Gibbons on the Importance of Medical Study by Women-A Few Suggestive Dont's, Etc., Etc.

Opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical

School to Women.

[Cardinal Gibbons in February Century.]

I do not hesitate to say, with due deforence to the judgment of others, that in my opinion it is important to the well-being of society that the study of medicine by Christian women should be continued and extended.

position. It is the surport of medicine by children and the profession of models of the continued and extraded and extraded the profession of models that allow woman to entire the profession of models that allow woman to entire the profession of models that the profession of models that allow woman to entire the profession of models that the profession of the models that the profession of the models that the profession of models that the profession of the models that the profession of the models that the profession of the models that the pr

them. It was the valution of heaven. The good acts seemed less good; there was an element of selfishness in them; something of human alloy. And the bad acts seemed more heinous than ever before. They came to me—they came to every one—a new conception of the enormity of sin. We all stood aghast at the thought that over and over again we had so grievously disobeyed God. And, thus thinking of his own sinfulness, we each stood lost in sorrowful retrospection.

stood aghast at the thought that over and over again we had so grievously disobeyed God. And, thus thinking of his own sinfulness, we each stood lost in sorrowful retrospection.

At the same time we were cognizant of the deeds of all about us. Each one's life was an open book to all others. This, however, occasioned no surprise, almost no interest. No one cared to dwell upon his neighbor's sins or shortcomings. One supreme question was uppermost in each heart: "What will Christ say to me?" Pondering upon this serious reflection not one of all that company felt like observing, much less discussing or sitting in judgment upon another.

We were all members of the church. We had covenanted to live for Christ and faithfully to serve him. Upon each soul now pressed the full realization of not only sin committed but of duty unperformed. These sins of omission! Like a vast army they passed before each one. Oh, how much we failed to do! Very weak and faulty and incredibly sinful each of these lives looked in this beginning of the heavenly retrospect. Oppressed by these sad thoughts, each one fell upon his knees and cried, "Oh, blessed Redemer, forgive my sins and blot out all my transgressions." We covered our faces in deep humility and contrition of spirit; and all were silent.

Some people are naturally calm, and not easily disturbed. Others are quick to feel, and strong in the expression of their feel-ing. The difference is constitutional.

But everyone, whatever his natural temperament, is liable to become irritable as a result of physical disturbance. Marked diritability is often the first symptom of under brainwork. A man who may have been remarkable for his self-control is surprised to find himself disturbed by trifles. A man who may have been remarkable for his self-control is surprised to find himself disturbed by trifles. A man who may have been remarkable for his self-control is surprised to find himself disturbed by trifles. Overwork of the brain is not confined to self-control is surprised to find himself d ep humility and contrition of spirit; and

sil were silent.

Suddenly, a presence was felt rather than seen. All knew instinctively that the Saviour was looking upon us. A mighty fear and fread kept every eye downcast and every voice silent. But a sweet, beautiful atmosphere was all about us. A genter adiance stole into and warmed every heart. Then, like the sound of soft music there fell upon our ears these precious works.

mosphere was all about us. A gentle radiance stole into and warmed every heart. Then, like the sound of soft music there fell upon our ears these precious words: "Ye are my friends." The sense of sin departed and in its place came a sweet sense of sins forgiven; of reconciliation to Christ and such a deep love for him as on earth we had never known. Then, again, his voice fell upon our ears: "Ye are my brethren." Brethren! What a wealth of meaning breathed in that word. Fear gave place to love. Each one glanced up and beheld an ineffabity glorious presence and the wountenance of the Son of Man. His face glowed with a sweet and holy joy. All drew near impelled by an unseen force. He was drawing us. His face was so calm, so; benignant, so full of joy, 'tenderness, love and holiness, that we realized that it was heaven to look upon him and bask in the supernal radiance of his celestial glory. And, as we drew perhaps too near for those just entered the heavenly land, suddenly he was gone.

