

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD. TALES BY "TERESA"

How fond many non-Catholics are of asserting that the Church is opposed to science.

In England, Germany, the United States and Canada, the press and the platform are ever repeating the false statement that modern progress is due to the so-called Reformation.

The statement is not born out by the facts of history. For instance, the deeds of Elizabeth's reign in England would not have been possible but for what was done by Catholic men in the previous purely Catholic times of Edward IV. and Henry VII.

During their time the art of printing was invented in Germany by Gutenberg and brought to England by Caxton, who set up his first press in the Almonry of Westminster Abbey, under the fostering care of his Abbot, and whose friend and patron, Cardinal Boucher, was the first to introduce it into Oxford.

Then Christopher Columbus and Sebastian Cabot taught Europe there was a new world awaiting it, and Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope and showed the sea route to India. There are the men, all Catholics, along with the monk Nicholas Copernicus, whose startling discovery of the rotation of the earth was dedicated in a huge volume to Pope Paul III.

To whom the scientists of the present day are indebted for the foundation they stand on and boast of as their own. It may be well here to bring to mind some among the great array of Catholics who laid the foundation of modern life and methods. The Catholic monks were the first to put floating bells over sunken rocks as a warning to mariners in fog and darkness.

And when I see my misfit face it's some relief to know That I'll outlive the beauties by a hundred years or so!

All the same it is very nice to be pretty; at least that is what the majority of us think; none of us like to be set down as plain, in either our own or others estimation.

Beauty is only skin deep, and the depth of a very thin skin at that. It is a very ethereal possession and is liable at any moment to take wings into itself and fly away.

There goes the lovely Miss Blank, isn't she perfectly beautiful? It is enough to send a thrill of unselfish exultation through the average woman.

A young lady, armed with palette, brushes, and sketch book, sallied forth to paint a picture in the park. She picked out a suitable point of view, disposed herself on a bench, and was soon hard at work.

diffable to manly chivalry. It is said that women and children were brutally brushed aside and not allowed to gain the lifeboats, and only one woman was saved out of 800 on board the ill-fated ship.

The Famine in Ireland.

The following letter received by Mr. William O'Malley, M.P., shows the grim reality of the famine in the West of Ireland:

Carna, Connemara, Co. Galway June 21st, '98. DEAR MR. O'MALLEY—The arduous duty of trying with little or no means to stave off the distressed people of this parish upon the present critical period has compelled a few remarks from me on Mr. Balfour's reply to your query relative to the cause of Mrs. Conneally's death.

In the interest of truth and humanity I feel bound to reiterate briefly the facts of the case. Mr. Balfour's reply contained a few remarks from me on Mr. Balfour's reply to your query relative to the cause of Mrs. Conneally's death.

Mr. Balfour continues: "The board's inspector reported that this woman's husband had been employed and relieved works in the locality. I fully believe that Pat. Conneally worked a single day on relief works as stated by Mr. Balfour. The husband was dying, and the wife, as the most head of the family, was left to care for the children, and she was obliged to go to work for Mr. Balfour, for argument sake, to get Mrs. Conneally was herself dying of consumption, why was she forced to go on works where the women are subjected to the most inhuman drudgery imaginable?"

From February 8th to March 31st no outdoor relief was given the Conneally family, presumably because Mrs. Conneally was in receipt of a dole on the relief works. At that time she was very ill, sick, and it was some time before the distant relieving officer was made aware of the fact the dying husband and wife and weak children were for a long time in the time unrelieved from any source.

Another day a neighbor, Pat. O'Donnell, told me that he had been in the hospital previous to the death of this starved couple their neighbors carried them such doles of food as they could afford. Michael McDonagh brought them three potatoes, Coleman Campbell gave them about a pound, and so on.

On the face of these facts, it is not only fair to be crediting the case by attributing those deaths from starvation to Bright's disease and consumption? If those poor creatures were relieved earlier, not with champagne, but with some plain food, they would not have been in the hospital to die. But just as food is delayed to the starving Celt till death is visible on his face, so now spraying materials for the potatoes are not forthcoming till the blight appears.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, writing of Mr. Hooley in a new paper, "M.A.T." tells of meeting the millionaire at a dinner, when one of the company gave details of a tragic story. At its close, "Mr. Hooley was the first to speak, and spoke like the brave healthy creature I take him to be. He took a fork, traced a little bit of farm in his native county. 'If I'm ever broken,' he said, 'I won't blow out my brains; I'll go down to that little farm with my wife and children, and I'll turn farmer.' It was bravely spoken, and now that the dread hour has come, I trust that it will be as bravely acted."

FIRESIDE FUN.

Sauce: "I saw a man in a window making faces to-day." Symple: "What was he doing that for?" Sauce: "For a couple of clocks, he is a Jeweller."

Ho: "That must be a very interesting book you are reading." She: "Oh, it's awfully exciting." The heroine changes her gown six times in the first chapter.

A Good Judge—Jill: "Is Will a good judge of wigs?" "But," I think he must be. He had two wigs, and he gave me one. He must have kept the best one."

Britisher: "Do you Americans go in for aristocracy at these swell resorts?" Gothamite: "Yes, indeed. Why, even the waves in the harbor all have their crests."

Briggs: "Was the Boston girl pleased when you proposed?" Griggs: "Immensely. She said that in twenty minutes' straight talk I didn't make one grammatical error."

Edith: "Oh, Ethel, what shall I do? Jack says he supposes it's all over between us and that he'll send my presents back." Ethel (experienced): "Tell him to bring them."

Burgin: "I see the scientists claim that strawberries are ninety-one per cent. water." R.: "The scientists are away off. Strawberries are ninety-one per cent. box bottom."

Uncle: "I was just reading that Prof. R. has discovered microbes on a hundred dollar note." Nephew (medical student): "Lead me one. I would like to investigate the case myself."

"I likes to see a man take interest in do country," said Uncle Eben, "but I ain't approve of 'is neglectin' 'is own taker part' while he worries about what wate gwine to wit dem Phillipin Islands."

A little three-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a noise. When told it was caused by a cricket, she sagely remarked: "Mamma, I think it ought to be killed."

"I am sorry," he said, "but the bread riots in Italy," remarked the williger. "It seems to indicate," suggested Jaroloman, "that even the bread is rising against the dynasty." Whereupon silence settled down on the group.

Citizen: "Mr. Greatman, I heard a curious debate the other evening. The subject was 'Can a Politician be a Christian?' What is your opinion?" Mr. Greatman (local statesman): "He kin, but he'll get hooked."

Patrick (just recovering from the effects of ether in the hospital): "Oh, where am I? Where am I?" Dr. Sawbones (with a wink): "In Heaven." Patrick (looking around): "Then I'd like to know what you're doin' here?"

"I never heard of but one perfect boy," said Johnnie pensively, as he sat in the corner doing penance. "And who was that?" asked mamma.

"Papa—when he was little," was the answer, and silence reigned for the space of five minutes.

Preeko-hus: "Papa must be awful strong, mamma." Mamma: "What makes you think so, Pree?" Preeko-hus: "I heard him tell Mr. Jackson this morning that he stood Pat on his hand four times last night and cleaned up over a hundred."

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