

A STUDY OF THE IRISH LEADER.

There is an excellent "Study in Character" in this month's New Review. The subject is Mr. Parnell, and the writer corrects a few ideas which English writers have gained, through gossip, of the Irish leader. Though not the most sympathetic (says the writer) Mr. Parnell is by far the most subtle and interesting figure in Irish politics—a modern, inimitable, mysterious, a modern sphinx. To be a qualified Irishman is by no means to be a qualified Englishman, means to know him. He has few intimates, no confidential friends, and it is possible to be liked by him, and to visit in his home year after year, and to learn only two things about his character—its attraction and its strangeness. In the outer world it is commonly supposed that the "Leader," through insolence and pride, deliberately erects a barrier between himself and the faithful 85. Everyone has heard that when Mr. Parnell travels with a member of his party he takes first-class tickets for himself and a second-class one for his colleague; that no one may omit the prefix "Mr." to his name, and a host of other legends. Nothing is further from the truth. Mr. Parnell may have greater faults, but of snobbery he has no trace; his manner is the same to everyone—gentle or simple—always dignified, amiable, indifferent; of pride he has abundance, but it is not pride of birth.

HE HAS SOBERED OF MANY THINGS, but he despises no man either for his misfortune or his disadvantages. The House of Commons has long ceased to be exclusively an assembly of gentlemen; in every party there are now men of every class, but it is admitted that the party led by Mr. Parnell is exceptionally "mixed." At the present moment there are, I think, only about 15 men in it of the landed gentry class—the majority are barristers, doctors, solicitors, journalists, with a considerable sprinkling of business men and tradesmen. That is no discredit, and in the eyes of Mr. Parnell no discredit. Well-born and an aristocrat by temperament, he is democratic by sympathy and by opinion. He made his entry into the House of Commons as the disciple and close friend of Mr. Biggar, having had, even in those young days, a common to the honesty and strength of Biggar's character. Mr. Parnell was the last man to whom the superficial observer might have expected to find linked with such a companion, and committed to such a policy. By nature he is English and American, and he was educated at English schools and at Cambridge college; by creed he is a Protestant, and by profession a landlord. At that time he had given few indications of the indomitable firmness of his character, or of his remarkable mental powers; he was a tall, well-built man of twenty-eight, with a delicately modelled face and a scrupulously correct appearance, and as he was fair-haired, quiet, retiring, and unassuming, he was an obvious conclusion that there was a light in this country gentleman. Then, too, it became apparent that Mr. Parnell suffered from the strangest, most old-fashioned, most irrational defect; he was, and is to this day, extremely superstitious; he has never been willing to sit in a room where three candles were lighted; green, though the partridge, he has always professed to have a weakness for it; however, he admitted that the made choice of Irish Nationalists might well provoke a shudder for aesthetic reasons. But, be this as it may, Mr. Parnell can tolerate NOTHING GREEN.

The green alippers, the green brasses, the green-tipped dressing-gowns, that unknown enthusiasm; shower on the Irish leader are all buried in cupboard out of sight, and when the freedom of Dublin City was about to be conferred on him he requested that the lining of the coat might not be green. Purple, like the heather, he suggested, was his favorite colour. Obstruct on is not a beautiful p. lcy, nor boycotting the weapon of heroes; it is impossible to feel moral enthusiasm for either; they are effacious, and have succeeded when nobler means have failed, and that is the best that can be said for them. It is with them that Mr. Parnell, has won victories, and his whole policy has been a policy of impertinence, exasperation and intimidation. But if he has worked wily, unglory tools he has always used them openly, fairly, without spite or malice, and his career has been splendid. It is, I say, by personal liking or dislike either for good or ill. The scornful looks, too, that plays so large a part in his character is always turned out on things truly contemptible; against cant and hypocrisy and falseness; against oppression and cruelty and insolence; never against weakness, or misfortune, or humble birth, or want of savoir faire. Mr. Parnell leads a motley company, but he has never blushed for the roughness of a colleague, and no man ever smarts in his presence under a sense of social inferiority. He has the reputation of being proud, and proud no doubt he is. But although the "Suspects" in Kilmallock were of very varied social standing, and companionship there was as close, as inevitable, and as monotonous as on a voyage, no one throughout those months ever saw Mr. Parnell assume a "stand off" demeanor or indulge a fit of ill-humor. To an anxious, nervous man the confinement, the restrictions, the partial ignorance of all that was going on outside, the fretting knowledge that all was going badly, must have been inexplicably galling. Mr. Parnell's health visibly suffered, but his spirits never.

