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THE DOME OF COLOGNE.

The Dome! the Dome of Cologne!
Archive, antique, sublime—
Have monuments from the elder time
Begun so long ago.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

After weary years... Ideas are not bounded by space, nor limited by time. We of today may have ideas not unlike those of our antique diluvian ancestors...

of bright gold; the maple, purple, scarlet, and tyrannic red; the beech, a deep grayish white; while the pine and fir retained their emerald hues.
Fancy these and many other kinds of trees growing side by side, every leaf each being of a different shade, and all rich in coloring and glistening in the rays of a setting sun, and you have an autumn scene by the St. Lawrence, and one of untold loveliness.

Morgan Leahy was a young man of six and twenty, his sister two years his junior. Their parents were natives of the Emerald Isle; but Morgan and Eleanor had been born in Canada.

Eleanor resembled her brother both in personal appearance and in the endowments of mind. She had just graduated with honor at "Villa Maria."

John Leahy was a pure type of that race of pioneers which is fast dying out. He was a strong, bold man, pleasant in manner. He was too proud to do a mean action, and too good a Christian to do a sinful one.

that her brother's thoughts were not of the scene on which they were looking. Once or twice she had made some remark on the beauty of the landscape, but he had taken no notice of it.

"How beautiful those distant ships appear, dwindled away to little boats, with tiny, flapping sails scarcely larger than the wings of a sea-gull!"

"What bold men, Morgan, those early discoverers must have been! Think of Columbus venturing upon the wild Atlantic with his old-fashioned galley scarce fit for the calm waters of the Mediterranean."

"I see what you mean, my philosophic brother, and I do think that discoverers must have courageous souls."

"I had good need of patience," said Morgan. Fancy the long hours he spent sitting by the shore, beneath his humble retreat in the monastery of La Rabada, with his lozenge, sad eyes ever turned to the west.

"I will add another touch," said her brother, with a smile. "How often must his delicate conscience have pined on his actions, half in fear, to discover something that had done all he wanted to carry out his mission."

"Why, Columbus had his enemies, and he had many friends. Between them a bright was cast on his good name for a time, but fuller historic researches have shown the unblemished purity of his private life."

"I am glad of that," said Eleanor. "It is a great thing to have a great man vindicated. Great persons seem more nearly related to us than the unknown mass, and somehow we cherish their names as family ones."

"An affect, possibly, of curiosity, my dear sister. Yet consider that although America may honor the name of her discoverer, and cherish it as a family one, many of her children seek to make the faith of Columbus an alien plant, Himsell, his best friend a humble monk, protector Isabelle the Catholic, the cross he set up on first landing, and the names of saints which, in his piety, he gave to each river and headland, stamped this continent with the indelible mark of our Church."

"You said that a discoverer must have a great soul: what have you to say about the soul of a soldier?"

Eleanor cast a swift, astonished glance at her brother. He was walking quickly at her side with downcast eyes, striking, in an absent manner, at a tall reed or bristling thistle with his stout walking-cane.

"Well," returned Eleanor, "a soldier fighting in a just cause may certainly claim our admiration. I shudder at the thought of the shedding of human blood, but I suppose it may sometimes be a duty to do it."

"Certainly, Eleanor. If a fierce foe should endeavor to invade our happy Dominion, to lay waste our fields and to overturn our institutions, ought we not to applaud the gallant hearts who would go forth to drive them back?"

"Do you, then, love our Dominion so very much?"

"No; there is no danger of that sort threatening us: but do you not know that the States of the Church are menaced in the near future? Ere long the French soldiers will withdraw from Rome, and it is thought an uprising will be fomented by paid emissaries from the secret societies."

"They were silent for a short time, Morgan watched his sister, who was apparently struggling with some deep emotion. It was only for a moment, with one rapid glance to heaven, and one convulsive stamp of the foot, she stood by the path, and lagging her hand on her brother's arm, softly said:

"You know how lonely I am when you are away—you know that to save you from pain or trouble I would gladly bear any suffering. Notwithstanding all this I could see even you, who in the cause of Holy Father, who some day I trust will reign with a martyr."

"Would that I might accompany you," sighed Eleanor. "I would not seek to keep you from battle in such a cause. The one who could refuse his aid should be deemed the enemy of Christendom."

"Why, Eleanor, you ought to be a soldier's wife." "Perhaps I am," she thoughtfully replied.

"The value of oranges as an article of food is well known, says the New York Times. 'I buy them by the box,' says a mother, 'and let my children eat them constantly in lieu of candy or other prized children's dainties. I consider that I save money by it.'"

"Good for Drinkers as Well as for Beauties. The value of oranges as an article of food is well known, says the New York Times. 'I buy them by the box,' says a mother, 'and let my children eat them constantly in lieu of candy or other prized children's dainties. I consider that I save money by it.'"

W. H. D. YOUNG, L.D.S., D.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, 1634 Notre Dame Street.

BRUSHES. Brooms, Whisks, Feather Dusters, Leather Skir, Cleansers, E. K. BOND & CO., Importers and Manufacturers, 234 Craig Street (opposite Two Tass Witness), Telephone 61170.

THIRTY YEARS. Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889. "I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used ST. JACOBS OIL and it completely cured. I give it all praise." MRS. WM. RYDER. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Montreal Brewing Company's CELEBRATED ALES - AND - PORTERS. Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S-EYE." INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER STOUT PORTER. X X X PALE ALE.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. The Great Strength-Giver. The most perfect form of Concentrated Nourishment. Stimulating - Strengthening - Invigorating.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY. AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. DRAWINGS IN JANUARY, 1892:—January 7 and 20. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00.

MONTREAL PAPER MILLS CO. St. Lawrence Paper Mills, 588 Craig Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS. GEO. R. HEASLEY'S, 2057 St. Catherine Street, near Bleury, Montreal.

Curtain Stretchers. LAUREL CURTAIN STRETCHERS, 1214 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.

Castor Fluid. A DELICIOUSLY REFRESHING PREPARATION FOR THE BIRD. It should be used daily.

W. H. D. YOUNG, L.D.S., D.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, 1634 Notre Dame Street. Telephone 2515.

P. N. Y. CO. PIANO CO.

PIANOS and ORGANS. Weber, Decker, Vose and Hale PIANOS.

OPIMUM. Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour. THE ONLY GENUINE SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease by the use of thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured.

PERSONAL-LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK. C. G. GROVE, Supt. Commercial Work; SILAS E. CARPENTER, Supt. Criminal Work.

Uticura Soap advertisement with an illustration of a woman's face and text describing its benefits for skin conditions.

ROYAL GRIEF. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE DEAD. The heir presumptive to the British Crown Carried off by an Attack of Pneumonia.

After an illness of some days duration from lung disease, which at first was not looked on as likely to prove fatal, the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the Throne, died on Thursday morning aged 27 years.

The news was quickly flashed to all the cable and flag wires, and it was not long before the Duke's illness and death had become known to a large number of the public.

Friday it could no longer be disguised that his illness had assumed a serious character. He expressed a desire to attend the birthday festivities in his honor, but was unable to do so.

Press Opinion. Among the Irish newspapers, many have kindly written the following notice in the National Press, the organ of the McArthurites, touching the Duke of Clarence.

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, which they also correct in disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.

had sustained in the death of their son. On Monday the corporation held a special meeting at which resolutions were adopted...

In Canada. Resolutions of condolence were passed by the various public bodies and telegraphic messages sent to England, His Eminence the Cardinal sent the following despatch:—

The intelligence of the death of the Duke of Clarence has called forth many expressions of condolence from several of our local societies, all of which breathe unswerving loyalty to the British Royal family.

