

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The following columns, by W. M. Prasad has never been satisfactorily solved. Perhaps some of my readers may know the answer, if so, I should be glad if they would send it to me.

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt. Soot's 'twas an awful day. And tho' in that old age of sport 'The rufflers of the camp and court Had little time to pray, 'Tis said Sir Hilary nurtured three Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My first to all the brave and proud Who see to-morrow's sun; My next with her cold and quiet cloud; To those who find their duty shrouded Before to day's to be done. And both together to all buoyees That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

Some have given the solution as "Good-night," but it is difficult to see how this can be called a prayer. The same objection applies to "Rest rain," "Aide Dieu" and "Good-Morrow." It may be some Latin word or conjunction of words.

Another has never been solved though some of the brightest wits of the century have tried their hand at it.

The subject of the so-called "Revolt of woman," is occupying a great deal of attention, especially in the old country, where Lady Henry Somerset and her disciples have rapidly pushed themselves and their peculiar doctrines to the front.

That woman should revolt against the old unjust laws that made her practically the slave of man and took her earnings to enrich her husband instead of allowing her full control of them, was right enough, and if it had stopped at improving the position of woman socially and mentally, and had gone no further, the movement would have been of immense benefit, not only to woman themselves, but to succeeding generations. But in this case as in many others, the originators of the reform, encouraged by success, are pushing their demands still further; they are not satisfied with having obtained from the law the recognition of woman's rights as a free and intellectual being, but are forcing their opinions still further, and in repudiating some of the gravest and most moral duties and obligations of woman they are opening the door to evils which it is impossible to foresee.

When, some years ago, the advocates of woman's rights began their campaign in the interests of justice for women, they did not trench upon the question of personal duties and obligations, those were left to individual conscience.

But, lately, some women have arisen who regard it a duty that has hitherto been neglected to make good use of their men as one of their special privileges and prerogatives; that of motherhood. To be the mother of a living child was considered among ancient nations to entitle the woman to the highest degree of respect, and among the Jews the present day maternity is looked upon with reverence and is earnestly desired by Jewish women who consider childlessness a reproach.

Not so the modern Christian woman, she advocates of woman's rights, she looks upon maternity as a degradation, as something lowering her to the level of the brute creation.

How this shocking idea can have gained ground at first it is difficult to conjecture, but that it is increasing rapidly, and amongst the best educated and most intellectual women, there can be no doubt.

It is a serious outlook for society when women are beginning to revolt against the end for which they were created, when they practically fling in the face of Providence the Divine command to increase and multiply, and tell the Creator that the holiest and most beautiful function He has conferred upon them is a burden and a degradation.

It may be asked, is education and mental cultivation really doing all that it promised to do for women? Is it increasing their sense of duty and responsibility, and rendering them more capable of undertaking that duty and those responsibilities?

Fancy a woman, and an English woman too, writing the following sentence: "Children have been the means, from time immemorial, of enslaving woman."

"Maternal instinct is the scourge of genius." I can't see the point of the second statement; is maternal instinct the scourge of genius indiscriminately, or only of woman's genius? If the latter, the sentence is incorrect, since many clever women have been mothers without detriment to their genius, notably, Mary Somerville, the famous astronomer, who found time to bring up a family of children amidst her many researches.

"This reproductive rage held them (women) on the animal plane." "Are women to be simple productive agents of inferior quality?" And so on, and so forth, which they were created, when they practically fling in the face of Providence the Divine command to increase and multiply, and tell the Creator that the holiest and most beautiful function He has conferred upon them is a burden and a degradation.

Perhaps Macanlay's New Zealander, when he has surveyed the ruins of St. Paul's will betake himself to the museum to gaze upon a picture that has long ceased to have any living counterpart on earth—that of the Madonna and Child.

St. Peter's Bazaar on the 24th of October, promises to be a great success.

cess. The ladies in charge are working hard to get every thing perfect, and with such an organizer as Rev. L. Minahan at the head of affairs it is bound to be a success as far as general arrangements are concerned. There will be a stall containing useful articles, such as children's frocks, pinafores and small garments, and shawls, stockings and wraps. This stall will no doubt be well patronized by mothers who would like to help the good cause, but who cannot afford to spend money upon such unconsidered trifles as fancy work. Fancy work will be there, however, in great variety for those who love displays of pretty articles made by dainty fingers.

The pastor of St. Peter's is persona grata with the ladies, on account of his energy, his sterling goodness and his unobtrusive modesty, which enables him to accomplish a wonderful amount of work without knowing himself in the background, and they will certainly come forward with pleasure and help him to pay off the debt on his church, which has improved wonderfully under his management.