HE IS EXTREMELY LOYAL to his party in the House, and astonishingly tolerant of the scenes that men of vicious temper (answered in the tormenting arts of public schools) are some time betrayed into making. On these occasions the sympathy of Mr. Parnell, though his own self-control is firm, is for the humiliated and smarting delinquent, not for the assemblage that delight in the mental suffering of a fellow creature, and that sneer and scornful laugh and supercilious smile and taunting word proceed and hurry a quick-tempered man beyond the limit of endurance. Mr. Parnell is neither accustomed to bully or to be bullied. It is no pleasure to him to inflame even moderate annoyance and suffering; he has no pity for the cruel and no sympathy for cant, or clap-trap, or hypocrisy of any kind. In person he is as stately as a Hapsburg, and in manner he is as coldly socially; he may be described as having an amiable coldness of demeanor, and his appearance in a private gathering is generally followed by an abatement of noise such as when Royalty honors an assemblage with its presence. Mr. Dillon bears the same social reputation, and Mr. Parnell has been known to describe a festivity, at which both were present, graphically thus:—"After Dillon and I had sufficiently depressed the pillow, we had a little dancing"—the truth being that a harassed and anxious public man is not always able to shake off his cares and take interesting introductions, felicitations, and acknowledgments that appear to be of affairs of State. Among his friends, however, Mr. Dillon is the more genial and sympathetic companion, while about Mr. Parnell there always hangs an atmosphere of reserve, coldness, calculation, and deliberation; he is never expansive, and never feels the human need to express himself and be understood. His study suit face, with deep expressive

eyes, and strong, firm chin, has a strange, impenetrable look, fascinating and haunting; like its owner, it is dignified, serene, sphinx-like, mysterious. No one could be like the typical Irishman than the member for that Oriel stronghold Cork city; he has no brogue; Americans reproach him with "a strong English accent." Irish and English ears are not sensitive to this defect— to them he appears to have no accent at all, but his cold, clear voice has every now and then a slightly nasal intonation.

His voice and way of speaking are the oldest items in Mr. Parnell's rather freezing personality; both in private and in public his intonation is slow, detached, deliberate; his voice, of fine quality, is even never raised, never strident, never emotional. Unlike the mass of his countrymen, Mr. Parnell (though capable of fiery humor) is never willy, never tender, never impetuous, never dilatory, never excited, never ridiculous. Mr. Dillon can say the simplest things in a tone that makes the tears start in ten thousand eyes; he has a voice, a way, a power of sympathy and of conviction that raise a speech, ordinary in thought and language, to the height of oratory; as a speaker he is a great artist, and wins his audience through the heart and the emotions, whereas Mr. Parnell adopts the scientific method. It may be doubted whether Mr. Dillon's speech is ever quite the speech he intended, or whether his audience disperses with an exact verbal memory of half-a-dozen sentences, while it is certain that no one of them reads the speech without a feeling of stupendous disappointment. Everyone wonders how a man of Mr. Parnell's circumstances and temper came to devote himself to the Irish cause, the more so that the land question was not included in his original programme; liberality, nationality, the freedom of the Irish race were the first ambitions of the young Anglo-Irish American. With a career, rare in an experienced man, he deliberated long before pledging himself to the land question, and with a modesty and willingness to take advice that still form a large part of his character, he took counsel of a man who knew the heart of the people. "Do you think, Mr. Kilkham," he asked, "that the people are prepared to go far for the land question?" "I am afraid," was the reply.

