ON CUFFS.

S the subject of "Cuffs" is very peculiar one, and as I have become somewhat noted for the peculiarities, or rather eccentricities of my observa-I suppose some explanation of a preliminary character may be ered timely. In the first place I will have to commence with a quotas that is the source from which sprung the few ideas that I mean to dot down in this contribution. Not that the quotation, in itself, is of any great value; but had it not been for it I might not be now writing about "Cuffs,"

A QUOTATION .- The "Herald" of Spartansburg, S.C., says:-"We desire to go on record as saying that of all the senseless, uncomfortable, unnecessary, unmitigated abomina tions in the way of clothes for man or woman, the cuff is the limit. summer it is too hot. In winter it is too cold. In all seasons it is a nuis-And a commentator says: "I believe that if every man jack among us would be honest, we'd all get up and say 'amen' to that statement. And another adds: "The cuff is great a contradiction as the English mixed drink." As to this last remark the reader may not see how it applies, but it refers to the story told about a French gentleman who had spent a month in London. few years after his visit one of the English gentleman who had entertained him in London came to Paris The Parisian returned the compliment with great lavishness. And he took pride, in the presence of other Parisians, in asking about this, that and the other thing in London. Finally he asked, "do they still drink contradiction in your country?" The Englishman did not understand, he asked him to explain. "Well," said the Parisian, "I mean that drink into which you put whiskey to make it weak, then lemon to make it sour, then sugar to make it sweet and then you say 'here's to you, and you drink it yourself." That is the contradiction drink, and to that does my second commentator refer compares it to the cuff, the cuff to it. Of course, we all have our individual opinions as to the utility of the cuff. and also as to that of the contradiction drink; but I am neither a haberdasher, nor bar-tender, so I am no authority on either; but I will come back now to the question of the cuff proper.

DEFINITIONS.-Let us define cuff. The word cuff, when it means a blow or a slap in ear is derived from 'Kanaphtyan,' a Gothic barbarian word that means "to strike;" also from the Greek, "Kalaphos," a box in the ear. But when it is intended to mean the end of a sleeve folded back, it is from the French "coiffe, which means a hood, or headdress This may all seem so much nonsense and without application, but it goe to show that the cuff was originally used for two purposes—the first wa to ornament the sleeve, as a hood ornaments and protects the head a blow. If you take notice of the armor suits of the ancient warriors you will perceive that the cuff is like heavy bracelet, and that it was evidently intended to protect the wrist, to strengthen it, and to en able the soldier, or knight to give a powerful blow. But the days of chi valry, of tilts, of warrior feats-atarms have long since gone past, and in our modern days we do not need to have our wrists either strengthened, solidified, or protected by any such addition to our shirt-sleeves. It now become a mere ornament and as such it is of very questionable

MY OBSERVATIONS .- I have, in the course of my various observa-tions, of men especially, found that they do all in their power, while keep,ng within the pale of fashion to get rid of their cuffs. You see young man set out for his office in rning; he has wrestle of some minutes with his cuffs in an attempt has to fasten them on to the ends of ther stiffly laundried, he is sure to ve occasion to use some unparlia-ntary language—especially if he

off down town; an inch or more of aculate cuff showing beneath coat-sleeve. A pretty good no evidence in the world that they are clean, or nearly as clean as are his cuffs. Then he reaches his office. The very first thing he does is to take off his coat, unbutton his cuffs, wash his hands, place the cuffs in his desk and replace his coat on and get to work. If he is a man who has a good deal of writing to do there is no doubt that he is relieved to a great extent by having these stiff affairs that so hamper the hand in attempts at penmanship removed. But a lady calls, he has to step into the next room to meet her, he must take his cuffs, pull up sleeves—for he has no time to take off his coat-button on his cuffs, and thus be "en regle" to speak to the lady. She occupies five minutes of his time-a heap of letters or rather documents have to be written. hurries back to his desk and experi ence teaches him that he must tak off his cuffs again if he is desirous of making any headway. comes the lunch hour. On go cuffs, for it would not be genteel to go to the table without the appendages that fashion dictates The lunch over, he has the same per formance to repeat a few times dur ing the afternoon. Finally, he goes ome. A grand relief; he can then take the cuffs off and cast them up on the dressing table. But a friend calls and he has business to go out for an hour. He must go upstairs and put on his cuffs. Now a hat is a very easy "coiffe" to take off and to put on; but a genuine, modern cuff. is a "coiffe" that is responsible for more naughty expressions, any other part of the male human harness. Yet I might make an exception in this regard of the highstanding collar; the neck-cutting chin-pinching, stock-shaped affai that serves to make a man hold his head erect, after the manner of trotting horse with a top-check. So I can say, from observation -if not any extensive experience-that the cuff is certainly a most undesirable addition to male attire and it is so principally on account of its great inconvenience.