I believe there will be a post office at the bazaar, but I have not heard any more about it lately. If any of the ladies connected with the affair will let me know of anything they wish mentioned, I shall be very pleased to help them. A letter addressed to THE REGISTER office will be sure to find me.

A correspondent wrote to me recently asking whether any charge was made for answering enquiries in this column. I need scarcely say that I do not charge anything for replying to questions, and that I am always very pleased to be able to give my correspondents any information in my power. I am not exactly an encyclopedist, still I may have opportunities of discovering facts which my readers do not always possess, and when that is the case I give the information with pleasure. TERRYSA.

Election of Officers. The members of St. Helen's Sanctuary Society held their regular annual meeting in the school-room on Sunday, 18th inst., for the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following were elected: John Boland, President; James Flannery, Vice-President; Henry Boland, Secretary; Joseph Lister, Librarian; Thomas Donovan, Assistant-Librarian; Francis Mulholland, Custodian. Thomas Nash and James Lippin were admitted as members.

At a meeting of the St. Mary's Sanctuary boys, held yesterday, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: D. Murray, President, re-elected; J. Carter, Vice-President; J. O'Reilly, Secretary; Treasurer, F. Fulton, Librarian, re-elected; J. Madigan, Assistant-Librarian.

FAREWELL PRESENTATION TO FATHER GIBBONS. At the regular meeting of Branch No. 75, C.M.B.A., Sept. 23, the president, Rev. Father Gibbons, handed in his resignation, as he was about to remove to Toronto, and was presented with the following address, along with a gold chain and charm pendant—

"To the Reverend Fr. Gibbons, President Memorial Branch No. 75, C.M.B.A., 100, Dear Sir and Bro.—Learning that you are about to remove from our midst, we, the officers and members of this branch, over which you have presided with such distinguished ability, desire to put on record our deep sense of the great value of the services which you have rendered to this branch of the C.M.B.A.; and our unfeigned regret at your removal from among us. Your untiring efforts have resulted in the addition to our membership of over twenty new members, and your tact and skill as an Executive officer have put this branch on a thoroughly sound basis. We gladly acknowledge your constant self-sacrifice in attending our meetings, often in spite of great difficulty, and much personal discomfort. Your just decisions and your firmness in the chair have given universal satisfaction, whilst your urbanity and your unvarying kindness have endeared you to every member of the Branch. We trust that we may retain a warm place in your memory wherever you may go, and we ask you to accept this chain as a very slight token of the universal regard and esteem in which you are held by the community generally, and the members of this Branch particularly. In bidding you a reluctant farewell, we say that He who oversees all events may grant you every blessing throughout your future life, and at last bring us all together within the walls of the Grand Council above. Signed, on behalf of the Branch, HECTOR T. MARCHILDON, "First Vice-President."

"P. S. McDONALD, "Recording Secretary."

On one side of the pendant was the C.M.B.A. symbol, and on the reverse side the following inscription: "Presented by Branch No. 75, Sept. 23, 1898."

Father Gibbons, though taken completely by surprise, made a very suitable reply. He referred in feeling terms to the uniform support given him by the members of the Branch during his occupancy of the chair, and urged the members to use their best endeavours for the advancement of the association, not only for their own interests, but for those of their wives and families.

His His Good Points.—Weary Watkins—With all your gab, you got to admit that religion has its good points. Hungry Higgins—Not that there is a drop of work on Sunday is good as far as it goes.

Farm and Garden

According to the "Farmer's Gazette," Ireland is to have more than an average harvest this year. Out of sixty-six reports received this year, five represent what is far above the average; over average, and only three are under. Butley is reported in twenty cases to be over average, in thirty-nine to be average and in none to be under average. Oats, which is now by far the most important of Irish cereal crops, is reported in sixty-three cases, out of a hundred and twenty, to be over average, and in forty-nine as average. Potatoes are also satisfactory.

The most generally interesting topic before the Physical Science Section of the British Association now assembled at Bristol, England, was the influence of electricity upon the germination and growth of plants. Two papers were read on that subject, and they gave rise to discussion.

Mr. Selim Lemmon announced that his experiments had resulted in an increase in the seeds of at least 40 per cent. in the roots from 25 to 75 per cent., depending on the kind of plant, and on the nature of the soil; beans 75 per cent., strawberries and raspberries as high as 75 per cent., whilst the time for the influence shortened at least one-third. It seemed that under the electric influence plants absorbed water in greater quantity. His method was ready to be used for practical purposes by means of an electric machine he had constructed.

