

# House and Household.

## USEFUL RECIPES.

### OYSTER PATTIES.

Oyster patties may be made by using partly shells of rich puff paste baked to a good brown and filling them with a mixture prepared as for creamed oysters.

### QUINCE HONEY.

Four pounds of sugar, three pints of water; boil till it gets hard, then drop in ice water. Then add two large grated quinces or three small ones that have been quartered, and all cores and specks removed; boil about fifteen or twenty minutes and put in tumblers while warm so the scum forms better.

### CHICKEN LOAF.

Boil the chicken until you can easily remove the bones. Then take a common bread tin buttered, put in a layer of dark meat, season with salt and pepper; a layer of the skin of the chicken, then a layer of the white meat seasoned the same as the dark. Proceed in this way until the pan is nearly full, using the skin between layers. Take a little of the broth from the boiling, make a rich gravy and pour over all. Bake until brown, to be sliced and eaten cold.

### BRUNSWICK STEW.

This is a Virginia concoction and very palatable it is, too. A medium-sized chicken cut as for frying, a potato for each member of the family, two ears of corn cut from the cob, a generous handful of Lima beans and three nice round tomatoes. Salt and pepper to taste. The chicken is first parboiled and then the vegetables are added, and the whole cooked an hour and a half longer. It may sound messy, but it tastes good. It is served in a deep platter and the only other vegetable used is a dish of rice—this last not mushy, but where each grain stands out by itself.

### SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

To scallop oysters, one quart of solid oysters is required for a dish that will hold two quarts. Butter the dish and put on the bottom a layer of oysters. Cover them with a layer of rolled crackers or bread crumbs, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pieces of butter, and alternate until the dish is filled, using the crumbs for the last layer, moisten well with the oyster liquor and a wineglassful of good sherry. If milk is preferred in place of the oyster liquor, omit the wine and use piece of suet to taste. Bake in a hot oven thirty minutes.

### OYSTER BISQUE.

Oyster bisque is delicious. One pint of chicken or veal stock (the liquor in which chickens have been boiled is excellent for this purpose), one pint of oysters, one cup of milk, two eggs, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, one heaping cup of bread crumbs, and one great spoonful of butter rubbed in one of flour. Strain the stock and set over the fire with the crumbs in a farina kettle. In another vessel heat the oyster liquor, and when it simmers add the oysters, chopped fine; cook all twenty minutes. Turn the oysters and liquor into the kettle containing the stock and crumbs, and cook together before putting in the parsley and other seasoning. Finally pour in milk and eggs, after which the soup must not boil, but stand in hot water three minutes. Serve promptly in a hot tureen.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

In washing the hands in winter, cold water should be used sparingly. Its action roughens the skin unpleasantly. Tepid water with a very few drops of household ammonia and a good lather of castile or borax soap is advisable. If the hands are inclined to redness the trouble lies in the way of circulation, and slight gymnastics will relieve it.

Many women are worried by a constant tendency to perspire freely in the palms, which ruins their gloves. This is an extensive distemper, for I know women who spoil new gloves simply in one wearing. For this use magnesia. Get it in square blocks and rub it thoroughly on the gloves. Rigorously adhered to the effect is entirely desirable.

If you wish to raise a number of new plants of Rex, or other large leaved Begonias, take a sharp knife and make a cut at the intersection of the veins. Then lay the leaf, veined side down, on a saucer of wet sand, place in a sunny window and keep damp. Tiny plants will form at the cuts; when an inch high they may be lifted into thumb pots. This is a very fascinating way to grow Begonias.

## FASHION AND FANCY.

Collarettes for theatre and calling wear are so gorgeous that they are conspicuous. To make one strictly up to date, an extravagant amount of brocade, fur tails, feathers, jewelled trimming and lace is necessary. An imported collarette is fashioned of apple green brocade with the design in pale pink wild roses. In shape it is a flaring frill which reaches to the shoulders. To this is added an inch and a half ruffle of delicate pink velvet over which sable tails hang. There is a high Medici collar of the pink velvet, edged with sable, which is fastened in front by a jabot of lace and three long sable tails.

