

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKS BY "TERESA"

The bust of His Grace the late Archbishop Walsh, by Mr. Hamilton McCarty, is a very handsome piece of sculpture. The likeness is very striking, the noble proportions of the head being well shown in the pose chosen.

Some of the copies are finished in old ivory and are particularly fine. Every one who has seen it pronounces it to be a remarkably good likeness of the late Archbishop; several of the clergy have expressed unqualified approval of it.

St. Peter's Bazaar was a great success. Every evening the hall was filled with a crowd of people who walked about examining the articles on the stalls, purchasing presents, etc., or eating tea and cake in the cheerful luncheon room.

St. Vincent's Hall might be used for sales and bazaars, etc., there is plenty of light and room, a clear open space, free from pillars and other obstructions—a great desideratum.

Miss Rodgers did a good trade at the cigar table, where she had a large quantity of very good cigars on sale; the decoration of this table, consisting of a sea green paper and artificial flowers, was very artistic.

The Port Office, in charge of Miss Jacobs, proved a most attractive feature of the bazaar. It would not be a bad idea to get a room for an "Art Exhibition" or picture gallery, obtaining loans of pictures, etc., from the various art dealers in the city.

There are indications that skirts with graduated flounces will be worn all winter. In the heavier stuffs the bell or apron flounces will be usually seen. These skirts are not so graceful as the plain variety, nor are they so unobtrusive of improvement, as they retain their distinctive flounce characteristics as long as they are wearable.

The furres for plaids and other patterns having affinity with the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes, has calmed down considerably, as is the way with most senseless and outrageous fads.

Man dislikes nothing more than to see his Associate on woman. But she has selected to wear it and wear it she will in spite of his disapproval. She wears it with the cleanest of hearts, as readily as she does with a severe tailor-made coat.

coat is worn buttoned to hide the ends. But woman says that the Aescot is swell and becoming to her, so man might just as well make himself contented about her wearing it. Every day sees some thing new in the Aescots. They are made of duck, cotton cloth, Japanese silk, glencheck, canvas, silk, satin, and even wool.

Perhaps the blainy laces and chiffon tics of a hundred years ago is now becoming to woman than the big, ugly Aescot, which I never wore, and never will. I saw a tiny little woman on the street the other day, she was a dainty little specimen, and she had short of the feet and she wore a pretty flounced skirt and a delicate cambric shirt waist.

Dust is always with us, whether it comes through the open window from the dusty highways of summer or through the lines of the heater or stove during the winter months, and as great protection cannot be had against it at one time as at another.

The feather duster should be abolished, with the mop and other utensils invented for the use of slatternly workers. The handkerchief, the brush, the broom, hold devices received from Oriental lands, is thorough in its work. It is light, and therefore easy to wield, but not good for upholstered furniture.

"I was speaking of the dust," retorted the Cynic; the Playgoer looked at him with his mouth open. "Personal. I prefer leaving the dust remain in any pocket, but not having them cleaned out periodically like the cupboards and things."

"In that way you never married?" asked the Playgoer, who was not quite sure what the Cynic was driving at. The Cynic looked at her duster and removed it into the street again.

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No Coated in Dr. W. Chace's Catarrh Cure. Prof. Hays' Out. School of Chemistry and Pharmacy, says: "I have made the doctor can find the cause of the Catarrh Cure in all its compounds, from samples purchased on the open market, and find none present."

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BOOK REVIEWS

PAROCHIAL HYMN BOOK

From the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, there has just issued a handsome hymn book, edited by the late Father Police, S.M., Boston. We believe it is within the mark to say that this collection of hymns is the largest and most complete of its kind.

"Popular Instructions on Prayer," by Rev. Torroel Girardot, O.S.B., New York, Benziger Bros., cloth 50c, paper 25c. This is a book of great value to the Alphonsons, from whose doctrine it is chief compiled.

In this little book the author, besides giving many original notes, has collected, condensed and adapted to the wants of the present time all that St. Alphonsus has written on prayer in his admirable work.

