence which they received and on which they based their report, nor to any extent into the principles that governed them in their findings; but I will make this remark, that no one, as far as I know, has ventured to question the entire competency of the Commission (hear, hear). All its members were men of conspicuous ability, and amongst the majority of them, who were Englishmen, there were experts of the highest eminence in financial matters, and furthermore, if that commission—if those experts at least on it—had any bias it would be in favour of England and of the English Treasury as against Ireland (hear, hear). There is this further remark to be made: Since this discussion has arisen the reference under which the Commissioners held their inquiry has been criticised, and it has been held that they were limited to look into the question in relation to Home Rule or in regard to Ireland as a separate taxable entity, but excepting the reference, as far as I know, no one has ventured to impugn the validity of their conclusions they have drawn from the evidence they received. Now, what do they find? Coming to the fifth point of their findings, which is after all the essential part of them, they state that, "while the actual tax revenue of Ireland is about one eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any one of us to exceed one twentieth." And the result of that excessive taxation by which that Commission of experts found that Ireland has been paying very nearly double her legitimate taxation, at the very lowest estimate, that totals up to a sum of between two and three millions of money—at the present time very nearly three millions of money. And furthermore, that excessive taxation is growing and constantly increasing quantity, and according as Ireland gets poorer, England gets richer. And if, gentlemen, you allow your minds to dwell for a few minutes on that sum of money, and then stop up what it would have amounted to say since 1853, when this iniquitous system of taxation got its final shape, down to the present time, to what a sum of money it would amount if invested in capital for the well-being of this country; what an amount of comfort it would have diffused in millions of homes; and when you think of what Ireland might be had she got ordinary justice it is humiliating, it is exasperating, to see the trifling with which English statesmen have proposed to deal with the question of Irish poverty (hear, hear). Talk about their Congested Districts Board of which we hear so much, and their party £10,000 a year; talk about this Board of Agriculture that we are promised, and all the schemes that are put before us for knitting stockings and importing better breeds of fowls (laughter), it is absolutely exasperating to a people that are being bled to death, and who are asking not to be killed by kindness but to be let live by justice (applause). And then when they propose to answer that manœuvre of our Ireland they tell you, "Oh, where is the

wrong? There are no taxes in England. Let an Irishman go to live in London and he will pay the same taxes that he pays in Ireland no more and no less." But they did not add that, man for man, the average of wealth, over the provision for living in England is very different from what it is in Ireland (hear, hear), and if the 14 millions of the Irish people were born not in this country, governed and impoverished as it has been, but were Englishmen born and living, they would not be the nation of paupers that they are (applause). Then again, gentlemen, they say to you: "Quite true, the incidence of taxation everywhere falls more heavily on the poor man than upon the rich man. But that is not a question of class." But again, unfortunately, the class and the country coincide here. (Applause.) Ireland is a poor country, England is a rich country, and, therefore, the incidence of taxation falls not upon a class in Ireland, or a class in society of the United Kingdom, but upon that geographical unit that we recognise as a separate entity (ap. applause). And there is the only argument that is worth discussing as far as the question presents itself to my poor intelligence. They say "what the Financial Relations Commission as found is true and just, you are paying excessive taxation and you are the poorer for it, but it cannot be helped. Ireland is not a separate fiscal entity from England. You can not discriminate between the taxation of one country and the other, and it would be just as easy for Dorsetshire or Wiltshire to complain of its taxation as it is for the Irish people." Now in that argument I believe is the key of the situation, and it is round that the fighting will take place (applause). I venture to submit that Ireland is a separate taxable and fiscal entity, and I would ask any gentleman here who read the letters on this point to Mr. Morley in The London Times to say if any answer whatsoever has been given to them. I have seen no answer, nor attempt at an answer. He showed beyond year or may that in the very Act of Union in which this financial wrong began provision was made for the relief of Ireland according as her circumstances required, by such exemption and such abatement of taxation as the circumstances of the country might require. Those were the very words of the Act of Union (hear, hear). And when again in 1816 the Exchequers of the two countries were amalgamated, and it was decided that no longer was there to be discrimination between the taxation of the two countries—the same saving clause was introduced, and we were to get whatever exemptions and abatements the circumstances of the country required. And again in 1864 when this question was referred to a committee of the House of Commons the same right on the part of Ireland was recognised. And tell me, gentlemen, is it not a matter of notoriety that the income tax was put upon the English people for many years before it was extended to Ireland? And it was not extended to Ireland on account of the recognition of our right to special treatment, and when it was first put on in 1853 did not Mr. Gladstone state that it was to be a mere temporary measure, and is not its maintenance a violation of that undertaking? (Applause). Therefore it is too late in the day to tell us that Ireland is not a separate taxable entity. I will go further and I will say this, that if it were the necessary and logical conclusion from the English legislation, no matter how old, no matter how consistent, it would be absolutely worthless because God and nature contradict it (applause). It is vain to tell us that we are one with England in the sense that Dorsetshire and Wiltshire are one England may rule us, England may rob us, but while the four seas roll round Ireland and the grass grows green we are, and ever shall be, a nation (loud cheers). Therefore I say, gentlemen, that there is no political wisdom, there is no common sense in trying to bolster up a bad case by flying in the face of nature by statements of that kind. For us Irishmen, to whom the maintenance of the claim to nationhood is the inheritance of ages, those epithets make very little difference; but for countrymen who have identified themselves with the cause of the Union they are inconvenient, and very inconvenient indeed. For let us assume now for a moment that Ireland is not a separate taxable entity, that we have no right to have a discrimination between our taxes and the taxes of England, and then ask why so; is that in the nature of things? Obviously not, and the only explanation of it will be that it is the necessary and logical result of the legislative union between England and Ireland (hear, hear). That answer will tell you that no matter how true the findings of the Financial Relations Commission may be, though Ireland is paying three millions a year beyond her fair proportion, though it is an increasing burden, though that will inevitably run her, though its consequences are to be seen in a dwindling population, in a perishing commerce, in the decline of every class in the whole community, yet it is inevitable, for it is the price that Ireland has to pay for being united in one Parliament with England (hear, hear). Now, gentlemen, there are many of us who consider that union with England is dear at any price

SCOTLAND.

The new Catholic church, the Brass of Glenlivet, is going to be a magnificent-looking building. The main work has just been completed, but it is not expected that the grand opening can take place before the beginning of next summer. Meanwhile the Holy Sacrament is being regularly celebrated on week-days and Sundays in the school.

A Nobleman's Mass in Hoxburgh. On Christmas Eve midnight Mass was sung in the Church of Our Lady of Loreto by Father Teak (of Liberton). This was the first occasion since the "Reformation" times that midnight Mass has been celebrated in the burgh.

Tax Byst Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Farmole's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

She was essentially a modern girl of the society variety, and she smiled upon him because, although rather old and not much of a society man, he was well fixed in a financial way. "I'm a plain, practical man," he said, bluntly, when he thought the time had come to propose. "I have the gift of gab, and I believe in coming to the point at once, anyway. I want you for my wife." "I'm a thoroughly practical girl," she replied, with equal bluntness. "I do not believe in meaningless speeches and roundabout methods. How much do you bid?" Understanding each other so perfectly, it was a simple matter to arrange the minor details and decide upon the date for the wedding.

Mr. C. Donnelly, wholesale liquor dealer, Alliston, Ont., was troubled for years with itching Piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McGarvey, Alliston, to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, was cured, and had no return of them and highly recommends this Ointment as a sovereign cure for Piles.

MR. JOHN DALY SPEAKS.

Mr. John Daly made a brief speech in which he said: God knows Ireland has ever had truth and justice on her side in her struggles against English misrule, and I think, sir, there is hope for our country when an Irish nobleman, a peer of the realm, declares that he will have truth and justice on his side if he is forced to do what the people of America have already done (hear, hear). We could scarcely realize the number of "bravos" and prayers that have gone on high to preserve Lord Castlelown since he made use of that expression, and wherever England's misrule has raised up for Ireland a strong and brave man to lead her true people of Ireland have ever been true and loyal to him, and I sincerely trust that this meeting will not separate without expressing, or, if need be, declaring that if Lord Castlelown is true to himself and true to Ireland history may yet proclaim him the saviour of his country, and a noble successor of the illustrious Washington. (Applause).