Again, we are alone. A silence fell upon us all. He had forgiven us, and our sins would no more be remembered against us. And then our thoughts went back to earth, and each of us recalled the life that had been. It could never be ours again! And, now, in this heavenly air how pitiful and misdirected most of our earthly efforts seemed to have been. How unwisely had we wasted precious time and energy in toil and undue worry about earthly affairs. How priceless now seemed the worth of souls, yet how little of our lower life had we spent in seeking their salvation! Oh, if we could only get back—we, the friends of Jesus—and live that earth-life over again, how earnestly would we engage in our Master's blessed service. With what delight we would tell of his love and goodness. And how strongly we would beseech everyone to come and accept our Saviour as theirs. But now there was no going back; with the close of our earth-life all opportunity to labor for the ingathering of bouls had ceased. How priceless in this fuller light seemed the w

Irritability.

her sleep. Fashion and social life sometimes make large demands upon her, while
the petty annoyance of home fall to her lot
almost exclusively. At length unwonted
impatience, fretfulness, and severity with
her children give warning of nervous prostration, and her husband may perhaps precipitate the crisis by his unjust reproaches.
Irritability may have its source in the
stomach. The dyspeptic is notoriously
fretful and low-spirited. What a difference hetween him and the well-fed man,
who knows only from books that he has
any digestive apparatus!

In softening of the brain, one of the first
indications of something wrong is increasing irritability; which, however, is seldom
referred to the true cause. If the patient
is a mother, she finds fault with her chilifen on the slightest provocation, and
punishes them with unwonted severity.
Irritability and general feebleness of the
nervous centers are frequently due to a
lack of suitable nerve food, just as the
muscles may be enfeebled through lack of
the food essential to their proper nourishment.
Friends of the morbidly irritable should

ment.

Friends of the morbidly irritable should guard against increasing the evil by their own conduct, and generally should take counsel with a physician.

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE. Mr. Moody says that those who say they

will forgive but can't forget an injury, simply bury the hatchet while they leave the handle out, ready for immediate use.

Matthew Henry says that anger is sinful. "when it is without any just provocation given, when it is without any just provocation given, when it is without any good end aimed at, when it exceeds due bounds." Anger, in deprayed beings, is very apt to become malignity; and then it is always the spirit of hell.

We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful and grateful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, and how wonderfully they come out.—[Frances Rid-

There is inestimable blessing in a cheerful spirit. When the soul throws its window wide open, letting in the sunshine and presenting to all who see the evidence of its gladness, it is not only happy, but it has an unspeakable power of doing good. To all the other beatitudes may be added, "Blessed are the joy-makers."—[Willis.

A life of indolence and ease, of delicacy and luxury, which is very often the attendant upon opulence, is never commended in the Bible. It may not be positively and grossly vicious, but it is always worthless, and unsuited to the grave and solemn ends for which man is sent into this world. Don't.

"Don't" occupy the end seat in a pew and compel other people to pass you. Even a wedding does not justify this.

"Don't" wear the largest hat worn among your circle, if large lats are worn, nor the smallest; the largest sleeves, if large sleeves are worn, nor the tightest if tight sleeves are worn. There is no use in protesting

against the long skirt on the street; the woman who wears that is hopeless. A wise woman or a tactful woman is never remarkable for her clothes. She applies the wisdom of Hagar, and displays neither poverty ner riches, but has sufficient for the station in which she is placed, maintaining an honest position to her husband, home and tradespeople.

"Don't" entertain on such a lavish scale that the guests watch the daily papers, fearing a report of financial failure that will prevent your giving another entertainment.

"Don't" be afraid to be gracious, through fear that you give a false impression of your position. It is the uncertain throne occupied by the usurper that needs constant bolstering. The true king feels secure in his rights.

"Don't" make the mistake of thinking that your affairs are the most important in the world, and he shocked if all world and written on one side of the must be brief and writte

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:
I am a little girl 7 years old. I go to school nearly every day. I am in the Second book. We like the ADVERTISER VETY much. Your loving nicee, JENNIE REVERAPT.
[Glad you are going to be my little nice.
Jennie, Write me soon again.—AUNT [PRU-DENCE]

EAST WILLIAMS, Jan. 20.

DEAR AUNT PRIDENCE:

I am a little girl 9 years old. I go to school sometimes, but I can't go all the time, because I have two miles and a half to go. My teacher's name is Miss sell McInroy. I am in the Second book, and sidy arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, geography and drawing. I have a sister and a geography and drawing. I have a sister and and she calls it Didle. My pa has taken the Advertiser a great many years and I like to read it. This is my first letter, and you must excuse my bad writing and mistakes. I got a cake from Sanita Claus on Christmas, and I got a bottloof ink and a copy book and two pens and a choider and a little book on New Year's Eve. Please put this in print and print a letter in the paper. From your loving niece.

There were very few mistakes in your letter for a 9-year-old girl. I should think your little legs would often find the two mile and a half walk very long, in bad weather especially.—

walk very long, in bad weather especially.— AUNT PRUDENCE.]