should be in a hurry. Then he

not going to influence the fashion, and were I to write till dooms-day I could neither prevent the use of the cuff, nor increase its general use. The world of fashion cares little for curbstone observer and his remarks. But I also conclude that man about the most inconsistent and stupid of all animals in this regard. We talk of the monkey imitating; but no monkey was ever a slave to He will imitate because affords him pleasure to do so: man imitates at the expense of ease of health, of comfort, of happiness everything that can make life pleasant, he even imitates against his own will and common sense simply because he would not be the fashion if he did not do so. Now this seems to me to be most sense ess. I may be a little extreme in this respect; but if I err, I err on the safer side. I have seen, in rounds, men and women-especially the latter-who torture themselves into misery and sickness for the sake of keeping up appearances and of being recognized as in the fashion We are inclined to laugh at the Chinese custom of squeezing the feet of children to make them small. Well if it be necessary, or be ordained by fashion, that the feet should be smaller than God intended them, I think the Chinese have common sens on their side. For, is it not better to begin when the foot is tender and asily compressed, and can be done gradually. society belles, until their feet are fully developed, and then, by means of a number 3 boot on a number 5 themselves into a state that begins with corns and ends with some chronic disease. What I say of the feet applies still more to the waist. It is a queer thing cide and deform their bodies, by dint of lacing and stiffening, in order make themselves appear what they are not and what they were not intended by nature, or by God to be.

CONCLUSIONS.—One conclusion

that I come to at once is that I am

A FUEL FAMINE.

As a result of the inclement wea ther, a famine in turf is reported from the County Roscommon, where it is the fuel universally in use. master of the Roscommon house has reported to the Guardians that no turf had been delivered at the institution for a fortnight, and he had to adopt the unusual expe dient of procuring coal. The Chairman of the Board of Guardians de clared there was no turf in the Roard stated it would be a famine

EASY WAYS OF GETTING THE MIGHTY DOLLAR

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

BY BOUNTIES .- It was an old sursery tale; all of us have heard it in the sweet days when we lived in fairy land, with quaint people and strange wild animals. Jack cried wolf," and when the farmer ran to the rescue there was no wolf at all Twice did he play the same trick on the farmer, and twice did the farmer vow to punish Jack. One day the wolf came in earnest, and Jack cried in vain, for the farmer would not ome to his assistance. So the wol destroyed a sheep and escaped with We all loved stories of wolves and bears in those days. But were under the impression that the time had gone past when we could be entertained with such literature as that. Yet we learn that the State of Kansas can furnish just as interesting a story as ever was told to child in the arms of a mother, or or the knee of a father; and Kansas story has a moral far more striking than even that of "Jack and the Wolf."

Some time ago the legislature of that State placed a bounty on wolves. These animals were playing havoc on all sides and one dollar per scalp was offered by the State. The result was that the wolf-plague began to disappear. Here, now, is the

"The County Commissioners of Lane County, Kan., have stopped paying bounties on wolf scalps, pendthe investigation of a story that a wolf breeding ranch has been established in the northern part of the county. With the price of scalps at a dollar each, the business of raising wolves pays better than many of the industries in this part of the State. It is reported at Dighton that several of the ranchmen in the northern part of the county have established a breeding place for the animals in some of the canyons along Walnut creek. A surprisingly large number pelts have been brought in from that part of the county, and an investigation is being held."

