

Notes for the Household.

TO CARE EYES.—The eyes shouldn't be coddled," said the distinguished oculist. Possibly the theory was not wholly disinterested. "One's eyes are intended to meet one's usual requirements," he continued. "If they will not do it, it is because something is wrong with them. Right that wrong by glasses that produce normal visual conditions. Then go ahead. Of course, there are some forms of work and of folly that are particularly disastrous to the eyes, but the eyes of a healthy person will stand any abuse that doesn't pass reason."

"Take this matter of reading on the cars. It is a trifle hard on the eyes, but it ought not to make trouble. If it does, it is because the person needs glasses, and, in his place, I would get proper glasses and go on with my reading. Then, if my eyes still troubled me, I would know there was something seriously out of order in them or in my general health, and I would look into the matter thoroughly."

"Unwillingness to wear glasses is at the root of more eye trouble than any other one thing. That is why women suffer more with their eyes than men do. Their vanity prevents their adopting the obvious remedy for the trouble, until the need becomes too urgent to be set aside. The ordinary man hates the inconvenience of glasses, but doesn't agonize because they are unbecoming."

"I've wondered a good deal about this question of glasses. I don't know that I believe it worth while to go to a good oculist and pay his fee, unless one is sure the trouble is a serious one. It is all a matter of dollars and cents. If a man is rich, let him go to the best oculist he can find and increase his chances of satisfactory glasses to the maximum. But, personally, if money were an object to me, I'd gamble on my chances of getting what I needed at a good oculist's shop. The chance would be good. I suppose it is bad policy to advance the theory, but, as a matter of fact, most people can get the glasses they need without consulting an oculist, who, by virtue of experience and ability, has the right to charge a whopping fee. At any rate the scale of chance justifies the expense."

"Naturally, one must exercise common sense in the use of one's eyes. When I say 'don't coddle them,' I don't mean that one must put them to absolutely trying strain. I've had patients who ruined their eyes for life by trying to watch an eclipse without smoked glass, and I've seen search-light men who looked at the light until they burned their retina beyond cure. But reading, writing, and sewing, and all that sort of thing ought not to strain normal eyes or eyes properly spectacles."

"There are a lot of traditions about caring for the eyes that ought to be scattered to the four winds. They were exploded long ago, but the public clings to them and we professional men might as well fight against a time-honored belief. I suppose that, to the end of time, a mother will believe she is doing the wise thing for her student son by putting him in a comparatively

dark room, with a shade lamp falling across his left shoulder, upon the pages of his book. That's the real thing for students."

"I know grown-up and intelligent men who pride themselves upon doing their reading or studying in that fashion. That theory is dead, dead as Pharaoh; but the public hasn't buried it. "Every oculist to-day knows that the glare of light on the book contrasted with the shade of the room and its other objects is harmful to the eyes. If the reader lifts his eyes, even for a second, from the page, he gives his ocular nerves a wrench and strain. If one reads in the evening one should do it in a room well lighted throughout. The lights should be high above one's head, entirely out of ocular range, unless one should choose to look up at them. The more the quantity and pervasiveness of the artificial light is like daylight, the better for the eyes. I'm not advising the glare of a dairy kitchen, but, even, clear all-pervading light, by which one can read without having an extra light to fall directly upon the book. There are your modern ideal conditions for reading and study; but it isn't always possible to have such light and if it were, people wouldn't give up their shades and student lamps."

"Theatre and opera try the eyes for the same reason that the ordinary reading light does. The lights are turned down in the auditorium and concentrated on the stage, and the eyes are constantly called upon to adjust themselves to rapid change from dark to light. The only way to mitigate the evil is to avoid looking at anything at all in the darkened house, while the curtain is up, not even at the companion sitting beside one. Consulting the programme in the gloom and then turning one's eyes back to the brilliant stage is hard on any eyes. Strong eyes should stand it, but there's no use in imposing upon even a willing worker."

"Worry will affect the eyes as quickly as anything in the world. People often come to me and tell me they have injured their eyes by crying a great deal. That is all nonsense. Nothing serious ever happens to the eyes from mere crying, but the thing that makes one cry hurts the eyes—the worry and grief back of the tears."