Dr. Cook said that for some time the idea that electricity might have some favourable influence on the growth of plants had been in the minds of a few scientific men, and corroborative facts had been gradually accumulating. Experiments had related to the germination of seed, the growing of plants in soil, and low forms of plant life. Experiments had also been made with barley, etc., by passing weak electric currents through them between carbon plates, and in almost all cases the growth was accelerated. In one case an increase of 18 per cent. was obtained in the electrified over the non-electrified. Intermittent currents of electro motive force were found to accelerate the germination of seeds. Potatoes sometimes gave a yield of 50 per cent. more when grown near the wires than when at a distance from them. The instrument used was practically a lightning conductor below, with a series of cross wires running under the soil near the roots of the plants. On account of the cost of the apparatus, etc., we should have to learn to draw on the electricity of the atmosphere for these practical purposes. In any case he hoped the results obtained would lead to further experiments.

The President said there was a question whether the improved growth was due to the electricity itself, or simply to the placing of the wires intended to connect it. In order to test that point there should have been three sets of comparative experiments, viz., planting in the usual way, next planting in soil dug up for wires without electricity, and also in soil laid with electric currents. Another speaker suggested that the ground where the wires had been laid was no doubt better worked than the other ordinary soil.

Mr. Carter suggested that if electricity really promoted the growth of food stuffs this was a question of national importance, which the Association should investigate by means of a research committee.

Lord Kelvin said he feared the practical utilization of atmospheric electricity to promote the growth of plants was somewhat remote, and he rather doubted the effect of underground wires over any extent of soil. The case reminded him of the fable of a German peasant, who imagined he could find gold in his garden, and consulted a scientific friend, who, whilst knowing there was no gold in the soil, yet advised the peasant to dig for it, with the result that the peasant earned gold by making his land more productive (a laugh, and hearty cheer).

The September report of the Department of Agriculture at Washington says the condition of the United States wheat crop for 1898 when harvested was 86.7, one point higher than for September 1 last year, and 12.1 higher than for 1898. In addition to this it is to be noted that the area in crop is estimated this year at 43,000,000 acres, as compared with 39,500,000 acres last year. This increase, both in yield and acreage, should make the surplus available for export at least 47,000,000 bushels in excess of last year, or say 126,000,000 bushels all told.

Lemington Post.—Nearly every other farmer in South Essex is erecting a tobacco barn on his place. The tobacco crop in South Essex had a phenomenal growth during the short spell. Hundreds of acres are now cut, and some already have a second growth of sixteen inches. Two more weeks of frost means a pile of money to Essex. Harrow merchants are already sending this year's tobacco, grown and cured in Colchester South. Walter Atkin and Sidney Patten evidently stand first as tobacco-growers in Colchester South. They have twelve and eleven acres respectively, much of which will yield 2,000 pounds to the acre, and most, if not all, of which will be cut and curing this week. If prices keep up our farmers have a Klondike in Colchester, without going to the frozen regions of the North.

Prof. Robertson, in his report, says:—A fresh-frozen egg is never improved by

Twenty Funny Stories of MARK TWAIN. They relate to Mark Twain's eccentricities, and his aptness in making the most ordinary episodes appear ludicrous. The stories are bristful of fun.



When I Stood Face to Face With Death. Miss Wilkins in Her New England Home. An entire photographic page will show the author of "Arctome" and "Pembroke" as she is at home; her friends as they grouped around her going out to meet my guest with her dog; with her favorite cat; and in an evening gown ready for a reception.

John Wanamaker's Sunday-School. The Most Interesting Sunday-School in America. How it has grown to be a factor in a city's life, together with the wonderful man who has devoted his energies to its development. Illustrated. These are Some of the Special Features in the October Number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

We will mail The Ladies' Home Journal from now until January 1, 1899, and The Saturday Evening Post, every week from now until the end of the year, on receipt of only Twenty-five Cents.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

"Say, pa?" "Well, what?" "What did the Dead Sea do to you?" "A Housewife's Motto—Whatever thou dost, do it with all thy might. The Kindly Man—"Why stands ye idle here?" "The Other Man—"De benches in de park's been palated."

"Which is the longest word in the English language?" "Smiles," because there is a mile between the first s and the last s. Hanworth—"I don't see how war can be avoided now." Slump: (who has forgotten to match the ribbon); "Neither do I. She'll accept no explanation, I suppose."

First Actor: "I thought your next tour to have been through South Africa?" Second Actor: "It was, but the company struck. One of them had read that an ostrich egg often weighs two or three pounds!" Lyre: "Just got back from Egypt. Hottest place you ever saw. One day I cooked eggs there in the sun." Fibber: "That's nothing. Was out camping last week, and one night we cooked 'meat in the moonlight!"