House gowns vary from the filmy affair of accordion-plaited mousseline de soie over silk to dainty, lace-trimmed gowns of silk warp cashmere. The empire design is most in vogue. The chief novelty of the gowns is due to the sleeves, which are always wonderful to behold. Cashmere gowns which are considered simple in design have the empire short-waisted effect defined by a grille of chameleon taffeta, elaborately embroidered in jewels and gold threads. The sleeves are hugely-puffed affairs, sloping from off the shoulders and welled with loosely-shirred chiffon. Such a gown, displayed at a prominent modiste's, was in part blue cashmere, with the silk and chiffon reflecting tints of old rose, pale green and faint pink. The jewelled embroidery blended with these colors. Feathers have the place of honor as the trimmings are concerned, bands

and that he had put his wages into his bank for safe keeping. We cannot follow him through the remaining days of his vacation, but ask you to go with me to his room two months later. Peep in at the open door, and what do you see? A boy with coat off, busy counting money, and putting down the amounts in a ledger he had made from a bank-book. After all was counted he rolled over the floor, and then tumbled on the bed a while; got an old tin life and played "Hurrah, boys, hurrah," with a different meaning from what his grandpa gave to it.

When he came down for supper that evening he looked at grandpa, and that delightful old soul nodded, as if to say, "Tell your story, boy." With his permission Ernie told his plans and how well they had worked. "Have you enough to buy a safety watch?" said papa. "Well, yes and no. You see, papa, I wanted a good standard make, and they cost \$125. I have worked hard to reach that amount, but have only \$100 in my bank. But I tell you, papa, when a man can pay cash he gets a better wheel for the money than when he asks credit. I learned that from Mr. Dawling."

## HOME MATTERS.

Always leave flatirons standing on the end; they become spoiled for good ironing other wise. Scour with emery if they become rusty.

After sweeping oilcloth wash with soft flannel and lukewarm water, never using a stiff brush. Let the oilcloth get perfectly dry, then rub with a small bit of beeswax, softened with turpentine. A very effective disinfectant is a table-spoonful of ground coffee, burned on a shovel. The odor is pleasant and pervades the whole house. Cinnamon is another agreeable disinfectant, and possesses peculiar antiseptic qualities.

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

### ERNIE'S BICYCLE.

"Grandpapa, I want a bicycle." "Well, my dear boy, and how do you expect to get it?" "I'll ask papa for it." "Now, Ernie, my lad, listen to me. Your papa has lately had so many debts to pay that he cannot even buy you a fifty-cent bicycle. And besides you will only cause your papa to be sad, for he would like to get you the wheel, but knows he cannot." "Well, but grandpa, I'm his only boy, and he might get it for me." "Promise me, my lad, that you will not ask for it, and I will take you on an excursion."

Ernie promised, but to himself he decided to have a bicycle in some way or other. But he did not ask papa for it. Grandpapa kept his promise, and a nice time they had up in the mountains. The adventurous Ernie little cared for a bicycle while he could climb up steep mountain sides, or stood on the summit and glanced down into the depths of the valley below them.

For a long time after the excursion he said nothing about the bicycle, and grandpa thought his restless little grandson had forgotten all about it. But not so. One day, many weeks after, he came into the room with a bound, then a hand-spring and somersault, and he was by grandpa's side. Looking up with excitement, and determination pictured on his face, he said:

"I'm going to have a bicycle now, I tell you. Yes, I am. I said I was long ago, and I won't give up till I have it right here in the house. Oh, don't look frightened, grandpa; it won't cost you or my papa a cent. You see, I am going to earn it."

"O, ho!" sighed grandpa. "And what will you do to earn it. Tell me your secret."

"I'll tell you all about it, but don't tell any one. You see, I have been promised a place as errand boy in an office down the street for the summer, and—"

"Yes, but you can't earn a wheel during vacation time," interrupted grandpa. "I'll tell you, grandpa, but wait till I am done. The man says I'll only have five hours each day, and then, whatever I can make when he does not need me will be my own to keep. And I have figured it out, grandpa; it will buy me a safety as nice as Ted Maines'."