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

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The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

"THE HARD THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE ROCKS THE WORLD." Our brains may be made a perfect storehouse of knowledge if we only go about it in the right way.

The day was bitterly cold, the state apartments were dimly lit, and the unfortunate guests rambled about with their hands in their pockets and their teeth chattering like mice.

Had indeed in the lot of those unfortunate who have always been accustomed to rely upon somebody else, and who suddenly find themselves left without the counsel of their guide, philosopher and friend.

How many of us have any sense of the fitness of things, I wonder, particularly as regards dress. Not very many I imagine judging by the fearful and wonderful combinations of different articles of dress that one is accustomed to see on the streets of the city.

The peculiar preference of the Queen for a cold climate is well known. Indeed she seems to be able to bear a degree of cold which would almost freeze an ordinary person to death.

The day was bitterly cold, the state apartments were dimly lit, and the unfortunate guests rambled about with their hands in their pockets and their teeth chattering like mice.

The terrible disaster at Roberval which resulted in the burning to death of seven Ursuline nuns, makes one think seriously that more care should be taken to prevent inflammable materials from accumulating in churches.

One reads with a feeling almost amounting to horror, that all the community having escaped, three of them were actually allowed to re-enter the burning building to try and save the valuables.

Attention to rules is requested. Correspondents will kindly limit number of queries to two. Questions will be answered in the order in which they are received.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Jan. 14 - St. Hilary. 15 - St. Paul, first Hermit. 16 - St. Marcellus. 17 - 2nd alt. Epiph. Feast of Holy Name. 18 - St. Peter's Chair, Rome. 19 - St. Fabian. 20 - St. Canute and Sebastian.

Official.

St. John's Grove, Toronto, January 12th 1897. To the Clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS—A theological Conference will be held at the places and dates as follows:

- (1) On the 10th of February in the forenoon at Barrie for the Clergy of the Deanery of that place. (2) On the 17th of February at noon at St. Michael's Palace for the Clergy of the Deanery of Toronto. (3) On the 24th of February in the forenoon at St. Catharines for the Clergy of the Deanery of St. Catharines.

The subject matter of the Conference will be "De verbo Dei traditio" and "De Eucharistia" as a Sacrifice and Sacrament. By order of His Grace the Archbishop JAMES WALSH, Secretary.

Dr. Linehan the new Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, is an Irishman. He is the first Irish bishop to fill the See since the retirement of Dr. Croke of Oshel.

The signing of a general arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States, aside from the questions provided for in the document itself, shows the need for friendly relations between the empire and the republic. It would not be straining a neighborly feeling for all classes of Canadians to recognize this fact.

Honor and shame from no condition rise. Across the Atlantic three ladies of title, a princelike Princess and two Countesses, have been engaged for weeks advertising their shamelessness with the industry of patent medicine proprietors, whilst nearer home a domestic servant, who was as snow compared to them, takes her miserable life under circumstances the most pitiful. The wages of sin is death whether for the high or the humble; and when women of title and fortune take advantage of their position in the world to advertise their vice wherever newspapers are published, it is perhaps charitable to suppose that they have lost their reason. Even in the spirit of the old heathen maxim they are made mad before they die.

There is no dissenting voice to Irish unity in the protest against overtaxation. And there is another question upon which all the Irish people concerned are also united. This is Catholic University education. Heretofore, because the Catholic hierarchy have kept the university demand in the front, they have been told the question is entirely a clerical one. The laity of Ireland have now signed a declaration which expresses the convictions of the Irish Catholic people. It is signed by nearly two score members of the titled aristocracy, by sixty members of Parliament and by thousands of influential Irishmen in all parts of the country. The declaration brings the Conservative ministry once more face to face with the necessity of higher Catholic education in Ireland.

The discussion of religion and education just now is world wide. A universal attack seems to be impending upon Catholic education. In England the details of the anti-Catholic campaign bring to light some incidents resembling P. P. A. methods in the United States and Canada. For example when the Benedictine Fathers in Buckfast, Devon, started to build a school near the Abbey recently, the local School Board opened a temporary school at once as near the spot as they could get. A permanent building was hurried up and a head mistress of well-known ability and experience engaged. It was a surprise to the Board a few days after the lady's appointment to hear that she (the name is Mrs. Ray) went over to the Abbey and was formally received into the Catholic Church. Her change of faith coincided with her appointment seemed to create some suspicion in the School Board.

It was not necessary that Archbishop Langens should publicly denounce the absurd statement of a French Canadian Liberal paper that he at first approved the "settlement" of the school question. Now that this lie is nailed another equally reckless will, no doubt, be invented. Mr. Sheppard in The Toronto Star indulges himself characteristically over the malicious yarn that the Archbishop preached from his pulpit about sending his watch to Montreal to be raffled for school funds. The Archbishop shows this newspaper story to be as false as all the others. A rather interesting fact in connection with the constant invention of canards, by which it is sought to fasten public ridicule on the Archbishop of St. Boniface, is that the very newspapers which are keeping up the supply of lies are the loudest praters of the sacred right of freedom of the press. Are we to assume that the habitual printing of lies in a public sheet sanctifies the trade of the liar? Such seems to be the newspaper notion of freedom of the press with all its sacred privileges.

The Catholic electors gave united support to the Conservative Government of England in the effort put forth to secure fair treatment for voluntary schools. They are now beginning to regret their recent expressions of confidence; but their action they can never regret, because as Catholics they had only one course open to them. However when they find the Conservatives acting as if they desired to re-arrange their policy in the exclusive interest of Anglican voluntary schools, their disappointment is naturally keen. Rev. M. G. Glaney expresses this change of Catholic feeling in a letter to The Tablet, in which he says: "If then we find that we have been fooled with falacies, and that thousands of Catholic voters have been trapped to the polls by promises that were made to be broken, we shall not be slow to say the thing we mean or to speak as the grossness of the treachery demands." And in the same article he reflects that the members of the Irish Party appear to be the only trustworthy champions of Catholic education.

Ireland and the English Parliament.

The Imperial Parliament is summoned for Tuesday next the 19th inst. All the political indications of the past week have pointed to one question as the engrossing issue of the session. An united Irish demand will be made for redress of the financial grievance under which Ireland has labored since the Union. Concerning this matter perfect and harmonious determination is shown by all classes of Irishmen. The Unionist landlords and their press are loudest in their protests against the unjust burden the country has so long borne. More than one appeal to the sacred right of revolution has been heard in that quarter. Irish Tory vehemence has struck terror to those so-called Unionists in Great Britain who have been the most rabid anti-Home Rulers. Lord Castletown and Lord Dunraven are warned in The Times of the disgrace of associating on public platforms with John Daly. But after all what does this sort of argument amount to? Only to this, that John Daly has been incarcerated long years for proclaiming a cause which Lord Castletown at last is able to recognize. England has always been subtly illogical in her punishment of Irishmen who have asked only that their country be justly treated. Take the case of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy,

who is only one of a large number. England jailed him for advocating Irish rights. Released from prison he goes out to Australia and becomes a pioneer in that great colonial continent. Wharoupan England gives him knighthood, although he has never lowered the standard which he raised in Ireland and under which he was branded a convict. The case of John Daly and Lord Castletown is not different in principle from that of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. In the speech of the Bishop of Limerick published in this issue we read the true explanation why the Irish aristocracy and the Irish people have been so long separated in opposing camps. The aristocracy have never until now seen that the people's interests are their interests. Mr. Standish O'Grady has something to say on this head in The Westminster Review, wherein he gives advice to his fellow members of the aristocracy. He says:

If we load the people, and load them well, we may save ourselves, and even our brethren who have already fallen into the pit of the Landed Estates Court, and at the very lowest we shall have some sport with the British statesmen before we perish. With a nation behind us who know what we may not be able to do?