Beware of Little Things. A black seed, no larger than a pin point, but which is so small that it may be taint the breath enough to break up a betrothal, a ruin a Sunday school, and shatter the good intentions of a sewing-circle. Scene: Village Sunday school. Clergyman questioning a lot of small boys in a farming district. Clergyman: "How did Jacob know that it was Joseph sending for him from Egypt?" Small Boy (excitedly): "He seen 'is name on the saggons."

Moral: Don't Swat!—"Have ye all reached a verdict?" asked the Kentucky coroner. "We have," replied the foreman of the jury, as he bit off a liberal chew of plug tobacco. "We find the feller drapped into his evenlastin' frum switchin' from one kind of hicker to another." An opening for him—Llandilo (to applicant for post). "Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow?" Applicant: "I am a doctor of music." Llandilo: "Oh, then we shall be very glad to have you with us, for there is just lots of music in this locality that needs doctoring."

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

"Say, pa?" "Well, what?" "What did the Dead Sea do to you?" "A Housewife's Motto—Whatever thou dost, do it with all thy might. The Kindly Man—"Why stands ye idle here?" "The Other Man—"De benches in de park's been palated."

"Which is the longest word in the English language?" "Smiles," because there is a mile between the first s and the last s. Hanworth—"I don't see how war can be avoided now." Slump: (who has forgotten to match the ribbon); "Neither do I. She'll accept no explanation, I suppose."

First Actor: "I thought your next tour to have been through South Africa?" Second Actor: "It was, but the company struck. One of them had read that an ostrich egg often weighs two or three pounds!" Lyre: "Just got back from Egypt. Hottest place you ever saw. One day I cooked eggs there in the sun." Fibber: "That's nothing. Was out camping last week, and one night we cooked 'meat in the moonlight!"

Beware of Little Things. A black seed, no larger than a pin point, but which is so small that it may be taint the breath enough to break up a betrothal, a ruin a Sunday school, and shatter the good intentions of a sewing-circle. Scene: Village Sunday school. Clergyman questioning a lot of small boys in a farming district. Clergyman: "How did Jacob know that it was Joseph sending for him from Egypt?" Small Boy (excitedly): "He seen 'is name on the saggons."

Moral: Don't Swat!—"Have ye all reached a verdict?" asked the Kentucky coroner. "We have," replied the foreman of the jury, as he bit off a liberal chew of plug tobacco. "We find the feller drapped into his evenlastin' frum switchin' from one kind of hicker to another." An opening for him—Llandilo (to applicant for post). "Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow?" Applicant: "I am a doctor of music." Llandilo: "Oh, then we shall be very glad to have you with us, for there is just lots of music in this locality that needs doctoring."

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

"Say, pa?" "Well, what?" "What did the Dead Sea do to you?" "A Housewife's Motto—Whatever thou dost, do it with all thy might. The Kindly Man—"Why stands ye idle here?" "The Other Man—"De benches in de park's been palated."

"Which is the longest word in the English language?" "Smiles," because there is a mile between the first s and the last s. Hanworth—"I don't see how war can be avoided now." Slump: (who has forgotten to match the ribbon); "Neither do I. She'll accept no explanation, I suppose."

First Actor: "I thought your next tour to have been through South Africa?" Second Actor: "It was, but the company struck. One of them had read that an ostrich egg often weighs two or three pounds!" Lyre: "Just got back from Egypt. Hottest place you ever saw. One day I cooked eggs there in the sun." Fibber: "That's nothing. Was out camping last week, and one night we cooked 'meat in the moonlight!"

Beware of Little Things. A black seed, no larger than a pin point, but which is so small that it may be taint the breath enough to break up a betrothal, a ruin a Sunday school, and shatter the good intentions of a sewing-circle. Scene: Village Sunday school. Clergyman questioning a lot of small boys in a farming district. Clergyman: "How did Jacob know that it was Joseph sending for him from Egypt?" Small Boy (excitedly): "He seen 'is name on the saggons."

Moral: Don't Swat!—"Have ye all reached a verdict?" asked the Kentucky coroner. "We have," replied the foreman of the jury, as he bit off a liberal chew of plug tobacco. "We find the feller drapped into his evenlastin' frum switchin' from one kind of hicker to another." An opening for him—Llandilo (to applicant for post). "Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow?" Applicant: "I am a doctor of music." Llandilo: "Oh, then we shall be very glad to have you with us, for there is just lots of music in this locality that needs doctoring."

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juice, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Haemorrhoids. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmentier's Pills are taking the place against ten other makes which I have tried."