"The eyes echo the general nervous system. Half the time people think their eyes need treatment when it is general nerve treatment they need. Glasses will not help them, save possibly to rest tired nerves and muscles temporarily. The man or woman who worries and frets is generally elected to eye trouble, and not only to that, but to the net work lines around the eyes, which a woman hates worse than the pain. Many a person would be able to throw away his glasses if he could live sanely and get into a normal healthy condition of nerve."

"If the eyes are weak, tired or inflamed temporarily, there are simple things that may relieve them. Just what benefits one most under such conditions one must learn by experience. For some people hot water is a benefit. Other eyes are helped by cold water. If one cannot go to an oculist and get his advice, one must merely experiment and find what gives relief. Except rarely neither the hot nor the cold water will harm the eye."

Story of a Conversion.

"Well, Mary, I'm not satisfied," said a respectable-looking young tradesman to his wife, as he was walking home one Sunday evening from the Episcopal Church, where they had been together. "I don't see how there can be two faiths and two churches, when the Apostle tells us there is but 'one faith, one hope and one baptism,' and that our Lord Himself said He had founded His Church on a rock, and 'the gates of hell should not prevail against it.'"

"But, Ralph," replied Mary gently, "don't you recollect Mr. Andrews telling us that though all this was very true, we might be quite content, because we were a branch of this one true Church?"

"That's all very fine talking, my dear," answered her husband, "but if it be a branch, why are we not allowed to go to the parent tree? Whereas you know he lectured us all in the pulpit last week for going to see that procession of the 'Blessed Sacrament' in St. Peter's Catholic Church; and said it was being 'unfaithful to our own dear church,' and all the rest of it."

"But Mr. Lewis told me the other day, Ralph, that when he was traveling in England with his master, Mr. Andrews said he might go to the Catholic Church as much as ever he pleased and so he did."

"Yes," replied Ralph, "he was telling me all about it the other day, and he and I agreed there was no sense at all in Mr. Andrews saying that. It's making the truth just a matter of geography! Why, if it's wrong in the states, it ought to be just as wrong in France or Italy. Don't you see that, too?"

"Well, yes, I couldn't make it out," answered Mary. "But then, Mrs. Willis tried to explain it to me by saying that here the Episcopal Church was the 'rightful' Catholic Church, and so it was a deadly sin to leave it; but that on the continent of Europe the Roman Catholic was the 'rightful' church, except where the Greek or Old Catholic churches prevail."

vanced to the see of Canterbury, he being the first English prelate who was ordained with the Protestant ceremony of our Book of Common Prayer. Everybody who stuck to the old church and wouldn't become Protestant was put to death. Give me the old church again, I say, and not the imitation of it!"

Mary walked on looking rather sad and grave. She felt, it is true, much in the same way as her husband; but she was of a timid, shrinking nature, and she dreaded very much the idea of taking any step which would separate them from their old friends, and from the clergyman whom they loved, and probably injure their business besides. So unconsciously, perhaps, she always tried to shut her eyes to the truth, and to put the subject from her. This evening, however, she seemed to be fated not to do so. In peace, for, reaching home they found an old friend who had come from the country to see her husband; and this man was himself of a faithful Catholic family. He had taken a great interest in the young couple, and had shown them substantial kindness in many ways; so that his arrival was hailed with pleasure by both husband and wife.

"Why, if you're not the very man I was just thinking of, and longing to see," exclaimed Ralph, warmly shaking his friend's hand. "Sit down here by the fire, and Mary will get us our supper, and we can have a good talk."

"What, on the old subject?" asked Mr. Richards—"the difference between the two churches?"

"Yes," replied Ralph. "My wife and I get more puzzled every day. Our parson here is a very good man, and says he is a Catholic; but yet he doesn't obey the Catholic Church. And then he tells us we are a branch of it, and that I can't believe, because, as Protestants, we're cut off from the tree."

"And a branch that's cut off must be a dead branch, mustn't it?" answered Mr. Richards, "because it's got no sap and no life."

"But surely, sir," exclaimed Mary, "it would be a wrong thing to leave the church of our baptism, because we fancy we should like another better."

of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," replied Mary. "Very well, then you see that you are baptized into the Catholic, the true Church, not into the Episcopal, or Anglo-Protestant heresy and schism. Is it not really silly to say that your denomination is Catholic, when you have only lay-priests and can discover only Protestant statements of doctrine in the Book of Common Prayer?"