Grandpa said nothing, but thought much, and watched every movement of the boy with new interest. He saw that he meant business. But mamma had something to say about her boy being away from home so much. After a long talk with grandpa, it was decided to let him try the place, and papa was not to know anything about the bicycle part of the plan.

On the first day of the next month he began. He was up early, had the chores about the house done, and was away before grandpa was up. He was home promptly for dinner and supper that day. But after a few days he would be late quite often, and would often excuse himself by saying that he had more errands than usual. Grandpa understood, but papa remarked to mamma:

"That boy of ours has more business about him than I had at his age." After one month of work, Mr. Dawling, the lawyer for whom Ernie worked, had paid him his month's salary with the remark: "Here, my lad, are two extra dollars for faithfulness; and next month I will pay you four dollars a week, and the same hours for work." Ernie came home with many long boules and whistling "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home," but changing it to "When Ernie Comes Wheeling Home." He went up to his room before supper, locked the door, got down his bank, in which he had placed all his extra earned pennies, nickles and dimes—for Mr. Doane, the wealthy banker, gave him a dime every day to carry his mail to the post-office. He sat down and counted aloud:

"Let's see now. Here is \$12 from the office, \$2.60 from Mr. Doane, the banker, and then all the other errands amount to let me see—and the \$2 gift from Mr. Dawling—well, I have \$6.80 besides that. All told, I have \$23.40." He was just going to jump for joy, but he thought they would wonder downstairs what was wrong.

He went to supper a little late, but happy. Every one noticed it and asked the reason of it. But he simply said that everything had gone well that day,

and that he had put his wages into his bank for safe keeping. We cannot follow him through the remaining days of his vacation, but ask you to go with me to his room two months later. Peep in at the open door, and what do you see? A boy with coat off, busy counting money, and putting down the amounts in a ledger he had made from a bank-book. After all was counted he rolled over the floor, and then tumbled on the bed a while; got an old tin life and played "Hurrah, boys, hurrah," with a different meaning from what his grandpa gave to it.

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"Good boy! Good speech!" said grandpa. Then he confessed how he had kept Ernie's secret. "Now is my turn," said papa. "I noticed how active my boy was, and how he was always prompt to go to work, and willing to please everybody; and, with all that, he never slighted his work at home. Then, too, Mr. Dawling said that he had been a faithful boy and should come back next year without fail."

"But I am not done," continued papa. "I have gained new courage by your zeal and industry, and my business has prospered, too, even beyond my expectations. You need not worry about the bicycle, for I ordered one for you to-day, to be here by your birthday, not knowing you were planning on getting one. You can loan me the money you have saved and I will pay interest on it, and when you get to be twenty-one years old, you will have quite a nice little fortune."

Ernie could do nothing but consent and his joy knew no bounds. He got his bicycle, kept on doing odd errands after school hours, and the next year was office boy for Mr. Dawling. A few years he was sent to school. To-day he is a partner in the law firm of Dawling and Stemen, and doing a large business.

My boy friends, if you have anything to do, do it well. Ernie is not the only boy that has prospered by his zeal and pluck, and you may be one of that number if you will. Think about it, then act.—Catholic Citizen.

## FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

### HALLOWE'EN.

Oh! dearie me! I mind it well, It dwells in memory green, That homely feast of Auld Lang Syne— The bithesome Hallowe'en!

We built the fire, and swept the hearth, We broom'd the kitchen clean— And then began, with right good will, To keep our Hallowe'en.

Both nuts and alum then we burn'd, And cards we "tried" I ween; Also the mystic saucers three— On fateful Hallowe'en!

We duck'd and snapp'd for apples too, Right mirthful was the scene; And melted lead our fate to try— Quaint sports of Hallowe'en!

Then "Granny" told us gruesome tales Of sprites and fairies seen, By reckless wight who stray'd by night On mystic Hallowe'en!

The piper and the fiddler sat With ever jovial mien, And played for youths and maids to dance On mirthful Hallowe'en.

I'm growing old, then blame me not It to the past I lean, And friends, long dead, who shared our sports On genial Hallowe'en.