"THAT THEY WOULD GO TO THE GATE OF HELL FOR IT," and there can be no doubt that the land agitation has been the body and strength of the present national movement. Liberty, nationality, these are beautiful and inspiring aims, but every man, every body, and it is by no means sure about the soul. It may be that Mr. Parnell is ambitious, but if so he is an exceedingly far-sighted man, for when he entered on the obstructive policy, as the solitary aide-de-camp of Mr. Biggar, he lost more than he could possibly hope to gain. Even, or perhaps especially, to those who know him best, the character of Mr. Parnell is a riddle, though many of its apparent inconsistencies are explained by his absence of introspectiveness and the impulse that prompts most of us to which to be understood by our friends. Mr. Parnell is a student of the cause, not of himself; he has no care to appear consistent; in matters unconnected with policy he leaves himself free. He hates to be bothered about trivial things, and his hates answering letters, and he has the reputation (well or ill deserved) of possessing a frugal mind. Certainly no man cares less for luxury, or show, or even comfort; he will travel from London to Cork without food, and suggest, by way of supper, a cigar at the other end. All readers of Parnell know his indifference to dress, and the like to type, a certain asceticism in his character. He never bothers for meat or drink, and is content with half a room in a country inn. Among his detractors he is supposed to be parsimonious and fond of money. It is said that when stamped envelopes are enclosed with a request (always ignored) for his autograph, he transfers the stamps to unwritten envelopes. Be this as it may, economy is not with him a sign of meanness. He will give largely, generally, and spontaneously where he believes a good work will be helped by a large subscription.

THE TERROR OF THE HOUSE.

Anecdotes of the late Mr. Biggar. "Joe" Biggar was unquestionably the most remarkable figure that ever trod the stage of British politics. Physically and morally he was one of nature's idiosyncrasies. He was of short stature, there being less than five feet of Biggar, and his nose, and was slightly deformed in consequence of an injury to his spine when a boy. His right shoulder projected high above his ear; the left appeared by comparison abnormally sloped, and the brim of his pig had made it impossible for the observer to say where body ended and head began. His lower limbs were straight and stout, and as he walked along with his left hand behind his back, his head tipped over to the right, he presented such a figure as made the most correct forest every law of politeness for the sake of another glance at the strange being. But what a face! A sweet smile beamed over it when he was with his friends, but his kindly ways and bright smiles left him directly he took his seat in the House of Commons.

In Westminster he was a terror to the powers that be, and in recent years his curiously voice produced more consternation on the Government benches than could be exceeded by the thunder of the guns of an invading army. Very early in his Parliamentary career he discovered his power and he played with the English House of Commons as a cat with a mouse. He showed no mercy. Once he succeeded in having the Prince of Wales turned out of the strangers gallery of the Commons by exercising a right long in disuse, and he created uproar on the floor often simply for the fun of the thing or to oblige some particular friend who happened to be a visitor. It is very well known that to "plunge Irish" into the gallery by its quality by his cry: "Count the house!" brought the lazy legislators a gallop from bench and smoking-room and dining room to prevent the session from being abruptly adjourned for want of a quorum and then would quit the house hurriedly for fear of being caught in himself. But that mischief, strange to say, was part of the programme which helped to make the Irish party. His obstructive tactics put the Parnellites on the way to victory. John Boyle O'Reilly called him "the stormy petrel of obstruction." He was, he says, the master spirit and the father of that astonishing process of "holding reform." It was in April, 1875, that "Joe" Biggar discovered his own power, and he had no sooner done so than he used it to such effect that the English members sat aghast at the consequences. No man could ever tell what was in Mr. Biggar's mind when he rose to speak that night; but he had seen no Irish member was listened to, and he resolved that this should stop. He rose and spoke on and on no one listened; he kept on till the attention of the house was attracted, he proceeded calmly and smilingly while the English members bowed themselves hoarse and at last sank back in consternation and wrath; for five long hours Biggar "made a speech." He talked unheeded amid the groans, hisses and howls like an ironed among ruffians. It must have been while he spoke that the light dawned on him that he had discovered a tremendous force. As had the most imperturbable of humors, he was not wearisome merely to the English members; he was exasperating beyond measure. He so keenly enjoyed his power during the "obstructed" debates that he at once became a chief feature and favorite of the Irish party, and probably the average English member hated him more than they did Parnell—for Biggar rapped them,

watched them, interrupted them, openly cried "Hear, hear," at absurd moments—while Parnell never saw them or listened to them. Biggar was a wretched speaker, and very much of his own opinion. He began to say, one day in the House, "Every cock crows on his own," and passed to the ugly word and substituted "homestead"—which was enormously effective. "I am speaking my opinions here quite candidly," he said on another occasion, addressing Mr. Gladstone, "as candidly, in fact, as if I were addressing men in whom I had greater confidence than in the present occupants of the Treasury bench." Even Gladstone had to beam on the doughty little Ulsterman with a smile. He was intensely patriotic. He was animated by a fierce and inveterate hate of English rule in Ireland, and an unsleeping and relentless purpose to make things disagreeable for the rulers as they could be made. Healy paid him a splendid compliment when he said: "Mr. Biggar bears insults and humiliations in that house without one word of complaint, because he thinks it is in that house he can do Ireland the highest service." Healy said Biggar was as funny and as wise as Goldsmith; and that he would collect his sayings and publish them as "Biggarisms," and dedicate the volume to young Ireland, as all that an Irish politician ought to know.

