

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the crad rules the world. TALES BY "TRESA"

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Knights of St. John belonging to St. Paul's commandery, installed their officers with a good deal of ceremony a week or two ago.

The great need of the present day is to keep the young people together. Mixed marriages are an unmitigated evil, and the more they can be prevented, the better it will be for the Church and Catholic society.

I have heard it asserted that the reason for so many mixed marriages is to be found in the fact that we educate our girls better than our boys.

I think this argument will scarcely hold water.

Certainly our Catholic girls possess many advantages in the way of education that were undreamed of a few years ago, but then the same can surely be said of the boys also.

Our Separate Schools in Ontario are about the most efficient in the country, those in Toronto especially are excelled nowhere; the percentage of successful candidates is about equal for both sexes, as may easily be ascertained by referring to the lists published in these columns some time ago.

The High School and Convent examinations for girls are certainly not beyond those of De La Salle, and Toronto University; the most that can be said for them is that they equal the best male institutions.

I certainly do not think that Protestant young men are better educated, more refined, or more gentlemanly than Catholics of the same class; on the contrary, I think the religious element in the education of Catholics is a most potent factor for good in the future conduct, and the best guarantee that their private and interior actions are not at variance with their outward seeming.

Nor do I think that any Catholic girl who values the integrity of her religious convictions and the safety of her children's faith would willingly run the risk of making shipwreck of either simply because a Protestant suitor was a trifle better educated than his Catholic rival.

I think we must go to another source for the cause of this split in the ranks of our young people.

In the first place, how many Catholic girls of the middle class meet more than half a dozen young men of their own faith in the course of 12 months? Most of them are constantly meeting Protestants, good, bad and indifferent, in the store, the office, the factory, and at social reunions for what wonder, then, that they should prefer such a trifling better educated than his Catholic rival.

It is easy enough for theorists to talk, but life is a very hard reality to the majority of young working women, and they naturally welcome any prospect that affords them relief from all most incessant drudgery. It may injure some poetical conceptions of woman, to picture her as marrying to escape a life of toil, but facts are harder than anything else, and I am afraid the majority of working girls are looking forward to matrimony as a blessed release.

This fact ought to stir us up to try and keep our young folks together, by founding mutual societies etc, and encouraging friendly feeling as far as possible.

There is very great need of a large hall of some kind that Catholics can call their own, and in which the different societies can meet, and that shall be as central as possible, and combining the advantages of a concert room and ball-room. I feel certain that such a hall would very soon pay for itself, and it would give a feeling of independence and comfort, and encourage the organizing of social gatherings.

It might be in charge of a board of trustees, and a certain fixed amount charged for the use of it, which could go towards keeping in order and decorating.

St. George's Hall is a very good one, and is well adapted for all kinds of entertainments; the general effect is extremely pleasing and refined. A Catholic hall built upon the same plan would meet all requirements, and be a constant source of pleasure and satisfaction to the young people.

We are threatened with a new terror now, that is, some of us are, there is a considerable majority who will not be affected by it. We are told upon good authority that smoking threatens the extinction of kiasing.

No so long ago we were gravely informed that kiasing was insupportable, and implored to give up a custom fraught with so much danger to health. Whether or no the administration has been disregarded it is not easy to say, as that kind of recreation is usually indulged in when nobody is around, but as regards one form of the "salutation" the delicate peck on the cheek affected

by honching school young ladies, I must say it is about as rampant as ever. The dear girls never trouble themselves about possible microbes lurking on downy and peachy cheeks; the school-girl age is the period of gush and enthusiasm, so they rub their arms with their hands, or of delight, and peck away at each other like a couple of love birds. Bless them! Let them have their innocent kisses, they will go out into the world yeeted "Society," one of these days, and have their cutaneous fringed down as gauzy and their gush toned into a languid indifference, and learn to shake a couple of fingers above their shoulders and say "How do you do? Glad to see you," without meaning a word of it. As for kissing horrors it would only result in the removal of some of the "peachy down," and is quite out of the question.

Mrs. Malaprop was quite exercised in her mind the other day upon hearing of a niece. "I don't know what you mean that she never kissed anyone because she considered consolation insupportable. 'Dear me, times do change!' remarked the old lady to a friend; 'there's Bertha been saying she considers consolation insupportable!' 'What do you mean?' 'I don't suppose our husbands and brothers and sweethearts are likely to give up smoking, so we must, perforce take to the after dinner cigarette. Disgusting vice!' says some Conservative reader, pursuing up her mouth. Well, I don't know; that price of good fellows, and jolliest of them, Pope Pius IX., did not consider it a vice. It is related of him that he was entering the General of the Jesuits at eleven o'clock on the conclusion of the meal the Pope lighted his pipe and prepared for a smoke.

"Don't you smoke?" he inquired of his guest.

"No, Holy Father," was the reply; "that is a vice I do not possess."

"My dear fellow," retorted the Pope, with a laugh, "it is not a vice, if it were you would be sure to have it."

