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Chats with the Children

Not first at tilt or tournament, Can make a stainless knight, But he who nobly scorns the wrong, And bravely dares the light.

No proud lineage he may boast, Or high ancestral fame, A King among a thousand men, His rank—an honored name.

No haughty in his bearing, But unadorned grace, And well may child or woman trust That noble, manly face.

Should fickle fortune frown on him, And hopes once obliterated die, The strong man modestly come his head, Nor leaves one murrain ring sigh.

And thus, with calm untroubled mien, Such men this earth have trod— Heedless of "Nature's gentlemen," The noblest work of God.

AN INDIAN GAME. When not on the warpath, or engaged in hunting, western Indians spend much of their time in various games or contests of skill.

Of these contests, one of the most popular is flying the arrow, a sport to which the Indians of all tribes devote considerable time and attention.

When this game is proposed, each of those who wish to join in it lays on the ground some thing of small value, such as a pipe, quiver of arrows, and he who can send up the greatest number, before the first touches the ground, wins the game and the prizes.

NAMING THE CHILDREN OVER. "I have three children to name over," said Mrs. Drew one day, "and I shall name them Half Done, Almost Done, and Done."

Jasper looked behind his mother's chair with a guilty look. "He, I am sure, was Half Done, for as quick as lightning he thought of his pigeon-house, begun as soon as he had his new box of tools, and never tooted of his aunt's flower-land, which had the stick, and that was all; of the latch he began to mend, and left; of his geometry, which he missed, because it was only half learned; of the mittens which he lost, because they were only half in his pocket, and worse than all of Zebra, the horse that ran off, and broke the carriage, because he was only half harnessed. Jasper, I say, quick as a dash, thought of all these, and shrunk back, more than certain that 'Half Done' was his name. If all his thought was true, did he not deserve it?"

"You mean me," said Lucy. "Mean you for what?" asked her mother. "For Almost Done," said Lucy, blushing. "I was almost done dressing when breakfast was ready. I was almost to school when it began. I had almost done my letter to papa when it was time to send it. I had almost finished 'Golden Threads' when Jane came for it. Oh, dear! I ought to be Almost Done in quite as bad as Half Done, and a great deal more provoking because you see, just a little more trying would have done me."

"Almost cost King Agrippa his soul," said Lucy's mother. "He was almost persuaded to be a Christian, after hearing St. Paul preach; but then the poor king stopped—Alma, but not altogether. Poor Agrippa I am so sorry for him."

"And are you sorry for me?" asked Lucy softly. "Yes, my darling; because 'almost' stops short of reaching the end of what you may most desire and need. Your feet are turned towards the Lord, but they will not get to Him. Your eyes are looking towards heaven; but 'almost' will leave you this side of the Beautiful Gate, and this side is outside, where you would not be left, my child."

"No, mother, I do not want to be left out," she said. "I will put away 'almost' and take up 'altogether' for 'altogether' means done, I suppose. Who of us is 'Done'?"

"Who is?" asked mother. "Arthur," cried Lucy and Jasper at once. "Arthur does, Arthur finishes." Arthur looked up surprised and pleased, as his brother and sister willingly accorded the credit due him.

How many times they had seen him, small boy as he was, cipher for an hour, scribbles scribbling out and writing figures over and over again, until at last he would bring his small fat whisk on the table, shouting, "It is done!"

The whole given the name of a character and title of a book together

CONJURINGS. If your mare ran away and you wanted a negro servant to catch her, what name famous in history would you mention?

CHANGED WORDS. First, carpenter's accessories, second, a herb; third, a walking stick; fourth, a biblical character, fifth, a sweet odour; sixth, a piece of money.

Answers to Puzzles, Nov. 17th.

TRANSPERIMENT. Ian MacLaren. A POT OF PEAS. 1. Page, ago. 2. Pair, air. 3. Palo, ale. 4. Paut, aut. 5. Part, art. 6. Par, ear. 7. Plow, now. 8. Pair, star. 9. Put, out. 10. Puff, off. 11. Peel, oil. 12. Plot, lot.