As the Duke of Clarence was a young man, it is not surprising that his death has attracted the attention of the public in a special manner.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS. The year is passing, and the old year is departing. We are entering upon the new year with a heart full of hope and a mind full of reflection.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS advertisement with an illustration of a hand holding a pill and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. The Poet, the Philosopher, and the Preacher—Lecture by Dr. Quigley, of St. John, N. B.

An eloquent lecture on the late illustrious Cardinal Newman was delivered in the Victoria Rites, Army Hall, on Thursday evening, by Dr. R. F. Quigley, barrister-at-law, of St. John, N. B., under the auspices of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society.

He was, in fact, not only the greatest living Englishman, but the greatest living Englishman of his age. His command of all kinds of language was wonderful. Not in the whole range of English literature have we anything equal to his sermons, more strictly correct, more kindly, more powerful, more effective.

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MOUNTAIN FISH AND GAME AND POULTRY MARKET advertisement with an illustration of a fish and text listing various products and prices.

A NEW BALLAD. "I Loved You, Kate, in Ireland." A very beautiful and tender ballad has recently been published. It is entitled "I Loved You, Kate, in Ireland," and the words and music are by Edwin French.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC advertisement with an illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for nervous ailments.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE. ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. The college has been established to provide education for young men in the province.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold. The disagreeable taste of the GOD LIVER OIL is dissipated in SCOTT'S EMULSION.

KNABE PIANOS. UNEQUALLED IN TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP AND DURABILITY.

Best Body Brussels Carpets. Since my announcement of best, choice, five-frame Body Brussels at special prices, salesmen have been looking large and numerous orders.

THE CANADA PLATING COY. 763 Craig St. The company specializes in electroplating and metal finishing.

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S. Carsley's Column. Annual JANUARY SALE. Ready for Business each morning at 8 o'clock.

Flannels! Flannels! 100 PIECES. All wool English Printed Cashmere Flannels, bought at a very low figure, and will be offered at 45c yard for this Cheap Sale.

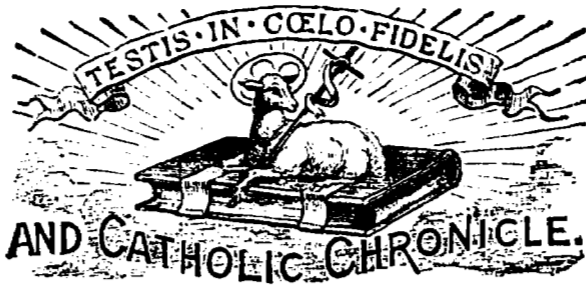
LADIES' MANTLES. On account of the heavy business that has been done during the last few days it has been found necessary to engage more young ladies to attend to customers.

TABLE LINENS. Embroidered Table Linens, 100 yard, with a w pattern, 200 yard, with a w pattern, 300 yard, with a w pattern, 400 yard, with a w pattern, 500 yard, with a w pattern, 600 yard, with a w pattern, 700 yard, with a w pattern, 800 yard, with a w pattern, 900 yard, with a w pattern, 1000 yard, with a w pattern.

BAZAAR GOODS. All Reduced to Half Price. Ladies' Gowns at Half Price, Writing Cases at Half Price, Shaving Cases at Half Price, Plush Boxes at Half Price, Silverware at Half Price, Collar and Cuff Boxes at Half Price, Majolica Ornaments at Half Price, Whisk Holders at Half Price, Bronze Statuettes at Half Price, Faney Inkstands at Half Price, Leather Writing Cases at Half Price, Japanese Goods at Half Price, Dolls at Half Price.

LADIES' GOWNS. Reversible Cloth Wrappers, \$1.25. Lined Reversible Cloth Wrappers, \$2.00. Printed Canton Flannel Wrappers, \$2.70. Moleton Flannel Wrappers, \$2.70. Opera Flannel Wrappers, \$3.55.

SKIRTS. Quilted Lastra Skirts Reduced. Quilted Satin Skirts Reduced. Eiderdown Skirts Reduced. Chamois Lined Skirts Reduced. Balmain Skirts Reduced. Faney Felt Skirts Reduced. Heavy Silk Skirts Reduced. All Knitted Skirts Reduced.



MONTREAL, JANUARY 20, 1892.

CABOT.

THE POINTS WHERE HE LANDED.

The Claims of Newfoundland and Labrador as regards the 1st and 2nd Voyages—Hudson's Straits Visited.

When Columbus was making charts at Lisbon as a means of livelihood he dreamed of a country which he thought was a prolongation of the eastern shore of Asia. He lived to discover the land of his dreams but it was not a continuation of Asia. It was a new continent, stretching north and south from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circles. In like manner that other discoverer of renown, John Cabot, found another land than that which he expected. From over the waters of the great undiscovered seas there came to Cabot a vision of a country on which were blowing spicy breezes, and where silk, Brazil wood, gold and precious gems were in profusion. In his first voyage, 1497, he sought the land of his dream. The object of his second voyage, a year later had for its end the same. In these voyages Cabot discovered a land which gave him a conspicuous place as a discoverer. His discoveries, like most great events, have caused considerable controversy. This is in part due to the lack of facility or failure to appreciate the importance of such events by the chroniclers of the period in question.

In the Magazine of American History the Right Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D., F.A.S., has undertaken to settle the question as to the landfall of Cabot. There is much in the article that is argumentative, the writer being made the assertion in the opening paragraph that he proposed to establish his point before he let go. He has certainly done so to his satisfaction, at least. Dr. Howley is a Newfoundlander, and as he says in the tradition which has been held from time immemorial that "Bonavista, happy sight," was the landfall. And from that point of land he proceeds to establish his claim that somewhere in that section, on the coast of Newfoundland, John Cabot ran up the standards of England and of Venice or St. Mark. Leaving to the author his own well-arranged arguments, it is only necessary to present the story of voyages of discovery as they came so near getting the crown that rests on the brow of Columbus. The patent or commission of Henry VII. to

JOHN CABOT

and his three sons, Louis, Sebastian and Sanctus, is dated March 5, 1495, old style. The expedition did not set out at the far even in those days, there were quarrels between nations, Spain, so slow to give encouragement to its own enterprising discoverer, had, through the intrigues of the English court, insisted that the sailing of the Cabot expedition was delayed until the following year. The first Cabot expedition, consisting of one small ship, the "Matthew," left Bristol May 5, 1497. It was composed of eighteen men, and sailed from Bristol. As stated in a preceding paragraph, chronicles were not kept in those days but uncertain. So that all account of the first voyage of Cabot are meagre. Enough is known, and this is in accord with the article by Dr. Howley, to state with certainty that Cabot sailed east from Bristol, rounded the southeast coast of Ireland, bent to the north, and after a few days left the north to his right hand and began to sail west. His voyage consumed three months' time. On the return there was living in London a Venetian merchant, Lorenzo Masagiotto, who wrote to his brothers in Venice that "our countryman," meaning Cabot, had returned from a voyage, and that 700 leagues west he had discovered land. A letter from Don Raimondi Sencini, envoy of the Duke of Milan at the court of Henry VII. of England, was written about the same time as the one referred to above. The envoy was well acquainted with the Cabots. Raimondi wrote: "Some months since His Majesty sent a Venetian who is a great navigator and who has great skill in discovering new isles. He has returned safe and sound after having discovered two isles, very large and fertile. He places the discovery of the new land at 400 leagues from the west coast of Ireland. There are conflicting statements respecting this voyage, or the result of it, but all accounts agree that the first discovered on the voyage was that which now appears on the maps as Cape Farewell, on the lower points of Greenland. This being bleak and barren spot, also a headland, Cabot believed there was

