

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them

"Come on, Tim, your breakfast is waiting for you," called Mrs. Doolan from the foot of the stairs last Sunday morning, shortly after Tim had returned from 7 o'clock Mass.

No answer from the lord of the household, save his responsive step along the hall, and, strange to say, the usual note of elasticity was scarcely in evidence. Mary pricked up her ears as she heard him coming. He was in a mood—she knew it before he reached the staircase. Her thirty years of study of the bundle of Kerry wit and eccentricities men called Tim Doolan had made her expert in reading him. "She knew him," as Tim himself would tell you, "better than she knew her neighbors, and what she didn't know about them you could put in your eye."

As soon as Tim was conscious of his better half's presence his face deepened in mystery, and with a studied shake of his head he muttered: "Well, sir, the ways of the Lord is wonderful."

Mary smiled. She knew the symptoms and she scented victory. At once her line of attack was laid. "Wirra, Nellie," she remarked to her daughter-in-law, who had dropped in, as usual on Sunday mornings, "would you look at him! Sure you'd think 'twas a fairy he'd seem. Where's your manners, Tim?" she went on. "Don't you know Mrs. Johnson any more?"

But Tim ignored her. He had a secret to tell, and he knew his wife's curiosity.

"Excuse me, Nellie," he said, slowly, "but something happened at Mass that kind of upset me. How's your health, dear?" And paying no heed to her answer, he resumed his silence, throwing a shell or two at Mrs. Doolan just to draw her on.

Mary saw his position was too strong to be carried by light infantry, so she brought her heavy guns into play.

"Drink your coffee, man," she cried. "Don't you see it's getting cold? I'm not going to keep the fire going all day, just because you're on your didoes."

Behind his breastworks Tim smiled happily. The enemy was nettled and was playing into his hands. With another shake of his head he murmured, "And a little child shall lead them."

Mary saw that smile, and she knew at once that her husband's fortifications were impregnable. Her mind was made up instantly, and calling off her artillery she settled down to starve him out.

"Nellie," she asked, as calmly as if Tim were in Jericho, "did you notice the number of long cloaks the women are wearing this winter? And puff sleeves seem to be the style again. But wasn't that a fright of a bonnet that Mrs. Quinn had on? Sure it looked like a rooster's top-knot pinned to her hair. Well, as I've often remarked since my wedding day, there's no accounting for women's tastes."

Tim was agitated at this change of front. He knew she could keep up a guerrilla fire until her tongue was worn off its hinges. Nothing but a bold stroke could save him now. So climbing out of his trenches he opened fire:

"Mary," he remarked suddenly, "do you know that Frank Reilly went forward with the sodality this morning?"

Bravo, Tim! That was a master move. Mrs. Doolan, you're hopelessly beaten. All her sagacity is thrown to the winds. Surprised at the sudden attack in front, and pressed from behind by irresistible curiosity, she hesitates, wavers and then surrenders unconditionally.

Like all great conquerors, Tim is magnanimous and no sign of exultation is visible on his countenance. But, of course, to the victor belongs the right of dictating the terms, and Mrs. Doolan must write through a long preamble before Tim finally satisfies her womanly craving for the sweet morsel of news he has to impart.

"Do you remember, Mary, what a splendid couple they made, himself and Susie Hamilton, when they stood at the altar ten years ago and Father Malachy officiated? Sure, the whole parish looked on it as a family matter, and the women said he was the noblest boy, and the old men swore she was the sweetest girl ever born away from the Emerald Isle; and all the collars and the young lads swore they were made for each other. Though in their hearts they wished it was otherwise."

"Don't you remember how Tim used to look at her, like a frying egg

A BISHOP ON BAD PLAYS

In all the Roman Catholic churches of Limerick a pastoral was read from Bishop O'Dwyer with regard to plays about to be produced at the local theatre, one of which is understood to be an adaptation of Daudet's *Sapho*. He feels, he says, it is his duty to warn the Catholic people of the city against the danger even performances involve. Against sound and healthy plays he has no word of disapproval. They were a delightful form of recreation, refining the mind and conveying often deep and true moral lessons. This very fact, however, was a reason why they should all have an interest in preserving so powerful an instrument of good, from being perverted into an agency of moral corruption, and that beyond all doubt, theatrical representations were fast becoming. Plays had recently been performed in Ireland that catered only to prurient and corrupt inclinations, but this kind of performance could be put down by the people simply staying away from the theatre where improper plays were performed. Most, if not all of such plays—"abominable stuff," the Bishop terms them—came from England, and dealt with phases of English life to which the Irish people were strangers.

LIFE ON THE RAIL IS A HARD ONE

C. P. R. Engineer's Experience With Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They brought back his strength when he could neither eat nor sleep.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 27.—(Special)—Mr. Ben Rafferty, the well-known C.P.R. engineer, whose home is at 175 Maple street, is one Winnipeg man who swears by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Long hours on the engine and the mental strain broke down my constitution," Mr. Rafferty says. "My back gave out entirely. Terrible, sharp, cutting pains followed one another, till I felt I was being sliced away piecemeal. I would come in tired to death from a run. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get. Finally I had to lay off work."

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the first night after using them I slept soundly. In three days I threw away the belt I have worn for years. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Labelling the Galicians.

The remarks of Mrs. Chisholm, of Winnipeg, at the W.C.T.U. convention in Hamilton recently, have created quite a sensation here. Mrs. Chisholm is reported to have asserted that young Galician and other slave girls are frequently sold for \$25 or \$50 to husbands they do not know.

Father Kulawy, O.M.I., is greatly incensed. He declares it is a crime to give utterance to such statements regarding the Galician people. "It is absolutely untrue it is a pure invention. The Galician people are known as a most docile race; they are sincerely and deeply attached to their children. During my residence among them I saw daily proof of the devotion of the people to their children, and I never on any occasion heard of anything of this character. I think it necessary that the most positive and direct denial should be made to this statement. It is the invention of some one desiring to create a sensation."

PEACH STONES AS FUEL.

In California, where coal is scarce, it is found that peach stones are equally good for fuel and give out more heat than does coal in proportion to weight. Large quantities of stones taken out of the fruit at the canning factories are now dried and sold. Apricot stones also burn, but not as well as peach, and do not command as high a price.

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ADOPT GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

The new era in Russia will be marked by a change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. The use of the old calendar, which is thirteen days behind that of other civilized countries, has been the cause of infinite confusion. The Academy of Sciences has already submitted a plan to shorten the Russian February by thirteen days, and to begin March 1 in the new style.

SISTERS AS TRAINED NURSES.

Nine of the Nursing Sisters of St. John of God, Wexford, Ireland, have successfully passed their examination in elementary anatomy and physiology and in medical, surgical and fever nursing, having completed a course of instruction given by an experienced nurse from London, who has had many years' experience in training probationers and nurses in public hospitals. An arrangement has been made by which the training of the Sisters will be regularly carried out so that a certain number will every year present themselves for examination.

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