CHARADE. Wind—fall. P. J. Moran, 3. F. McCarthy, 2.

MARKS. No family living in a billion country should be without Paronello's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Paronello, 215 Madison St., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Paronello's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

SUMMER ZEPHYRS. An old warrior was asked the following question: "You have never been afraid, general?" "Never. Except of a pair of boots was that?"

Claud: "I suppose Miss Quiver said through her nose beautifully." Maud: "No, she broke on the upper notes." Claud: "Wrecked on the high C's, eh?"

Bibbs: "That fellow to whom I nodded will probably cut me the next time he sees me." Slobba: "Why?" Bibbs: "He's my barber, and he's horribly careless."

You keep your lawn in lovely condition, Mrs. Trimmer. "Yes; the Blinksers have a new lawn-mower. The one they used to send us last summer was a disgrace to the neighbourhood."

"We had a great revival in our congregation," said a prominent minister to a friend. "I rejoice to hear it," said his friend. "How many did you say?" "We did not add any," replied the minister. "We got rid of five."

"I dunno," remarked Plute Pote. "I'm beginning to feel kind of doubtful about that case." "Ye mean about that case that we've tended to?" "Yes." "But he confessed." "I know it. An' it wasn't till he confessed that I had doubts. There ain't no circumstances whatsoever under which I'll take his word for anything."

Those She-wolf Fortune Tellers. They had the fortunes told by scientific methods—separately. Just their marriage should be suspected—and were comparing notes. "There was only one thing I didn't like," said Angelina, "and that was—that I was to be married twice." "What?" Edwin exclaimed. "It wasn't my fault," pleaded Angelina. "She said it was written in my hand." "You were to be married twice?" "Yes." "But I'm to be married twice, too!"

About a year ago a man employed at the diamond mines in South Africa met with an accident by which he lost the sight of one of his eyes. The wound had healed he had the eye repaired by an artificial one sent from London. One afternoon, feeling peculiarly inclined, he stepped over to where several English were working, and taking out the eye, he placed it on a bench before them, saying: "I am going out for a minute, but shall leave this to you to watch you. The moment he was gone, the terrified blacks fled from the mine, and have not since been seen in the district."

Missed the Point.—"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?" "Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin, yes." "I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what that word means?" "Nobody that I have asked knows," he said. "There is any such word as 'volix,' madam—of which I have serious doubts—I certainly do not know what it means." "You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that volix means Vol IX." The professor devoted a moment to consulting his reserves, for a brilliant light shone on his forehead. "It is no wonder," he said. "That I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physicians. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their cold would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

THE HAND THAT RULES THE WHEEL. TALKS BY "TERRA"

The snow was falling silently outside and the windows were covered with a coating of rime and frostwork combined, of the best within and the cold without. Inside the comfortable hall smoking room four of them were seated in various attitudes of comfort.

The Cynic was buried in a capacious arm chair with his feet elevated upon the table, the Philosopher was reclining upon a lounge and the Bookworm was sitting in a rocker near the open fireplace wherein the logs crackled merrily. Just a bit of the Playgoer's head was visible from out of the low seated easy chair in which he was buried. Gallagher was curled up on the hearthrug. "Gallagher" was the Cynic's fox terrier, so called because when once he got hold of anything, no matter what, he never under any circumstances let it go again.

The Bookworm had been reading Mill on "The Subjection of Woman," and he began it—mean the conversation. "Singular thing to think that the subjection of the female sex—more than one half the population of the world—should have continued for so many centuries without a protest on their part," he remarked.

The Cynic grunted; the Philosopher removed his cigar as though about to speak, but altered his mind and replaced it in his mouth. "The so called inferiority of woman is undoubtedly the result of education," continued the Bookworm. "They have been taught for so many generations to consider themselves the intellectual inferiors of men, have been so much repressed and stunted in every mental department except the emotional, that the wonder is they possess any brain capacity of any kind beyond that necessary to enable them to fulfil the particular duties assigned to them."