AN OPEN OCEAN

an open ocean to the westward. He pushed on some three hundred leagues and again discovered land. This must have been either Labrador or Newfoundland. Dr. Howley is quite sure that the land was Newfoundland. It was discovered June 2, and was called by Cabot, St. John. The day of discovery was on St. John's day. From all the data obtainable, they are in support of the landfall of the first voyage, being on the east coast of Newfoundland. Old maps which are not regarded as accurate as one could wish, are also in support of this claim. The Discoverer returned by the same course. In 1498 the second voyage was made and we have something more tangible about that. In it we have some allusions to latitude which did not appear in the first account. It is agreed that Cabot in his second expedition had in view the same object that prompted him in the first, that was to find a passage to Cipango and Cathay, the imaginary land

of spices, of the silk and Brazil wood, of the gold and precious gems. Hence he made for the same place at which he discovered land on the previous voyage. This is made indisputable by a letter from Raimondi of Dec. 10, 1497, in which occur these words: "He (meaning Cabot) intends starting from the point already occupied the previous year, to go farther toward the east (meaning the west), coasting along all the time." This second expedition started on the beginning of May, 1498. It consisted of six vessels and 300 men. From all descriptions of the adventures of this second expedition, encountering large quantities of ice, days that were almost perpetual, the nights being very bright, the conclusion is inevitable that Cabot in his second voyage went very far north, near the seventieth degree of latitude. Ramusio, one of the writers of that voyage, says Cabot went as far north as 67°. Another writer, Gomara, wrote: "They went beyond or above

THE CAPE OF LABRADOR.

that is, Cape Chidley or Chudley, and even went farther than that—to the

Fortune, Cortereal, Fuego, Aveo, or Bird Island, Bonavista, Bonaventure, Buccalaos, Bay of Conception, St. Francis, Cape Spear, Fernieuse, Renouse, Cape Race (or De Rasso), St. Mary's, Cape Pine, Bay Despoir; and after these, coming to the island of Cape Breton, we have St. Paul's, Cape Smoky (Fumosos), Cape Breton, etc. As these names occur on those early maps shortly after Cabot's discovery, so do they exist to-day. There is no vestige of Prima Vista, no suspicion of a knowledge of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or the island of St. John (Prince Edward Island), so that until stronger proof be forthcoming it would be unreasonable, on such a doubtful one as this supposed map of Cabot, to upset the traditions which have been held unbroken for so many centuries, and which are founded on the most authentic records in our possession.

Important to Rich Men.

A rich man holds his wealth simply as a trustee between his maker and humanity. Unless he wants to become the slave of his money he must give it freely

HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

Native Fanatics in Insurrection Attack and Murder Missionaries and Christians Promiscuously.

Readers of the daily newspapers have recently been shocked at the accounts which have been published of the massacre of Christians in China by a band of native fanatics. At first the news received was of a very meagre character; and its authenticity was doubted. Now, however, it turns out that the terrible intelligence was only too true, as the following official despatch from the British minister will show:

"A revolt has broken out in the west of Jehol, which is situated near the Great Wall. It is being carried out by brigands, who have always been very numerous in the southern portion of the province of

country, ruthlessly massacring priests and nuns wherever they find them. At the demand of England, the Chinese Government has undertaken to adopt measures to secure protection to Europeans resident in the empire.

A Mother's Prayer.

There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire: "Do not forget to pray for me." She did not forget to do what he asked, but prayed for him morning and evening. One Wednesday afternoon his mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind—she could not tell why or how, but so it was—that her son was in great danger, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so; and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her

LA GRIPPE

AND HOW TO ESCAPE IT.

A Timely Article That May Save Many an Ache as Well as Doctor's Bills.

Deaths from La Grippe are occasionally recorded, and the idea is quite prevalent that it often threatens life. Alone there is not much danger from it except where the recuperative powers are low, as in individuals prostrated by other diseases, or in childhood and old age. Under better conditions, when death results it can almost always be attributed to other and graver diseases that occur during its course.

PNEUMONIA FOLLOWS IN THE WAKE.

Pneumonia is one of the most serious of these complications, and it would seem as though the relationships between it and La Grippe was a near one. It is doubtful, however, if they are even distantly related. Why, then, are they so often associated? This question has never been satisfactorily answered. Pneumonia, like La Grippe, is probably a germ disease. Moreover, certain investigators have found that what are accepted by many to be the germs of pneumonia abound in an atmosphere with the germs that they have thought to be those of La Grippe. If this is so, the frequent grave complication is easily accounted for. Hence, in the presence of an epidemic like La Grippe, when a host of powerful germs are floating about, it becomes all persons to look well to their means of defense, and strengthen them in every possible way.

The first important step is to see that all the vital organs are in condition to do their work easily and promptly. Commencing with the stomach, more than likely it will be found that this organ has been somewhat overtaxed, and if so, the most of others will be more or less sluggish. The remedy is easy; reduce the quantity of food and take only what is necessary to maintain health and strength. Restrict the diet, also, to substances that are nourishing and easy digestible.

Open also all the waste avenues, and in this way relieve the more or less congested organs and quicken their functional activity. If constipation exists, a laxative—as Hunyadi water—should be taken every morning, on rising, in half a pint of hot water.

EXERCISE AND PURE AIR.

Nothing can favor and strengthen nature's means of defense against disease more than exercise in pure air; therefore a brisk walk of from two to four miles should be taken each day; and as a matter of fact, so potent is this measure, when the disease is coming on it can often be aborted by a walk in heavy clothing, prolonged until a free perspiration has been produced.

The living, working and sleeping rooms should be kept well ventilated, for if the air breathed is impure the blood for the time being must inevitably be more or less impure, and the tone and resistance of the body lowered in consequence.

It should be borne in mind that the skin is not merely a covering for the body, but is an organ of vital importance; and unless it is kept in order, good health is simply impossible. Frequent bathing and friction with a coarse towel or flannel should be the rule. As a means of prevention, tepid sponge baths are better than full baths; and they should be taken just before retiring. If the skin is chilled it is crippled for a time; hence, in order to prevent this accident, it should be covered with woolen undergarments. As to the outer clothing, that should be the lightest possible, consistent with comfort; then exercise will be encouraged, whereas an excess of coverings must interfere with it.

Chilling of the feet is another danger which cannot be too strongly emphasized, for it is one of the influences that most frequently invite the occurrence of La Grippe as well as all other acute diseases of the air passages. Thick woollen stockings, thick boots, with thick soles, and walking exercise are the surest preventives against it.

A word as to alcoholic stimulants. They have been often prescribed in La Grippe, and not unnaturally, the idea is quite general that they are efficient preventives. Far from such happy effect, they render one much more liable to this disease, because of the depression which is inevitable after their use.

In these few simple hints are embodied the measures that are the greatest assistance to nature in warding off La Grippe. They are certainly easily employed, and those who try them may feel assured that they have done their best to strengthen their defenses, and that they will make a good fight if attacked.

Considering the fact that complications, in the form of grave diseases, are liable to occur during La Grippe, also, that that even in mild attacks there is often very much prostration and nervous shock, that leaves the victim greatly debilitated for a long time, it is obvious that the proper treatment should be applied early in every case. Also that such treatment should be entrusted to a physician. This is the only wise and safe course for the victims of the disease to pursue.

Magistrate: What are your means of support; Prisoner facetiously: Well, last night the policeman, was, your worship.

Flossie looking up from her history: Well, what I don't understand about Columbus discovering America is how he knew it was America when he'd never seen it before.



MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

sixty-seventh degree toward the pole—into Hudson's Strait. It is stated that encountering so much floating ice the men in the expedition became discontented and Cabot was obliged to put about and return to Baccalaos, the place of landfall, either Labrador or Newfoundland. Thence he coasted along southwardly and westwardly as far as Cuba until, as Peter Martyr says, he reached the latitude of the Straits of Hercules (Gibraltar), and he went so far as to have the Island of Cuba on his left hand, whence he returned to England. The author of the article in question is certain from all data within his reach, and it must be confessed that there appears to be a good deal of it, that had Cabot coasted northward on his second voyage he would have discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence and gone up the St. Lawrence River, thus robbing Jacques Cartier of the glory he achieved later. In conclusion, the assertion that Cabot's landfall was somewhere on the east coast of Newfoundland, about latitude 49 or 50, is substantiated by the great number of names, occurring in the exact order that is given on the earliest maps; as for example, Labrador,

until he feels that there is some sacrifice in the giving. My observation for a great many years has led me to have a strong opinion on that subject. It is for the good of the man himself that he should look at the subject from this point of view. I do not believe there is much philanthropy or charity in providing that your money shall be given after death, when you are unable to hold it. Better give of your means as you go along through life, leaving of your wealth to others who after you will, in the exercise of their stewardship, follow the same course.—Dr. Willis Jones.

Applicant: Did you advertise for an engraver. Jeweller: What experience? Applicant: I've engraved more people than any other undertaker in the West-End.

The Apostles who lived with Our Lord continually, and who were imbued with His spirit, are recorded to have had asked only two spiritual things of Him—prayer and faith. "Increase our faith," and "Teach us to pray." How much is implied in this!—Faber.

Potehili, and who are, in the present uprising unquestionably supported by the secret societies, and probably also by the Mahomedan Chinese of Mongolia. It is stated that the insurrection has attained considerable proportions, that two or three large cities have been taken, that several hundred natives, several of whom were Christians, have been massacred. There is, however, no confirmation, as yet, of the report that Europeans have been butchered. Six thousand soldiers, under the command of the principal officer of the province, have been sent by the Government to put down the revolt; and the Government is confident that they will succeed in this object. Sensational reports are being circulated every day, but up to the present they do not appear to be founded on fact. There is a British gunboat at Tien Tsin, and another at Ichang. Up to the time of writing there has been received no disquieting news from the Yang Tse region.

Later despatches announce that the rebels have been completely routed, and that Manchovrie has been proclaimed in a state of siege. Small bands of them, however, are advancing through the

son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger; he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army in the battle of Bullalora. Soldiers who stood on the right and left of him were shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away, and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint hit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even received a scratch.

Since the Italian Government took possession of Rome twenty-eight churches and chapels have been torn down, and twenty others converted to secular purposes. During the same period no less than thirty churches have been destroyed in Palermo. And yet there are Catholics who think the Pope has nothing to complain of!

God regards the motive and not the action. It is not the importance of the action that He considers, but the excellence of the intention which prompts it.—St. Gregory the Great.

THE QUEBEC MINISTRY.

BIographies OF THE MEMBERS.

A Brilliant Gathering of Provincial Talent.—A Truly National Representation.

The Hon. C. E. B. De Boucherville.
HON. CHARLES E. B. DE BOUCHERVILLE, M.D., President of the Council and First Minister is descended from Lieutenant Pierre Boucher, Sieur de Grosbois, Governor of Three Rivers in 1658, and founder of the seigniorie of Boucherville. He is a son of the late Hon. P. Boucher de Boucherville, a member of the Legislative Council of Canada, by Amelia, sister of the Hon. C. S. Bleury. He was born at Boucherville on May 4, 1822, and educated at St. Sulpice College, Montreal. He pursued his medical studies at Paris, where he graduated. His first entrance into public life was in 1861, when he was elected to the Canadian Assembly from Chambly, and he continued to represent the county until Confederation. In July, 1867, he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council of Quebec, which seat he has ever since held. He was a member of the Executive Council and Speaker of the Legislative Council from July 1877, until February, 1878, and was entrusted with the formation of a new cabinet on the resignation of the Hon. Mr. Oimet, which he accomplished on September 22, 1874. He continued in office until March, 1878, when his Government was dismissed by Mr. Letellier. He was called to the Senate in February, 1879.

Hon. J. S. Hall.
HON. JOHN S. HALL, JR., Treasurer, was born in Montreal, Aug. 7, 1853, and educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and at McGill University, where he graduated B.A. in 1874, and B.C.L. in 1875. He was called to the Bar in January, 1876, and appointed Q.C. in 1887. He was president of the University Literary Society, of the McGill Graduates Society, and of the Junior Conservative Club of Montreal. He is a member of the corporation of McGill University. He entered public life in 1886, when he was returned to the Legislative Assembly from Montreal West, and elected by acclamation in 1890.

Hon. J. A. Nantel.
HON. J. A. NANTEL, Commissioner of Public Works, is descended from an old French family of navigators from Dieppe. He is a son of G. Nantel, one of the first settlers in St. Jerome, and was born in that village on Nov. 4th, 1852. He was educated at the Seminary of St. Therese, and studied law with Mr. Justice Belanger and the Hon. J. A. Oimet, with whom he subsequently practised in partnership for three years. In 1875 he was called to the Bar and was in practice as an advocate and editor of *Le Nord*, a colonization journal published at St. Jerome, until 1887. He was afterwards assistant editor of *La Minerve*, and is now chief editor of *La Presse*. His first entry into public life was at the general elections in 1882, when he was returned to the House of Commons from Terrebonne, but in August of that year he retired to make way for the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and was elected to the legislative Assembly, which position he has since held.

Hon. T. C. Casgrain.
HON. THOMAS CHASE CASGRAIN, Q.C., Attorney General, a member of one of the oldest French families in Canada, is a son of Senator Casgrain, of Windsor, Ont. He was born in Detroit in July, 1852, and received his education at the Seminary of Quebec and at Laval University, where he graduated in 1877 as master in laws, and took the Duffin medal. He was appointed Q.C. in 1887. He is professor of criminal law at Laval University, and was granted the degree of Doctor of Laws by that University in 1883. He has represented the Crown during several terms of the Court of Queen's Bench, and was junior counsel for the Crown at the trial of Riel at Regina. He was first returned to the Assembly in 1886, and in 1890 did not seek re-election.

Hon. E. J. Flynn.
FLYNN, HON. EDMUND JAMES, Q. C., LL.D., Quebec, ex-M.P.P. for Gaspé county, is a native of the county he so ably represented for twelve years and more in the Quebec Legislature, having been born at Perce, on the 16th of November, 1847. His father, the late James Flynn, who was of Irish descent, was during his lifetime a trader and farmer in Perce, the place of his birth. His grandfather was born a century ago, it is said, on the journey from Ireland and settled down in Perce as merchant, where he did an extensive business and filled also the position of preventive officer in H. M. Customs. There are now four generations of this family in Canada, and they have become, by marriage with French Canadians, their education and social relations, thorough Canadian in the proper sense of the word. His mother, Elizabeth Tostevin, was also a native of Perce, though her father was from the island of Guernsey, one of the English channel islands in Europe, where Mr. Flynn has many relatives on his mother's side. His mother's ancestors are from old Normandy and of French extraction. The Hon. Mr. Flynn was educated at the Quebec Seminary and at the Laval University, Quebec, graduating with honors, having taken at Laval the degree of master-in-law (LL.L.), in July, 1873. And Laval again, in 1878 presented him with the degree of LL.D. He adopted law as a profession, and in September, 1878, he was called to the bar of Quebec, and has ever since continued to practise as barrister, etc., in the ancient capital. Previous to this time, he, from 1867 to 1869, held the positions of deputy-registrar, deputy-prothonotary, deputy clerk of the Circuit Court of the Crown and of the Peace, for the county of Gaspé, conjointly with that of secretary-treasurer of Perce municipality. He has been a professor of Roman Law in Laval University since 1874. From the 29th of October 1879, to the 31st of July, 1882, he was Commissioner of Crown Lands for the province of Quebec; commissioner of

