

Note and Comment

Judges in the United States seem to take a liberal and decidedly generous view of lawyers' fees and charges, and much irritation and indignation is felt and expressed by clients and others interested at the proportions these are allowed to assume. As a case in point the following extract from the New York Sun is interesting:

The accounts of the executors of the estates of Richard and William Lewis Wisbar, both of whom died in 1894, were confirmed last week by Judge Ferguson in the Orphans' Court in Philadelphia, and as an illustration of the way in which legal charges may be piled up in the settlement of estates the history of this one is interesting. It has attracted much attention in Philadelphia, and from one correspondent in that city The Sun has received a caustic letter pointing out the fact that Philadelphia is catching on in the way of lawyers' charges, and criticising the allowance of \$145,000 for the settlement of the estates.

The value of the estates upon which this sum of \$145,000 is charged was \$869,554.

That "there is nothing small about the Americans" is a saying that has passed into a proverb. It is again verified by a proposition which comes from St. Louis and is given on the authority of the Review, published in that city. The proposition, or suggestion, is, that there should be a complete census of the world's inhabitants on a particular day in the year 1900, and that explorers and census takers should be sent to every attainable point on the globe for that purpose. Assuming that action should be taken on this idea, it will involve one of the most gigantic contracts ever undertaken, and will call into active service the whole reserve force of the "great unemployed." There will be work for all, and the new century will open with a sort of millennium character. The populations of such countries as China, Persia and Turkey in Asia vary in estimates by 100,000,000 or 200,000,000, and from the information now possessed the most reliable statisticians are not sure of Africa's population by 50,000,000.

Nobody knows how many inhabitants there are on the teeming islands of the vast Pacific or even in the lands of snow and ice where the Eskimos dwell. Under these or under any circumstances it would be of the greatest interest to all and of vast importance to many to obtain a reliable return of the world's population at the beginning of the new century. The proposition, wherever it emanates from, is a good one, and should be supported, for it means employment for thousands and valuable information for every country.

There are some amusing stories told regarding the methods of appointments in the American army. The following appeared in one of our American exchanges:

A Boston lady who has recently returned from a round of dinners and teas in official circles in Washington society, tells for a fact, of her own knowledge, of a charming young girl there receiving among her coming-out party gifts a commission, signed in blank, for a lieutenant in the army, to be filled up by her with the name of any one of her admirers she might select.

The British War office authorities have grown very jubilant over a new certain-death bullet which has been invented and is now being manufactured for the especial benefit of the Derivishes. It is not enough in their estimation that men should be wounded and merely put hors de combat. Nothing short of actual death—no half measures—will satisfy them. This seems inconsistent with the advanced humanitarian sentiment which is supposed to characterize the English people in war matters, and, if carried out to its legitimate conclusions, would mean that the wounded on the battle field should enjoy no immunity at the hands of their British foes, and that death must be the unalterable fate of all. The new bullet is designated the 'man-killing bullet' a contra distinction to the man penetrating bullet hitherto in use. The subjoined extract gives a fuller reference to this latest addition to modern British ammunition.

A new service bullet, which will be used for the first time in the Khartoum expedition, has just been adopted by the War Office. Several million rounds are being sent out from Woolwich for the use of the infantry. Severe fighting is anticipated, and the effect of the new bullet in actual warfare will be watched with interest by the military authorities of all nations. The reason assigned for the change in the service bullet is that the Lee-Metford, though it is more deadly at ten times the range of the old musket ball, does not disable an enemy as effectively as desirable. The new bullet is spoken of as the "man-killing bullet," in contradistinction to the man-penetrating bullet. Any Derivishes who may escape being shot in a vital part are pretty sure to succumb to internal hemorrhage and shock. It is loaded with cordite, and gives as much energy as the old Martini Heavy bullet of 410 grains gave with the best gunpowder, and whilst being half the weight, a soldier is able to carry double the num-

ber of rounds of ball cartridge. The new bullet is being manufactured in the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich Arsenal, by men and boys working overtime, at the rate of 2,000,000 rounds of ball cartridge per week and if the test in the Khartoum expedition proves satisfactory a permanent stock of 150,000,000 rounds will be kept in hand in the powder magazines at Woolwich. A contract for 10,000,000 rounds of the new ball cartridge has been entered into with Kynoch & Co., and for a similar number with the Birmingham Small Arms Ammunition Company.

