THE DOMAIN

OF WOMAN

The bust of His Grace the late Archibishop Walsh, by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, is a very handsome piece of sculpture. The likeness is very striking, the coble proportions of the head being well shown in the pose chosen. Some of the copies are finished in old ivery and are particularly fine. Everyone who has seen it pronounces it to be a remarkably good likeness of the late Archbishop; several of the clorgy have expressed unqualified approval of it. It is a worthy memorial of the good and beloved Archbishop Walsh and should find a place in every Catholic public institution in Ontario.

man dialities nothing more than to see his Ascottle on woman. But she has elected to wear it and wear it she will in spite of his disapproval. She wears it with a thin lawn shirt waist just as readily as she does with a sever tailor-made coat, nover atopping to think that man considers the Ascot had form unless the

coat is worn buttoned to hide the onds. But woman says that the Ascet is swell and becoming to her, so man might just say well make himself contented about her wearing it. Every day sees some the contented about her wearing it. Every day sees some the contented about her wearing it. Every day sees some the content of th

on another paintbruist to clean out the dust that cannot be brushed oil. Rub off any oil left, with a soft cloth or thin chamois skin.

The feather duster should be abelished, with the mop and other utensis invented for the use of slatternily workers. The bamboe whip, like nearly all household devices received from Orionial lands, is thorough in its work. It is light, and stereforce easy to wield, but not good for upholesterd furniture, as its blows are likely to reduce part of the beaten with bamboe whips, but not upholestery. Where the upholstery far out. Covers that can be removed, as well as rugs and haugings, should be beaten with bamboe whips, but not upholestery. Where the upholstery is tuited brush out the tuffs with a stiff which of broom or of stiff bristles, and afterward the smooth profine of the covering. The feather duster simply emoves in dust from one portion of the covering. The feather duster simply of the with a coft oleft and shake it out of the window frequently. "Yes," remarked the Cynic, meditarily, as he read the above instructions to casful housewing, "Woman is foud of gathering up the dast, figuralizely speaking; she aweeps it sp out of the streets and dumps it down in the house and them she takes her duster and removes it into the attreet again.

Besides," he continued, putting his test on the table, and shernly regarding the Playgeer, who was looking at him with a fastous smile, "woman is always on the lookout for another kind of dust."

"Gold, dust?" asked the Playgeer, intercreastively.

feet on the table, and sternly regarding the Playger, who was looking at him with a fatuous smile, "woman is always on the lookout for another kind of dust—"
"Gold dust?" asked the Playgoer, interrogatively.
"Which," continued the Cynic, ignoring the interruption, "she shakes out of her husband's pockets, in spite of his preferring it to remain there, and practically throws it into the streen also." (Oh, come now," remonstrated the Playgoer, "aint you a little bit too sharp? Of course a womasicant get along without money any more than-a man can."
"I was speaking of the dust," retorted the Cynic; the Playgoer looked at him with his mogath open "Personally. I prefer letting the dust remain in my pockets instead worth having them bleaned out periodically like the cupboards and things.

"Is that why you never married?"
saked the Playgoer, who wasn't quite sure what the Cynic was driving at. The Cynic took his eigar cut of his mouth and leaning, over the table demanded, "Are you going to be married?"
"A-er—I s'pose s), some time, anyway," replied the Playgoer, rather taken aback.

"I presume you are courting a girl now?" eaid the Cynic.

"I presume you are courting a girl now? caid the Cynic. "Well—yee I am," said the Piaygoer, defiantly

"Well-yes I am," said the Piaygoer, defantly
"Take her to the play, of course, give her ice-oream and dandy and flowers and fal-lale?"
"What if I do?"
"Oh'nothing, only I imagine it is somewhat expensive.

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lascas.