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I will now rolate a story I heard from an eyewitness of the scene. As my relater was traveling a footpath from the house to a small lake for a pail of water he observed on the path a great number of ants in a state of great excitement. Stopping he saw they ere biting one another with great violence of the state of great excitement. Stopping he saw they are all of the sawing a red streak around them. Other smaller black ants were running mack and forth, but not much excited. These were ants having a red streak around them. Other smaller black ants were running ack and passing up and down unmolested. This occurred about noon one warm summer day. The rest of the family were called to witness. They agreed to leave the combatants undisturbed. The following day early in the morning the battle war raging as hard as ever and lasted all day. The next day they were still fighting fierce as ever, but the fourth day all were gone. He concluded they fought for at least three days, with an animosity seldom witnessed among the lower animals. Whether they fought at night or not my informer could not tell. Yours truly. JOSEPH NEPHEW.

[Your letter pleased me very much indeed, and is the most interesting one I have received since I began this department. Ants are very wonderful little insects and seem almost to resemble human beings in some of their actions. Have you read that piece on "Ants and Their Slaves." by Michelet, in the Third Reader for Ontario? It describes an army of ants attacking another ant hill. After defeating them they carried off all their baby ants for slaves.—

BIRR, Jan. 20, 1891.

As I have read the letters in the ADVERTISER that have been writter to you I thought I would write one too. I am 11 years old. I am in the Third book, and study reading, arithmetic, grammar and geography. Our teacher's name is Mr. McDougall. I like this very much and I like going to school. I will close my letter now. From your loving niece.

II would like to know more about you, Lullie. Have you any brothers or sisters? Is Birr a village or a town.—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

village or a town.—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

LAMOTTE, SANILAC, MICH., Jan. 19. 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am a little girl 10 years old. I go to school most every day: I am in the Fourth book. I study arithmetic, dictation, geography, grammar, writing and literature. I like arithmetic bust. I have one brother and one sister, and it is little mischief. This is the first letter to the state of the proper and I would like very much to each in print this week. My father takes the urgariser and I enjoy the young people's column very much. Good bye, dear Aunt Prudence, Your loving nicee. FLORA DAY.

[Well, does seeing your letter in print give you as much pleasure, as you thought it would! I am glad you like the young peoples' column —AUNT PRUDENCE.]

The Homeliest Man in London,
as well as the handsomest, and others are
invited to call on any druggist and get free
a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the
Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling
entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed
to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute
Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitic and Consump,
tion. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

wwt

Hamilton, Ontario.

No Blots on the Escutcheon.—"But you have no ancestors, ye know," said his Lordship. "No," replied Miss Lakeview; "we have the advantage of you there."—Puck.

Mrs. Hicks—I've just read of a poor fellow by the name of Cloud who killed himself for the lack of a few dollars.

Hicks—Why didn't he use his silver

"He resembles his wife strongly in one

espect."
"What is that?" "She thinks there is nobody like him in

"Custard," said Tommy.

Uncle Sawback (entering lamp store).

—Thar, I've brung this instrument back.
Dealer—What's the matter with it?
Uncle Sawback—You said it was a pianner lamp; but Sairy Ann can't git a blame note out of it, nohow.

"I thought you were going to have a suppla on your house."
"I have." "Where is it?"
"In the cellar. It looked so badly on
the roof I took it off and made a coal-bin

###

"It's money, money, money all the time!" growled Mr. Myser. "Nothing but money."
"I'm glad to hear that," returned Mrs. M., meekly. "I'd begun to think it was money at no time. One hundred dollars will do me this morning."

A Japanese Bull—The custom of the Japanese in not permitting a father to see his child until it is 3 months old was founded on the idea that the youngster wouldn't know his dad at an earlier age. Having never seen him, how should he know him at 3 months? is a question the Japs entirely overlooked.—[Detroit Free Press.

Husband (going to his rich uncle's funeral)—Put a couple of large handkerchiefs into my grip, dear. The old gentleman promised to leave me \$20,000, and I shall want to shed some appropriate tears.

Wife—But suppose when the will is read you find he hasn't left you anything?

Husband—In that case you had better put in three.

A little girl I know is much given to

A little girl I know is much given to asking questions. Every one she sees is vigorously plied with her little interrogation points.

One day her mother exclaimed in despair, "Oh, child, you mustn't ask so many questions. You will tire everybody all out."

