

AUNT NORA'S CORNER.

RHYME FOR MOVEMENT EXERCISES.

This is east and this is west, Soon I'll learn to say the rest; This is high and this is low, Only see how much I know.

Down is where my feet you see, Up is where my head should be; Here's my nose, and here my eyes, Don't you think I'm getting wise?

Here's my mouth, and here's my chin, Soon to read I shall begin; Here I have as you can see, Of much use they are to me.

If a lady in the street, Or my teacher I should meet, From my head my cap I take, And a bow like this I make.

A SHARP BARGAIN.

An Irishman and a Yankee were going along a road when they stumbled on a bag containing a number of silver dollars. The Irishman, being the quicker of the two, secured the bag; but his companion urged that they both had found it, and ought to divide the amount equally.

"Count the coins," said the Yankee, "but don't tell me how many there are."

"Add 666 to the number," said the Yankee. "That's all right," said the Irishman. "Now subtract the whole amount from 999," continued the Yankee.

"Done again," replied his companion, "but sorta nearer to it are ye." "Wait a minute," exclaimed the Yankee. "Put down the last figures and subtract them from 333, and you'll have the number of the coins."

THE FOOLISH MONKEY.

Once upon a time there was a monkey who frequently lived in a fortified town, and one fine afternoon he stole away from his master and went toward the walls of the town; when he reached them he found some matches which some careless person had left, and having watched the gunner light the cannon he knew how to use them and proceeded to light them. When he suddenly thought it would be sport to fire off the cannon, he had seen the man light the match by rubbing it along the cannon so he did the same. In a few minutes he succeeded in lighting it he put it to the hole on the top of the cannon, he then ran to the mouth of it to see the explosion. I might here say that this monkey was no one of Prof. Wormwood's "happy family" or we would not have had the pleasure we had while they were in our town.

THE TRUE EDUCATION OF BOYS.

In a recent letter addressed to the headmaster of a Clarendon School, Enfield, Middlesex, Dr. C. M. Doyle, referring to the holiday camp tour of the school (during which the boys travelled over a route of 600 miles in the West of England), writes as follows:—"The struggle for existence applies to nations and to races as well as to individuals, and if young England is to hold its own, it must be by preserving the qualities which made her fathers great. I confess that I fear that we are becoming soft, with the increasing comforts of civilization. We seem to shun pain more, and we are not ashamed to show it when we feel it. I hate to see a young fellow wringing his hands because he got a crack on the knuckles at cricket, or hopping about because he is hacked at football. It ought to be, and used to be, part of a gentleman's traditions not to show pain—and the same applies to discomfort of every sort. To teach our youngsters to adapt themselves to whatever may come, and to lead a natural open-air life, is to teach something even more valuable than dead languages."

HOW SMALL BIRDS CROSS THE SEA.

Every year, on the approach of winter, thousands and thousands of birds, little as well as big, have to leave their summer quarters in search of sunnier lands. How large birds of strong wing can cross such a wide stretch of water as the eastern part of the Mediterranean it is easy to understand, but how do the small ones, like wrens, titmice, finches, and the rest, manage it? Why, they ride first-class on the backs of cranes! In autumn great flocks of cranes may be seen travelling southwards, flying low and giving forth a hoarse cry as if of warning, as they sweep along, southward. As soon as they are within a few miles of the coast, they alight on the backs of the cranes, and ride on their backs, the cranes flying steadily on their way.

snugly squatting thereon being audible at times. Then when spring revisits the North, and it is time for the little things to return to their old haunts, the cranes carry them back again—this time, however, flying high, as if they felt assured their tiny friends would easily reach the earth once the great sea were passed.

A BOOK WRITTEN WITHOUT HANDS.

When Rupert Simms was about nine years of age he was sent to take his brother's tea to the brickyard where he worked. By some means or other the boy got drawn into the cog-wheels of a machine which made perforated bricks, with the result that he lost his left arm entirely and part of his right.

Some time after the accident the boy wore on the stump of his right arm a purse-like leather cap. In course of time the right-hand corner of the bottom of the purse wore into a hole, and having inserted a slate pencil, he found he could write. Soon, with the encouragement of a sympathetic schoolmaster, he became able to write so well that no one who was not aware of the fact would guess that the writing was done without a hand.

But Mr. Rupert Simms' great triumph is the handsome book he published not long since. For many years he was collecting the materials for a complete catalogue of Staffordshire books and authors, and now his "Bibliotheca Staffordiensis"—a large and handsome volume—has been published.—The Golden Penny.

A ROY PHILOSOPHER.