"But Mr. Andrews says we are Anglo-Catholics," said Mary hesitatingly. "Yes, and possibly thinks so," replied Mr. Richards drily. "Every heresy has claimed to be part of the Church. But St. Cyril, says: 'God is One, and the Church One, and the Chair One, founded by the Lord's word upon a rock. There shall be one flock.' How, then, can he who is not of the number, and who is reckoned in the flock? And again, 'The spouse of Christ is His Church. She owns but one Home; she keeps us for God.'"

"But," persisted Mary. "Mr. Andrews says, 'I'm sure he's a very good man. Why, he gives everything away that he's got! and he so mortifies himself he hardly ever eats anything, his servant tells me after day he's sick person. Surely, if a religion is to be judged by its fruits, his must be the right one!'"

Mr. Richards smiled at Mary's warm praise of the minister, and said more at her conclusion. Then, gently taking her hand, he said: "Listen to me, my dear child. I grant that Mr. Andrews may be a very conscientious man, but that is no proof that he is right. A very good man I once knew was a Unitarian, but that did not blind me to the fact that he was in the wrong! Mr. Andrews has been brought up in error and to consider himself a priest, and he acts up to that belief. But we know his denomination is no church at all, and that his priesthood is no priesthood at all. For to be a priest one must have received the sacrament of Holy Orders and the Anglican ceremony of ordination is not a sacrament. The Episcopal ceremony of ordination may be classed as an ecclesiastical rite for blessing ministers, as a sacramental, but to call it a sacrament is contrary to the express teaching of the articles of religion and contrary to its own plain meaning. Thus Mr. Andrews has been ordained by men who have no power to confer that grace, and therefore the elements, or give absolution, or perform, in fact, any priestly function. So now you see why I speak and feel so strongly about it. All these things which he does in his church are simply sham. And I do not say he does them thinking they are sham; but that does not prevent my words being true; and if he is so good a man, I firmly believe the grace will come to see the truth, and then he will have a great horror of his present initiations as we have."

Ralph had listened with the deepest attention to Mr. Richards' conversation with his wife, and at the conclusion said: "I've quite made up my mind. What you have just said settles the question for me. I'll go and see the Catholic priest to-morrow. He comes every Monday to some Sisters of Charity, and he is doing a wonderful work down in our neighborhood. I don't say he is a very learned man himself, besides being so kind and good, and patient with people like us; so I'll go to-morrow night. Will you come too, Mary? A squeeze of the hand will separate me from the step they were about to take very keenly; but in her heart she was convinced that her husband was right."

The following evening found them both kneeling in the Sisters' little chapel, and after some quiet instruction from the superior, and more lengthened interview with the good priest, both pronounced their adoration and were admitted into the fold of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church.—Exchange.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

FUEL SUPPLY.—A timely subject for the farmer now to consider is the fuel supply for the coming year, says the editor of an American journal. There is no larger item in the farmer's expenses than his fuel bill would be if he were to pay cash for all used. This I know to be true, for in some years I have bought fuel on credit, and can use a wood lot on the farm, and use his time during the winter to prepare the year's supply of wood, he is saving money that often cannot be well spared from the profits of the farm. It may be a question with some farmers whether it is profitable for them to maintain a wood lot on the farm. The answer, I think, will depend on the value of the land; whether, if it were made tillable, its produce would pay the cost of working it and leave a sufficient margin to buy the fuel it would supply. Sometimes the fuel is rough, hilly land on the farm that is more profitable for a wood lot than for any other purpose. In my section most farmers keep a wood lot, but it is so small on some farms that the annual supply of wood lot is managed most economically.