J. A. S.

Montreal, October, 1895.

## THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Do not aim at brilliancy. Your gems of thought will be lost upon the multitude, and those who can appreciate your bright sayings will be envious because they were not of their own coinage.

To be accounted eloquent use your ears rather than your tongue. When somebody tells a funny story, do not let him know that you have heard it before, nor rob him of his merriment by laughing or capping it with a better one.

Do not air your knowledge, presuming that you have any; it is better that you should display your ignorance. In no other way can you make others on such good terms with themselves.

It is judicious to interlard your talk, if talk you must, with such expressions as "as you say," and "as you have often remarked." The person addressed will accept them as a deserved tribute to his intellect, even though he never said or even thought the expression in question in all his life.

If you happen to be with a person who prides himself on his correct pronunciation, take occasion to mispronounce a word now and again, in order that he may have the pleasure of correcting you.

Do not be all the time thinking what to say. Success as a conversationalist consists in thinking what not to say.

Do not ask too many questions. You may ask some that your interlocutor can not answer, and he will not love you. If A makes a statement which you know to be erroneous, do not correct him, but corroborate it. Then when B comes forward with the correction, he will feel friendly towards you as to one open to his instruction, while between you and A there will be the sympathy which unites those in misfortune.

When talking with one who is hard of hearing, cause him to repeat his words occasionally. If he is made to believe that you are deaf, he will forget his own infirmity.

Hairdresser: Yes, I pride myself on the fact that all false hair which I sell is thoroughly genuine.

## OUR LADY'S DEATH.

Quite a number of beautiful traditions concerning Our Lady's death and burial are still preserved in the Holy Land, and are recorded by the early Fathers and Historians of the Church.

These traditions tell us that the Angel Gabriel was sent to announce to Our Lady the tidings that the days of her exile had drawn to a close, and that she was to be again united to her Divine Son. The angel presented her with a palm branch in token of her triumph, gained by crushing the serpent's head.

As of old, when the message of the Incarnation was brought to her, so now, the humble Virgin answered: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done unto me according to Thy word!"

Then, when the Heavenly host that accompanied Gabriel had departed, Mary told St. John, the son whom Jesus had given her from the Cross, and St. John informed the Christians of Jerusalem that the Mother of the Church was to be taken from them.

All the Apostles, except St. Thomas, were gathered in Jerusalem to be present at Our Lady's death.

We are told that the humble Virgin knelt to receive the blessing and kiss the feet of these princes of Christ's Church. After this she consoled the faithful who bemoaned her loss, and promised them her aid in Heaven. When the moment of her departure had arrived, her Divine Son came Himself to inform her. Bowing her head she repeated the words: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and breathed forth her soul into the hands of her Creator.

"Her death," St. John Damascen tells us, "was painless. It was caused by the vehemence of her love, whose transports human nature could no longer sustain."

The Heavenly song of the angels that came to receive the soul of their Queen was heard by all those who were present at her death, although the hosts of the blessed were not themselves visible.

During the time that elapsed between the death of Our Lady and her burial, the angels continued their song of triumph.

The Fathers tell us, following in this the ancient traditions, that many of those that were afflicted begged the privilege of venerating Mary's relic. Their devotion was instantly rewarded, for the blind received their sight, and the deaf their hearing, speech was restored to the dumb, and the power of motion was given to those that were lame.

When the time of the funeral had come, the Apostles bore the sacred body of their Queen through the streets of the city. All the faithful accompanied them in the procession with lighted torches. A celestial perfume filled the air.

When they had come to Gethsemane, the Apostles placed the body of Our Lady in a rock-hewn tomb, the doors of which they closed with a great stone.

During the time following the burial they kept watch at the tomb in turn, and the angels continued their Heavenly songs about the resting place of their Queen.

At the end of three days St. Thomas reached Jerusalem. Learning of Our Lady's death and burial, he besought the favor of a last look upon the face of Christ's Mother. The Apostles wished him to have this consolation, and they proceeded to the tomb.

After praying before it, they rolled away the stone, but in place of the body they had buried there they found only the linen clothes used for the burial.

