

**"THE VULGAR WISDOM OF INCREPUDITY."**

Sacred Heart Review.

The London "Spectator" has a rebuke for a certain writer of books of travel who, visiting a shrine in an out-of-the-way corner of Italy, describes it at some length. "One can not help wishing," says the "Spectator," "that it was not necessary to spoil the tone of the picture by sneering, ever so slightly, at these old devotions. . . . The true artist should see these things as they are without attempt at explanation and, above all, without any touch of that patronage of the ancient and mysterious hardly worthy of a cultivated mind." This reminds us of a passage in the London "Athenæum's" review of F. M. Capes' "Life of St. Catherine de Ricci." Speaking of the Stigmata which this saint bore in her body, the "Athenæum" says: "The phenomena which made her extraordinary, and her convent a focus of power, even as they form the leading feature of the present book, belong to that class which various minds will view variously. But those best acquainted with modern experiment on the influence of mind over body will be least disposed to the vulgar wisdom of incredulity."

The "Athenæum's" further description of the ecstasies of St. Catherine are interesting coming from such a source. "Constantly meditating on the Passion, she—like the Assisian and others since him—exhibited on her own body the Stigmata, the marks of Christ's wounds, even to the traces of the thorny crown, and the long bruise of the cross on shoulder and back. But this was the least striking of her manifestations. The most extraordinary was that she began regularly and periodically to fall into ecstasy on the day and at the hour of the Saviour's Passion, and during this state followed in vision the whole sequence of His sufferings, from the Last Supper to the giving up of the ghost. She not only accompanied everything with the spontaneous words and exclamations of an eye-witness, with moving and appropriate prayers often drawn from Scripture, but also in her own person showed the reflex signs and tokens of the agonies she spiritually witnessed. At the close she exhibited a corpse-like pallor and exanimation, appearing more dead than alive. It was, in effect, a kind of Passion Play, so vivid that the beholders seemed to have before them the suffering Christ, and were moved to impassioned devotion and tears. She even at times addressed those present in the person of Our Lord, with Whom she became identified. This extraordinary drama soon brought down on her the Church authorities, but, summoned before them, she answered with a humble and submissive prudence beyond her years and sex, which confounded their suspicions. They came to judge and ended by admiring approval. The highest and noblest from all parts of Italy flocked to witness the phenomenon—incredulity went away converted and moved to reformation of life. The obscure nun became, single-handed, an incalculable force against the Reformation which was secretly undermining Catholicism in its centre and stronghold, Italy. One illustrious Tuscan only held aloof, the Duke Cosmo, and it is the most potent witness to Catherine's efficacy that he did so because he feared lest he should be subdued to reformation of life against his will."

St. Catherine is one of those Catholic saints, the scarcity of whose like in the Protestant church Mr. Starbuck very likely has in mind when writing, as he does this week, of the "neutral gray of Protestant religious history."

**Wedding Festivities in Germany.**

By Cornelia Cress, in December Donahoe's.

The festival of all festivals, however, the crown of German merrymaking, is a wedding, which always includes the "Polter Abend," a dinner, and a dance, and sometimes in the country, or in old-fashioned circles, means an entertainment lasting several days, and embracing drives and excursions. The Polter Abend, an evening entertainment, is the German version of our dinner to the bridesmaids and ushers, and is given the night before the wedding. It is usually restricted to the wedding party, the family on both sides, the more intimate friends, and is very informal in character. Congratulatory verses are read, verses composed for the occasion, in which the names of the bride and groom (in Germany the engaged girl is called "braut," a bride, until she marries, then she is spoken of as "the young wife") are introduced, a young sister personifying joy, or youth, or some other agree-

**USED UP AND TIRED OUT MEN AT THE OFFICE WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL**

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out.

The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart.

Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and finally causes decline.

**Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills**

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends."

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able quality, wishes them all happiness, there is a little play perhaps, turning on some event appropriate to the occasion, every one's health is drunk, and the braut is kissed enthusiastically by all her girl friends.

Even an engagement, however, has unusual features. In the first place, the announcement is not made haphazard on any day that may seem good to the chief actors, but the news is kept till Christmas, Easter, a birthday, or some other festival, and then broken to an expectant world. It is quite usual to hear girls say apropos of some friend, "We shall soon hear a bit of news, hers will surely be a Whit-Monday engagement." Everything appertaining to this stage is regulated by custom, even the suitor's dress. A girl would feel the man was indeed wanting in respect towards her if he went in anything less than full dress to ask for her father's consent. For that interview he must be in "frack and cylinder" (evening coat and high hat) no matter if it is at eight o'clock in the morning.

**WHY DO WOMEN SUFFER**

Such pain and endure the torture of nervous headache, when 25c. buys a cure like Nerviline. A few drops in sweetened water brings unflinching relief. You feel better fit once, you're braced up, invigorated, headache goes away after one dose. The occasional use of Nerviline prevents indigestion and stomach disorders—keeps up health and strength. Every woman needs Nerviline and should use it too. In 25c. bottles everywhere.

**Father Judge in Dawson City.**

By Arnold F. George, in December Donahoe's.

I landed with 40,000 other men in the middle of June, 1898. Dawson was a city of tents—and sickness. The first familiar face I saw was that of an acquaintance of many years before. He had been in the Klondike a year, and was accounted rich.

"Have you been to see H——?" was his first question after the usual salutations and mutual explanations.

"Charley H——? Why I didn't know he was here."

"Yes!" he replied. "Been down with scurvy six months. Father Judge took him in. Guess he saved his life. But he's bad off. Guess it'd do him good to see you."