Hypocrisy Boldly Avowed.

Under the caption "Still Loyal to his Old Chief," the Toronto Empire, Sir John Macdonald's special organ, publishes a report of a speech made by Mr. Dalton McGarthy, M. P., at a gathering of his constituents at Collingwood on Friday evening, in which that gentleman declares that he still a most devoted follower of Sir John Macdonald. If any further proofs were wanted to show that Mr. McGarthy, in pursuing his anti-Catholic and anti-French crusade, acting as the most obedient servant of the Tory leaders, they are furnished by the report of his Collingwood speech. Does Mr. McGarthy imagine that he can "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds" and still retain the respect of any intelligent Canadian? Mr. McGarthy is merely the political slave of the Tory bosses, doing the work of his masters. His instructions are to keep the no-Popery agitation going until the close of the poll on the day of the next general election. All the fish he can gather in his "community of language" will be duly served up on the tables of the first minister, the minister of justice and the other "Jesuits." Mr. McGarthy's hatred of Jesuitism appears to be completely overpowered by his love of Toryism and the plinkings which fall from the ministerial table.—Ottawa Free Press.

Prison Horrors.

The governments of Russia and England are on a par for their brutal treatment of political prisoners. The savage Muscovites who ordered the massacre of Siberian exiles and the flogging of women are akin to the British officials under whose direction John Mandeville was starved in prison and who are now torturing John Dally in his lonely cell in Ontario, presumably because he refused to give perjural testimony in favor of the Times "Three years ago John Dally was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for the crime of attempting to bring dynamite and other explosives into the country." He was then in the full vigor of life. A few days ago when his sister visited him she found the strong man reduced to a physical wreck—his face livid, his frame emaciated, and with the symptoms of deep poisoning. The prison doctor in fact admitted that his assistant had administered poison to Dally "by an unfortunate mistake." The "mistake" wears a very ugly look when it is remembered that it occurred three times in close succession and that the victim was a man who spurned the offer to secure his liberty at the price of perjury.—Providence R.I. Visitor.

A Mare's Nest.

Our Conservative friends are not to be congratulated on their success as scandal hunters. They supposed that had unearthed as fearful scandal, in which Premier Merlot and the Rev. Mr. Baohand, Curé of Knowlton were implicated. They discovered in the Public Accounts an item of \$300 for the Catholic school at Knowlton. Commissioner Daubeneau of Knowlton was summoned to Quebec to testify before the Public Accounts Committee that the Commissioner had never received the money. At this stage the Opposition and the Government concluded that they had a dead end thing on the Government. Mr. T. L. B. B. and friendly correspondents wrote columns to their papers about the wire-tap disclosures that had been made. The next day Mr. Mercier appeared before the Public Accounts Committee and quicker than it takes to write exploded the alleged scandal, overruled his enemies with confusion and at matters right. It appears that in November last Rev. Mr. Baohand applied to the Government for aid for the Catholic parish school at Knowlton. The Premier acceded to the demand and sent Rev. Mr. Baohand a cheque for \$300, expressly stipulating that the money should be expended solely for educational purposes. The cheque was received and duly acknowledged. The witness frankly confesses that Mr. Merlot acted in good faith. The money was given and received as a special school grant. Such grants are made almost every day in some part of the Province. The Government has been fully exonerated, but still Mr. Tallon and his colleagues continue to shout scandal. What are they driving at? Who are they pursuing? The innocence of the Government has been established. Are Mr. Tallon and his associates to try to make it appear as if they were pursuing the money? That is the only logical conclusion to draw from their tactics.—Waterloo Advertiser.

EARL WHEELER'S GOOD LUCK.