railways, from the 11th of February, 1884, till July, 1885, and Solicitor General from the 12th May, 1885, till the 20th of January, 1887. When the Hon. Mr. Taillon formed his cabinet after the resignation of the Ross administration, the Hon. Mr. Flynn felt himself bound to decline a portfolio in Mr. Taillon's cabinet, on the ground that he did not consider that the latter could command the confidence of the House, and it was not possible to expect another dissolution. Mr. Flynn had, on the same ground, declined, in 1879, a portfolio in the Joly Government. He has, on the 21st December now last, entered the De Boucherville administration as Commissioner of Crown Lands, resuming thereby his old department, with which he had already thoroughly familiarized himself. The Hon. Mr. Flynn was made a Queen's Counsel in 1887. He has taken an active part in political affairs for the past eighteen years and has been a candidate at ten different elections, nine of which were in the County of Gaspé. First in 1874, when he presented himself as a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons at Ottawa, but afterwards withdrew from the field when he was made a professor in Laval University, it being considered incompatible to hold both offices. Again in 1875 and 1877, for the Quebec Legislature, when he was defeated after a very severe contest, there being only small majorities against him, especially in 1877. This election he contested, and unseated his opponent; and, the following year, on the 29th of April, he was elected by acclamation. On his en-

buency, against the greatest array of electioneering forces that this country had ever witnessed. Mr. Mercier literally stormed the county with stump orators, agents, canvassers, all furnished with all the means necessary to seduce the people. Bribery, corruption, treating, illegal methods, promises of all kinds, were resorted to to defeat the candidate of the people, and, unfortunately for the county, a majority was found to elect Achille Carrier, a young unfledged barrister of Quebec. The Hon. Mr. Flynn then resolved to remain quietly in the exercise of his profession for sometime, and although it was very easy to have the election of July 1890 set aside, he declined to interfere in the contestation himself and left to Providence to appoint the hour when full justice would be done to him, and his old constituents realize clearly the mistake they had made and the loss sustained by them and the Province generally. In spite of his determination to remain out of active politics for some time, when the Dominion elections took place in February and March, 1891, the electors of the County of Quebec, Sir Adolphe Caron's old division, after many entreaties induced Mr. Flynn to run for that County, which he did. The contest lasted 14 days and it is stated by men who witnessed the fight that never candidate showed more activity, energy and capacity to grapple with enormous difficulties than Mr. Flynn did. Corruption, however, was too strong for him, and his eloquence and the enthusiasm which his speeches aroused could not prevent the return of his adversary, Mr. Fremont, by a

the exercise of their franchise, which had been affected by the interference of certain large commercial firms. In the Legislature, the part played by Hon. Mr. Flynn has been most prominent, as regards constitutional questions in particular. He has won for himself the well deserved reputation of being a strong and energetic upholder of constitutional liberty; in proof of this, it will suffice to refer to his noble and manly defence of the liberty of the press in the case of the *Novelliste*, in 1885, and his most eloquent speech on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, etc. His attention has been given to many other subjects of importance, such as that of colonization, which he has always endeavored to promote. He is the author of a Homestead law for the benefit of settlers. His administration of the Crown Lands was marked with an increase in the revenue, increase in the value of timber limits, mineral lands, and by many useful rules and regulations calculated to promote colonization and the welfare of the many persons in the province who are occupiers of the crown lands. Many other important measures were framed by him and carried through the Legislature by him, namely: The Quebec General Mining Act of 1880; several acts concerning the crown lands, railways, the protection of forests, and encouragement of planting of trees, etc. He has also always taken a most lively interest in the question of the construction of a railway from Metapedia, on the Intercolonial Railway, to Paspébiac and Gaspé Basin. Grants in lands were secured in 1882, whilst he was Commis-

sioner of Agriculture in 1882 and 1883. In January, 1884, he was appointed Attorney General, which office he held till January, 1887, when he was Premier from January 25 to January 27. He was leader of the Opposition from then to 1890. Mr. Taillon is one of the most honorable men in Canada's public life. He occupies a seat in the new Cabinet without portfolio.

Hon. Louis Beaubien.
The Hon. LOUIS BEAUBIEN, Commissioner of Agriculture, is a son of Dr. Pierre Beaubien, of the University of Paris, by Dame Justine Casgrain, daughter of Perre Casgrain, seigneur of Riviere Ouelle. His father represented Montreal from 1841 to 1844, and Chambly from 1848 to 1851 in the Canadian Assembly. He was born July 27, 1837, and in 1864 married a daughter of the late Sir Andrew Stuart, of Quebec. His education was received at St. Sulpice College, Montreal. Mr. Beaubien has devoted himself principally to agricultural affairs and to the management of his landed property which is extensive. He has been a member of the Agricultural Council of the Province and president of the Agricultural Society of Hochelaga. Was a captain in the old Chasseurs Canadiens. Mr. Beaubien was an active promoter of the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway, of which he was vice-president and also a promoter of the Laurentides Railway. Elected in 1867 to the Legislative Assembly by the county of Hochelaga, he held the seat until 1886, when he retired. He also represented the county in the House of Commons from 1872 until

Minister of Militia in the Federal Parliament, and in 1880 he accepted the presidency of the Council of the Order of the Patriote. He resigned owing to ill health. He represented the county of Terrebonne from 1867 to 1882, when he was named Senator. He was a Legislative Council member. On the dismissal of Hon. Mr. Mousseau he was called to form a Ministry, but was obliged to resign owing to bad health. He was Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec from Nov. 1884 until Oct. 1887. He was named Senator in February 1890.

Hon. John McIntosh.
HON. JOHN MCINTOSH, JR., Minister without Portfolio, was born of Scotch parents, in the County of Laprairie, in 1842. He was for some years manager of the Canadian Meat and Stock Raising Company, and has lately been largely engaged in the export of produce and cattle to England. He was first returned to the Legislative Assembly at the general elections in 1886, and was re-elected at last general elections.

ABOUT ALTAR BOYS.

An Open Letter from One Who Knows Them.

It is my lot—perhaps I ought to say my happy lot—to be quite well acquainted, and in fact to have a good deal to do with a certain set of altar-boys. Yet I grieve to say that it is not always a happy lot. There are less than two dozen of them, from nine years of age to seventeen, and I have reason to think they are tolerably good altar-boys; but—they might be so much better.

Sometimes I get them together—the process resembling that of getting so many little rolling balls of mercury together—and try to tell them what a real earnest altar-boy ought to be. I tell them of the Blessed Sacrament, patron of servers at the holy altar; and of St. Stanislaus and St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans, who loved so dearly to serve Mass, and who were so quiet and recollected in church, and so devout at prayer. I tell them how the angels feel a holy envy of them at their sacred duty, and how the sanctuary is full of angels, pressing reverently around the altar, and how a priest, whom some of them perhaps have seen, told his little server one day, that they two were the happiest people in the church, because they came nearest to our Lord.

But at first the boys think it hard to listen, and though sometimes, when they do listen, their faces grow very serious, and you can see they are touched by what they hear,—alas! as we all know, a boy's memory is very short, and presently saints and angels seem quite forgotten for the sake of some silly whisper to a comrade, some idle laugh or wandering gaze, some foolish bit of fun.

Now if I may be permitted to speak from some ten years' experience with the race of altar-boys, the truth comes very readily from two things.

First, the boys do not recognize sufficiently the dignity of their position. Give any one of those seventeen boys, whom, Sunday after Sunday, it is my privilege, but also my trial, to meet—give any one of them an important errand to do. Each one, I am confident, would be likely to fulfil it in a satisfactory and manly fashion. So what I claim is that each one could do the same in his holy calling, could we bring him to understand how important that calling is.