"Who is this Father Judge?"

"Father Judge? Why, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Father Judge?"

"I surely have not," I replied somewhat tartly. "I've been in Dawson only an hour."

"Well, all I've got to say is that you are forgetting your newspaper business, if you've been here an hour and haven't learnt of Father Judge. I guess he's a priest. Don't know much about those things anyhow. But I do know as he's saved I don't know how many lives this winter. I reckon he was the only one of us as had time, or wasn't crazy about gold. Saved more'n a thousand. Doctors all mining, and the bummiest lot you

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ever saw. Charged two ounces a visit, and the sick fellows mostly broke, or they wouldn't a'been sick. And say! You just ought to know Father Judge. He's the biggest jollier—the merriest fellow you ever met. When he runs out of medicine he goes and gets a lot of bark and spruce boughs, and he's kept a whole lot of them alive up there, waiting for medicines to come in. You didn't bring any with you, did you?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got some for myself in case I'm sick."

My acquaintance, B——, of the Arctic meat market, broke into a laugh as something funny occurred to him.

"I guess you had better not let Father Judge know you've got it," he said. "He'll get it out of you, if you do."

"Is he pretty good on the beg?" I asked, grinning at B——'s infectious merriment.

"Well, I should say so. Twice this winter he got nearly a quarter of meat out of me—two dollars a pound, too. But you go and see H—— and ask him."

**Quaint Customs in Wurttemberg.**

By Cornelia Cress, in December Donahoe's.

A custom, touching in its kindly good feeling, is that of putting a wreath of flowers over the hall door, to celebrate the return, after a journey, of any member of the family. Usually the word "Welcome" is printed on a big card and encircled by the wreath; but sometimes the entire door is framed in green, and a bunch of flowers at the top gives brightness to the whole. A bride who did not have her new home decorated for her entry would feel she had indeed been badly treated. If there is no one else to put up the wreath, no friends or family, if the bride is beginning life in a strange city, then the servants give the decorations themselves, and it is they who provide a floral welcome for the family when it returns from its summer trip.

Wurttembergers, like other continental peoples, live in apartments, one reason perhaps why the children are less boisterous than with us, as the fear of the lower floor's anger is always present, to the mother's mind at least, and the boys are obliged to put on felt slippers when they begin to play. Each family in succession cleans the general staircase for a week, and in modest households a gaily colored card representing a policeman talking to a maid is the sign that it is "Kehrwoche" (sweeping week) and is hung near the entrance door of those whose turn it is to labor for the general good.

**An Accommodating Witness**

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer. "Now sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," roared the lawyer. How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

**His 1905 Open Letter**

MR. W. J. GAGE TELLS OF THE GROWTH OF THE CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITALS IN MUSKOKA

**Accommodation at Free Hospital Increased by Twenty-five Beds**

**URGENT CALL FOR FUNDS TO MEET INCREASED BURDEN FOR MAINTENANCE**

Dear Friend:—

Contributions from rich and poor, young and old, received by the Free Hospital for Consumptives, tell of the love and charity towards the great work carried on in Muskoka.

Thousands from all parts of Canada not only sent their "God bless the work" but their money also to help to answer their prayers.

The poor widow out of her hard-earned savings, telling how her own heart was made lonely through the dread scourge, as well as the rich insurance companies, have sent their gifts.

2,000 patients have been cared for since the opening of our Homes in Muskoka. 560 of these were treated in the Free Hospital. 150 patients in these two Homes to-day, show how this life-saving work has grown.

Premier Whitney, replying to a large deputation in the interests of the National Sanitarium Association, stated that "personally he thought \$100,000 would not be too much for the Government to set apart for this work."

Seventy-five patients to be cared for in the Muskoka Free Hospital for

Consumptives means a large weekly outlay. The Trustees accept this obligation, believing the needed money will be forthcoming.

The world is full of good and generous people ready to give. But they want to be sure that their money is wisely spent. In no other place can your money do so much good.

The growing knowledge of the contagious character of the disease has made the lot of the consumptive poor a hard one.

The Muskoka Free Hospital is today the only place where a sufferer in the early stages of consumption is admitted free.

Will you not help to save the life of a sick one to whom all other doors are closed?

What greater blessing could crown your giving, than the knowledge that it helps to snatch a fellow-being from the very jaws of death?

\$50,000 is wanted for the coming year. Will you join in this greatest of all charities?

Faithfully yours,  
W. J. GAGE.

Toronto, Can.

"Will the Court make the—"

"I have, yer worship," said the witness, anticipating the law. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy of two feet long, and a man five feet ten."

"Your honor—"

"It's a fact yer worship; I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer placed his hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leant his body over the table and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What isn't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case. His name's Jones."

"Your worship," howled the lawyer, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the magistrate, "you must answer the question put to you?"

"Great Scot! ha'n't I been doin' it? Let him fire away. I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What, weren't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us ever Friends. He's an old-time Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down!"

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up—"

"Constable, remove the man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering, "Well, if he ain't the thick-headed lawyer I ever laid eyes on!"—Ex.

**Four White Fetlocks**

In France in former times a horse that possessed four white stockings had the privilege of being free from toll. There is a passage in one of the works of Frederic Mistral, the famous poet of Provence, to the following effect: "By the rule of the road there was an old custom which was respected by all, that the carter whose leader had four white stockings, whether going uphill or downhill, had the right not to leave the road—that is, the narrow paved part when the rest was in a bad state—and thus arose the proverb, 'Who has four white feet can pass everywhere.'—Ex.