The popular leaders of Ireland are not jealous of the fresh volunteers. There is no need that they should be. An Irish party should be representative of all classes and interests in the country; and besides the new leaders know how much they lack the experience of the boys of the old brigade. To Mr. Dillon's tried and true band they owe the disclosure of the Financial Relations Commission. The O'Connor Don, speaking at a vast meeting in the Mansion House, Dublin, on Dec. 28th, told the Irish Tories what they owe to Messrs. Sexton and Blake among others. These are his words:

I am glad to say I think that on the Royal Commission we all tried to help each other. We desired to ascertain the truth, to make it so plain that no cloud or mist could enshroud it, and every possible help, sometimes the help of silence was the most effective. We gave to one another. Of Mr. Sexton's examination and cross-examination of the witnesses it would be impossible for me too highly to speak, and I cannot but express my regret, in the interest of this cause, that he has voluntarily withdrawn himself from the arena where the question must shortly, and perhaps finally, be threshed out (hear, hear and applause). It may, perhaps, be invidious to mention any other name, but I feel so strongly that we are much indebted to another member of the Commission that I cannot refrain from mentioning him, I refer to the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P. (hear, hear). To Mr. Blake's wise foresight, to his conciliatory address, to his large-minded views, and his clearness and precision in enunciating them, we are much indebted for having secured practical unanimity in what is called the joint report; and as chairman of the Commission I feel bound to notice the important assistance he rendered in bringing about that agreement which has since proved of so much value.

It delights us to hear such high tribute paid to our able Canadian chief, who has stood by the people and by the people's party in the fight since he entered it, winning the esteem and admiration of all honest Irishmen and of all who watch Irish affairs with interest. Mr. Blake's position in the coming session of parliament will be a commanding one.

The Roberval Fire.

The terrible results of the fire at Roberval will inevitably turn many reflective minds upon the danger of illuminating with candles in the midst of church decorations which easily catch the wavering flame. That the danger is carefully guarded against is best attested by the fact that fires in churches, either on festive or on ordinary occasions, are quite rare, more rare than in any other description of buildings. Indeed the calamity at Roberval stands out with appalling prominence; and most readers of the accounts given of the conflagration cannot fail to admire the heroism displayed by the nuns. Anyone who has over marked the excitement even of trained firemen around a blazing structure can see how it was with the Ursuline Sisters. Their first thought was to save all lives. The rescue of some children in the dormitory should have earned the Victoria Cross for the noble woman who performed it had she not subsequently perished. More than one surmise has

been ventured as to why the nuns resorted to the burning building after they had got all the children out. The impression given by the newspaper reports is that the first little squad got suffocated in the smoke and that the second party went to their rescue. But the fact that one of the Sisters was sick in bed and unable to stir is proof enough for us that both the gallant little rescue parties faced certain death, hoping against hope that the helpless one might be rescued and resouled. The whole world knows that in a religious community the family bond is in a sense one with the alliance to God and the Church. It was heroic the most exalted, that had no thought of finching in the face of death, which impelled the sacrifice of the nuns of Roberval. It was a glorious deed, although its fruitfulness must have been certain beforehand. To turn to a more prosaic feature of the disaster, the loss of the convent is the loss of the district and of the province. It is to be hoped that the Quebec Government will come generously to the aid of the community.

The Recent Disaster in Kerry.

Gathering our information from the excellent accounts published in The Dublin Freeman's Journal between the dates of Dec. 29 and January 2, we are this week able to give our readers a connected narrative of the bogslide in Kerry, which has overwhelmed the picturesque valley of the river Fleek and brought death and devastation upon the country side. The scene of the occurrence is near the border line of Cork and Kerry some fifteen miles from Killarney. Before the disaster the bog filled an elevated basin on the mountain side 200 acres in extent. On the night of Dec. 27 there had been an unusually large rainfall even for that wet mountainous region. The Fleek hardly held its bounds its rushing flood; but a lad who crossed from one side of the valley to the other at midnight saw nothing more unusual than the rain swollen stream. The catastrophe took place without the least noise of its own, as far as the account given at the inquest shows us; but the natural theory of the occurrence does not agree with any such notion of unobtrusive silence. However, in the morning the earliest peasants abroad saw Bog na-meen spread out like a lake of asphalt below the hill from where it had fallen. It was then moving southward. The house of Con Donnelly, Lord Kenmare's quarryman, had been submerged and nine lives must certainly have been lost. Terror seized upon the people; but as the bog continued to move rescue and searching parties were formed, and through out day much brave and severe work was done. Thousands were occupied in this way. Men armed with pitchforks with ropes around their bodies as a precaution against accident, probed the wall of black slime as it advanced. It was not until the second day that the bodies of Con Donnelly and his wife were recovered. The bodies showed indications that the unfortunate people had been roused from their bed to be immediately overwhelmed by the torrent of liquid peat. Later in the day the coat of Donnelly's son, containing in the pocket a prayer-book, was speared in the slime. At the end of the second day forty holdings had been submerged. The peat fell into the Fleek and made the river so thick with mud as to kill the fish. Roads, fences, hillocks and trees were submerged, and the loss of farm stock could not easily be estimated. The third day the Log was still slipping onward, it having then obliterated the entire valley as far as the eye could reach. The scene of devastation extended a distance of nine miles to the Headford, the average width of the deposit being a quarter of a mile extending in places to half a mile. On the fifth day, the movement of the bog stuff had become so slight that the Fleek was able to carry off all that fell into its bed. By this time the vague fear of the peasantry had given place to the suffering caused by the loss of houses, crops, stock and belongings. The directors of The Freeman sent the first check for £50 to Father O'Sullivan, the parish priest, and her Majesty sent a letter of sympathy (no enclosure) to Lord Kenmare.

The Evening Telegram.

There is a column in The Evening Telegram headed "Ups and Downs." It is a thing with a past, a notorious survival; but not without present significance as preserving the oldtime reputation of Mr. Ross Robertson's paper when its policy was free trade in stigmatizing citizens of all sorts and conditions, especially men in public life. The writer of "Ups and Downs" is in his way a virtuoso. As long as he lives in the service of Mr. Ross Robertson, Torontonians are not apt to forget what The Telegram has been. A peculiarity of "Ups and Downs" is a mysterious literary style. The first time you figure in this column you are puzzled to know the meaning of the writer who penned the malignant looking little mosaic about you. You may read it from top to bottom and from bottom to top, and commence in the middle and read it both ways; but you cannot make sense out of it and think it in the end a bit of laborious, insulting incoherency. On this account some people say the "Ups and Downs" might be more fitly called "Upside-downs." The second time you see yourself in the column you do not relish the attention any more than if a public buffoon followed you along the street jabbering at your heels. The third or fourth time you are quite prepared to grapple with your tormentor. The history of the "Ups and Downs" shows a variety of knight-errant instincts displayed by those who have entered the lists against Mr. Ross Robertson's clown. More than once has a sorely tried citizen suited the punishment to the crime by committing assault and battery. Both Mr. Ross Robertson and his hired merryman have been turned upside-down in the gutter in front of The Telegram office. Three newspaper editors, Mr. McLean of The World, Mr. Sheppard of Saturday Night, and a former editor of The News have threatened reprisals against Mr. Ross Robertson, which seems to be an effective method of securing his respect. It is now the turn of THE REGISTER. We have been half a dozen times in the "Ups and Downs" column and can stand no more of it in silence. We are accordingly prepared to do our share to alleviate the general nuisance. For the present, however, we do not intend to say anything severe; but on the next provocation we root certainly shall lay on Macduff" on Mr. Ross Robertson and his annoying duffer. His latest illusion to this paper is as follows: The sins of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER against truth, justice and fair play will never be entirely without excuse so long as that journal reveals an ignorance which must be extensive as its iniquity. He is hardly as involved as is his wont in this; but is more like himself

Kerry are not unknown. In North Kerry, in Galway and other parts of Ireland bogs have at rare intervals caused peasants to fly for their lives. In the present case the bog was at a considerable elevation filling up an amphitheatre enclosed by little hills. Mountain streams poured into this natural basin from all sides, there being only one outlet into the brawling brook called the Own-a-croo, which at a distance of 4 miles joins the Fleek. When the 200 acres of water distended bog overflowed its basin it must have accomplished the eight miles to the Fleek with avalanche like speed. The name Own-a-croo is historic. The stream is called after a celebrated bard of Kerry, Own Roe O'Sullivan. In the valley of the Fleek some of the greatest Gaelic poets of Munster in the eighteenth century were born. The hill upon which the bog stood is known as Knock-na-geeha, or the Hill of the Winds. The bog itself was called Bog-na-meen, or Bog of the Meal, for there, in the days of the famine, meal was distributed to the starving peasants. Lord Kenmare's quarry in the immediate neighborhood is undermined by a hidden stream which can be seen discharging its water into the Fleek. The hillside abounds with springs; and the conclusion is almost certain that the combined waters of these springs and the rivulets discharging into Bog-na-meen basin flooded the entire 200 acres of bog stuff lifted it above its barriers and cast it into the vale below. It will be many a day before the valley of the Fleek shall smile again as tourists on their way between Cork and Killarney may remember to have seen it.