But it is a very different thing for women to smoke. I suppose it is, and yet, look at the number of women who cycle now, when a very few years ago, a woman on a wheel was considered so awfully decent.

The Princess Victoria of Wales is fond of a surreptitious cigarette, a habit she has learned from her unconventional step brother, the Duke of York, who is never so happy as when he is egging his sisters and cousins on to some daring innovation or other. Princess Victoria is her brother's most apt pupil; she is decidedly advanced in her ideas, is fond of going to the theatre, and is a firm believer in the cause of feminine emancipation. It is even said that she agitated for a latch-key some time ago, but cannot vouch for the truth of this story.

The Song of the War-Fleed.

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! for the feast of blood, For the carnival of gore, When men shall fight, by day and night, And slay on sea and shore, "Kill, kill!" "Kill, kill!" is my order shrill, And the mind of man is mad; And the angel of Grace doth hide her face, And the soul of Peace is sad.

The powers of hell will aid me well, As I fiercely rise 'rom sleep; Riches and skill shall obey my will, And the angel of Death to reap. The joys that Peace in a hundred years Has earned, in a day I'll take; I'll gladly scream as the cannon gleams, And a million hearts shall break.

Yet what care I for the widow's cry, Or the orphan's feeble wail? When the ocean tide with blood is dyed, And the fire sweeps hill and dale, And little I care for the mother's prayer, When her son lies cold and stark, For deep the death from the blasting breath, When the war-dogs wildly bark.

And glaucy eyes shall gaze at the skies, Mate lips to Heaven appeal; And the likeness of God be crushed to the sod, 'Neath the tramp of the war-fleed's foot, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! for the feast of blood, For the carnival of gore, When men shall fight, by day and night, And slay on sea and shore. London Echo.

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Emulsion Oil has nothing in common with the impure detestable class of so-called medical oils. It is a purest and most efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or burns, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Spanish Rule in Cuba. Antonio Gonzalez Perez, who announces himself as a member of the Cuban Junta, but does not proclaim his true title to public confidence as a vendor of Cuban bonds, says Mr. Goldwin Smith in The Weekly Sun, brings in the London Nineteenth Century, a tremendous indictment against the Spaniards beginning with the imprisonment of Columbus for which a Spaniard of the present day is about as responsible as an Englishman of the present day for the execution of Joan of Arc. But he adds there was a way when he says that under the barbarous rule Cuba was "daily growing richer and more civilized"; that "the evidence of a superior culture became apparent," and that "wealthy Cubans were in the habit of going to Europe, where they brought back with them the love of

liberty." It is remarkable that none of these wealthy, cultured and liberalizing Cubans appeared in the ranks of the patriot army, which, as the Americans found, to their disappointment and disgust, consisted of black or half-caste marauders of the lowest and most savage kind.

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

"Oh, Janie, I told you to notice when the apples bolted over." "I did, ma'am. It was a quarter past eleven, when they bolted over."

"I'vena do one New Year's resolution that I'm going to see carried out." "What is it?" "The world has got to treat me better than it did last year."

"Here, madam, is the very thing you want—a one-minute headache cure for ten cents." "Ah, you haven't a ten-minute cure for one cent, have you?"

As Kaiser Wilhelm understood when he took charge of Kiao-Chow, the surest way to secure a satisfactory Christmas present is to go out and get it for yourself.

"This is no Co-operation." The meek, yet firm, and intemperate, said, "That's all right; but they will have to get the cheekey to collect it for them."

"That's a queer name for a goat," remarked the inquisitive man. "Why do you call him 'Nearby'?" "Because," replied the other man, "he is all but."

Mr. Gownes—in addition to this painful boi I believe I am in for an attack of the toothache. Mrs. Gownes—Oh, how nice to have your troubles all at once!

Teacher—I want each one of you to make a sentence, using the word "delight" in it. Small Boy (coloured)—The wind came in de winder and blew out de light.

"One'er de troubles 'bout dis er life," said Uncle Eben, "is dat by de time a man has a realising sense dat he orter learn sumpin, he feels like he's too old to start in."

Bostonian—Is this friend that you wish to bring to dinner much of a raconteur? Chicago Man—Blamed if I know; but, say, you'll do laughter if we can get him to tell us stories!

Harry Deuntown (to country girl)—Miss Milkyweigh, do you play and sing "When the Cows are in the Corn?" I get the yegs and chand them out.

"I am told that you have many dainty dishes at your boarding-house," said Kilduff to Goldsborough. "We have," replied Goldsborough, "the landlady's daughter is a very skillful china painter."

Uncle Joshua—I wonder git some smaller bills for this fifty-dollar note. Joshua—That denomination? Uncle Joshua—'I'm a Baptist, but I don't see how that 'ere's got anything ter do with it.

"My grandfather," said the shoe clerk border, "once knew an old man who insisted that the ghosts came and milked his cows every night." "Sort of milkin' spectres, eh?" commented the Cheerful Idiot.

Untold Wealth—Gallagher (a Tip)—My grandfather in the old country had more money than he could count. Donahoe (a Fardown)—Oh have heard, donah, that the old man could not count more than ten.