I have had some experience in managing a wood lot on a farm. One plan practised was to begin on one side of the woods and cut all the trees in diameter, until we obtained our year's supply, leaving the small trees standing. When the large trees were removed the small trees would grow rapidly. I think that, managed in this way, five acres of land will timber to fifty cords annually for many years. If one has a large wood lot the supply

can usually be obtained from decaying or falling trees. The method adopted by some farmers is to cut all the timbers on a part of the lot large enough to supply the wood each year, then leave it to grow up to timber again. In five to ten years the timber where the cutting was first begun will be large enough to supply the needs of the farm again. From my own experience I think wood in cut, drawn and prepared for the stove with the least expenditure of labor in the following way: I would go to the woods before the snow had fallen, and cut the wood ready for drawing. The logs that were too large to load easily on a sled I would draw together in some place where they were convenient to get to in winter, and roll them on skids, from which they can be easily loaded on a sleigh and drawn to the house when the sleighing is good. The small wood, less than six inches in diameter, I would place in small piles near a road where I could easily drive to them. I would try to use the first good sleighing to draw the wood to some place near the woodhouse. We have used a horse power for sawing, and a circular saw for the larger lots, and a circular saw for the smaller wood. It was only a short job to saw the year's supply of wood, as we could cut from ten to twenty cords a day. If one has no power for driving a saw for cutting stove wood, two men can cut the logs quite rapidly with the crosscut saws which are now made, and the small wood is soon cut with a bucksaw. I have seen one end of a crosscut saw saw one cord of wood in one hour. No matter how the work is done, I would see that the wood that would be used in one year is all made ready for the stove during the winter, and that it was in the woodhouse before the time to begin sleighing in the spring. If the woodhouse is very tight the wood should be partly seasoned out of doors before it is put in. I find it more economical to use dry wood, which is kept under cover, as less wood is required. It certainly does not pay to burn green wood. I know farmers who cut a green log, draw it to the house and cut a few arifuls at a time, and leave it out of doors for the women to dig out of the snow and carry in as it is used. Sometimes one or two sticks of dry wood will make all the fire needed, and will burn at once when put in the stove, while the stove must be kept full of green wood to keep it burning. When the year's wood is in the woodhouse the farmer need give the subject no further attention during the summer, and his work will not be interrupted by wood cutting. It also pays when coal is burned to put in the year's supply in the winter, when it can be drawn on a sleigh for it pays to buy coal and let it dry or season in the cellar as it burns better than new coal direct from the car which has been exposed to snow or rain.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Dr. Galen Wilson writing in an exchange of helps to success in life, gives many instances of how farmer's sons achieved success. In his examples there is, as is always the case with such writers who merely view success in life from a purely temporal standpoint, one note lacking, and to our view the most important of all—the religious note. To the Catholic young man who enjoys the blessings of rural life it is most important that he should regulate his whole career by the principles of his religion, because when success is achieved in life he will find it his only solace even in the midst of everything that the product of success can secure for him. Here is what Dr. Galen says:—

Parents should observe closely from early infancy the trend of the minds of their boys toward some useful industry, and encourage that trait. Another farm family had four boys. One took a great liking to reading, first newspapers and then books of which he had read in those papers, the parents always selecting the right kind of books and papers. Finally, this boy begged for a college education. He was sent to Cornell University four years and to Germany and France six months each. Strict account of the money his father furnished him was kept, but in his will he might divide the property that he had accumulated in all his lifetime equally among his children. This son is now a professor in a Western literary college and has been for many years. Knowing his father's wishes about the final distribution of his property, he long since paid back to him what he had used of it. The next two boys chose business careers. They were encouraged and helped in it, and are now successful business men. The fourth and youngest boy desired a commercial college education. This did not please his parents any too well, but "let him follow his bent" was their decision. He boarded at home, but earned money to pay his own tuition. At about twenty he was given the position of secretary of a construction company, at a salary of \$1,000, by the president of it, who had watched the career of that family of boys for years. Now, at the age of twenty-two, there has been added to his duties that of secretary of a large company, salary \$300; but this requires but little time and does not interfere with his other duties. Surely these "twigs" were "bent" about right, or, rather, were trained up in a perpendicular direction.