A Loving Tribute to the Rambler.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

The Rambler from Clara was popularized in prose and verse in Ireland. He was noted for his eccentricity and jocularity. One evening lately I discerned a weary traveller approaching the O'Connell post office. On close scrutiny I noticed his step was elastic, his head was erect, his countenance had a smiling approximation of some warlike chieftain of mediæval antiquity. He flourished a powerful weapon in the shape of a big black-thorn and made several motions with it above his head, displaying semi-circles, quadrangles and demi semi-quavers. He held this weapon in a dangerous attitude, but after my surmise was over I considered all these tactics were practised with a view of intimidating delinquent subscribers to THE REGISTER. The Rambler entered our wigwam, unbuckled his knapsack and was greeted with a cordial milk faith. The Rambler is a walking encyclopaedia of general information, legends, biography, travels, &c. He can describe Tam O' Shanter's flight from Ayr in a most fantastic way, giving all the incidents and emphasizing it with a regular Scotch accent. He can describe the great and gallant Brian Boru at the battle of Clontarf, when he annihilated and demolished the Danes and drove them ignominiously from the bloody battle field. He can describe in pathetic language how the great Finn McCool, the famous Irish giant, stole the great sun of Athlone from the garrison. It weighed a ton. Finn carried it ten miles, and for refreshment took only five gallons of potteen. He can tell how Finn fought a great battle with the Scotch giant who came all the way from Scotland. The champions met in a yard surrounded by a high wall. Finn was a great wrestler. He got hold of the Scotchman and threw him over the wall. He was badly stunned. On recovering consciousness he called out to Finn to throw over his horse; he would gang awa home and never come again. The Rambler can give a funny description of Irish celebrities. The Rambler is a fascinating and interesting conversationalist. He has accumulated knowledge from his incessant travels. He can give a history of all the noted pugilists from the time of the flood to the present time. He knows all the politicians on both sides. He knows all the clergymen in Ontario and can locate them all. He is not vindictive in politics; he gives all a fair show, and gives merit to whom it is due. I cannot fully describe the intellectual fluctuations and ability of the Rambler. His mental organization is full and replenished from time to time with a superfluous amount of ancient and modern philosophy, embracing scientific attainments of the highest order. I think I should give him a seat in the Senate. If he were once installed there he would keep the refractory members in subordination. The political atmosphere would be eradicated of all sensational gossiping. Peace and tranquillity would reign supreme. Politicians would forget their animosities and live in harmony with each other. Political abuse would be consigned to oblivion. He can repeat Cicero's oration against Cataline in grand style. TIMOTHY TERENCE O'MULLIGAN.

is the following, which we take from the same column:

Complete liberty on the part of J. Hallam, Esq., has consisted in the presence of an orchestra, and thus is supplied the musical element necessary to complete the comic character of an inaugural meeting which promises to be a burlesque on public business. Some of our readers are literary critics. What do you think of this? Is it only vulgar nonsense; or is it cabalistical? Are the readers of The Telegram furnished with a key to what the comprehension of the uninitiated cannot see? We ourselves can only guess "Hallam, Esq.," an "orchestra," an "inaugural comedy" and "public business" twisted into a sort of logarithmic curve. One certain impression on the entire paragraph conveys, that the writer was in a humor of some thought that died in the thinking. Not long ago the editor of The World suggested that as Canadians are looking out for a native literary style there may be a future for the inverted genius of The Telegram staff. His style is certainly original, rather suggestive of the ingrafting of a crazy pedagogue upon the familiar type of corner-loader who makes it his business to jeer at every respectable passer by.

Children for Adoption.

The St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society of Toronto, have a number of children, boys and girls (wards of the society) for whom they are most anxious to find adopted homes in good Catholic families. They are fine healthy children with ages ranging from 2 to 12 years. The rev. clergy and the Catholic press are urgently requested to give them invaluable aid in this good work. For full particulars apply in person or by letter to the society's agent, P. Hyne 26 Shuter St., Toronto.

Father Dollard for Brockton.

Father James Dollard has been officially appointed to the parish of St. Helen's, Brockton, to assist Father Cruise in that large and growing part of the city.

An Entry.

Well we know, not over here is a footing for thy dream: Thou art sick for horse and spear beside an ancient stream: For the hearth smoke in the wild, and the herald's stave: For a beauty far exiled, and bolof with in her grave. While another sky and ground orb thy strange remembrance, And no world of mortal bound is the master of thy wing. Dost thou yet thy fate forgive, that the godhead in thy breast Has this life at least to live as a force in rhythmic rest. As a seed that bides the hour of obscurity and decay, Being troth of flowers to flower down the long generic day? Child whom older airs infold, who hast greenness to maturity Where heroic hand of old may return and shine again. Off as stars across thy heart the too familiar light, How thy mother's pulses start at the token quick and slight! Lost captivity he o'er, lost thou glide away, and so From our tents of Nevermore strike the trail of Long Ago.

FLEURETTE.

I had spent some years in the colonies, doctoring diggers and the like rough and ready folks. The novelty of the strange scenes and free and easy life had at last worn off, and I found myself sighing for the responsibility of broadcloth and a settled position in my profession. Aided somewhat by thrift, and more by fortunate land speculation, I had money enough to supply my wants for a few years to come: so I returned to England, resolved to beat out a practice somewhere.

At home there was my dear old brother John Ponn, who was the doctor at Dalebury, a little country town. I call John my senior, for he was born some three years before me. A dear, good, steady man was John, with the kindest and most lovable heart in the world. I found John and he gave me a hearty welcome, but he seemed changed—a trifle care-worn—and I soon found the cause. My discovery of the reason why John was, to call it melancholy, came about at once. Born and bred in Dalebury, I knew all the people there. I had asked him "Who lives now in that old house belonging to the Tanners?" "A widow lady and her daughter, named Dorvaux."

"French, I suppose from the name?" "No, I believe not. Her late husband was French: but, as far as I have learned, Mrs. Dorvaux is an English woman."

"And the daughter, is she pretty?" I asked. John sighed, looked disconsolate, and he replied: "Fleurette! That is the name of Mrs. Dorvaux's daughter," and then he was silent.

As an old practitioner I at once diagnosed the case I found out that John was in love with Miss Fleurette. I supposed he had asked her to become his wife, and that she had declined his suit. It was my business to mend broken bones and broken heads. I may have set to work to repair injuries in a businesslike way. I know well enough that a manly, handsome fellow as was John, with his excellent position, were all elements, and strong ones, in his favor, so I could not understand why Miss Fleurette had said "No" to him.

Mrs. Dorvaux, I learned was in very bad health. I soon became acquainted with Fleurette, and found her to be a lovely girl, highly educated, and with charming manners. I became convinced that she was no flirt.

In time I succeeded in gaining John's confidence, and he told me all about his love for the girl and how she had refused him. Somehow I gained the girl's confidence, too. One day I said to her: "Of course you know my brother well?"

"I have often met him," answered Fleurette.

"And you like him, I hope?" "I like Dr. Penn very much," and then she changed the subject. Once or twice after that I tried my best to bring John in as a topic of conversation, but she always evaded it.