Ticket No. 98,455 drew the capital prize of \$600,000 in the December drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. One-fortieth of this ticket was held by Earl Wheeler, living at No. 69 Grove street in this city. A Democrat reporter to-day called upon Mr. Wheeler and learned that the ticket had been purchased in the hands of Banker J. F. Morris for collection, and Agent B. F. O'Brien of the American Express Company paid Mr. Morris the amount of \$15,000—less \$101.65 express charges on the 10th inst. Mr. Morris deposited the amount in the Farmer's National Bank in his own name at the request of Mr. Wheeler. The latter dislikes publicity, hence this roundabout proceeding. That the amount has been received, and that The Louisiana State Lottery Company fulfilled its obligations Mr. Morris verifies, and his word cannot be questioned.—Amsterdam (N.Y.) Democrat, January 15th.

VERY WELL SATISFIED.

HARTWELL, Neb., Nov., '88. I need Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a nervous trouble, which affected me for three years. Am quite well satisfied with the effect of it. I have now a good appetite and sleep well.

DOMAIN OF SCIENCE.

WHAT INVENTION HAS DONE.

In the manufacture of boots and shoes the work of 500 operatives is now done by 100. In making bread-boxes three workers can do the work of thirteen boy makers by old methods. In cutting out clothing and cloth caps with a die the worker does the work of three old methods. In leather manufacture modern methods have reduced the necessary number of workers from 5 to 50 per cent. A carpet measuring and brushing machine with one operator will do the work of fifteen men by the old methods. In the manufacture of four modern improvements save 75 per cent. of the manual labor that once was necessary. In making tin cans one man and a boy with modern appliances can do the work of ten workers by the old process. By the use of a special mangle machine 180 miners in a month can mine as much coal in the same time as 500 miners by the old methods. One boy by skillfully in turning wood-work and materials for musical instruments performs the work of 25 men by the old methods. The horse power of steam used in the United States on railroads, steamers and in factories and mines was in 1888 12,000,000, against 1,610,000 in 1850. In the manufacture of brick improved devices save one tenth of the labor, and in the manufacture of fire-brick 40 per cent of the manual labor is displaced. In stove-dressing 12 co-laborers with a machine can dress 12,000 stoves in the same time that the same number of workers by hand could dress 2,300. In sailing on shoals one worker and a boy with machinery can heel 300 pairs of shoes per day. It would require five workers to do the same by hand. In the manufacture of carriages it used to take one man thirty-five days to make a carriage. It is now made by aid of machinery with the work of one man in twelve days. In the cotton mills in the United States the manual labor has been reduced 50 per cent. Now one weaver manages from two to ten looms, where one loom was formerly tended by one worker.

IS THE SUN BLUE?

One of the shining lights of astronomical science has this to say in regard to the color of the sun: "What suggests the idea that the sun is blue?" My own attention was directed this way many years ago, when measuring the heat and light from different parts of the sun's disk. It is known that the sun has an atmosphere of its own which tempers its heat, and by cutting off certain radiations and not other, produces the spectral lines with which we are so familiar. These lines we usually study in connection with the absorbing vapors of sodium, iron, etc., which produce them; but my own attention was particularly given to the regions of absorption, or to the color it caused. In these investigations I found that the sun's body must be of a deep bluish color, and that it would shed deep blue light, except for the solar atmosphere, which is usually spoken of as being colorless, but which really plays the part of a reddish veil, letting a little of the blue appear on the center of the sun's disk, where it is the thinnest, and staining the edge red, so as to appear to a delicate test as being a pale sea-green in the center and a deep garnet around the edge. The effect I found to be so important that, were it all but invisible solar atmosphere dimmed only by a third part, temperature of all temperate zones would rise higher than any torrid zone and the greater part of the world uninhabitable. These studies directed my attention to the great practical importance of studying the action of our own terrestrial atmosphere on the sun, and the antecedent probability that our own air was also, and independently having the effect of making a really blue sunshine and sun appear as white when it should be of a cerulean hue.—St. Louis Republic.

DO THE DYING SUFFER.