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"The Romance of a Playwright," from the pen of the Henri de Bormer, translated from the French by Mary MoMahon. A story of the results srising from hasty judgment and a mis-inge from hasty judgment and a mis-inger than ordinary, and the translation. The literary character of this work is more than ordinary, and the translation has an ease which marks many translations. Suid by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, price 31.00.

MAGNIFICENT HEROISM.

There are many examples of wonderful biavery amongst the wonfeir of our fand that are worthy of record, and particularly one that was almost imponentary in its duration, yet none he less magnificent and dramatic The section was Bagilit railway station, near finit, the day. September 14th, 1883. Mrs. Margaret Irving stood on the platforth, just fooking around, when she saw a cilpple named Jones, who, it seems, was almost totally deat, be gin, to cross the line. And, with a fearly feeling at her heart, Mrs. Irving saw the mail train come dashing along at a mile a minute nas the crippled deaf man got directly in its path, was almost totally deat, he was horror-stricken, and help appeared hopeless. But with magnificent resolution, and equally magnificent judgment, she deeded in a itash, and, running along the platform right opposite to where the, man Jones was, she gave a terrific spring on him with such force as to throw both himself and herself vight, across into the six-foot way! Here she gripped him just as the express, came thundering past, and held him safe (ill the last carriage was gone. The-officials caine up, executing to find both cut to pieces, but the found them unhurt, and it is safe to say that more heartfelt "bravoe" of roble-hearted railwaymen never applauded a Anter plear fill waymen never applauded a Anter plear the listent of the line.—The Quitve.

The may be only a trifling gold, but neglect it and is vill destent is fange in

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and is will fasten its fange in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an natimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and more expect to have coughe and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a grie by using Blokle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never

Domestic Reading

THE NEED FOR EXTHUSIASM—
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.
Nowadays we do ot went a Joan of
Are, but we want the qualities which
such women showed. We want the
courage to do right; we want an active
interest in the well-being of others,
we want a noble scorn of all that is
mean and cowardly, and false, we
want a deep serse of the solemnity
and reality of lift, and we want resolution to do our duty. One hears and
reads of inese herole women. Every
woman and girl is herole who strictly
does her daily duty lovingly, tenderly,
cheerfully. There can be no greater
mistake than to suppose that to be
herole we must go outside the bounds
of our little circle, one's own family
duties are often enough to prove our
energy, our firmness our tenacity of
purpose. Dear girls, the work you have
to do is the work which less close to
your hands, unormante as it may
seem. 20022207222222222222

turn, again to the Father—without making glad that horac, and leaving behind some trace of heaven. A family had counted themselves poore—without those quaint sayings, those cunning caresses, that soft fouch, that sudden smile. This short visit was not an incident, it was a benediction. The child departs—the remembrance, the influence, the associations remain. If fluence, the associations remain it one should allow us to have Sarlo's Annunciation of for a month, we would thank him, when he issumed it for his home he would not take everything, for its loveliness of maid and angel is now ours for ever. And if God recalls the child He lent, then let thank Him for the loan, and consider that what made that child the messenger of God—its purity, modesty, trustfulness, gladness—has passed into our soul—Ian MacLaren.

gen of God—lts purity, mouesty, trussirulnesse, sidantess—has passed into our
soul—lan MacLaren.

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. We
would not, therefore, confine anybody
to the classics. In books, as in other
things, what pleases one does not another—nay, what nourishes one does
not nourish another; and so the reading question must, in a great measure,
regulate itself. If we read under proper guidance when we are young we
shall know what books to choose when
we have arrived at man's estate; that
is, if we have any ecpabilities to start
with It is only the blind that need to
be led. The true reader, the initiated
one, so to speak, has a guide with.
his own breast which is far more certain than any outside experience. Give
a person the whole range of Engish
literature, see what books he select,
and you can soon determine the character of his mind It is easily classified. People choose thel- books very
much as they do their friends. Some
are pleased with any book they chance
to take up, and with any person they
happen to meet. Others are more discriminating and more exclusive. Readers, are, indeed, numerous, but they
may be divided into numerous classes;
and those who take unaffected delight
in the great masters of literature, but
who cannot read everything that is
printed, may congratulate themselves
on belonging to an aristocracy more
acclusive than that of wealth, and more
distinguished that that of family.