The Victorian, a very entertaining little journal published by Father Baker's boys at West Seneca, N. Y., contains the following series of charming philosophic sayings, written by one of the pupils:

The fellow that is always going to do something and the fellow who never does anything are like Pickett's promises to pay. They never amount to anything.

One goodly-good boy has leaven enough engorged in his skin to make six very bad boys.

All boys are alike in this, that they all think they know more than you. The boy who is really tough is more bearable than the one who tries to be tough. For the one is natural, the other artificial.

No boy is as good as the true Catholic American boy. For he is like his country, and contains the best points of all natures combined.

You can catch a thief sometimes by the coat collar, sometimes by the aid of the police, but you cannot catch a liar. However, a liar generally surrenders himself, or in other words, he hangs himself.

If you wish to know whether a boy will become a good man, watch him in his treatment of old age and gray hairs. I have not lived twenty years among boys with my eyes shut, and I have always found that the mischievous boy is not as bad as painted. He likes fun, but is not mean; if he plays any pranks he does so with the understanding that if caught he will not deny but will swallow his ashes and water like a man.

A boy who throws stones at your back will put his hands in your pockets to see how deep they are. There are boys who can see good qualities in their playmates, but then they always see better qualities in their own mirrors.

[Aunt Nora would be glad to welcome communications from some of the boys of the schools in this city, in the same strain.]

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Once upon a time there was a king who had a little son whom he loved very much, so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. But, for all this, the young prince wore a frown wherever he went, and he was always wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy and turn his frown into smiles."

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

(Catholic School and Home Magazine.) St. PLOTINUS, Boy Martyr, Jan. 13, 168. The many boys who read the Magazine will be pleased to know something of the way that boys, in the early ages of the Church, suffered for the Christian faith and became martyrs. They ought to know more about the history of the early Church, and they would find beautiful examples of manliness and heroism which show the ideals of truth and honor which all true boys should set before themselves. St. Plotinus of Sardinia was a mere boy when he heard the gospel of Christ preached and he gave up his Pagan idols and became a Christian. His father was very rich and loved his Pagan idols so much that he did all in his power to win his son back to their worship; but he failed, for Plotinus only grew stronger in his faith in Christ, so much so, that he worked many miracles, even to the healing of the Emperor Antoninus' daughter, who was possessed by an evil spirit. The Emperor promised

to become a Christian if his daughter were cured, but the promise was given in deceit. In the name of Jesus Plotinus drove out the evil spirit from the girl and those present cried out "Truly the God of the Christians is a great and mighty God." The ungrateful Emperor ascribed it all to magic and witchcraft, and commanded Plotinus to offer sacrifice to the gods of the Empire. He refused and was cruelly beaten and cast into prison, where he was left without food in order that he might starve to death. The Emperor hearing that he still lived passed judgment upon him, and when he found him still persisting in his Christian faith, he had him subjected to every form of torture, even casting his torn body to the wild beasts in the Amphitheatre, but the furious animals did not touch him. The Holy Boy cried out to the tyrant: "What sayest thou, O Caesar, to those wonders? Hast thou not experienced sufficiently the might and power of my Lord Jesus Christ?" The Emperor, enraged, ordered other tortures of seething oil and molten lead, but still the martyr praised God. His eyes were plucked out and finally he was beheaded, even after he had prayed to God to relieve the Emperor of an intense pain which he was tortured with. Thus this boy of thirteen years showed his faith in Christ, by suffering all these tortures rather than deny Christ. He gave up the world and its comforts in order to save his soul. God rewarded his goodness by giving him the courage and constancy of a man. How much boys of to-day should learn from such an example, and know how to suffer anything rather than deny a single article of their holy faith. Martyrs like Plotinus are the true boys and should be loved by all Christian boys.

