

## Chats with the Children

### A QUESTION OF SPELLING.

They were looking through their book  
With pictures of the Zoo;  
Both too young to read the text,  
But each the pictures know.

Will was three, and Ray was five—  
And five years old is old!  
When his wiser brother spoke,  
Will did as he was told!

"Look! I've found the elephant!"  
"Don't say elephant," said Ray.  
"You should tell  
Little brother what to say."

"Don't say elephant—that's wrong,  
It's elephant!" said Ray.  
"Elephant!" said little Will,  
In his confiding way.

—Edith M. Thomas, in St. Nicholas.

### A FUNNY LITTLE CUB BEAR.

In March St. Nicholas, Meredith  
Nugent has "Leaves from the sketch-  
book of an Animal-Artist." Mr.  
Nugent says:

The funniest model in my expe-  
rience was a cub bear; and during his  
visit to the studio we laughed more  
than we could. When his antics  
were very amusing, it was the in-  
describably funny expression he always  
wore which kept the studio in such a  
state of hilarity. "Unbeknownst" to  
us, one day he got out, and, walking  
along on his hind legs in a ridiculous  
shuffle, effectually blocked the hall-  
way, until we came to the rescue of  
the frightened people. It was not  
the only time he fell into trouble.  
When we first came into possession of  
little Bruin we sent the studio boy  
with a large market basket to bring  
the treasure up-town. The boy was  
cautioned to be very careful of his  
charge—in fact, he was cautioned to  
much. On the elevated railroad train  
that boy fairly acted to get a look at  
the bear, and so opened the lid the  
dullest bit, and peeped in. Instantly  
the animal thrust his whole head out,  
to the great astonishment of the lady  
passengers, among whom he created a  
small panic. It is needless to say that  
both bear and boy were put off at the  
first stopping-place.

### A SONG OF ECSTASY.

In the March Century there is a  
paper on the "Songs of American  
Birds," by John Burroughs. Mr.  
Burroughs says:

A very interesting feature of our  
bird-songs is the wing-song, or song of  
ecstasy. It is not the gift of many of  
our birds. Indeed, less than a dozen  
species are known to me as ever sing-  
ing on the wing. It seems to spring  
from more intense excitement and  
self-abandonment than the ordinary  
song delivered from the perch. When  
the bird reaches the point of rap-  
ture it is literally carried off its feet,  
and up it goes into the air, pouring out  
its song as a rocket pours its sparks.  
The sky-lark and the bobolink habitually  
do this, but a few others of our  
birds do it only on occasions. Last  
summer, up in the Catskills, I added  
another name to my list of ecstatic  
singers—that of the vesper-sparrow.  
Several times I heard new song in  
the air, and caught a glimpse of the  
bird as it dropped back to the earth.  
My attention would be attracted by a  
succession of hurried, chirping notes,  
followed by a brief burst of song, then  
by the vanishing form of the bird.  
One day I was lucky enough to see the  
bird as it was rising to its climax in  
the air, and identified it as the vesper-  
sparrow. The burst of song that  
crowned the upward flight of seventy-  
five or one hundred feet was brief;  
but it was brilliant and striking,  
and entirely unlike the leisurely chant  
of the bird while upon the ground. It  
suggested a lark, but was less buzzing  
or humming. The preliminary chirp-  
ing notes, uttered faster and faster as  
the bird mounted in the air, were like  
the trail of sparks which a rocket  
emits before its grand burst of color at  
the top of its flight.

### LOWERING OF THE GREAT LAKES.

W. S. Harwood writes of "The  
Great Lakes" in March St. Nicholas.

Geologists point out the fact that  
this chain of lakes has not always  
been as it now is; that there was a  
time when all the lakes were blended  
into one, having, probably, the Missis-  
sippi River for its outlet to the Gulf  
on the south. One geologist says:

Every day sees something taken  
from the rocky barrier of Niagara;  
and, geologically speaking, at no very  
remote time our great lakes will have  
shared the fate of those which once  
existed in the great Far West. Al-  
ready they have been reduced to less  
than one-half their former area, and  
the water-level has been depressed three  
hundred feet or more. The process  
is pretty sure to go on until they  
are completely emptied. The cities  
that stand upon their banks will,  
ere that time, have grown colossal in  
size, then gray with age, then having  
fallen into decadence, and their cities  
be long forgotten; but in the sedi-  
ments that are now accumulating in  
these lake-basins will lie many a wreck  
and skeleton, tree-trunk and floated  
skel. Near the city sites and old river-  
mouths there will be found a mass of  
relics that will illustrate and explain

the mingled comedy and tragedy of  
life.