An exquisite odor filled the tomb with fragrance. They saw at once that no human power could have removed the body while they kept watch at the tomb, and they understood that Our Lord wished to preserve His Mother's body from corruption, and to honor it by a glorious life of immortality before the day of general resurrection.—Western Watchman.

## MONKS AS FARMERS.

The most successful farmers in Canada are the Trappist monks. At Tracadie, in the east, at Oka, in Quebec, and at Saint Norbert, on the Red River, in the west, they have changed unpromising tracts of land into fertile farms.

To the latest of their settlements—that at Saint Norbert—I paid a visit recently during a brief holiday trip out west. This great farm is an object lesson that would show the dull capacity what perseverance and industry can do with vast regions of untilled or semi-tilled land out there.

Three years ago, I learned, a little company of Trappist Brothers came out to Canada from France and built a monastery on a farm of 1,500 acres that had been presented to them by a priest named Father Richot, who had taken a leading part in the efforts that have for years been made to settle our great west. Immediately upon their arrival they set to work on the ground. They cleared it of its scrub, laid out a garden, and began what is called "trekking." What progress has been made since then may be judged from the fact that this year they will harvest 2,200 bushels of grain. And their garden is a sight worth seeing with the marvelous abundance and variety of vegetables, enough, apparently, to support a good sized town. For cattle and horses they have put up stables of the most approved modern type; they have a creamery, a hennery with hundreds of fowls a piggery of what is said to be the proper kind; and they are building a large granary. The Father Superior, who is a French gentleman of distinguished family, was working in the garden. He saluted us politely, and told us to make ourselves at home. We were afterward told that he is the humblest and the hardest working of all the brethren.

It is well known that the rules of the Order of La Trappe are of the strictest kind. They are, however, somewhat modified in Canada. Here the daily life of a clerical member of the order is regulated as follows: Six hours, from 8.30 p.m. to 2.30 a.m. for sleep; six hours for devotion; six hours for the reading room and for private work. The lay members of the order give from eight to ten hours to manual labor. No Trappist, clerical or lay, is permitted to eat fish or flesh for 1. All are strict vegetarians. Yet they all appeared to be physically strong, clear-eyed and clean-limbed. There are

fifteen members in the monastery at present—twelve French and three Canadians. The work of the whole establishment is done with military precision, without the slightest appearance of stiffness or restraint. There is implicit obedience, but as it is based on religion, it has all the appearance of freedom. They sleep on plank beds in narrow cells, and never speak to visitors, nor for that matter to each other. Their conversation is confined to a salutation, which they exclaim when passing each other, and which is "Mon frere, faut mourir!" (Brother, we must die!) When a brother dies he is buried in the order's graveyard, and a rude piece of wood bearing his Christian name merely is placed at the head of the grave. The Trappist is truly the man who, the world forgetting, is "by the world forgot."—N. Y. Catholic Review.

## THE GRAND OLD ORDER.

Opinion of an Old Hibernian on the A. O. H.

"I have seen societies come and go all originating within, and recruited from, the ranks of the A. O. H., but I have noticed that in event of the inevitable demise of the half-hatched organizations its best men remain true to the Ancient Order, which its unworthy or weaker membership return to the whirlpool from which, mistaken their suitability, some zealous Hibernian temporarily rescued them. The old society, however, remains at the old stand, steadily attending to business, and while now and again it will give its opinion on matters affecting the race and the future of the Irish nation, nevertheless it never deviates from its cardinal principles, elevation of the Irish race and nurturing Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity among our people. I have been with it as far back as '49. I have studied the faults and follies of our people during forty odd years of membership, and when I compare the present with the past I am filled with admiration for the noble work of the A. O. H. Many may say we were just as good then, but I don't see or hear of the quarrels, in private or public, which at times placed us in an unenviable light in the eyes of the American public and gave weapons for our enemy's use. I have seen the boundaries which divided counties fade away and the loving arm of the southern twine in amity around the neck of the sturdy man from the north. I don't know to what you can attribute the change if not to the humanizing influence of the Hibernian's motto. Your orators' speeches on decorum only reached a few; your books we had no time or inclination to read, but the honest interpretation and observance of the motto of the A. O. H. while we worked during the day, the fraternity we met with when alone among strangers, the help and kindness in the hour of need, burned that motto deep, and we could not forget it even in the heat of passion when the sign of the Order proved our opponents were of our kith and kin. The Divisions were the schools in which we learned our duty to each other. Yes, if there had been no Ancient Order of Hibernians you would have had but little help for the old land, the Land League treasuries would have been very low, and I would also venture to say you would have but a very poor gathering of representatives of the New Movement convention. Lovers of the race have surely reason to say, God bless the A. O. H.—The Hibernian Record.