The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. A natural death is not more painful than birth. Painfully we know where we know not. Nature kindly provides an anesthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment, and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspirations and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated. At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble, and often irregular pulse. As this process goes on the

blood is not only driven to the head with diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anesthetic, the same as derived from charcoal. Subjected to the influence of this gas, the nerve centres lose consciousness and sensibility, apparent sleep creeps over the system, then comes support, and then the end.—St. Louis Republic. Unsanitary House Walls. Hygienic writers have lately been urging the advantage of unadorned or unpapered walls for dwellings, but especially the importance of removing the old surface of paper and paste before applying new ones, it being a well known fact that four parts one mold that is in a ready absorbent. It is a fact too, not commonly considered that the coloring, brocade, etc., are only temporarily held upon the face of the paper with animal matter, glue, that soon decays—glue being the greatest absorbent of moisture and the natural breeding ground for germs so that in five minutes rest sufficient heat while there they will flourish; where two repeated coats of paper, paper and glue are applied, from which out door air with its purifying effects is excluded by the respirating pores being sealed or strangled, the danger is much greater. The glue soon rots sufficiently to allow the air, or any motion, to remove small particles, to which these germs have attached themselves, so that about the room unseen until they lodge in the system of some unsuspecting victim whose physical condition is such that they take effect. The practice of coloring and painting walls is also condemned, although either is preferable to paper, from a sanitary point of view. Unadorned walls are safe on the score of health. Notes. "Does Irritation produce malaria?" This is among the latest of subjects for scientific discussion. An improved oven thermometer, to be applied to oven doors in cooking stoves and ranges, is a late invention. In Paris there is a skating rink formed of real ice on a circular basin of water artificially cooled by pipes containing ammonia gas. Recent experiments give the value of the ohm as equal to the resistance of a column of mercury 106.29 centimeters long and one square mm. cross section. An electric soldering rod has been invented by a young electrician in Minnesota. He claims that it does away with the many annoyances attending the use of the ordinary tool. A new process for making open heart steel cheaper than Bessemer steel is expected, by the syndicate formed to operate it, to revolutionize the steel trade of the country. A seventeen mile ship railway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy is talked of in Canada. This would cut off about 700 miles of rough sailing along the Nova Scotia coast. Irrigation in Australia has so far advanced that the necessary works for the efficient irrigation of 25,000 acres of land are completed and special machinery for plowing and grubbing has already been constructed. Wood wool, which has been used in Europe for packing toys for importing, is now regarded as good material in which to pack soft fruits. It comes from the wood of the aspen poplar, and it is said not to impart any woody flavor to fruit. The aim, as far as smokeless powders are concerned, where high explosives are used, is by chemical and mechanical means to render detonation impossible, and to convert a violent explosive into a trust worthy and controllable propellant. Riving by electricity has been successfully accomplished. The cold rivet is placed in the hole, and when heated to the proper temperature, it can be closed by any of the ordinary apparatus now in use. The heating of a half inch rivet of two or three inches in length takes about half a minute. It is said that the coming car for electrical surface roads will have motors differentially connected. It will not only excel in ease of riding and comfort, but will double the present life of wheels, with great economy in track, truck, and motor repairs, as well as in power, lubricants, etc.; this, and more, at schedule speeds of ten to twenty miles per hour, and without sacrifice of safety. Russia Wants Recognition. St. Petersburg, February 23.—The Russian minister has instructed M. De Suvare, Russian minister at Washington, to take part in the negotiations already in progress between England and America with regard to the Behring sea fisheries, to the end of establishing a close connection for seals satisfactory to all parties concerned.

A NATURAL REMEDY

FATHER Koenig's NERVE TONIC. Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Insensibility, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness. NO MORE ATTACKS. RACINE, WIS., June, 1888. Our mother got that sickness, epilepsy, about 6 years ago; on the first attack, she got it only once in two or three months the first year and it was increasing all the time; at last she got it once every two weeks. That was right before she began to take Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and then she got it only once in three months, and that was on the 16th of March; and since then she has had no more attacks. M. BLAIR, Racine, Wis. Our PAMPHLET for sufferers from Nervous disease will be sent FREE to any address, and POOR patients can also obtain this medicine FREE of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig, of Port Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the KOENIG MEDICINE CO., Chicago.