While all of these young men singly by choice were led away from the farm, the same principles and motives of action as instigated them have incited "oceans" of farm boys to equal or greater successes in the line of agriculture. Here is one and how he did it. Mr. B. was reared on a farm by parents who began married life with nothing and closed their existence with a competency. They did it by constant industry, and as all must do to win success who begin in that manner, they practised close economy and were very particular about saving the little things, on the principle

ple that if one saves the pennies the dollars will care for themselves. Reared under such influence, B. at eight years of age began to grow bantam fowls on his own account, selling when he could and hoarding the money. Presently he bought a lamb and grew a few sheep, and later he purchased a colt and raised it into a good and well trained horse. At the age of twenty-one his property was worth about \$300. But all this time he was getting something better than money—he was learning how to do things to advantage; he was gaining experience that would tell in after life. At twenty-five he purchased a valuable 150 acre farm, going into debt for most of the purchase money. Then he married and began a business campaign such as seldom is seen in any farmer. His invariable rule was "never go to town without taking along something to sell." This put him upon his mettle to study out how to have something to sell all the year round. Here is a partial list of the items he gave me:—

Besides the main crops of grain, hay, straw, potatoes, etc., he sold butter, poultry, eggs, a large assortment of vegetables, berries, a horse-radish, peppergrass, hickory nuts, butternuts, butts of hickory trees for ax handles and whiffletrees, logs for lumber, sauerkraut, a little wild game, some pheasants, medicinal herbs, maple syrup, sugar, fat hogs and young pigs, an occasional beef, veal, mutton and many other things. He reasoned that as "drop by drop every day will carve the hardest rock away," so if there is saved dollar by dollar every day "it will keep gauging" from the door away. By pursuing such course he lifted the mortgage from his farm, and in course of time bought an equally good farm for his eldest son and paid for it, and later purchased and paid for a similar farm for his younger son; and there we will leave them and their families enjoying "the fat of the land" gained by the foresight, industry and economy of the father, who, certainly does not pay "to burn green wood. I know farmers who cut a green log, draw it to the house and cut a few arifuls at a time, and leave it out of doors for the women to dig out of the snow and carry in as it is used. Sometimes one or two sticks of dry wood will make all the fire needed, and will burn at once when put in the stove, while the stove must be kept full of green wood to keep it burning. When the year's wood is in the woodhouse the farmer need give the subject no further attention during the summer, and his work will not be interrupted by wood cutting. It also pays when coal is burned to put in the year's supply in the winter, when it can be drawn on a sleigh for it pays to buy coal and let it dry or season in the cellar as it burns better than new coal direct from the car which has been exposed to snow or rain."

POTATO CROP.—Formerly thousands of Irishmen went to England and helped to gather the grain harvest. The general use of machinery, however, after a time, checked the annual emigration. This autumn, says the "Leeds Mercury," witnessed a partial resumption in connection with potato-picking in the Lincolnshire Fens. Of the importance of the Irish labor, it is stated by a farmer that 20 men in as many days earned about \$416 at such work. In that time they picked 83 acres of potatoes, representing, at a moderate estimate, eight tons per acre. Each Irish worker would earn about 4s 2d a day. In the Holbeach district, where the potatoes are extensively grown than probably anywhere in England, some large gangs of pickers have been at work. On one farm alone, where the crop was bought by a London firm, 130 pickers were at work one day.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

MAGISTRATE DAUPHINE'S DEFLECTORABLE CONDITION.

Despite Medical Treatment, He Became Weaker and Weaker, Until He Could Scarcely Sign His Name.

Mr. James Dauphine, of East Bridgewater, or as he is better known as ex-Councillor Dauphine, has been a sick man for the past three years. His health gradually forsook him, until by degrees he was forced to give up doing all kinds of work. He consulted a physician and took a large quantity of medicine, but it did him no good and he gradually grew weaker and weaker. His duties as a magistrate necessitated his doing much writing, and being an excellent penman in his days of good health, it came very hard to him when his hand shook so much he could scarcely keep it steady enough to sign his name. His daughter, seeing his deplorable condition, advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after a bit of coaxing he was induced to try them. There was no noticeable change in his condition until he had started taking the third box. From that on the improvement was rapid. He grew stronger every day, his appetite increased, the weakness and lassitude departed from his limbs, some of the lustre of his youth returned to his eye, and by the time five boxes were used, Mr. Dauphine felt a new man. The weight of years and the burden of sickness have rolled from his shoulders, his hands are now steady and his pen can run as rapidly as ever. He attributes his cure to the ministrations of a good wife and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Dauphine is 75 years of age, but feels as young and vigorous as he did years ago, and is ever ready to praise in the warmest terms the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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Not education, but character, is a man's great asset and man's greatest safeguard.

That which hides sorrow for sin is sin itself. The more sin is cast out, the more sorrow enters.

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