"Case of the survival of the fittest," said the Cynic, "the intellectual women having survived the persecutions to which they were subjected are now coming to the fore." "When the laws of the injustice to which women were subjected up to a short time ago," continued the Bookworm, "were warming up to the subject, especially in the matter of marriage, it makes one's blood boil. Fathers are sold their daughters to the highest bidder."

"Good idea, too," remarked the Cynic. "Wouldn't mind having half a dozen daughters myself if I could sell 'em for \$500 each. Those old bops knew what they were about when they did not catch them forking out money to buy a touseau and fallals and all the rest of it; they had more sense. They thought if the fellow wanted the girl make him pay for her. Nowadays it's the bride who is given away in the bridegroom's suit."

"A good deal of selling is going on now," said the Philosopher. "Mamma's are always on the lookout for the bean with the longest pulse, while the demimourne ornaments are by no means averse to the moneyed subject." "Every Avon was closed to women," said the Bookworm, "except marriage, as though men feared they would not marry and so determined to force them into it."

"I haven't noticed that much force is necessary in the majority of cases," observed the Cynic. "With all this aversion that are open to them at present, women seem quite as anxious to marry as they ever were." "Results of generations of training," retorted the Bookworm. "Woman from time immemorial has been brought up in the belief that her sole duty in life was to be a wife and mother, and to emulate herself on the altar of home."

"Well, and isn't it?" asked the Philosopher. "Certainly not," replied the Bookworm. "Woman's mission is to stand by the man, to help him, to qualify herself for all the duties and employments as present open only to men, to prove that intellectually she is his equal, if not his superior, to throw off the unjust and grading shackles with which the man for his own selfish interests have bound her, and claim her rightful place in the arena of politics and diplomacy."

"And while she is doing all this," said the Philosopher, "what is he doing?" "The children, supposing there are any left." "Oh, they must found a big institution, kind of Foundling Hospital, or Infants home, and put all the young ones there as soon as they are born, to qualify herself for all the duties and employments as present open only to men, to prove that intellectually she is his equal, if not his superior, to throw off the unjust and grading shackles with which the man for his own selfish interests have bound her, and claim her rightful place in the arena of politics and diplomacy."

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John so then it had been dashed...
violated upon and a crowd of...
ragged parents huddled at...
each other in their...
handing in. They were armed...
with roughly made pikes and pitchforks...

No lie," he said, roughly. "They will not serve you...
You have been suspected and watched...
and to night Jean Blaise saw...
men enter the house. They came from the English frigate...
the coast. One he recognized by his voice...
the other was being pursued. What has become of the vicomte?"

Marie tried vainly to...
stammer out some...
reply. But the features struck her...
speechless and she shrank back...
trembling with terror.

You refuse to answer?" he cried. "Well, we shall talk with you...
presently. So in the house, citizens, and he quick about it. If our comrades...
don't put a pitchfork or a...
pistol through the wood like a...
rod, it may bring the English upon us at any minute."

His followers, who had been impatiently awaiting the signal, rushed...
sagely forward. The cottage...
resounded with their shouts and oaths, the clattering of their wooden shoes, the clashing of their pikes, and the crash of broken crockery...

"Now then, little viper," he exclaimed, in his great, hoarse voice, "do you understand that you are a traitor to the republic, that you are guilty of harboring aristocrats who are the enemies of France? Well, the punishment is death, Marie, death—do you understand? The guillotine would slice through that pretty white neck of yours like a knife through a carrot. Come, come, don't be obstinate, child. Out will all you know or your head will be rolling the sawdust here as you are a weak idiot."