We always had great faith in Yankee enterprise, and we knew that it would have to be a hard case if one of our clever American cousins could not turn it to some profit in the form of dollars. But this beats anything that we could have ever dream ed. He must have a fertile brain who first conceived such a plan for securing public money. He equally must have had an elastic conscience-for it amounts simply to robbery. But leaving aside the systematic plan of getting cash out of the State by means, there is the consideration of the fearful risk run in breedwild animals of the wolf-class, and then letting them loose in the Of course, the intention is to kill them at once; but that does not prevent the fact that the estabnent was a menace to the lives and properties of the people. The lesson to be taken is that it is not always safe to offer rewards and to give bounties.

BY SCANDAL.-The Chinese claim that they have a more ancient civilization than we have in the Western world. They go back to the age of Confucius, a couple of thousand years before Christ, and they lay claim to ossessing all that we philosophy, art, science, religion, fashion, and even literature. There is one certain fact, that they been able to carry to extremes that the worst follies and maddest, cus toms of society. Now we have in our midst the proverbial scandal monger; generally an elderly lady although, to be just, we must admit that young ladies, and men, and boys, have all got a certain inclination to scandal and gossip. But bad as the habit is and detestable as it makes people seem to others in the we have never yet brought it to the degree of perfection that could rank it is a paving profession China with her ancient civilization, beats us entirely in this matter.

ladies, strange because openly and handsomely remunerated in the current coin of the realm. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house of rich people, announcing their coming by beating a amuse the lady of the house. accepted, they sit down and tell her the latest scandal and the newest stories and sayings and are rewarded at the rate of half a crown an hour, besides a handsome present

have proved particularly accept-

Now, this is surely a delightful profession. It is one that cannot fail to be remunerative. If people delight to tell stories, in inventing or retailing gossip, in spreading scandal, there are just as many (and more perhaps) who take intense delight in listening to the same. We do not advocate the introduction of the profession, amongst us, but under the impression that if it did exist, it might put the unpaid scandal-mongers to shame, the cause making many of them hesitate before exposing themselves to be ranked on a level with the professional vendors of lies.

Virtue Replacing Vice

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

In the end Truth will conquer Er or, Virtue will triumph over Vice; it is in the order of things, it is in accord with the Divine plan. We often feel saddened and discouraged to witness the abodes of virtue turned into the resorts of the impious; yet there is nothing therein to cause to lose faith in the moral certainty of virtue eventually coming out suc cessful in the contest. When we look at that fearful epoch in the history of France, when the Revolution un chained the dogs of discord iconoclasm, and the shrines of devotion were turned into the abodes of crime; when a vice-queen of the Fau-St. Antoine received homage at the altar of Notre Dame, and Chaumet thundered his blasph from the pulpit that had contained a Bosuet, a Bourdaloue, a Flechier, Massillon, and the gentle Fenelon; when such sacrilege and desecration were beheld in the full light of day the timid were inclined to lose faith and to let all confidence in God's promises perish within them. But it was only for a brief and passing monent. It could not last. Vice is weak, it is misty, it is unstable, and must inevitable succumb. Since then the "Te Deum" has replaced the "Ca Ira" and the pulpit has been glorified and cleansed from the pollution of that day by the sublime preachings of a Felix, a Lacordaire,

a Didon, and a Montsabre. If it is generally more noticeable when the homes of virtue are transformed into the lurking places of iniquity, it is on account of the enormity of the evil done. But world is rarely informed of the millions of converts in each year, and the thousands of places that changed from purposes of sin to purposes of virtue. If we were permitted to walk the refuges that dot the face of every civilized land, where in the Sisters of Mercy, and kindred sisterhoods, receive and care those members of their sex lives have been unfortunate and far from the pathways of virtue, we would be astonished to learn many individual careers are turned into the avenue that leads to God, and how many soul are saved from the brink of eternal ruin and restored to the state of grace.

Death of a Religious.

At the Hochelaga Convent, venerable Mother Veronique du Cru- off." cifix, in the world Miss D'Avignon, passed to her reward on Saturday last. The aged nun, who died peacefully, loaded with good works, and sustained by all the consolations of religion, was the last survivor the five first nuns who founded the educational institution at Longueuil, under the direction of the late Mgr. Bourget. She died on Saturday, and her funeral took place on Tuesday. at nine in the morning, at the Ho. chelaba Convent. Her remains were taken to Longueuil, to be interred with the other foundresses of the in stitution, amidst the scenes that had witnessed her labors, her trials, her triumphs and the evidences of her to be envied: such a death is to be coveted; such a career cannot but produce fruits of benedictions to those left behind, and an eternity of glory for the one departed. May her soul rest in peace.