But second, they need systematic training in this. An altar-boy is something more than a machine to speak Latin, and carry croets, and light candles; he is something more than an ordinary Sunday-school scholar. He stands apart from all other boys in view of everybody's eye; he needs a special grace, this altar-boy, who, whether he be seven or seventeen, is just the age his Lord was once, and who ought to remember that, and also how very near to our Lord's body and blood he comes.

We owe our own debt of respect and thanks to these faithful little fellows, coming sturdily through all weathers in the early morning, at 6 o'clock or 6.30 or 7 or 8, to serve Mass. We ought to pray for them, and not be too hard on them if sometimes they do not act like angels. Nevertheless, they might be harder on themselves. Let them think over this fact carefully, that they need a great grace to do such work as theirs.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

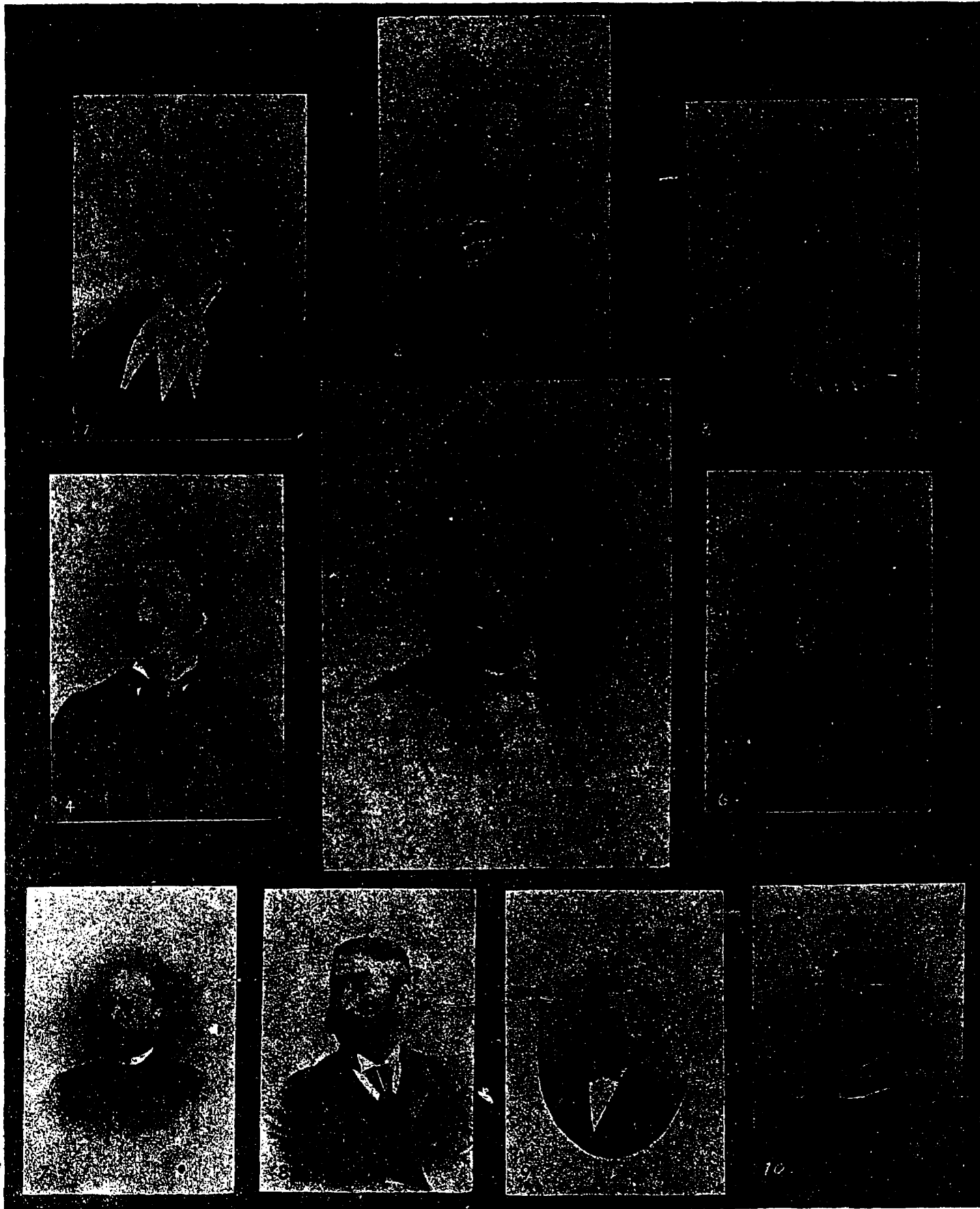
Modern Heathens.

They had a regular Kilkenny cat fight in the Anglican church in Newry, North of Ireland, a few days ago. The combatants were the rector and eleven vestrymen; and the innocent cause of the war was an altar (?) cloth bearing the letters I.H.S. These obnoxious letters, it appears, had long been a source of division and strife in the congregation; and the contention for the possession of the cloth ended during the service in a veritable tug-of-war. (Of course the rector was no match for the eleven muscular vestrymen, and so they soon bested the man of God, and bore away in triumph the braided emblem of a "Popish superstition," which they tore into smithereens. I.H.S.—*Jesus Hominum Salvator*—(Jesus, Saviour of Men) was not wanted in that Protestant conventicle in the "black North."—*Catholic Union.*

"Forensic Bullies"—A Protest.

There is a correspondence going on in the Irish Times on a "cross-examination." One correspondent writes: "I have lately been defrauded of a large sum of money, and have had my securities appropriated by a defaulting broker. Shall I prosecute him? Certainly not. He has immensely wealthy relatives, who could afford to secure the well-paid services of the requisite number of forensic bullies, and his defence would, no doubt, be nobly conducted. I might obtain his conviction and punishment, but this is not so certain that I should myself be treated as a fool and a liar, and a greater rogue than he. I should have the court with burning desire to crush his counsel, and as I am none of the prize-fighters and could not hope to gratify my decided to leave the matter alone."

Light entertainment—*Amusements*—*Fun.*



THE QUEBEC CABINET.

1—Hon. T. C. CASGRAIN. 2—Hon. E. J. FLYNN. 3—Hon. J. S. HALL. 4—Hon. LOUIS BEAUBIEN. 5—Hon. C. E. B. DEBOUCHERVILLE (Premier). 6—Hon. L. O. TAILLON. 7—Hon. L. J. R. MASSON. 8—Hon. JOHN MCINTOSH. 9—Hon. J. A. NANTEL. 10—Hon. L. P. PELLETIER.

tering the Chapleau Cabinet in the fall of 1879, as Commissioner of Crown Lands, he was again elected by acclamation. At the general election held in 1881, Mr. Flynn was once more elected by acclamation. On his accepting office in the Ross Cabinet in 1884, which necessitated an appeal to his constituents, he was stoutly opposed by Major John Slous, but he beat this gentleman by a majority of 938 votes. At the general election held in October, 1886, he once more presented himself for election, and was returned by acclamation by his old friends at Gaspé. After the formation of the Mercier Government, in January, 1887, Mr. Flynn went into opposition and fought the battle of the conservative party in and outside of the House, with all the energy and talents which even his most determined adversaries recognize in him, until the dissolution of Parliament and the general elections of 1890. In July of this year, after the crushing defeat of the conservative party, brought on by the appeals to national and other sectional cries, and a general system of corruption of the most unblushing nature on the part of the Mercier Government and party, the Hon. Mr. Flynn had the courage to stand almost alone as candidate in his old consti-

comparatively small majority. The Liberal candidate had carried the same County by 781 majority in the local elections of 1890. Mr. Flynn had not unfortunately the aid required. He succumbed bravely, and again resumed, as if nothing had occurred to disturb the tranquility of his mind, the exercise of his profession. Be it said, en passant, that never has there been a lawyer whose success has been greater than his during this year of active and constant attention to his business.