Foul breath is a discourager of affection. There are more reasons than one for this. Foul breath is always an indication of poor health—bad digestion. To bad digestion is traceable almost all human ills. It is the starting point of many very serious maladies. Upon the healthy action of the digestive organs, the blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go. Before this, the fermented, putrid matter has indicated its presence by making the breath foul, the complexion sallow and muddy, the eyes dull and the head heavy. By and by, the germ infected poisonous matter in the blood causes weakness or inflammation in some part of the body. Then comes rheumatism, scrofula, consumption, liver complaint, kidney trouble and a half a hundred other ills.

The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues. It is a strong statement, but a true one that the "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption if it is taken in the early stages. It will relieve even the most obstinate cases of long standing.

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From the Author of the "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church."  
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## MCCARTHY'S PREDICTION.

**Home Rule Sure to Come.**  
I have no inclination whatever to dispute the greatness, the completeness, of the Liberal defeat. It was, as Mr. Ruskin once said on a very different subject, not a fall, but a catastrophe. Yet I am not particularly cast down by it. For the great reform measures in which I am chiefly interested it is a delay, and nothing more. The Home Rule cause, for example, will have to wait. But the man who thinks that Home Rule and its movement has been put out of the way by this Tory triumph must be utterly incapable of understanding the force of a national principle. Amid all our difficulties and dissensions the cause of Home Rule carried off two seats from the Tories of Ulster. In that province, supposed to be the stronghold of Toryism, we have again a majority of the representation in the ranks of Home Rule. Therefore, I feel not the slightest fear on that subject. I am sorry that the national cause should be delayed in its movement, but it will not have to wait long—its time will come.

Not Home Rule, then, but the Local Veto Bill, has been the defeat of the Liberal Government. But it is hardly necessary to say that most of the Tories—and especially the country Tories—detested the idea of Home Rule and were glad to have any opportunity of voting against the statesmen who had introduced it and actually carried it through the House of Commons. What I must say is that, if the fortune of war had allowed us to fight the elections on the simple and straightforward question of Home Rule, the probabilities are that the Liberals would have come back to office with a strong majority. It must also be remembered that among a large proportion of what I may call the inactive voters of England there is a strong and apparently inborn aversion to any change of any kind. "Let us have no meddling," said the good old lady in "David Copperfield." She was opposed to all travelling from one's birthplace for any purpose whatever. She would not condescend to argue the question, but settled the whole matter by the no petition of her precept, "Let us have no meddling." "Let things remain as they are," is the precept and principle of a considerable proportion of every English constituency. A stout old Tory squire once turned to me in the House of Commons at a time when the Government—a Liberal Government—were bringing in some perfectly unexceptionable bill for the remedying of a mere technical defect in some rather unimportant measure, and said in a voice of genuine reproach and pain, "Can they never let anything remain as it was—those Radicals!" He undoubtedly expressed the general feeling of a large number of English voters that the English were the Chinese of Europe. Every Liberal Government has to reckon with these European Chinamen. They make excellent sandbag defences for the defense of good old abuses. Such men as these would not object to the Local Veto bill without the slightest reference to its merits or demerits. They would not have interest themselves about the publican's compensation or the publican's demand for compensation for disturbance. They would simply have said: "This is a new thing, and so we don't want it."—Justin McCarthy, in the October Forum.

**NOT WHAT WE SAY, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla Does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember HOOD'S CURE.**