But terror seemed to have deprived Marie of the power of speech. She gazed shudderingly at the ring of cruel, scowling faces that surrounded her, and her lips moved, but the words they formed were inaudible. Hither to the smith had shuddered her from actual violence, and evidently sought to save her life if she would consent to betray the vicomte. But her continued silence enraged him, and he glared at her with a savage glitter in his black eyes. Suddenly he leaped forward and snatched the ivory cross from her neck with a force that snapped the slender chain to which it was attached.

"Look!" he cried, holding it out. "This is the price of her teacher. She betrays the cause of the people for such trinkets as this!" The sight awoke the most bestial ferocity that had been fostered in the French peasantry of that time by ages of cruelty and injustice. They cursed her and called her vile names. One spat upon her. Another lunged savagely at her with a pike. Grimy hands clutched at her; fierce, flushed faces with savage eyes and gleaming teeth were thrust close to hers, and she shrieked and screamed like some timid wild thing in the jaws of a pack of wolves. No doubt she would have been stabbed and struck down and trampled to death if the smith had not cleared a space about her with a swing of his huge hammer.

"Back, fools!" he exclaimed. "The dead cannot speak. Do you wish the aristocrat to escape? Marie Lavoisier, I ask you for the last time, what has become of this man? We can trifle no longer. The English may be here at any moment. If you remain obstinate you shall die, not by the guillotine, but here and now." She fell sobbing on her knees before him. "Oh, spare my life!" she cried. "Have pity on me! Do not kill me! I die clung wildly to his hand as she sobbed out her appeal, but her white, quivering face, the anguish of terror in the eyes raised to his, did not move him. He wrenched his hand free and caught her roughly by the wrist. "Will you tell us what has become of the vicomte?" he shouted. "Oh, no, no!" she cried, despairingly. "I cannot. I cannot." "Get me a rope!" he exclaimed, savagely. Several of the men had brought ropes with which to secure the prisoners they expected to take, and one was eagerly passed to him. At one end he made a running noose and threw the other across a beam overhead. Then, in spite of the girl's screams and struggles, he caught her hands in one of his and forced the noose round her neck. They dragged her to her feet shrieking and struggling and flinging furiously at the...
the would have been dancing in the air, when the door of the cupboard was dashed open and a...
Victor de Vitre, the...
found in amazement before the...
of the vicomte de Vitre...
in hand.

With his pale, clear-cut face...
graceful figure and air of quiet...
subtlety he presented a singular...
contrast to the swarthy, unshapely...
who stood scowling and snarling at...
him like dogs baying away from a...
bone.

"Ah," said he in a cool, steady voice, "so you inaugurate the reign of...
equality with the blood and tears...
of an innocent girl. You prate of...
the rights and tyranny of the...
and your own hands are red with...
clime that make the very name of a...
Frenchman odious throughout the...
world. You cowardly...
blood would sully the sword of a...
brilliant, but I think it will give...
pleasure to see the earth rid of...
of you. Come, which of you...
the honor of dying upon a nobleman's...
sword?"

"Down with the English!" he cried, and he took a step forward, but the smith, with an earth-shaking cry of rage, thrust them aside and swung the...
hammer above his shoulder. But the blood never fell. A man came flying through the doorway. "Save yourselves," he gasped, breathlessly. "The English are upon us!"

But the warning came too late. They found themselves confronted by the...
faces and glittering cutlasses of a...
party of British seamen, who, landing from the frigate, had providentially met Raoul as he fled through the wood, and had followed him at full speed to...
rescue the vicomte. The English officer stepped forward, with Raoul at his...
elbow.

"Down with your arms," he cried, in execrable French, but with a glance and gesture that it is no doubt as to his meaning. The pikes and pitchforks and even the smith's hammer fell clattering on the floor. "Ah, M. le Vicomte," he cried, "I see that we are not a moment too soon. Had they hurt a hair of your head, I would have hung the whole crew of them. But we must be...
about us like a wasp's nest."

"The vicomte picked up the ivory cross lying at the smith's feet, and took Marie by the hand. "Come, Marie," he said, gently, and they stepped through the doorway. The lieutenant looked embarrassed. "No offence, M. le Vicomte," he said, awkwardly, "but I fear that is an addition to the ship's company to which the captain may object."