THE MAN-EATING TIGER.

A writer in the While World Magazine says.—The most strictly accurate and graphic accounts of man-eating steers in halla fail to convey an adequate sense of the awful terror which these terrible prutes juspine in the breasts of the unfortunate villagers, whom they haunt like evil demonr, the ordinary cases, the tiger or leopard citacks the village heids more or less the chemy will, as a rule; retreat on being shouted at with vigour, are not being shouted at with vigour, are not the following for it was startled by a suiden terrible uproat in the wanted of a wartled by a suiden terrible uproat in the verselog at the party gene, but from the dark transpared in the value of S— colling out in agony — Help! Help!"

Flying his bayonet he ran towards the spec, and in the dim gloom made cut the cultime of the tiger dragging that the cuemy will, as a rule; retreat on being shouted at with vigour, are not

in bodily fear all the time, although I have known instances of the hetcheno being killed by a tiger that he had presumed to interrupt whilst enjoying a neal from one of his cattle. They become more dangerous when they have tasted the blood of their victim, and are not usually disposed to give it up without a hight. I remember the case of a survey officer in India who, being told of a 'kill' neal his work, went to Inspect it unarmed. The tiger, disturbed at his rical, russed out suddenly at the party, and in his headlong flight the officer, most fortunately for humself, tipped and fell into some long grass and bushes. The tiger's attend in being driven to the natives, who were climbing trees his monkeys in a hurry, he made for them illowing the officer or away away in fear and tembling, as quietly as he could. But in the case of the man-cater everything is different. Having discovered his power to kill the genus hono more easily then a big ape, he takes every possible advantage of it at every turn. Neither by night nor by day are they sife, and life becomes one long terror, for whether the natives are working in the fields, or fetching firewood from the torest or water from the well, they know not at what turn they may be selzed I know of one man-cater in Mysore that was credited with over 500 victims, and Government offered a reward of 500 ruprees for his skin. He was so bold as to think nothing of be building them and timed with the usual tactuse of selzing his prey outside, but Lied to break into huist og et at them. Two English officers, friends of mine, the was blind, and one night, being awakened by a strange noise, legan to crawl and grope about the huit. He put his hand suddenly on the man-eater which had pushed the door open, killed the woman and child and was drinking ther blood when the man-eater which had pushed the door open, killed the woman and child and was drinking ther blood when the man's hand was a laid upon hin' Doubless suspecting a tapp, he bounded out of the hut, but without touching the

ed out of the hut, but without touching the man. What a picture for a Landseer! But amongst the multitude of such stories, I venture to think that the following bears away the paim for gruesome horror, and its truth has been critically a such that the following bears away the paim for gruesome horror, and its truth has been critically a such as the such a such as a such as a such a such as a s

Latest Styles

Unutterable Agony.

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

o in the Bladder made Life Miserable— Surgical Operation at the General Hospital Palled to Relieve Her— Dodd's Kidney Pitis Cured Her.

A Sergital Operation at the General Mospital Paliet to Relieve Herbodd's Ridney Pitis Cures Herbodd's Ridney Ridney

eaten."

Dr Lidden tells of a Presbyterian minister who was called on at shornoite to officiate at the par'sh church of Crathile in the presence of the Queen and who, transported by this tremendous experience, burat forth into the following rhetorical supplication: Grant that, as she grows to be an old woman, she may be made an an analysis of the property of the p

CHRONIC DEMANGEMENTS OF THE STOM-AGE, LIVER AND BLOOD are speedily re-moved by the active principle of the ingredente entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged-organs, stimulating to action the dor-mant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renowing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Par-inclee's Vegetable Pills.

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