The Hop Blossoms and other Tales by Canon Schmidt. The Hop Blossom, by Canon Schmidt, New York, Benziger Bros., 25c each. Two pretty little volumes have come to hand from the pen of Rev. Canon Schmidt.

"Fickle and Pepper," a spicy book with a spicy name; a story of children and their parents, written in a simple and shining and clouds of child life with bright sparkling dialogue and interesting situations.

"The Romance of a Playwright," from the pen of the Editor of the Boston Herald, by the French by Mary McMahon. A story of the results arising from hasty judgment and a misunderstanding between two friends.

MAGNIFICENT HEROISM.

There are many examples of wonderful bravery amongst the women of our land that are worthy of record; and particularly one that was almost forgotten by the passage of time.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten the fangs in the form of a fever, and will be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds.

Domestic Reading

THE NEED FOR ENTHUSIASM—Every girl who desires to live a real, earnest, useful life should set before herself an ideal, and direct all her energies to the attainment of that ideal. No daydreams do we do of a Joan of Arc, but we want the qualities which such women showed.

GOD'S LOAN—No little child has ever come from God and stayed a brief while in some human home—to return, again to the Father—without making glad that home, and leaving behind some trace of heaven.

READERS AND READING.—Every age produces work that is destined to last; and if we read nothing of contemporary literature, we shall not keep up to the times in which we live.

THE MAN-EATING TIGER.

A writer in the Wide World Magazine says: "The most strictly accurate and graphic accounts of man-eating tigers in India fall to convey an adequate sense of the awful terror which these terrible brutes inspire in the breasts of the unfortunate villagers."

No such Printery in ye West and no such Types since ye discoverie of printing, as ye Printerman now has \*

In bodily fear all the time, although I have known instances of the heroism being killed by a tiger that he had presumed to interrupt whilst enjoying a meal from one of his cackles. They become more dangerous when they have tasted the blood of their victim, and are not usually disposed to give 'up' without a fight.

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Dr. Lidden tells of a Presbyterian minister who was called on at short notice to officiate at the parish church of Crathie in the presence of the Queen and who, transported by his tremendous experience, burst forth into the following rhetorical supplication: "Grant that, as she grows to be an old woman, she may be devoured by a new man; and that, in all righteous causes, she may go forth before her people like a he-goat upon the mountains."

Chronic Debarment of the Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parrole's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parrole's Vegetable Pills.

Unutterable Agony.

Endured by Mrs. Ellen Fox, of St. Matthias St., Toronto.

Stone in the Bladder made life miserable—A horrid operation at the General Hospital failed to cure her—Dodd's Kidney Pills restored her.

Toronto, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Ellen Fox, of No. 8 St. Matthias St., this city, is a lady, well known, and highly esteemed by a large and constantly increasing acquaintance.

Now, however, she is enjoying the most robust health, and the story of how she escaped the clutches of the disease that held her victim in an unusually interesting, affording, as it does, one other instance of how a famous remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—banishes suffering, wipes out disease, and brings health, strength, and happiness to every home wherever it is used.

Mr. Fox writes of her case thus: "I endured agonies that neither tongue nor pen can describe, and that racked my body night and day. My trouble was Stone in the Bladder."

"I was, for a time, under treatment at the Toronto General Hospital, but no relief was afforded me, much less a cure. I underwent a painful surgical operation, but still my disease continued to grow worse and worse."

"My suffering were simply awful, and at times were enough to turn the brain. I had almost abandoned all hope of ever getting better, when I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got relief from the very first, and a condition of health was restored to me which I never enjoyed before. My disease was cured me absolutely and perfectly. I can never be thankful enough for my release, which was due wholly and solely to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of cases of Stone in the Bladder, and of Gravel. They have never failed to cure. They are the only positive and unfailing cure for these diseases. Price fifty cents a box, at all druggists, or, by mail, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

out a moment's hesitation, he rushed into the tiger, pinning the bayonet to its side, at the same time pulling the trigger. The tiger fell, releasing B—, and both men rushed back to the house; but before they could reach the steps, the tiger was upon them, and again seized poor B—, biting and cleaving his back and shoulders in a terrible manner. It was mercifully, after expiring effort, for the brute fell dead before it could hit B—.

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