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the vicomte, quietly, "to introduce you to my fiancée, Mademoiselle Lavoisier." The lieutenant looked at him curiously, but a glance at Marie's gentle, refined face now tinged with a faint, rosy blush, drove the lurking smile from his lips. "Pardon me, M. le Vicomte," he said, with a bow. "Of course the captain will be charmed to receive mademoiselle."

Then he turned to his men and spoke in English. "Now, my lads, put your best foot foremost, or we shall have these French cats splittin' at us from behind every tree. Quick march!"

The silver casket is still in the possession of the vicomte's descendants, and contains many of the priceless jewels that flashed and sparkled in the dim rays of the candle on that eventful night in 1793, but they are regarded as of little value compared with a small ivory cross attached to a broken chain—once the property of one from whom every mother of the family is proud to have descended.

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Anglin & Mallon, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES. Office: 100 Adelaide Street, Toronto. F. A. Anglin, Jas. W. Mallon, LL.B. Telephone 1268. Tittle & McEabe, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Office: 100 Adelaide Street, Toronto. Money to Loan. J. Tittle, C. J. McEabe. Telephone 2286.

Macdonnell, Boland & Thompson, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES. Public. Office: Money to Loan at lowest rates of interest. Quebec Bank Chambers, 2 Toronto St., Toronto. A. C. Macdonnell, J. M. Boland, W. J. Thompson. Telephone No. 1076. Cameron & Lee, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Notaries, etc. Office: 100 Adelaide Street, Toronto. D. C. Cameron, R. A. W. T. J. Lee, B.O.L.

A GIRL'S TRIBUTE.

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Toronto, Nov. 28.—There are thousands of girls in this city who are passing the best years of their lives in sickness and misery, when they should be enjoying the blessings of health, strength and vigor.

The observer who will watch the crowds of girls and young women streaming homeward every evening, after their hard day's work, cannot but be struck by the many faces—young faces—that should be merry with the glow of health, with sparkling eyes, and well-rounded cheeks, but which are pale and care-worn, with dark circles round eyes that have lost their brightness.

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The Catholic Register JOB DEPARTMENT 40 LOMBARD ST. TORONTO TELEPHONE 489

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than that of men, do not find it necessary to go out two or three times a day to get "a drink," science to which you must submit tells us that alcohol is a poison...

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Nothing more appreciable to an educated woman than a box of stylish high-grade Note paper, such as "Regal" or "French Crepon"...

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When you buy wooden poles and tubes see they bear a reliable name, and are that no foreign or inferior make is palmed off on you.

Made in Canada

St. Joseph Court, 870, held their fifth annual "concert and social" in Dingmans Hall, on Thursday evening the 24th inst.

Chicago, November 22.—Ex-Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, has given his views on current political topics: "The Democratic party believes in holding the West Indies; it believes in coaling stations and harbours for our navy in all parts of the world; it believes in a greater navy, a greater foreign commerce and a greater North American Republic."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood in the system, and are the most reliable remedy for the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

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THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED Executives' Notice to Creditors

In the Matter of the Estate of Most Reverend John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129, Section 35, that all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the above named Most Reverend John Walsh, who died on or about July 31st, 1895, are required to send in their claims, and to deliver to H. T. Kelly, 30 Church Street, Toronto, Solicitor for the Executors of the said deceased, on or before November 23rd, 1898, their names, addresses and descriptions and a statement of the particulars of their claims, and the nature of the security if any held by them, duly verified.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that after said November 23rd, 1898, the Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall then have been received, and the said Executors will not be liable for said assets to any person whose claim has not been received at the time of such distribution.

H. T. KELLY, Secretary, 30 Church St., Toronto. Solicitor for the Executors of said deceased.

Ontario Land Surveyor, &c. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Properties, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located.

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