St. AGNES, Girl Martyr, Jan. 21.—We have a beautiful model for our girl readers in the life of St. Agnes, the Roman girl of thirteen years who consecrated her virgin purity in her own blood. Her parents were of a noble family and were Christians, so that Agnes grew up as a Christian maiden, filled with every virtue. She was very beautiful, and attracted the attention of the governor's son, who was a Pagan. He besought her parents to allow him to marry her and brought many costly presents. Agnes answered that she had another bridegroom who possessed her love. By this she meant Jesus Christ, to whom she had consecrated her virginity. The governor even pressed his son's request, but he received the same answer. He was then told that Agnes was a Christian. This sufficed to have him order her arrest, and the following day she was brought before the tribunal. Mild words were used to influence this girl of thirteen years to marry the Pagan, or become a Pagan vestal and offer sacrifice to the gods, or else she would be exposed to the vilest sins. The young martyr spurned every proposal and announced fearlessly, "Thou hast vain in vain for my consent. I will not slight my bridegroom nor break my word and faith with Him. I will neither offer sacrifice to the Goddess Vesta nor to any other false god or goddess, but I adore and pay homage only to the one true God. To threaten me with the disgrace of being sent to a den of licentiousness does not frighten me; for I have an angel of the Lord for a protector, who will defend me against every violence." God did defend her virtue, and an angel of God protected her so that the governor's son was struck lifeless when he attempted violence to her. By her prayers he was restored to life and became a Christian. She was accused of magic and condemned to be burned alive, but like the Hebrews in the fiery furnace she was untouched. A sword was thrust through her throat and the young girl martyr died, exclaiming, "Receive, O Lord, my soul which has cost thee so much and which Thou hast loved so much." Do you wonder that this beautiful saint has been an inspiration to goodness, in all the ages of the Church? St. Jerome tells us that the name of St. Agnes had spread among all nations, and that hymns and praises, both in prose and verse, had been written of her in all languages. Every Christian girl should honor St. Agnes for her noble battle against impurity. How beautiful her character! What a model for the Christian girl!

THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

A poem on "The New Year," by Charles Shane, opens the January number of The Catholic World Magazine. Other poets in the number are Jessie Willis Brodhead and Walter Lecky. Charles A. Morse contributes a valuable paper headed "A Debt to Newman." A New Year's Dawn is the title of an appropriate story by "Hildegarde." Margaret Moore, under the heading "A New Woman's Work in the West of Ireland," gives a sketch of the industries started at Foxford by the Sisters of Charity. Numerous illustrations lend point to the description. A paper on "Sam Slick" and Catholic Disabilities in Nova Scotia, by Mary P. F. Chisholm, recalls some famous episodes in the life of the eminent Judge Hurlburt. The famous orientalist, Monsignor Charles de Harlez, furnishes a learned paper on "The Necessity of Studying Languages and their Monuments." A useful paper in the temperance propaganda is supplied by L. A. Toomey under the heading "Good Cooking vs. Drinking." "Pompeii Reborn and Regenerate" is the name of a paper describing a marvellous transformation carried out near the lava-covered city, under the patronage of the Pope. The article, which is from the pen of John J. O'Shea, is illustrated. Helen M. Sweeney contributes a very pathetic story, "Under an Alien Sky."

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which is also illustrated. "After Convention of the Irish Race" is the title of a paper of great interest on the present situation as regards Ireland. Rev. A. P. Doyle describes a mission in a very unfrequented spot, under the title of "A Spiritual Ultima Thule," and the narrative is accompanied by some typical pictures of the place and the people. Jesse Albert Locke treats in an interesting fashion on the New English Primrose, under the caption "Rationalism Entombed at Canterbury." Robert J. Mahon makes some good points in an article headed "Thinking the Rines Liquor Law." The biographical sketches of Catholic writers are continued. The criticism on New Books occupies the space which its importance at this season demands, and the proceedings of the Columbian Reading Union receive a due share of attention.

BALFOUR ON HOME RULE. CHARACTERIZES IT AS A STRESS AND A DANGER.

AN APPEAL TO THE UNIONISTS TO MAINTAIN THEIR ORGANIZATION—HE FEARS THE RESULTS OF A UNITED IRELAND—ENGLAND ALONE STANDS AGAINST THE MOVEMENT.

Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, but at present virtually Prime Minister of England, has again been talking about Home Rule. He is not now, apparently, of the opinion that "Home Rule is dead," as he and other prominent members of his party pretended to think and repeatedly declared not so long since. After the last general election, which the Tories won with a majority of 150 in the House of Commons, the universal Tory cry was that Home Rule for Ireland was "dead and buried forever."

That was less than two years ago, yet now we have Mr. Balfour warning his party at the annual conference of the "National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations" of the danger of Home Rule. The thing that was "dead and buried" two years ago is again alive and kicking. Mr. Balfour's style of talk regarding it has been considerably modified. He does not now say that it was killed at the election, but only "crushed for some time," and the "some time" means the interval between the last and the next appeal to the voters. Home Rule, Mr. Balfour allows, is to be the issue next time, as before, and it is to be the leading policy of the Liberals. "In the face of that danger," said Mr. Balfour to the "Conservative and Constitutional" conference, "it seems necessary and desirable that the Unionists should keep their organization at the highest pitch of efficiency, so that when the day of stress and danger is again upon them they would be found with untrained ranks, fully equipped for the battle before them, and therefore and consequently with good hope of bringing that battle to a successful issue."