I learned, too, that John no longer went to Mrs. Dorvaux's home, and that he never saw Fleurette. Watching closely Fleurette's manner, I was satisfied that she was not happy. As to my brother, he seemed engaged in his work, and his lips were sealed as far as Fleurette was concerned. I went on a tour of the Continent, and came back to Dalebury, Fleurette's mother had been ill again, but was recovering, for I soon saw Fleurette about again. She looked pale and worn, probably from watching and nursing her mother. My holiday at Dalebury had now run down to its last stage, so when we met it was to say good bye.

"Never," she replied, "never. Good bye—good-bye."

Poor old John! poor little Fleurette! What mystery was it that stayed the happiness of these two?

I had returned home from my travels, tired of idleness. Having heard of an opening that promised well, I ran down once more to Dalebury to consult my brother. John and I were very bad correspondents, so I had no news of the little town since I sojourned there. As I passed the house at the corner I saw it was void. "They have left," said John, as I eagerly asked the reason.

"Left? Where have they gone to?" "No one knows," said John, sadly. "Shortly after you went abroad common rumor said they were thinking of quitting, and last month they did go."

"Did she leave no word—no message for you?" "Only this," replied John, opening a drawer in front of him, where he kept a variety of cheerful looking instruments. "I found this one morning on the seat of my carriage. I suppose she threw it in."

A single flower, the stem passed through a piece of paper with the word "Adieu" penciled on it.

Sorry as I was to hear the news, I could scarcely help smiling as John replaced the flower in the drawer. It seemed almost a bathos, that little rose, tossed into doctor's carriage, and now lying among old lancets, forceps, and other surgical instruments.

The weeks, the months, even the years, passed by, and we heard nothing of Fleurette. The flower, doubtless still lying in the drawer, was all that was left of old John's little romance.

Three years soon went by. I was still in England. I had purchased a share in a London practice, and although I found much drudgery in my work, it was a paying practice, and one which would eventually be entirely mine, as my partner, who was growing old and rich, talked of retiring.

Once or twice in every year I had been down to Dalebury. All was the same there. John was still unmarried; and if he said nothing about her I knew he had not forgotten the dainty little girl who had rejected his love. Yet not a word had Fleurette sent him. She might be dead or married, for all we knew. I often used to wonder whether I should ever learn her secret trouble, for I felt that Fleurette's sadness was not so much from having to give up the hope of being John's wife as from the cause that compelled her to take the step.

One wretched winter's day I was called upon to attend a patient in a poor street in the outskirts of the town. Entering the bedroom of the patient, I saw a woman lying on the floor, either dead or insensible. I had the woman lifted up and placed in her bed. It needed, alas! very little professional skill to determine the cause of the woman's illness. I had seen too many drunken women in my time to be deceived. As I stood by the bedside a young woman rushed in and threw herself on the bed. It was Fleurette. "Oh, doctor! doctor!" she cried, in an agony of grief. "I had been away but an instant. I had no one to aid me, to advise me. I had gone to the druggist's. My poor mother must have left her bed."

Then I understood it all. I had found Fleurette at last. Actually living within a stone's throw of my door! Perhaps she had lived there ever since she left Dalebury. Now, having found her, what was I to do with her? I guessed that I had also fathomed her mystery. You see it was only a commonplace, vulgar little mystery after all—a mother's drunkenness the sum total of it. Yet when I thought of the girl giving up her love and bright prospects for the sake of keeping her erring mother's vice a secret, I could not but feel that the outer world a friend face that hid from nearly every one the sorrow of her heart, it seemed to me that our little Fleurette was something very near a heroine, after all.

My first idea was to telegraph to John, and tell him where to find her; but upon consideration I thought it better to wait until after our interview in the evening.

I found Fleurette alone. She was very pale, very sad, very subdued. "Tell me, Fleurette," I said, gently, "as I sat down beside her, 'was—was'—young mother's unfortunate craving for alcohol the cause of your refusing to marry my brother?"

She nodded her head. "Tell me all about it. How long has it been going on? I can be as secret as you."

And then Fleurette told me. I will not give her words. They were too loving, too lenient, framed with affectionate excuses. It was pathetic as she told it—a tale of her mother's craving, which grew and grew with its excesses. Then came penitence, contrition, shame, and the ever-recurring vows of amendment. And with them hope sprang fresh and bloomed for awhile—only to be cut down as ruthlessly as before. And so on for years, ever the same weary round, and although she told me not, ever the same loving care, the same jealous resolve to shield her mother's sins from the vulgar gaze. It was a hard burden for a girl to bear. For this she gave up the hope of being John's wife. She would not leave her mother to perish, and would not injure John, as she shrewdly feared might be the case if she subjected him to the scan-

dals of having a mother in law of Mrs. Dorvaux's disposition living with him; and knowing as I know the delicate susceptibilities of patients in a place like Dalebury in my heart I thought that Fleurette was right.

"And why did you leave Dalebury?" I asked, when she had finished her recital.

"Mamma was—ill—there; so ill, I was frightened, and obliged to send for a doctor—and I feared people might learn the cause."

"Then we come to London," she continued. "London is so large, I thought we might hide ourselves here."

"How often do these—these attacks show themselves?" I asked.

"Sometimes not for months; some times twice a month. Oh, do you think she can ever be cured? She has been so good, so good for such a long time! If I had not gone out to-day this might never have happened."

"Our poor old servant died some months ago, and I could not trust the new one, or she might have prevented it. Do you think she can be cured?"

I shook my head. I knew too well that when a woman of Mrs. Dorvaux's age has these periodical irresistible cravings after stimulants, the case is well-nigh hopeless. Missionaries, clergymen, and philanthropists tell us pleasing and comforting tales of marvelous reformatons, but medical men know the sad truth.

I was so indignant at the sacrifice of a young girl's life, that had I spoken my true thoughts. I should have said, "Leave the brandy bottle always full, a ways near hand, so that—well, I won't be too hard on Fleurette's mother. She must have had some good in her for the girl to have loved so."

"What can you tell me? I have found you, and then he must take his own course."

"Oh, don't let him come here," pleaded the girl. "I could not bear to see him; and perhaps," she added, with a faltering voice, "he doesn't care to hear anything about me now."

"Ah, Fleurette, Fleurette! after all, on some points you are only a weak woman."

The next day I begged leave of absence from my partner and patients, and ran down to Dalebury to tell John the news.

Yet I had little enough to tell him. I was in honor bound to guard the girl's secret; so all I could say was I had found her again, that she was as bewitching as ever, and, I believed, loved him still. I could add that now I knew the reason why she could not come to him, and I was compelled to own it was a weighty one—an obstacle I could give no hope would be removed for many years. He must be content with that; it was all the news all the hope, I had to give him.

"Very well," said John, with a sigh. "I must wait. All things come to the man who waits; so perhaps Fleurette will come to me at last."

Now that I had found Fleurette, you may be sure I was not going to lose sight of her again. I was very grieved to ascertain that her mother's circumstances were not so good as of old. Some rascal who possessed the widow's confidence had decamped with a large sum of money. Our Fleurette eked out their now scanty income by painting on china; and very cleverly the girl copied the birds and flowers on the white plates. I begged Fleurette to persuade her mother to enter a home for incurables, but the girl would not even broach the subject to her; so here was youth drifting away from John and Fleurette—kept apart for the sake of a wretched woman, and I was powerless to mend matters.

But did John and Fleurette ever marry? You see this is not a romance, only a little tale of real life, and as such, the only way out of the dead lock was a sad and prosaic one—a way that poor Fleurette could not even wish for. Reformation, I say, as a medical man, was out of the question. I hope Fleurette will not read these pages, where I am compelled to express my true feelings, by saying that a short time after a year had expired Mrs. Dorvaux was obliged enough to die. I say "obliged" advisedly, for sad though it be to think so, her death made three people happy; indeed, as her life was so miserable to her, it may be I should have said four. Fleurette mourned her sincerely; all her faults were buried in her grave and left to be forgotten. Two months after her death I wrote to John, had him to come to town, and, without even warning Fleurette, sent him to see her. Then he found that all things do indeed come to the man who can wait—even the love that seemed so hopeless and far away.