In a certain sense these lakes form  
one mighty river draining a region of  
over 525,000 square miles, and finding  
an outlet for their overflowing water  
through the swift St. Mary's River at  
the east end of Superior, through  
Luron and the St. Clair River, and  
Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River,  
through Erie and Niagara and Ontario,  
and the St. Lawrence, on to the ocean  
beyond.

It is interesting to note that the  
bottom of Lake Superior, the highest  
of the lakes, is about four hundred  
feet below the surface of the sea at  
New York harbor.

### PUZZLES.

#### DIAMOND APOSTROPHE.

A letter; an insect that stings; one  
who turns against the government;  
an insect that emits light; opposition  
to the government; a strong man; a  
cloth used for covering musical in-  
struments; a weight; a letter. Cen-  
tres read downwards and across de-  
scribe something that happened in the  
North-West.

#### HURLED TOWNS.

1. I don't think that's a good melon;  
don't eat.  
2. Are you going to Vermont?  
Really, I envy you.  
3. There's plenty of goldstill in the  
workings of it; tons of it.  
4. I've won two marbles, Wilnot;  
taw, and cily taw.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the difference between  
fish alive, and live fish?  
2. What ailment can you find on  
an oak?  
3. Flies high, flies low, wears shoes  
and has no feet?

#### CHARADE.

My first are numerous in the world,  
and seldom live alone;  
When'er the schoolboy goes to school,  
he puts my second on;  
And if his lessons are not learned,  
and heedless of control,  
He plays all sorts of naughty tricks,  
he has to don my whole.

Answers to Puzzles of Feb. 24th

5. Also. 6. Insestiate. 7. House-  
wife. 8. Bles. 9. Plague (ague).

#### MARKS.

John A. Doyle, Ann street, 5; Mary  
E. Morrison, Woburn, C. J. E. T. Com-  
son, Yonge street, 2; Camilla Cas-  
sary, 2.

#### AGGIE BLONDIN.

You were not quite correct, Aggie,  
but never mind, try again; remember  
the prize is given every three months  
to the one who has the largest number  
of marks, and though some may forge  
ahead just at first they may not be  
able to keep in front all the time.

Jennie O'Malley gave the same  
answers as Aggie, but I cannot under-  
stand why these two little girls should  
say that "grace" is the answer to the  
conundrum—What is that we wish  
for and when obtained never know  
we have it? Surely we must know  
whether or not we are in a state of  
grace. Is not Aggie's and Jennie's  
theory just a little bit faulty? We  
could not have grace and not be aware  
of it, because if that were so we  
should soon lose it again. The knowl-  
edge of the possession of grace is con-  
veyed by the interior peace of mind,  
by the hatred of sin and the turning  
of the will to God. If we have these  
feelings we may be quite sure we are  
in a state of grace.

As I have not received any descrip-  
tions of a children's mission yet, I  
think it will be better to raise the age  
of competition to 14.

Some of the cousins who sent me  
answers to the first set of puzzles have  
not sent any more. Are they getting  
discouraged? Perhaps some may find  
the puzzles are too difficult; we must try  
and remedy it. But you know it  
won't do to be discouraged by a little  
difficulty.

Cousin Flo.