Home Rule for Ireland, then, is the "stress and danger" ahead for the Tories. At least, so they regard it. They talk as if they believed that nothing so bad for England could happen as that Ireland should get Home Rule. Home Rule is with them the danger of dangers. To fight against it and prevent it they deem the primary duty of their political organizations. Evidently, therefore, the possession of Ireland and the ruling of it must be, in the view of the Tories at least, of vast benefit to Great Britain. This is the natural inference from their fierce opposition to Home Rule. They do not talk and act so energetically against it from any love of the Irish people, or any desire to benefit them. Some of them, indeed, pretend that their object is to serve Ireland, but the foremost of their leaders and spokesmen do not hesitate to declare that in their refusal to concede Home Rule to Ireland they are prompted by concern for "the interests of the Empire," by which, of course, is meant England alone. The other parts of "the Empire" are not against giving Ireland Home Rule. Scotland has voted for it. So has Wales. It is only England that supports the Tory policy of resistance to the demand of the Irish people to be permitted to control and manage the government of their own country.

England, then, considers Home Rule for Ireland a danger of the worst kind. It must, therefore, be a heavy gainer by the existing arrangement. British rule in Ireland must be, so to speak, a good deal of money in England's pocket. It pays England to govern Ireland, and the giving up of the business would be to her

people a big money loss. This, we are compelled to believe, is the chief reason why the English are against Home Rule. And the facts, known and acknowledged, bear out such view of the case. It is known and acknowledged that in the one matter of tax's England has been making out of Ireland over £2,500,000 a year for the past half century at least. Home is an item that means more than £100,000,000 of Irish money in English pockets. If Ireland had Home Rule all the time that money would not have gone to England. But, of course, there are several other items. There is the important matter of Irish manufactures—that is, the manufactures Ireland might, and undoubtedly would, have under native rule. How many millions have been lost to Ireland and gained by England through this Irish "grievance"? It would be impossible to calculate the amount. But the English have, we may be sure, and always had, a pretty fair idea of it, so that they have ever been watchful to prevent, as far as they could, anything being done to promote or render possible the progress of manufacturing industry in Ireland. The English manufacturers know that Home Rule in Ireland would mean in a very short time home manufacture. That is another reason why they consider Home Rule a "danger." In nearly all the big manufacturing towns of England the Tories won at the last general election. Home Rule for Ireland was the issue, and the big manufacturers felt that in working and voting against it they were acting for their own individual interests. They knew and know the value of the Irish market for their wares, as well as they know the benefit to them of having several millions in taxes got every year from Ireland, which keeps down their taxes by just so much.

Home Rule for Ireland is, therefore, to the English Tories a question of pounds, shillings and pence. If it were a mere matter of sentiment they would not be so much concerned. But it means business to them. In other and plainer, but perfectly truthful, words, British rule in Ireland means robbery of the Irish for the benefit of the English people, and the latter, though fully knowing it, are not only content to go on profiting by the robbery, but they make the business of maintaining and defending it the almost sole programme of their political party. The Tory party's main, if not only mission and object now is resistance to the demand of Ireland. In this, and hardly anything more, may its platform be said to differ from that of the Liberals, as Mr. Balfour practically admits. "The whole field of rational reform," said he, in his speech above referred to, "is covered by the Unionist policy, and, therefore, the only likelihood of an alternative policy for the Liberals is renewed proposals in connection with Home Rule."

Home Rule, therefore, is still the great question and the "danger" in British politics. To keep it so until the question is settled satisfactorily to Ireland is the business and the duty of the Irish people. That they can do by united effort, as by united effort they forced Home Rule to the front.

CANADA'S LAW MAKERS.

The law-makers of Canada were caught napping last week by their lordships of the judicial Committee. In delivering the judgment of the Committee in the Indian annuities case, Lord Watson directed attention to the wording of statutes passed in identical terms in 1890 and 1891 by the Parliament of Canada and the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec. These statutes provided that the award of certain arbitrators "shall be subject to appeal . . . to the Privy Council of England in case their lordships are pleased to entertain the appeal." We can fancy the quiet chuckle with which the grave and reverend seigniors of Downing Street drafted their rebuke to the Canadian Legislatures for thus ignoring Her Majesty. The constitutional rule, Lord Watson explained, provides that an appeal lies to Her Majesty and not to the Privy Council, and that "no jurisdiction can be conferred upon their lordships, who are merely the advisers of the Queen, by any legislation either of the Dominion or of the Provinces of Canada." A nice point of law taken. How full the English Constitution is of these pretty and yet sometimes useful little fictions!—Canadian Gazette, London, Eng.

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