JOAN D'ARC.

Pope Pius X. has decided that the first meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in presence of the Holy Father, which is to take place on November 17, is to be devoted to the cause of the Maid of Orleans.

Our Boys And Girls

A LESSON IN HONESTY. - The following incident is recorded by one of our exchanges:-

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a by-stander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, point-ing to his breast; "and the good man say, 'It is not mine; give pack to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind; you have it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, No! you must not keep it. So I never know what to do, and I think to go sleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me. Now I bring the money back, I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good and a bad man within us. The bad man is temptation, the good man is Conscience; and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins?

A FAITHFUL DOG .- Many stories have been told about the sagacity of dogs. Here is one taken from an interesting Catholic newspaper "The Young Catholic," which will touch the hearts of all our young readers: A few weeks ago an engineer whose train was approaching the city of Montreal, in Canada, saw a large dog standing on the track ahead. The dog was barking furiously. The blew his whistle, yet hound did not budge. The train thundered on, and the poor creature crouched low. In another instant the dog was struck and hurled high in the air. Some bits of white muslin on the cow-catcher, caught the engineer's eye, and so, halting the train, he ran back to the spot where the accident had occurred. By the side of the dead dog was a child, which probably had wandered on the track and fallen asleep. The poor, watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop, but, unheeded, had died at its post - a

A USEFUL LITTLE GIRL.-Kindness and courtesy are qualities which every child should possess. An stance of the two-fold happiness, to the giver and recipient, is told the following little incident:-

victim to duty.

"Grandma had such a cold she had to stay on the couch in her own room, and the doctor came to

he was there, Nannie While prought a glass of fresh water.

am Grandma's little waiter girl," she explained.

"A very nice little waiter girl," said the doctor. "What else can you do besides getting a cool drink

"I can close the blinds when sun comes in, or open them if the room is too dark; I bring her medicine powders to her, and spread the slumber robe again when it slips

"You are quite a little nurse," the doctor said. "No wonder grandma is better to-day, with such kind and tender care.'

"But sometimes she is tired, and wants to be still; then I go away and play," said Nannie.

"That is right," the doctor anwered. "Now, little waiter girl, will you please give this medicine to grandma at dinner time? and if she has a little jelly, she may give some to you. Good-by.

BEING CONTENTED.-How much trouble has resulted from envy ealousy no human power can Stories are daily published contain ing examples of over-ambitious and discontented boys and girls, but still there are little folks who are unhappy. Should any of our little readers be worried in such a man ner let them study the following lit-tle lesson which we take from a Catholic American newspaper. It is

A bright, rosy-cheeked boy sat with a dissatisfied look, gazing sky-ward. "Oh, dear!" he sighed. "Why wasn't I a little star? Boys have to go to bed just when they want to stay and watch the stars. I should so love to be up there with nothing

to do but twinkle and shine. I think they sit up all night, too," he added, with another sigh. Then the queerest thing happened. While Rob-bie still watched the little star, it seemed to come nearer and nearer, until it entered the room and shone bright and dazzling by his side.

Then the star said: "I have-

watched you many times playing here, and envied you because you have much to make you happy. You have your dear papa and and toys and books, and loving friends, while I am all alone the sky-just a star. So to-night, when I heard your wish, I was glad, for we can exchange. Would you be a star?'

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed Robbie. "I would much rather be a star than a

Then the star came still closer and ouched him gently, and instantly Robbie began floating through the As he rose slowly and felt the cool breezes, Robbie laughed delightedly. He was up above the house tops and trees, and the lights of the city grew dim. As he looked back at the window into his home, he saw his mother put her arm about a little boy and kiss him. Then she took him on her lap, and Robbie knew she was telling him the regular goodnight story. He almost wished had not changed places with the star. But an invisible power se to draw him swiftly upward until he reached a certain place in the blue heavens. He wanted to run about among the other stars and see what were made of, and if they were all alike, as they looked to be from the earth, but the power, which he could only feel, held him to his place. He could twinkle, shine, and glow all night, and that was all. He learned that even stars obey. He looked sorrowfully earthward, and thought how happy he would be to climb into his mother's lap once more. He was so lonely in the sky, As he looked, a big cloud slowly spread its black face between him and his former home. He could see flashes of lightning, and imagined he heard thunder which frightened him. So he cried out in a very pitiful little voice: "O Star! Won't you please come and take me home? I'll never want to be anything but my mamma's little boy again, and I'll never, never cry when