### Double Papal Anniversary.

Rome, March 8.—The double anni-  
versary of the birthday and coronation  
of Pope Leo XIII., who was crowned  
in the Sistine chapel on March 3,  
1878, began yesterday. His Holiness  
was in excellent health when he re-  
ceived the congratulations of the high  
prelates in the Throne Room, and re-  
plied in a strong voice. He reviewed  
the demonstrations upon the occasion  
of his sacerdotal and pontifical anni-  
versaries, and protested against the  
outrages aimed at this enthusiasm  
which had been allowed to be com-  
mitted adding that it was painful that  
the aspirations of the faithful toward  
Rome, should be willfully misre-  
presented. But, continued His Holiness  
in order to console the Papacy  
for these outrages, God had increased  
the love of the multitude for the Papacy  
of Rome throughout the entire world.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas  
Sabine says: "My eleven year old boy  
had his foot badly injured by being run  
over by a car on the Street Railway.  
We at once commenced lashing the  
foot with Dr. Thomas' Emmentine Oint-  
ment, when the discoloration and swelling was  
removed, and in nine days he could use  
his foot. We always keep a bottle of  
the ointment ready for any emergency."

## Farm and Garden

A writer in The Montreal Star says  
of winter cheese: "This is a term of  
reproach, but necessarily derogatory  
to the character of cheese. It used  
to be so thought in regard to butter.  
But this no longer exists, and as fine  
butter is made in the winter now as  
in the summer, and with greater ease  
and profit. Then, why should not  
winter cheese be made and cured and  
sold at as good a profit as summer  
cheese? There is no reason why it  
should not. And the writer of this is  
now doing it, and is selling small  
cheeses of six to ten pounds weight at  
twenty cents a pound, all to private  
families, who have a standing order for  
a weekly or a monthly supply. As  
has been said in previous articles in  
regard to winter making of butter, it  
is easier to control the temperature in  
the winter than in the summer, for a  
fire is more easily managed than a  
refrigerator when the temperature is  
to be kept at such a standard as 60  
degrees. And with a basement cellar  
dairy, provided with double windows,  
and a kerosene oil stove, or a steam  
heater, one may keep the dairy steady  
at from 60 to 65 degrees, in spite  
of any changes that are going on out  
of doors.

Cold, of course, affects cows; and  
quite as much the special character of  
milk. But with regular and good  
feeding, a wind-proof stable, a soft,  
comfortable bed, a well-filled stall,  
with some extra good food as the  
weather changes to extreme cold, the  
cows may be kept in a very regular  
condition as to the quality and quan-  
tity of the milk. It is a great gratifi-  
cation to surmount obstacles. It is  
for the gratification that people climb  
the highest and most rugged mountains,  
go and find the North Pole, and seek  
all kind of adventures, and the success-  
ful winter dairyman is exceedingly  
gratified when he is complimented on  
his successful and good work, out of  
season, as is supposed. And still  
more so when he is getting five cents  
a pound more for his product on ac-  
count of the very difficulties which he  
has surmounted, than by the exercise of  
a little "gumption" and carefulness his  
work is quite easy.

Now all this applies to making  
cheese in the winter. One needs fresh  
cows, or at least, cows not in calf or  
very recently so. Three months in  
calf does not hurt a cow for making  
fine butter or cheese. Later than this  
the milk is not so good, and the  
product will fall off somewhat in qual-  
ity, but not so much as to be detected  
by inexperienced persons. And as this  
change occurs gradually it is unnoticed  
for some time. Moreover in the winter,  
cheese ripens slowly, and by  
regulating the food or the cows in the  
right manner the quality of cheese  
may be maintained until the spring,  
and grass time comes around again.

We may very reasonably think that  
the feeding of a cow is the most im-  
portant matter as regards the quality  
of her product. That this is so we  
may be sure, for local conditions are  
the special quality of many kinds of dairy  
products, just as it is the case with  
fruits or grains. Some soils produce a  
finer quality of barley, of which the  
best beer is made. Some produce varie-  
ties of grapes of which the exquisitely  
flavored wines are made; and so we  
have dairy localities of which the pro-  
ducts are more highly esteemed than  
others. But in the choice of foods for  
the winter feeding of cows we are to  
be guided by the effect of them on the  
quality of the milk. Clover hay is  
unexcelled as a food for a winter cow;  
next to it comes well cured, sweet  
corn fodder, and sugar beets, to be  
fed with either. For grain, good  
sound corn meal, is, we think, the  
best for making both winter butter,  
and cheese. Silage will not do as  
well as corn, especially for cheese.