Useless to say that Mr. Flynn's habits are those of the student and scholar, and the thought of resuming active political life by entering into the DeBoucherville Government has done violence to his most intimate feelings. His friends are aware in Quebec that he hesitated very much to accept office, and nothing else than an imperative sense of duty induced him to yield to the pressing invitation of his friends, and again commence anew the battle of active political life.

The Hon. Mr. Flynn has always been in principle a Liberal-Conservative. By his first struggles in the county of Gaspé he succeeded in securing for the electors complete freedom and independence in

sioner of Crown Lands, and the same were converted into money grants, under his auspices, as Commissioner of Railways. He believes that in the construction of this line rests the future welfare of the population of the Gaspé Peninsula. His travels have been always directed towards the acquisition of a complete knowledge of Canada and the different parts thereof. In religion he is a Roman Catholic. He was married on the 11th May, 1875, to Marie Mathilde Augustine, daughter of Augustin Cote, editor of *Le Journal de Quebec*, and niece to the late Hon. Joseph Cauchon, heretofore Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, etc. He has had eleven children, of whom nine are still living. He resides in Quebec city.

Hon. L. O. Taillon.
The Hon. LOUIS OLIVER TAILLON, Q.C., was born at Terrebonne Sept. 26, 1840, and educated at Masson college; was called to the Bar in 1865, and named a Q.C. in 1882. He was first returned to the Legislative Assembly for Montreal East in 1875, and held the seat till 1886, when he was defeated, chiefly by use of the Riel cry by his opponent's. The latter year he was returned for Montreal, and in 1890 was defeated in Jacques Cartier. He was Speaker of the Legis-

1874, when dual representation was abolished. He was speaker of the Legislative Assembly from Nov. 1876, until April 1878. Since 1886 he has not taken an active part in public affairs.

Hon. L. P. Pelletier.
HON. L. P. PELLETIER, Provincial Secretary, was born at Trois Pistoles, County Temiscouata, and educated at the college of St. Anne and at Laval University. He was called to the Bar in 1884, and acted as Crown prosecutor at Quebec for some years. He is president of the National Conservative Association of the province, replacing the late Senator Trudel. In 1887 he was appointed to the Legislative Council, but a year later he resigned and was elected to the Assembly from Dorchester, which county he still represents.

Hon. L. J. R. Masson.
The Hon. L. J. R. MASSON is the fourth son of the late Hon. Jos. Masson. He was born at Terrebonne on the 7th Nov. 1838. He commenced his studies at Jesuit College, Georgetown and Worcester, and concluded at St. Hyacinthe. In November 1859, he was admitted to the Bar. In 1878, he was appointed

DUBLIN

VISITED AND DESCRIBED ONCE MORE.

"A Handsomer Town it is impossible to see on a Summers-Day."

O bay of Dublin! girded about with low, green hills, whose tops are swathed in mist, and whose gentle slopes ooze perpetually. How eagerly I watched for your undiscovered shores to shape themselves out of the great cloud that lay upon the face of the waters!

THE GREEN MANTLE;

and but for the prodigal rains, how would it keep it color? As for Dublin, the not too flattering Thackeray has said of it: "A handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day."

OUT OF THE RAIN.

—chatting gaily with one another. Ah! what rare chatting there must have been in those days when there is so much of its palatable flavor left even to these times! My search was vain: I found only trim walks, under the sharp eyes of a half-score of officials, and a penitentiary order to refrain from smoking on the premises.

I FOUND THE NAME

of the gentleman who had but recently interred his mother-in-law. His comments were brief, but no doubt heart-felt; he wrote: "I am entirely satisfied with everything in this place!"

and a scarlet waistcoat, and stumpy pipe stuck in his hatband. Trinity College is large, stately and colorless, with bare quadrangles and a general air of nakedness that would make it an eyesore were it in Oxford or Cambridge.

HEAD AND FRONT OF OLD TRINITY;

and not a tutor in the land—nay, nor rector either—but may uncover as he passes. In the refectory at Trinity are portraits of distinguished Irishmen, each subject painted in the very attitude in which he distinguished himself—at least so it would appear.

THE FLEETING HOURS.

and the exiles of Erin who go into sunnier lands seeking health, and succeeding only in prolonging their misery! Would you believe it?—St. Patrick's Well, the very well wherein he baptized the first royal convert, is hidden under the pavement of a Protestant cathedral!

AND TANGLED COPSE.

It is as wild as nature, and much wilder than the deer that roam over it, feeding like sheep in flocks of a hundred or two together. You come upon small lakes as you wander, and now and again upon a stream nearly hidden in the dense brush.

through which you enter the pretty little village of the Strawberry Beds. This ravine is literally choked with garrulous beggars. They assail you the moment you alight from your carriage, and, in fact, long before: for their heads are thrust in at the windows—queer old heads, done up in clumsy, weather-stained hoods, with queer old faces buried two inches deep in ruffles.

MERELY ON ACCOUNT.

A long lane, winding under the steep slope of a hill and by the margin of a stream, is the sole thoroughfare of the famous Strawberry Beds. One-story stone cottages, whitewashed without and within, and having the small square windows full of geraniums and nasturtiums, line each side of the road.

BIICYCLE V. TIGER.

BY LAURA E. STARR.

I was always very fond of bicycling, and from the time when I was a small boy and labored for hours with a bone shaker to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever made, I revelled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours, which should have been otherwise occupied, on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us going "up country." Our regiment was always on the move, and parties of one kind or another were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

One evening after mess, Fred and I signed articles to ride a ten-mile race. There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing-board. It lay through the open plain, and then a deserted track was reached, becoming wilder as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle.

ing home. In about an hour I reached my usual halting place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle. Now for the race home. Dismounting I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was, too. Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun; here a waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain side and twining in and out among the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle vista.

As I rose my eyes encountered something which made me start and nearly drop my bicycle. There, not forty yards off, was a tiger I knew the animal well enough; but how different he looked from the lean, half-starved little beast I had seen at home. He had just come into the open space from a dense jungle-brake, and sat there washing his face and purring in a contented sort of way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened? Not a atom; I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him it was a pity. He had not seen me yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature and then quietly mounted (the tiger was directly on my right while the road stretched away in front of me). The noise I made roused him; he looked up and then after deliberately stretching himself, came leaping with longed, graceful bounds over the rank grass and rocks which separated him from the road. He did not seem a bit angry, but evidently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now; so I pulled myself together and began to quicken my pace.

Would he stop disgusted after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I looked behind me. By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I could not judge the distance, but at any rate I was not further from him than when we started. Now for a spurt. I rode the next half-mile as hard as I could, but on again looking round found I had not gained a yard.

The tiger was on my track, moving with a long swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now; it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute. I could only do my best and trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intentions; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to a roar which made the ground tremble. Another mile had been traversed and the brute was slowly but surely closing up.

I dashed my punch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds; but he kept steadily on, and I felt it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four my pursuer, I knew, must reach me. Oh, the agony of those minutes, which seemed like long hours!

Another mile passed, then another. I could hear him behind me now, pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us! How enormous the brute looked, and how terrible! His huge tongue hung out, and the only sound he made was a continual hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes seemed to literally flash fire.

It was like some awful nightmare, and with a shudder I bent down over the handles and I flew on.

As I now sit quietly in my chair writing, I find it hard to analyze the crowd of memories that went crashing through my brain during that fearful ride. I saw long-forgotten events in which I had taken part rise up distinctly before me; and while every muscle was racked with my terrible exertion, my mind was clear and my life seemed to pass before me like one long panorama.

On, on, on! the slightest slip, I knew would be fatal; a sudden jolt, a screw giving, and I should be hurled to instant death.