I am told to go to bed." Then the cloud parted, and in its place was a beautiful bright light, that seemed to come nearer and nearer as he looked. The light changed from red to orange, then to purple, then to blue, and many other colors, until it was only a fleecy white mist, which grew thinner and thinner, when, to Robbie's astonishment, the cloud was one no longer, but a shining maiden, with long, floating, yellow hair, and a bright, dazzling face which smiled kindly upon him, while she said in a low, sweet voice: "Dear Robbie, I am the star you have so long loved and envied. I changed places with you to teach you the lesson our kind, heavenly Father wished you to learn. He knows where we can do the most good. We all have a work to do, and by doing it cheerfully, willingly, we grow to be good, useful and hap-

The maiden vanished as she ceased speaking. A wild fear filled Robbie's breast. Was he to be left in the sky? He reached out his arms and tried to follow her-there was a fall and Robbie's mamma came running to find him lying on the floor, rubbing his eyes and looking very nuch surprised at seeing her. jumped up quickly, and, throwing nis little arms around her neck, he held her tight and said: "Mami mamma! I love you most of any thing in the world, and I'll never be a naughty boy again!"

Premium Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golder Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for new Subscribers to the True Witness

This is a splendid op portunity to obtain a mos nteresting chronicle of th work of frish Catholic Priests and laymen i Montreal during the pa Fifty years.

The Devotion Of the Holy Ro

(By a Regular (

This is the month of

ary. In the long list

tions peculiar to the

Church, there is not

and not more accept

of the Rosary. It

theme of many an ele many a brilliant poer lightful book. The known to us as "The that is peculiarly cha Church that belongs all ranks, all nation Poor and rich alike; educated equally are tise the beautiful dev Rosary. But while we upon the subject of the its charms for the that aspires to hold co the array of heaven angels, their Queen, a arch, still we cannot there is a very practic Rosary. Apart from th mised to all who are fa devotion; apart from protection that they ar ceive; apart from the acles that have bee through the medium of there is yet another exc portant advantage atta and there are results to that stand out, in their the very best evidence unbelieving man-of the that lie hidden in that of prayer. Of these we example alone for the p There is no question a that no race of people was ever more devoted to the Holy Rosary the

the long centuries of rel cution, when the practic faith was forbidden by became a crime to teach read, they had recourse "Beads," and these they ways have with them. I necessary to be able to re to practise the devotion, ecessary that the "Bear be said in any special la is thus that the Irish pea carry his "Beads" aroun to the field or the fair, "say them" in his own G in spite of proscriptions Parliament. It is but jus is justice in all-that the reap even material reward devotion of its sons and to the Rosary. And a has been given, and it has many forms, one of which mention. No section of the ple ever stood more in nee tection than the Irish girl grated to America. On th the Atlantic they cannot a protecting hand, and we they have not been forgot the patronage of the Quee

And this stands to reas

Holy Rosary. In 1883, in the city of I Rev. Father Riordan began that is bearing wonderful f day. For twenty years Iris grant girls have found shelt fort, protection and assistan Mission of Our Lady of the No. 7 State street. In twenty years seventy-five Irish giris have be mission, free of charge, un could be sent to their respect stinations or placed in serv ther H. J. Henry, the presen or of the Mission, says that not been confined to assisti grants in New York. Its a een long enough to reach a Atlantic to correct abuses. Here is a theme for our se flection and study. No new into the detailed history of sion of Our Lady of the Ho ary. We have the results in t given, and from that we car conjecture the details. Just seventy-five thousand Iris obliged to leave their native the foster-roofs of their virtu rents, and to face the dangers

ations, the very terrors of un ed life in the largest city, nost corrupt one, of the New Time was when the maiden, gems, could walk une through Ireland, and "no Erin would do her harm;" be York of to-day is not Erin c and the men that haunt th besmeared purlieus of Gothan not the "sons of Erin" of wh Bard has sung. But Ireland, negative pecially Ireland's pure wome having been faithful through