In making butter we use only the  
cream, but for cheese the whole milk  
is used, and naturally there will be  
expected a more powerful influence  
over the product by the foods used.

The cow must of course be kept in  
the very best manner. The stable  
should be as clean and free from odors,  
except that of the sweet hay, as the  
summer pasture is. Perfect cleanli-  
ness, as to the immediate removal of  
all filth; good drainage; and absorbent  
litter—hard wood sawdust is the best  
and dry swamp muck comes next—  
with careful attention to the thorough  
cleaning and brushing of the cow's  
skin, are all indispensable to the  
quality of winter made cheese. The  
water too must be warmed and it is  
better if it has a handful or two of fine  
calomel stirred in it with one ounce  
of salt butter. After the feeding  
completes the making of the cheese which  
will be considered next.

### Leo the Longest Reigning Pope.

On March 8th Pope Leo XIII. en-  
tered upon the twenty-first year of his  
Pontificate, a length of that reign has  
only been exceeded by 13 Popes since  
the Pontificate of St. Peter, to wit,  
St. Peter himself, Anno Domini, 34 to  
67; Sylvester First, 814 to 837; Leo  
the Great, 440 to 461; Adrian First,  
771 to 795; Leo III., 795 to 816;  
Alexander III., 1159 to 1181; Urban  
VIII., 1623 to 1644; Clement XI.,  
1700 to 1721; Pius VI., 1775 to 1799;  
Pius VII., 1800 to 1829; and the  
present Pope's immediate predecessor  
Pius IX., 1846 to 1878.

## Ireland's Own Duty Towards the Famine-Stricken.

Mr. William O'Brien writes the  
following letter to The Freeman's  
Journal dated at the Station Hotel,  
11th March, on Feb. 13th:

DEAR SIR—At the little Mission  
Church here to-day we heard the priest  
making a touching appeal on behalf of  
the famine-stricken in the West of  
Ireland. His congregation was a  
small and apparently not a rich one.  
It was impossible in a strange coun-  
try to witness such tenderness for the  
sufferings of our people without a king  
of himself, with something like shame,  
how much longer those living in the  
wealthier part of Ireland are going to  
look on unmoved, or at least inactive,  
at a calamity which has excited the  
practical sympathy and the Holy-  
head press, and which little flock?

I cannot but think that, if  
the impulse were once given by  
the Lord Mayor of Dublin or by  
anybody else in a position of authority,  
the ever generous people of Ireland  
would promptly relieve themselves of  
what is fast becoming a national  
scandal. The question how far the  
government has or has not neglected  
its duty is a separate question, and,  
for the moment, the less urgent one.  
The question which cannot be post-  
poned is that, within certain well-  
defined areas, thousands of unfortun-  
ate people are, beyond all manner of  
doubt, suffering the pangs of hunger,  
and that among their own countrymen  
up to the present moment no organiza-  
tion of any kind has been made to  
come to their assistance. Surely,  
upon this one point of national duty,  
at all events all parties and classes of  
Irish men and women stand on com-  
mon grounds? However charitable it  
may be to admit it, the distressing  
question is for the moment one of hard  
pure and simple—of finding food for  
men, women, and children who are  
literally starving. The other day a  
man named O'Donnell, with a family  
of eight young children, tramped five  
miles from the miserable mountain  
village of Boolavreen to beg a few days'  
work. He was a man naturally of  
Irishman size and strength. While speak-  
ing to me he had to lean against the  
doorpost to prevent himself from fall-  
ing, from sheer unmitigated exhaus-  
tion and starvation. Only for getting  
a day's wages in advance to buy him  
food, I am satisfied he would not have  
been able to drag himself to work;  
and there were nine at home in the  
mountain cabin as hungry as he. If  
this is not famine what are we waiting  
for? And there is no need to question  
of politics in reference to such men's  
sufferings. This man whose children  
are now starving, punctually paid his  
November rent. He, and such as he,  
are too broken-spirited to belong to  
any organization or agitation whatso-  
ever. And, if it be asked, what of the  
Government scheme for his relief?—  
O'Donnell pays all the poor rates on  
his holding; and if he and his brother-  
villagers were granted relief works,  
after the Government pattern, they  
would be obliged to pay hereafter  
themselves as ratepayers 25 per cent  
of the cost of their own relief, besides  
in a quite possible case being obliged  
to pay also, as a union-at-large charge,  
for the relief of their starving neigh-  
bors in still poorer electoral divisions.  
I do not see the fact as an argument  
against the Government scheme, but  
as a proof that, be the fault where it  
may, prompt charitable relief alone can  
at this stage deal with the case of hun-  
ger-stricken families like the O'Donnells.