IN MONTREAL

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Pfief & Co., 165 N. 2d Street, Philadelphia, Pa. AN OFFENSIVE WORK. Catholic Parents Protest Against a School Text Book. PITTSBURGH, Feb. 25.—Trouble has arisen in the high school in this town between Principal Welsh and several of the Catholic pupils who are studying Myers' History of the Reformation. The pupils have been summoned to school to study this book, and the parents of the children have sent a strong petition to Principal Welsh stating that they emphatically protest against Myers' History as prejudicial to the faith of their children and dangerous to their morals. The petitioners say: We pronounce it a flagrant attack upon our Catholic Church. We condemn it as unreliable in its statements of causes and effects as in its views of the history and work of the Catholic Church. It is compiled from prejudiced historians who were outspoken in their hostilities against the Church and her teachings, and therefore unjust and bitter in their views and opinions, as is also its author, P. V. N. Myers. We protest against such a source of information for our children and strictly forbid them to make use of it in their studies. This petition is signed by eight of the parents of the children. Principal Welsh refused to accept this petition, on the ground that pupils must be dealt with individually and that he could recognize no sect among them.

British Radicals Denouncing the Czar of Russia. LONDON, February 25.—Public feeling with regard to the harsh treatment accorded to political prisoners in Siberia by the Russian Government appears to be crystallizing. In the city a committee, with branches at Newcastle and elsewhere, has been organized for the purpose of securing a mitigation of the evils under which the exiles suffer. The organized workmen and the Socialists of London will convene a mass meeting in Hyde Park on March 9th, to give expression to their sympathy with the political prisoners now confined in Siberia.

Hon. Mr. Tupper's Hands Tied. LONDON, February 26.—It is officially stated that the Hon. Charles H. Tupper, Canadian minister of marine and fisheries now in Washington, has received positive instructions to confine his labors in regard to the relations between the United States and Canada solely to the consideration of the Behring Sea fisheries question.

Why She Did It: Mr. Russell Spotts—"That's a queer looking dog of yours, Miss Hubble. Isn't it what the English call a 'turnspit'?" Miss Abner Hubble (severely)—"I don't know what the English may call it, Mr. Spots, but I call it 'a rotatory expeditor.'" His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. says: "A Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission. Let all who truly and from their souls desire that religion and society be defended by human intellect and literature should flourish, study by their liberality to guard and protect those productions of the Catholic press, and let every one, in proportion to his income, support them by his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic Press we ought by all means to bring help of this kind, without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and uncertain ones."

A DANGER SIGNAL!

A Cold in the Head may be aptly termed a danger signal warning you that if neglected that dangerous and disagreeable disease, Catarrh, is sure to follow, perhaps leading to Consumption and the grave. As no season of the year is cold in the Head more prevalent than during the Spring months, and as no other season of the year is so generally afflicted with Catarrh, with all its disagreeable and annoying effects. Do get for an instant neglect either of these troubles, but apply NASAL BALM, the only remedy that will give instant relief and effect a thorough cure. The following testimonials from among thousands in our possession bear witness to its sterling merit.

E. A. Cardinal, Montreal, says: After ineffectual treatment of the so-called remedies for Catarrh, I made a trial of Nasal Balm, which gave me instant relief, and since commencing its use I daily note the beneficial changes it is producing after a few applications. It changes the unpleasant odor of the virus in the throat and the poisonous secretions over which my breath must pass. To say truth it is a priceless medicine. G. Pelletier, Montreal, says: I suffered for two years with Catarrh in its worst form, and am pleased to be able to state that one bottle of your great remedy, Nasal Balm, completely cured me. Everybody who is suffering from Catarrh should give your remedy a trial. W. B. Jackson, Hawkesbury, says: I cannot speak too highly of Nasal Balm, as less than one half bottle cured me of a severe case of Catarrh. I had tried several other advertised remedies without receiving any relief. I am perfectly willing that you should use my name as a reference, as I consider the medicine worthy of all praise. It cures Catarrh and is very pleasant and easy to take. Clara Macomber, Little Metis, Quebec, says: I have used two bottles of your Nasal Balm for Catarrh with the most beneficial results. To anyone suffering with this most disagreeable disease I can heartily recommend it as a radical cure. I cheerfully give you permission to use this if you desire it.

Nasal Balm Instantly Relieves Cold in Head. Nasal Balm Positively Cures Catarrh. D. Darbyshire, Mayor of Brockville and President of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Balm beats the world for Catarrh and cold in the head. In my own case it effected relief from the first application. L. D. Dion, Dept. Railways and Canals, Ottawa, says: I am very glad to give you to-day the testimony that Nasal Balm has completely cured my Catarrh from which I suffered for nearly three years. If Nasal Balm is not kept in stock by your dealer it will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 Cents for small and \$1 for large size bottles) by addressing FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.