Human strength could not stand much more; the prolonged strain had told upon me, and I felt it would soon be over. My breath came in thick sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes—I was stopping; my legs refused to move, and a thousand fiends seemed to be flitting about me, holding me back, back! A weight like lead was on my chest; I was choking, I was dying. Then a few moments which seemed a life time, and then—crash—with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground. Then I heard shots fired, a Babel of men's voices, and all was blank.

After many days of unconsciousness and raging fever, reason gradually returned, and I learned the particulars of my deliverance.

A party of officers had started with a shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap

which had been prepared for the tiger. A goat was tethered on the outskirts of the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to take up positions in the trees near to wait for their game, which the bleat of the goat in the stillness of the night, would speedily have attracted.

They were talking of our coming bicycling race as they went along, and expecting every moment to meet me on my return journey. As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight about a quarter of a mile in front of them whirling along in a cloud of dust, which had my terrible pursuer. They soon, however, saw my awful danger. The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled itself upon me just as we reached them.

My friends stood almost petrified with terror, and did not dare to fire; but the shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accustomed to face sudden danger of all kinds in the hunting field, sprang quickly to within a yard of the tiger, and, putting his rifle almost to the animal's ear, fired twice and blew its brains out, just in time to save my life. I was drawn from under the palpitating body of my dead enemy, every one present believing it was all up with me.

Making a litter of boughs they carried me into the camp, where I lay for many weeks lingering between life and death.

ANTIQUITY OF CHILDREN'S GAMES.

"I Spy." Dates Back to the Second Century After Christ.

BUT every now and then in town one sees on summer nights the babies of the poor tucked away on friendly door-steps, while the elder children on the flag-stones dance and sing in magic rings. Such good times as they have, even without the meadows! They play the same games, too, and that is the wonderful part of it. For all over the world, and for hundreds of years, the very same games exactly have been played by little children. That is, in Norway, France, Germany, or New England, in Italy or Ireland, the same games have been played, though in different languages. So that the little children in reality have kept alive some of the very interesting traditions of the world. For instance, you have all played, I am sure—I know I played it many times as a child—that good old game of

Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows— (oats, peas, beans, and barley grows; How you nor I, nobody knows— Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows.

With all the rest of its fascinating verses. Now Froissart, who was born in 1337, played that game; and so did Rabelais, who was born about 1483. And the game has hardly been altered at all since their day. Some people say this game has its origin in some religious ceremony that was performed when the fields were planted.

Here is this game. "Marlow, Marlow, Marlow bright, How many miles to Babylon?" "Turoscore and ten?" "Can I get there by candlelight?" "Yes, if your feet are as long and light; But take care of the old witch by the roadside."

The maids of honor in the time of Queen Elizabeth played that game. How strange it seems! But the game was very fashionable among them, though nowadays only little children play it, and sometimes even they think themselves too grown up for it.

But "I spy" (pronounced Hee spy) children played that game in the second century after Christ. It makes one feel a certain importance—does it not?—to play a game with such a line of traditions behind it.

In this most delightful of books Mr. Nowell gives the history of all these games, and you may think this even better, he gives the games themselves, and those fascinating verses children all loved so well in my day. With what despair we used to be filled when some one learnt a new one and would not tell! Here is one that used to bother us at first:

Intery, mintery, cutery corn. Apple seed and apple thorn. Wire, brier, humber-lock. Five mice in a flock. Catch him, Jack! Hold him, Tom! Blow the bellows, Old man out.

I wonder if any of you count your apple seeds now? And do you ever play this game?

He knocks at the door and picks up a pin, And asks if Miss is in. She neither is, he neither is out. She is in the garret a-walking about. Down she comes as white as milk. A rose in her bosom as soft as silk. She takes off her glove, and shows me a ring. To-morrow, to-morrow, the wedding begins.

They all seem very absurd set down here in black and white, but how serious we used to get over them! I can remember the voices, and remember the faces, too, so well of the boys and girls who used to sing:

A. B. so they say. Aes a-courting night and day. Sword and pistol by his side. And — to be his bride. Takes her by the lip-white hand, And leads her o'er the water. Here's a kiss, and there's a kiss For Mr. ———'s daughter.

A USEFUL HINT

For Country Girls Who Sigh for the Attractions of City Life.

I received a letter the other day in which the writer said: "Amber, I want to come to the city and earn my living. Can you help me to secure something to do?" I felt like posting back the quick answer, "Stay where you are," but upon second thought I didn't. The child is bound to come, and advice is thrown away on moths, sea-gulls and head-strong girls. The light attracts them, and out of the dew, the calm spaces of the sky and the shelter of humble homes, they fly to certain destruction. Heaven may intervene in the case of this girl, but she has about an even chance with the moths and the gulls. She will drift into a third-rate boarding house, perhaps, here in the city, than which if there is anything meaner let us pray! The "masher" and the rat share alike in pre-empting a claim upon everything fresh and appetizing that enters the portal of that door. If she is pretty, her knowledge of the world will have to take a sudden boom to keep her out of the snare of the evil one. If she is homely she will find the doors of opportunity doubly closed against her. If she is smart she may succeed in earning enough to pay her board bill and have sufficient margin left to buy an occasional paper of American pins! Chicago is over-full already. There are five dozen claimants for every place. Did you ever see anyone throw a handful of corn into a poultry yard full of hungry chickens? A flutter, a flash, a cyclone of feathers, one universal gulp—and where is the corn? Is there one chicken out of forty who can contentedly fold its wings and say, "I am satisfied?" There may be one, but how about the other thirty-nine? The kernels don't begin to go round, my dear, and even if they did, what does one kerne' amount to in nourishing a hungry chicken? Stay where you are, girls, if possible. Be content to gain an occasional trout in the home brook, without setting out to cruise for whales in a frozen sea. A big city is a cruel place for young lives. The living that is earned at the expense of innocence, happiness and faith comes dear. I would rather be a hired girl in a town where somebody knows me and takes an interest in me than the "sleslady" in a store, or typewriter and stenographer where they don't pay enough salary for my indifferer work to keep me in shoe buttons. Of course, all this applies to girls who are not fitted either by native gifts or education to do first-class work. There is generally a moderately good demand for good work, but there are comparatively few applicants for the top places. And yet, I happen to know a young artist whose brush is a fairy brush, whose dreams are ideal dreams and whose ability is first-class, who has nearly starved to death right here in Chicago in the endeavor to support herself by painting pictures. Her roses lack nothing but perfume and the ability to take root, but they don't sell. God pity us all, to what are we coming if the mills don't shut down! What with open gates of emigration and the terrible ratio of increase in population, the country is doomed to the curse that follows the blight of overproduction. Close the gates, somebody, and shut down the mills.—AMERICAN IN CHICAGO HERALD.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The following story appeared in the columns of the Spectator: An Irish peasant brought a litter of kittens to a Protestant vicar in a certain town in county Wicklow, requesting him to purchase them. The vicar declined. "Your reverence, they are good Protestant kittens," urged the man, but his reverence remained obdurate. A few days after, the Catholic priest (who had meanwhile been informed of the offer to his brother clergyman) was approached, and on his refusing to make a purchase, the would-be seller urged a sale: "Sure, father dear, they are good Catholic kittens," "But how is this, my man?" replied the priest: you said a day or two ago they were good Protestant kittens." "And so they were," said the peasant, "but their eyes weren't opened." This recalls to mind the old story of the Irishman who held the position of gardener at a Protestant rectory. The clergyman one day attacked him about the devotion shown by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin: "You know my man," he said, "that she was only a woman and a creature of God just like my mother." "A right well, I know it," replied he, "but may even your reverence would allow, meaning no offence to your honor, that there was a mighty difference in the sons."

Endavour to always be patient of the faults and imperfections of others, for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thine own that require a reciprocation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how must thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will?—Thomas A' Kempis.

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