I am sorry to say that in my own  
immediate neighborhood such cases  
are the rule rather than the exception  
in the villages of Kilsnakeff, Kyle-  
salla, Falduff, Thraheens, Bohaur,  
and Murriek; and I know that in the  
surrounding coastwise parishes (not  
to speak at all of Galway, Clare, Kerry,  
and West Cork), the sufferings of the  
people are acute and more widespread  
still. I have tried to avoid any  
observation of a partisan character in  
dealing with a subject which at this  
moment is above all else, a question  
of whether women or children in pangs  
of hunger shall have food enough to  
keep them alive, and whether the men  
shall have the means of putting down  
a crop and paying their passage to the  
English labor market while they may  
yet strength enough to earn anything  
there. I enclose a subscription of  
£100 from a friend, and my own abun-  
dant of £10, towards any fund  
that may be started, and I am confident  
the generous people in the more  
favored parts of Ireland only want the  
summons to follow the touching  
example set by the little Holyhead  
congregation.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM O'BRIEN

### Presentation to Rev. Father Collins.

The following is a copy of address  
presented to Rev. Father Collins on  
his departure from Wooler:

To Rev. T. F. Collins, P.P.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—It is with  
irrepressible feelings of regret that  
we have heard you were called to an-  
other field of labor. To say that we  
are grieved at this announcement is  
but a feeble expression of our feelings.  
But we must bow submissively to our  
Right Rev. Bishop's will, knowing  
that he doeth for the best and in  
doing so, may we be permitted to give  
expression to our sentiments, which  
are that we wish Providence had or-  
dained it otherwise.

During the time you have been  
with us, we have learned to love,

esteem and admire you for your noble  
qualities of heart and mind, and for  
the great love and untiring devotion  
you have shown for our spiritual wel-  
fare. You have labored hard and  
assiduously in the cause of Christianity;  
but it has not been in vain. The  
religious progress of your parish, the  
increase in the membership of the  
League of the Sacred Heart, and the  
large number who have, through your  
instrumentality, been converted to our  
holy faith, bear testimony to the fruit-  
fulness of your apostolic work. But  
Rev. Father it is consoling to know  
you have said in your parting words  
that you will continue to pray for us  
and be with us in spirit. Be assured  
that when we come to kneel at the  
altar of God, we shall pray for you to  
the end that you may be spared many  
years to continue your holy work.  
Wishing to express our gratitude and  
appreciation of your valuable services  
we present you this purse, hoping you  
will receive it in the same spirit it is  
given. Signed on behalf of the con-  
gregation by M. J. Cowan, Thomas  
Moran, John Cusack, Andrew Tate,  
John B. McAuliffe and Edward Lynch.

### Father Constantineau Welcomed.

OTTAWA, March 2.—Rev. Father H.  
A. Constantineau, O.M.I., the newly  
appointed rector to Ottawa university,  
arrived in the city from Montreal  
yesterday afternoon.

He was met at the C. A. R. station  
by a large number of the clergy of the  
university, and given a hearty recep-  
tion. Rev. Father Jodoin, O.M.I.,  
Provincial of the order in Canada,  
accompanied him.