I don't think John ever knew, or, unless he reads here, ever will know, the true reason why Fleurette refused him and shunned him for so long. He knows, from what I told him, it was a noble, self-sacrificing, and womanly motive that led her to reject his love, and is content with knowing this. He feels the subject must be very painful to his bright little wife, and has never caused her pretty eyes to grow dim by asking for an explanation. There is no sadness with Fleurette now. She lights up that old red brick house; she is the life of Dalebury, and, moreover,

the one woman against whom Dalebury says little or nothing. The last time I paid John a visit, there was not only Fleurette, but a couple of children as well—dark-eyed, sunny boys, who chatter in French and English indifferently.

Only occasionally I saw in Fleurette's eyes something which was a trifle sad. It might have been the memories of her other days, but I believe such momentary sorrows will pass away in time.

Father (Garin's) Bazaar.

Following is the list of winning numbers of prizes in the grand drawing at Phelpsstown bazaar.

Table with 3 columns: Prize number, Amount, and Name. Includes entries like 36218, 48550, 47922, etc.

An Ancient Greek Manuscript.

The authorities of the British Museum report the acquisition of a papyrus manuscript, probably of the first century before Christ, which has been found to contain the lost odes of the Greek lyric poet, Bacchylides, a contemporary of Pindar. The manuscript is finely written but has been much mutilated.

Charles Dickens, in his famous story, "David Copperfield," gives us a very interesting and amusing description of the person and character of Mr. Micawber. That gentleman's chief occupation was "waiting for his money," which he endeavored to "turn up" in some way to improve his position and live in luxury and contentment. Very few of us are free from indulging in hope and expectation for something better to present itself. We all have the noblest of the soil, whether in the field or garden, may benefit himself and enjoy a luxurious and profitable season, if he will consult the catalogue of The Steele, Briggs Seed Co. of Toronto. It is the most comprehensive, artistically and profusely illustrated, and instructive for the farmer and gardener that has ever been sent out by any seed house in America. It tells about many new varieties of new potatoes, new vegetables, new plants and flowers, in fact, in every department is bristling of good things which every grower should try. We bespeak the generous support of our readers to this Canadian seed house. They have a high reputation for fair dealing; they are practical and experienced, and study the needs of the cultivator for the progress and welfare of Canadians. They have our best wishes.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.

MONDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY next, will be the last day for receiving Petitions for Private Bills.

MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF MARCH next will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.

FRIDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF MARCH next, will be the last day for receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.

CHARLES CLARKE, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly. Toronto, 12th January, 1897.

Properties for Sale.

FOR SALE—BRICK DWELLING HOUSE ON 75 feet lot in Toronto, Ont. No. 70; the lot is 75 feet wide and 100 feet deep. The house is 1 1/2 stories high, is large and commodious, and is situated on a fine lot. The house is situated on a fine lot. The house is situated on a fine lot.

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ARE YOU MAKING FIVE DOLLARS PER DAY? If so, don't stop to read this; we cannot help you. But if you are not making five dollars per week (have some representing us in your territory), we will teach you how to make it free. If you are not afraid of the "man in the street," both men and women, J. L. NICHOLS & Co., Wesley Building, Toronto. Mention this paper.

TRAVELLER TO GO AMONG FARMERS WITH pay specialty. Address "S," Catholic Register, Toronto.

Teachers Wanted.

HAVE YOU SEEN A COPY OF THE ENFRANCHISEMENT? The paper is devoted to Entrance and Leaving work in public schools. Issued twice, 20,000. Send for sample G. E. Henderson, Editor, "The Enfranchiser," 28 Winchester Street, Toronto.

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BAND, CASSE (LEATHERS) \$25.00. VIOLIN Case, from \$1.00 to \$10.00, at Claxton's.

GUITARS AND HARP. \$15.00. CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE, 197 YONGE STREET. Phone 238.

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FIRESIDE FUN.

Mr. Enthusiast: "My daughter plays the piano with her soul." Mr. Oomphle: "With her sole? Then I call it exceedingly unalike of her."

Bjones: "I hear you are very attentive to Miss Miggins. How is your suit progressing?" Wigwam: "My trousers are getting baggy at the knees."

Young Doctor: "Just think, six of my patients recovered this week!" Old Doctor: "It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club."

Podsnap: "Doctor, I'm getting so nearsighted that I can't recognize people in the street. What shall I do for it?" The Doctor: "Why not pay your debts?"

Miss Makup (sentimentally): "Will you love me when I am faded and getting on in years, dearest?" Mr. Thinked: "You know I do, darling. Now the match is off."

"What do you intend to get your husband for a Christmas gift?" "I can't make up my mind whether to get him lace curtains, a dinner set, new portieres, or a drawing room clock."

Miss Bosting: "How dreary life must have been in the stone age; don't you think so, Mr. Hardup?" Mr. Hardup: "Oh, I don't know. Rocks must have been pretty plentiful then, and they're mighty scarce now!"

"Mrs. Higby, what was that bundle you hid under the sofa when I came in?" "Never mind. You don't need to know just yet." "Great Caesar, woman! Have you begun already to make me Christmas slippers out of my old straw hat?"

"Why do you regard Fisher as such a lucky man?" "Well, you see, his wife was engaged six times before he married her, and he figures that it will not be necessary to buy her a bit of jewelry for at least ten years."

Wiggins: "Have you heard the news? They say old man Weather upon has joined the church." Wiggins: "You don't say so! (Thoughtfully.) Well, I suppose that's a good thing for old Weatherupon, but I confess I am a little anxious about the members of the church."

The Doctor: "Here's the bill for your husband's treatment. I'm glad to allow you 20 per cent. off for cash." "The Widow: "But you said that you would not charge anything if you didn't relieve him." The Doctor: "So I did. Have you heard him complain lately?"

Francois (who is thirteen and tall for her age): "Oh, dear, I wish I were a dwarf." Henrietta: "Why, the idea! What makes you say such a thing?" Francois: "Then, perhaps, mamma wouldn't object to taking me out with her once in a while without making me call her 'Sister Jane.'"

Early in the season the writer had occasion to communicate with William Mercer, the former owner of Little Logan, and forwarded our inquiry to Hastings, Neb. In due time our letter was returned, marked thus: "Mr. Mercer is dead." Overlooking the fact we again wrote this gentleman, and yesterday our letter was returned with the startling information that "Mr. Mercer is still dead."

WOMEN'S WEAKNESS.

Female Complaints Combined with Kidney Troubles are Fatal.

LUCKY WOMAN ESCAPED.

Directed to Try Dodd's Kidney Pills, the Premier of Proprietary Medicines, and in New Nerve and Well—One Box Cured Her.

Walkerton, Ont., Jan. 11.—Half a dollar saved a woman's life in this town not many months ago—only last August, to be exact.

Half a dollar is the price of a box of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. One box of these far-famed and justly-famed pills was enough to put Mrs. Elvina Adly on her feet, when she was very ill with female complaint, combined with kidney trouble.

With this example in view, why should there be a single woman in Canada tottering on the brink of the grave, or going about her work dragged down, dispirited, despondent, and discouraged by kidney disease, and hardened the earth with all curses which thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints I learn that God is good.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worse, with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parrot's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

A travelling man who put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town left very particular instructions before retiring to be called in time for an early train. Early in the morning the guest was disturbed by a lively knock upon the door. "Well?" he demanded, sleepily. "I've got an important message for you," replied the bellboy. The guest was up in an instant, opened the door and received from the boy a large envelope. He tore it open hastily, and inside found a slip of paper, on which was written in large letters, "Why don't you get up?" H. got up.

STRECK CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabiu, says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced having the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which the dislocation and swelling was removed, and in three days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

Any druggist has DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. If your druggist should be out of them, address the DODD'S MEDICINE COMPANY, Toronto. Price fifty cents a box; six boxes for \$2.50.

DOMESTIC READING.

There are many persons who know not how to idle their time alone; they are the scourge of those who are occupied.—Do Bonald.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.

Let us learn how precious are solitary places and hours when others are sleeping or away in the night season; or a great while before day, when the earth and heaven are still and the busy world has not yet come abroad to trouble the creation of God.

Such help as we can give to each other in this world is a debt to each other, and the man who perceives a superiority of capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committee of injury.