"Oh no, mamma," with the ingenuousness of childhood, "Folks like it. There was a man out there just now wanted to know if I hadn't some more questions to ask."

Judge Q—, who once presided over a oriminal court down East, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was very much moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the Judge asked.
"Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Never, never aurating into tears.
"Dou't cry, don't cry," said Jude Q—
"Dou't cry, don't cry

One may sometimes be made to see the uselessness of a foolish habit by being made the victim of similar behavior on the part of another. Here is an example of being paid "in one's own coin:"

A landlord in a country village was busily employed at his desk, when a farmer

came to the door, and asked to see him.

The man was asked his errand, but he
persisted that he must see the hotel-keeper
alone. The latter stepped outside, when
the farmer motioned him to follow, and
walked around to the rear of the hotel.

When they were well around the corner,
the farmer stated that he wished to buy a
cow, and had heard that the landlord had
one to sell.

oow, and had heard that the landlord had one to sell.

"Come on," said the other, and led the way through a garden, a patch of potatoes, and after climbing a fence, though a muddy barnyard and into the hotel barn.

When they were inside, the landlord put his mouth near the other's ear and whisnead.

pered:
"Say, neighbor, I've sold my cow!"

"MUNGO!

Millions Sold Annually.

EXTRAORDINARY VALUE. TRY THEM.

S.DAVIS&SONS

Solicited.

Correspondence

From novelty dealers and book and newspaper publishers. I have opened up a News Agency in Chatham, and would like to secure a few agencies that I could handle with my business. Best of references given. W. JACQUES,

CHATHAM, ONT.

FIREWORKS.

HAND & CO.

AN OBJECTION

USED TO BE

To buying the very best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, because it would spoil after a time.

For this reason Druggists kept only a small stock, and the customer could not get six bottles for five dollars.

THAT

IS GONE!

OBJECTION

His Choice—"Come here, Tommy," said Tommy's mamma. "Tell me whom you love best, papa, mamma, little brother, or grandma?"

And the customer can now buy either single bottles or a quantity of hourishing of all preparations of Cod Liver Oil And the customer can now buy either single bottles or a quantity of

THE BEST

HYDROLEINE.

IS CHEAPEST



We open the season to-day with the greatest

SPRING TROUSERINGS

Ever offered. See our east window for them,

TO ORDER. MADE IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

We have a limited quantity of these goods, so that first come first choice. We expect to make 40 pairs per week.





of Liver us and Soda
of Liver and Soda
is without a zival. Many have
gained a bound a day by the uso
of it. It curve CONSUMPTION. SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DIS-EASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne. Belleville. Salmo Wrapper; at all Oruggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

WHITAKER'S Almanac for 1891 In Darkest England JOHN MILLS,

Bookseller and Newsdealer, RICHMOND STREET. The Finest 5-cent Cigar Extant ROBINSON CORSET CO.

375 Clarence Street, LONDON.



OR ANY INJURIOUS SUBSTANCE.

E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT.
CHICAGO, ILL. THE CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKER

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in the LONDON ADVERTISER.

THE NEW MONTHLY.

One of the Best Women's Journals in the World.

The Best Advertising Medium to Reach the Purchasing Sex in Canada.

A Journal Written for Women by Women.

ASSISTED BY MISS ETHELWYN

Greeting from the Countess of Aberdeen. Haddo House, Aberdeen, Scotlan Dec. 1, 1890.

Lady Aberdeen begs to congratulate Mrs.
Cameron most sincerely on the high promise
of the new venture, and will be much obliged
if she will direct that two copies should be sent to her at the above address every month.

Lady Aberdeen hopes that Mrs Cameron will not mind her making some extracts from "Wives and Daughters" for a little magazine which she herself is editing in connection with a Young Women's Christian Association in Scotland.

Send 25 cents, and have "Wives and Daughters" mailed to your address every month for one year. As the commendations printed above show, you are more than likely to get the worth of your money. Specimen copies sent on application.

There is no better advertising medium in Canada and for many parts of the United States than "Wives and Daughters."

"WIVES AND DAUGHTERS," Care Advertiser Printing Co.,

For Lon

The People'

"THOU ART fe was kind of Sin

Sir Charles Tupper and satined palace this luxury how e and well-off the w the prices of what booming real estat the average busines never needs to ask

certed signal du

And then the sp

Loyalty, with the untry's reputat States tha that

\$15,000 a year o

t for b