Arriving at the university, a meet-  
ing of the faculty was convened and  
Father Constantineau was presented  
by Rev. Father Jodoin, who read the  
Papal approbation, which sets forth  
that owing to the poor health of Rev.  
Father McQuinn, a change was ne-  
cessary at Ottawa university. The  
document further states that the ap-  
pointment of Rev. Father Constantineau,  
who was recommended by the  
order and by Archbishop Duhamel,  
vice-chancellor of the institution, was  
approved by an audience of the Pope  
held on February 8th. The docu-  
ment is signed by the secretary of the  
Propaganda, the Archbishop of Lyons.

The circular from Vicar-General  
Antoine, acting superior general of  
the order at Paris, was also read.

At four o'clock Rev. Father Con-  
stantineau was given an ovation in  
the Academic Hall by the students.  
An address of welcome and congratula-  
tion was read in English by Mr.  
J. E. Doyle, and one in French by  
Mr. L. E. O. Payment. Both ad-  
dresses extended warmest congratu-  
lations from the students to the re-  
verend father upon his promotion to  
the high position his superiors called  
him to. A part of the English address  
reads: "You, Very Reverend Father,  
besides the rare and high authority  
gives you claim, may well expect us  
to cherish a sincere regard for you  
on account of your long connection  
with the university, and your per-  
sonal acquaintance with many  
amongst us. We rejoice that, by your  
appointment, an alumnus of the in-  
stitution is, for the first time in her  
history, placed at her head. We  
have the most confident hope of seeing  
experience show that a son of  
Alma Mater can fittingly fill the office  
of her rector, just as many of her  
sons acceptably occupy other high  
places in church and state.

It is a subject of satisfaction to all  
friends of the university that you en-  
ter upon your new duties under most  
auspicious circumstances. The many  
years you have spent in Ottawa have  
given you experience which must tend  
to make your future efforts fruitful,  
and to second you in those efforts  
you have a large and efficient staff  
of professors, all your brother Olat-  
ers, and many of them old and  
tried friends. The present academic  
year has brought the institution a  
large increase in the number of stu-  
dents, and we are proud and happy  
to be able to say that the monthly  
records testify to the uniformly gen-  
tlemanly deportment and, in gen-  
eral, to the satisfactory progress in  
their studies of the young men whom  
you see before you. The period of  
prosperity which seems to have opened  
for our country, will no doubt ben-  
efit the university by adding to the  
register the names of many desirable  
students.

Besides these gratifying facts, how-  
ever, we know, Very Reverend Father,  
that, by their nature, the duties of our  
rector must ever be arduous. In ex-  
changing the office of pastor of St.  
Joseph's parish for that of rector of  
the University, we are sure you are  
making a great sacrifice of personal  
inclination. Your generous response  
to the call of duty is edifying to us,  
as you show us by example even more  
convincingly than by words, that the  
stirring words, that the faithful fulfil-  
ment of duty is to be placed by good  
Christians before and above all per-  
sonal considerations.

Father Constantineau replied in a  
happy strain in both languages, and  
ended his remarks by giving the stu-  
dents a grand ovation, which they are  
enjoying to-day.

To-day Father Constantineau was  
very busy consulting with Rev. Father  
Jodoin and in receiving the large  
number of friends who were anxious  
to pay their respects.

## A SERIOUS EXPERIENCE

PASSED THROUGH BY ONE OF  
BROCKVILLE'S BEST KNOWN  
MEN.

His Legs Gave Out and When He Sat Down He  
Had no Control Over Them. Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills Restored Him to Activity.

From the B. O. & V. Recorder.