Did you ever see a man who was punctual who did not prosper in the long run? We don't care who or what he was—high or low, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know that if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all engagements, he prospered.

Religion is the final centre of repose, the goal to which all things tend, apart from which a man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the Sybil scattered in the wind. Philosophical happiness is to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much and enjoy little.

The truest and only unselfishness is that wise enough to look forward and far seeing enough to refrain from the sweet spoiling of child, or wife, or husband, and to let the harvest will be reaped with tears and regret. It is often better to allow others to depend upon themselves. The sapling that leans against the house is less strong than the one which gains symmetry while fighting the gales alone in the open field.—Louisa May Dalton

Unenthusiastic nature! How much must they miss in life! Never elated by good fortune, nor astounded by a piece of news; always living on the dead, flat level of the common place! To be sure, it carries a certain air of impressiveness with it; this living above being agitated places the imperturbable people on heights which the effervescent ones cannot hope to scale. We envy, while we pity them. It seems so superior to be able to sit aloft there and hear, unmoved, tidings which would set our hands to clapping and our heads to tossing.

To meet again! What ineffable joy is contained in this hope! And now, what shall we do to render happy those of our loved ones who returned to their true home, who pass through the portals of eternity? Many of them are undergoing punishment for the unatoned faults. Could we only see them, we could not but give them proof of our sympathy. Or would you not make use of the means of relief placed at your disposal? Would you refuse their prayer, and thereby demonstrate your derelict for them? If so, they will not meet you in gladness when you enter the portals of the next world; they will give their welcome to those who were more charitable than you.—Rev. John A. Nealeisen.

The hand! Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword and club the rock, and write, and carve, and build the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. It reins in the swift engine, holds the steamer to its path in the sea, it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations awake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests and made the human blossom, and hardened the earth with all curses which thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints I learn that God is good.

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There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's And-Consump-tion will not cure, but none so bad that it will not get relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Mr. W. M. Orr of Fruitlands, near Stony Creek, Provincial Instructor in fruit spraying, has just handed in to the Department of Agriculture his report for the past season. The report is extremely interesting and contains useful information gathered from all sections of the Province. It demonstrates clearly that the spraying of fruit trees is not only conducive to a larger crop, but is also a sure means of obtaining a finer quality. It also proves that the Department of Agriculture instituted a popular move and conferred a great boon on the Province when it began two years ago to give practical demonstration and instruction in this useful method of preserving fruit trees. The report is all the more interesting because it contains the natural results from all the orchards where experiments were made, and comparisons are made of other years when spraying was not in vogue. The following are extracts from some of the results, picked at random from the large number in the report:

In Capt. Henderson's orchard at Burlington the fruit on the sprayed trees was free from worm and of fine quality, while that on the unsprayed trees was wormy and droopy.

Mr. Mund of Drumb's had excellent results. The Northern Spy trees which were sprayed bore 10 per cent. more fruit than those which were not sprayed, and the apples were much larger and cleaner; but it was in snow apples where he reaped the most benefit. For the last six years his orchard has been very badly damaged by what is known as the black scab, but this year the trees that were sprayed yielded 95 per cent. of clean, marketable fruit, while those trees which had not been treated only gave 4 per cent.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, of Galt is another who benefited largely by this new system. By actual account his "snows" that were treated produced 95 per cent. of clean apples, and those not treated only 10 per cent.

Mr. Frank Hillock of Brampton is a convert and enthusiastic advocate of spraying. For the past six years his orchard has been worthless for packing, but this year the trees sprayed gave a good crop of perfectly clean fruit.

The solution used is a mixture of paris green and sulphate of copper, and in a large orchard the cost for each tree would not exceed five cents per tree. In a small orchard the cost of course would be a little more, but in every case the cost, according to the results obtained this year, would be a mere bagatelle compared with the great benefit to be derived from a systematic application of the solution.

Graciousness Too Long Delayed.

(Edwin Smith in The Weekly Sun.)

Once more there is talk of a royal visit to Ireland. Thirty years ago this would have been a gracious and politic act. Now it is too late. The motive would be evident and the compliment would have lost its savor. Besides their political grievance, to whatever that may amount, and their economical grievance, for the redress of which Land Acts have been passed, the Irish have sentiments of grievance, which, in the case of people with warm hearts and keen susceptibilities, is perhaps not less real than the political or economical grievance, though less substantial. That Irishmen are looked down upon in British society, say Mr. Gladstone, or who else will say it, is a ridiculous falsehood, as must be known to everybody who is familiar with British society, and especially with the schools and universities at which social prejudice, if it exists, is most sure to find expression. Such peculiarities as the Irishman has in fact rather add to his popularity. But towards Ireland as a whole there has been an apparent want of the respect and sympathy which would have been evinced by the occasional presence of the court. The duty was plain and surely not very irksome, for there are no people in the world among whom a sojourn is more pleasant nor does any one of the abodes of British royalty present greater attractions than Phoenix Park. Yet, with the exception of a single visit paid to Ireland by George IV., and which forms a bright spot in his dark record, no British sovereign set foot on the island between the battle of the Boyne and the accession of her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, when she did visit Ireland, was received with an enthusiasm which showed how easily she might have won the Irish heart, and how good the influence of her occasional presence would have been. The advisers, have not failed to press upon it the performance of an easy yet important duty, but their advice has been peremptorily disregarded, and the season for acting on it has now passed beyond recall.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's And-Consump-tion will not cure, but none so bad that it will not get relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

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Chats With the Children.

THE GIRAFFE'S NECK.

Like most of the large game in Africa, writes Mr. F. E. Boddard, F. R. S., in Knowledge, the giraffe's days are probably numbered. The advance of civilization, so gratifying to the philanthropist and the trader, is a matter of abhorrence to the naturalist. We have seen in the last few years the practical disappearance of the quagga, the next to disappearance of the white rhinoceros; and all these great beasts are now retiring further and further away from contact with colonists, the retirement being naturally accompanied by diminished numbers. Yet the giraffe is stated to be well equipped for the battle of life by those who have studied it in Africa. To us it seems a somewhat ungainly beast, with an unnecessary length of neck and forbidding the ungainliness is, perhaps, tempered by the beautifully conspicuous spots. Unlike the stag in the fable, the giraffe can trust to its beauty spots as much as to what might be considered the more useful features of its organization. Like the individual who was unable to see the wood for his trees, an eminent observer is stated to have been quite near to a giraffe and unable to detect it on account of its spots; the depicted appearance due to these suggesting a broken beam of sunlight falling upon a withered tree trunk, the tree trunk being clearly the animals stout neck. A recent traveller in Africa, Mr. Scott Elliot, makes an ingenious suggestion about the giraffe's neck which we have not seen put forward elsewhere. It is commonly held that this disproportionate part of the body is important to the creature as a natural ladder whereby to reach the tender twigs of a tree inaccessible to the common herd of bush living ruminants; but Mr. Elliot points out with some acuteness that in the grass-covered plains of eastern tropical Africa, with scattered trees, there are other beasts with long necks which do not depend upon the trees for their nourishment; there is, for instance, the ostrich, longest necked of birds.

By means of this long neck the giraffe can take a wide survey of his environment, and perhaps detect a lion or pard with prying lead in time to retire with success.—"what time she lieth herself upon high and scorneth the horse and its rider" The giraffe, in fact, is fairly fleet, though its progress is not elegant.

THE CHILDHOOD OF GENIUS.

As far as I have studied the childhood of genius, it commonly shows itself less in performance than in character, and, alas, not agreeably! The future genius is often violent, ferocious, fond of solitude, disagreeable in society.

The great Du Guesclin, the scourge of the English invaders of France, was a most odious boy. His parents had to make him dine at a table apart. He was rude, furious, bully; he beat every boy he could lay hands on; he ran away from home; he led companions of peasant children against other companions; he was the terror of the neighborhood, and the ugliest knight in France." This was the boyhood of a great military genius; the boyhood it was of a little savage.