Towne—It's really wonderful how nature always manages to strike a balance in all her departments. Brownie—'For instance? Towne—Well, in winter snow comes down, while in summer ice goes up. Mrs. Forkley—I often wonder how people understand each other in France. Mrs. Gollum—How absurd. Mrs. Forkley—Well, my two daughters speak French and they can't understand each other.

Kind Lady—I am sure you would learn to love my children. Nurse—What wages do you pay? Kind Lady—Forteen dollars a month. Nurse—I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price.

Teacher—What celebrated event occurred at Plymouth Rock? Tommy—I know. Teacher—Well, tell us hear you tell the class what it was. Nobody else seems to know. Tommy—They started a new breed of chickens there.

Husband (shaving)—Confound the razor! Wife—What's the matter now? Husband—The razor is so abominably dull. Wife—Dull? Why, I ripped up an old coat with it yesterday and it cut beautifully!

Mamma (sighing)—I have a nearly empty far! Rachel, have you been at my preserves again? Rachel (tensely combing her doll's hair)—'Mamma, didn't grandma teach you when you was a little girl, same's you have me, not to be too 'quisitive'?"

Superintendent—"I think that lady over there is not being properly waited upon." Floorwalker—"Oh, she doesn't want to buy anything. Everything that has been shown her she declared perfectly lovely. She hasn't found fault in the least with anything."

"Have you followed my argument this far?" inquired the gentleman who was short on ideas and long on words, according to the "Washington Star." "Yes," replied his impatient friend. "But I tell you candidly I'd quit my company right here if I thought I could find my way back."

CONSUMPTION, CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an Esq. 1874, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful cures upon thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, he has decided to send this valuable remedy free of charge to all who desire it, in German, French or English, and will forward by post, on receiving the name of the sufferer, a copy of the "Book of Health" containing full particulars, and a trial bottle of the remedy. Send by mail, with address, the name of the sufferer, and the name of the paper. W. A. Thomas, 210 Powers Building, Rochester, N.Y.

A Story of South African Life.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO)

the last of their companionship, for he was an honorable English gentleman; he would not have hurt the feelings of the lowest he came across, and he did not reckon hers as such. As she sat there it all came back to her—the sweet, fresh spring days, slowly lengthening into summer, the rambles in the cool early morning; the long, slow walks 'neath the kettle-belled and tall "carobomates" blessed on the hot stones; the interest with which he invested all that had hitherto been stale and common-place; the widening of her life day by day, the sense of watching the preparation for his departure; the agony of loneliness when he had gone.

There was one thing which she had clung to all these months. It was his parting word that he would return. All morning she had followed him about, with a dumb misery in her eyes; but men, the best of them are blind at times. She did not say much, and was not very happy, and such as she did not findly find expression for their feelings. It was when all was ready, and he had given his hand (as the custom is) to the whole family from Oom Hans to little Piet, that he turned to her to say a few kind words, and thank her again for all the help she had given him.

"But you will come back one day?" she faltered.

"He nodded, "Oh, yes. One day."

"When the summer is going away; when the days grow cool again."

He spoke readily, but rather sadly, and, mounting his horse, he rode after the Scotch car that was taking away his belongings.

Juvina climbed the dam wall and watched till man and cart had disappeared. She hugged to her heart the sense he had given—when the days grow cool again."

"When the summer is going away; when the days grow cool again."

And now that time had come. The days were growing cool, and day after day she sat on the dam wall and watched the point of the hill round which would lead the road from the farm to the camp. To-day as she sat there she was watching still.

There were two indistinct pictures in her mind. One showed a girl lonely and loveless, growing old and hard amid uncgenial companions and sordid surroundings, with hopes blighted and possibilities of good unfulfilled.

The other was a blur of brightness—a vision of two souls comforting, strengthening, and complementing each other, leading the higher life together. It was a lovely picture—as lovely as the other was unbearable; so she dwelt on it, and let the other fade.

Her thoughts went on and on, sweet, hazy, undefined. She revelled in the delightful feeling they brought. She seemed wrapped round by a delicious atmosphere of content and joy. It was as if he were already there; as if that bright picture was a reality. She was, taken out of herself and all that belonged to her dreary cramped life. For a brief space she grasped what too many of us miss—the sweet feeling that the ideal is real.

"Juvina! Juvina! Dreaming as usual. Here, help me, child!" It was a harsh, rasping voice that broke in upon her dreams, and it belonged to a hard-featured woman of middle age, she clambered upon the dam wall and solemnly set down the bucket and cans she carried.

"Here, help me to get the water. I never saw such a girl for dlear. What will you say when the dear Lord requires an account of your wasted hours?"

Juvina did not rise, only turned her head slowly, and looked at her aunt with dreamy eyes. She did not think of resenting her words; it was what she was accustomed to, and all came in the day's work.

"Now make haste and get the water," continued the woman, "and you must come and make the rooster-kecks too, for your uncle and the boys will want them when they come. And I've a bit of news for you. The Baas has just been here; you did not see



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