There are few men in Brockville or  
vicinity better known to the general  
public, and there is certainly no one  
held in greater esteem by his friends,  
than Mr. L. deCarle, sr. Mr. deCarle  
came from England to Canada forty-  
four years ago, locating in the county  
of Gloucester. Eight years later he re-  
moved to Brockville and has made his  
home here ever since. He established  
the large marble business still carried on  
by his sons here, and is himself one of  
the most expert stone-cutters in the  
Dominion of Canada. He is also well  
known as an artist in other lines and as  
a draftsman has few equals and no  
superiors. Ample evidence of this is  
afforded in the fact that when the con-  
struction of the Canadian Pacific Rail-  
road was begun, Sir Sanford Fleming,  
chief engineer of that great trans-con-  
tinental road, requested him to join his  
staff. Mr. deCarle accepted the position  
at Sir Sanford's request and re-  
mained with the company for nine years,  
during which time he drew nearly  
all the profiles of the road and the plans  
of the bridges between Ottawa and  
Thunder Bay. His work was com-  
mended as the best done by any  
draughtsman in the company's em-  
ploy. Since leaving the company's  
service Mr. deCarle has lived a re-  
tired life, enjoying a well earned com-  
petence at his cozy home in the west  
end of the town. Mr. deCarle is  
possessed of a rugged constitution and  
has always enjoyed the best of health  
until the fall of 1896. Then he was  
stricken with an affection of the limbs  
which much alarmed him. Speaking  
with a Recorder representative the other  
day, the conversation happened to  
turn upon this event, and the circum-  
stances connected therewith can best  
be told in his own words. "Last fall,"  
said he, "my legs became in a con-  
dition that when I sat down I had  
no power over them. I could not  
move them one way or the other, and  
was naturally much alarmed. I was  
advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills. I had read of their curing cases  
similar to mine and so I decided to give  
them a trial. I purchased a supply of  
the Pills and commenced taking them  
according to directions. I had only  
taken them a short time when I found  
that I was regaining the use of my legs  
and could raise one up and cross the  
other without much difficulty. I also  
remarked to my wife that the pills were  
doing me much good and she was both  
surprised and delighted. When I showed  
her with what ease I was now rais-  
ing my legs, I continued taking the pills for  
about a month and by that time I had  
full control of my legs as I ever had  
in fact, was completely cured. I have  
never had a symptom of the trouble  
since and am now as well as ever. I  
attribute my cure entirely to Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills. In fact, it must  
have been the pills for I took nothing  
else in the way of medicine, and I can-  
not too strongly recommend them to  
anyone afflicted with such a case."

### A Nursing Empress and the Great Public.

One of those stories of an imperial  
domesticity which appeal to the great  
heart of the people was related last  
week. A short while ago an English  
illustrated paper produced a drawing  
of the Empress of Russia nursing her  
baby in the most homely fashion  
possible. When this journal reached  
the Russian Censor he was in doubt  
whether he should let it pass. It was  
generally known that the Empress  
herself attended to the baby in its  
thirsty moments, but to make a picture  
of it! The Censor took the  
doubtful drawing to the Minister of  
the Interior, but this official was  
in a state of similar perplexity, and  
anxious to make no mistake, brought  
the matter before the Tsar himself.  
"The best thing I can do," said the  
Tsar, "is show it to the Empress and  
let her decide." In a few minutes he  
returned. "The Empress," he said,  
smiling, "finds nothing in the picture  
contrary to law; let it pass."

### The Pope Works Hard.

If report be at all reliable, says the  
"Daily Chronicle," the Pope rules as  
strongly and lives as frugally and  
works as hard as a serf. He goes out  
little in the winter, but when the  
weather is warmer he drives about the  
great garden in his plain black car-  
riage, and in the heats he migrates  
for a time to the "Ostia" he has built  
on the hill, where the air is a little  
freer than in the Cortile S. Damaso.  
Even then his only recreation is to go  
and look after his vines. He works  
so constantly that when he is walking  
in his grounds there is always some-  
one close by with a stock of little  
squares of paper, and the Pope will  
frequently stop, call for paper, make a  
note and put it in his pocket "pro  
memoria." All his official business  
he takes particular care to understand,  
and woe betide any official, however  
highly placed, who tries to pass under  
the Papal signature anything which  
Leo XIII. has not perfectly agreed to  
in advance.

In his VENTRAL PILLS, Dr. Parmelee  
has given to the world the fruits of long  
scientific research in the whole realm  
of medical science, combined with new  
and valuable discoveries never before  
known to man. For DR. PARMLEE'S  
PILLS are like a charm. Taken in small  
doses, the effect is both a tonic and a  
stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions  
of the body, giving tone and vigor.