Scott's childhood was noisy. He yelled old poems at the top of his voice. He loved the lonely hills. He read forever, when he was not wandering alone, and he remembered anything that he read. He was a dreamer, a teller of romances to himself. He studied everything except his books. His enthusiasm for poetry made a lady recognise him for a genius at the age of six, but his father thought he would end as a strolling fiddler.

Napoleon, again, was sullen, lonely, a dreamer, and always "spoiling for a fight," like Du Guesclin, or for a battle. He was sullen, a bully, a dreamer, and always "spoiling for a fight," like Du Guesclin, or for a battle. He was sullen, a bully, a dreamer, and always "spoiling for a fight," like Du Guesclin, or for a battle.

Shelly's early poems were trash; Scott's were as almost any cleverish school-boy can write, and there is no promise at all in the Tennysons' "Poems by Two Brothers."—Andrew Lang, in North American Review.

ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

Almost at the very centre of the Atlantic Ocean—only a trifle north of the equator and about half way between South America and Africa—is a submarine mountain, so high that, in spite of the immense depth of the sea, it thrusts its peak seventy feet above the waves. This peak, starting from its position, forms a labyrinth of islets, the whole not over half a mile in circumference, known as St. Paul's Rocks. So steep is the mountain of which this lonely resting place of seabirds is the summit, that one mile from these rocks a five-hundred fathom line with three soundings were attempted by Russ on his voyage to the Antarctic failed to touch bottom.

Were the bed of the sea to be suddenly elevated to a level with dry land, St. Paul's Rocks would be the cloud capped peak of a mountain rising in

ascent in the midst of a broad plain. They are supposed to have been formed by the same disturbance of nature which separated the Cape Verde Islands from Africa.

Treacherous currents make navigation in the vicinity of these rocks dangerous. A Brazilian naval officer, who passed them on an English steamer, tells me that the evening before they had expected to sight them he was told by the captain that at five o'clock in the morning they would appear about five miles west. At that hour the officer went on deck and looked to the westward—nothing but an expanse of heavens.—He ordered to turn, and there, five miles to the eastward were—the Rocks. The current had, in less than twelve hours, carried a full powered steamer ten miles out of her course.—Gustav Kobbu in St. Nicholas.

THE JAY.

The jay is a jovial bird.—Heigh ho! He chatters all day In a frolicsome way With the murmuring breezes that blow,—Heigh ho!

Hear him noisily call From the red-wood tree tall To his mate in the opposite tree. Heigh ho!

Saying: "How do you do?" As his topknot of blue Is raised as polite as can be—Heigh ho!

Oh, impudent jay, With your plumage so gay, And your manners so jaunty and free,—Heigh ho!

How little you guessed, When you robbed the wren's nest, That any stray fellow would see! Heigh ho!

—Charles A. Keeler in the January St. Nicholas.

MARVELS OF THE OCEAN.

The makers of ancient maps were accustomed to introduce pictures freely. In deserts there would be drawings of lions, and along rivers they made "river-horses," which is the meaning of the Greek words that were put together to make up "hippopotamus." As for the oceans, they were filled up with queer monsters that came to hand. Of course these pictures helped to hide great spaces that would otherwise have been staring blank.

Besides, men understood very little about the strange happenings in the world around them, and invented fairy tales to explain these mysteries. It is not remarkable, then, that so late as Columbus's time his sailors did not at all like to think of sailing westward into an unknown ocean full of fabulous creatures and magic happenings. Even with all that wise and studious men have learned since, there is enough to be met with in a long ocean voyage to excite wonder and alarm.

Sailors may see auroras, the strange "North Star Light," the cause of which is now only guessed at; they may be surrounded by water-spouts, which are not entirely explained as yet; they may meet "tidal" (that is, earth quake) waves, that rise from thirty to sixty feet, or even more, above the surface; they may be amazed by "St. Elmo's fire," the sparkling flames that play about masts and rigging; they may behold lightning in globe form, shoot flashes, or forked bolts; they are sure to sail through the phos-phorescence that has but lately been traced to animal life. Then, too, storms and calms, fogs and moonlight, bring strange sights. Altogether, the ocean is a wonderland that has new marvels every day; the very color of the sea is hardly twice the same.—Tudor Jenks, in St. Nicholas.

MISLACED CONFIDENCE.

Willy in the corner crying! What can be the matter? What can all my happy little, merry little boy?

Tears on Christmas morning!—tell us what's the trouble. Who has caused the tears that spoil our little darling's joy?

"Grandpa's gone skating with the little skates I gave him. Aunt's sitting reading in the Fairy-book I bought;

Mamma's playing horses with that pair of reins—a present I made to her last Friday. It's mean because I thought—

"Boohoo!—I thought that grandpa was a generous sort of grandpa, and I thought the rest of 'em would try to be as generous, you see; and after they had all admired the pretty things I gave them, they'd think such things were suitable for a little boy like me!"

—[Florence E. Pratt in the January St. Nicholas.

MIRRORS OF AIR.

The cause of the mirage is now well understood—no well understood, that there are ways of making small mirages for experiment.

The simplest explanation that I can give is to say that the rays of light coming from the thing that is seen are bent in going through layers of air differently heated. When these rays are so bent as to be almost level with a layer of air, they do not enter it at all but (so to speak) glance off, and are reflected as if from a mirror. Then the air reflects just as a glass mirror



YOU HAVE BACKACHE

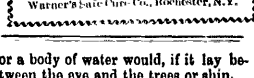
Get Rid of It!

It is a sign that you have Kidney Disease; Kidney Dis-ease, if not checked, leads to Bright's Disease,

and Bright's Disease Kills!

Because the Kidneys break down and pass away with the urine.

Heed the Danger Signal and begin to cure your Kidneys to-day by taking



Write today for the treatise at bank. Warranted Safe Cure, H. H. H. Co., N. Y.

or a body of water would, if it lay between the eye and the trees or ship.

This explanation will give you a general idea of the cause of the mirage. In the case of the desert the reflecting air mirror is believed by the observer to be water, and the image changes its place as you go forward just as a reflection would move as you advanced on a glass mirror. In the case of the ship, the air mirror seems to be above you, and reflects the ship which is really out of sight over the horizon. But I do not pretend to explain all about the different images that may possibly be formed under different conditions of the atmosphere—that is a school-room task, and hard one.

The "fata Morgana" is a form or modification of mirage often seen in the straits that separate the toe of the "boot" of Italy and the island of Sicily, just opposite. When the sun is just at the right position, and sea and air are also ready to help, strange views of objects on the opposite coast are seen from Calabria—sometimes magnified, and set against a background of colored mists. "Fata Morgana" means the Fairy of the Sea.

It is said that sometimes, during a hot and still summer day, by placing the eye close to the surface of a dry road, a mirage can be seen; but I have never tried it.

Before these and other strange sights were understood and explained, we need not wonder that sailors and travelers held many strange beliefs in regard to them.—Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

Young Doctors Attention.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—As Kearney is becoming more and more settled the wants of the people need to be attended to.

We have the professions pretty well represented with the exception of a tailor and a lawyer and a doctor, and it is chiefly in regard to the latter that I write to your paper to claim the attention of some enterprising M.D. that would volunteer to come and start practice. I with others of our people have talked about it, and we consider there is a promising future before any young man of that profession who would come among us.

We are here about fifty miles from Kerry Sound and all along the line of railway to Ovensford a hundred miles or more no doctor is stationed. This would be a central place as it is within easy reach of the great lumbering districts where thousands of men are employed, and where accidents are frequently happening which require the services of a skilled doctor. The district is opened up now by the O. A. P. & E. S. railway and as a consequence the land is being taken up and the people are settling down along the line of railway. Next spring will be a busy time in and around Kearney as quite a few are coming by all accounts to settle on the remaining available lots of down land, and others intend building houses in the village for their families so as to be convenient to their work in the lumber woods. We would like to see some more desirable families coming amongst us as there is plenty room in addition to those who have lately come, for many more. The young M.D. who makes up his mind to come would do well to write immediately to the undersigned as a most suitable store can be engaged for the practice of his profession.

LOUIS LEHAR.

25 cents cures Ocular Headache, Incipient Cataract, Hay Fever, Catarrh of the Throat, Cold in the head in 10 minutes, Foul Breath