The New York World says the question, What shall we do with female murderers? is brought sharply into issue by a current case. The law makes no distinction between male and female murderers. The question is whether or not the executive power should create such a distinction. The old objection was founded mainly upon the peculiar horrors of hanging. But we have substituted the electric chair for the rope and the old objection is gone. The question now is whether a woman who commits heinous murder shall escape with her life, while a man who does the same thing must go to the chair. One argument against the execution of female murderers is that it might create a sentiment strengthening to the lachrymose opponents of all capital punishments. It would be a distinct misfortune if the uniform execution of the law, however justifiable in itself, should breed a strong sentiment in antagonism to all capital punishment. The persons to abolish the death penalty are the assassins. Until they are ready to suspend operations we desire to retain the electric chair as a wholesome deterrent agency.

A PROMISING IRISH-CANADIAN PIANIST.

Irish Canadians can justly boast of efficiency in all arts and in all sciences. Many there are among our fellow countrymen whose rich qualities and talents we would seemingly ignore. It is a pleasure for us, however, to name some of them. Miss Jane Brennan, sister of Mr. W. J. Brennan, manager for W. J. Sharples, and sister-in-law of Mrs. W. J. Brennan, whose rich soprano voice has been heard in several of our halls and churches. Miss Brennan has studied during fifteen years, seven of which she passed under Prof. Fowler. But not only is Miss Brennan favorably known as a performer, she is likewise a very clever teacher of piano. Her pupils are numerous, and they rank from beginners to seven and eight year students. Miss Brennan's music class has just been closed for vacation. Conspicuous among the little "flog" of the last days were a piano and the presentation of two silver medals one to a pupil of the advanced course; the other to a junior. Miss Brennan will resume her lessons in September, at 413 B. street, the private residence of her family.

ARCHBISHOP OF KINGSTON.

The Buffalo Catholic Union and Times says:—A rumor comes from Rome that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, Ireland, is to be Archbishop of Kingston, Canada. Though Bishop of Waterford, Dr. Sheehan is a Cork man who has two brothers in Buffalo. The late Archbishop of Kingston, Dr. Cleary, we may add, was a native of Waterford, whence he came to occupy the See of Kingston. This is not home rule exactly.

CONVERTED BY HIS UMBRELLA.

Rev. Edward Douglas, the distinguished Redemptorist who died recently in Rome, was a convert, and his conversion began by a singular occurrence. When an Anglican minister and visiting the Eternal City, he was in St. Peter's in the Vatican. Curious to see the inside of a confessional he entered one and sat down awhile. When he went out he forgot to take his umbrella. Later on, misting it, he returned to get it, and found the box occupied. He asked the priest within if he had found an umbrella, and a conversation ensued which resulted in friendship which brought about the change of faith. Father Douglas used to delight in telling how he had been converted by his umbrella.



"Why Women Cannot Sleep."
The highly organized, finely-strung nervous system of women subjects them to nervous apprehension which no man can ever appreciate. The peace of mind, the mental poise and calmness under difficulties, which is necessary for happy womanhood, is only possible when the sensitive feminine organism is in a perfectly healthy condition. If there be any weakness or derangement in this respect no remedy in the world so completely restores womanly health, nervous vigor and capability as the wonderful "Favorite Prescription" invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. It purifies, heals and strengthens; insures functional regularity; provides physical reinforcement and sustaining power at periods of special weakness and depression. It is the only medicine which makes the coming of baby safe and comparatively easy. In a personal letter to Dr. Pierce, Mrs. Marguerite Collin, of Cutler, Algoma Co., Ont., says:—"I was a sufferer and was cured by Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicine. When I commenced the medicine I could neither eat nor sleep. My hands and feet were constantly cold; I had a wasting, troublesome drain for three months, and my monthly periods were never regular. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it cured me. I feel well. I thank the World's Dispensary-Medical Association."

SENTINELS OF HER MAJESTY.

Tide-Surveyor McLaughlin and His Inquisitive Little Contingent.

Some of Their Experiences With Travellers From Across the Sea—Amusing Incidents Showing the Methods of Genteel Smugglers.

When our old friend Jacques Cartier landed at Hochelag, away back in the thirties of the sixteenth century, he was met on his arrival by a lot of inquisitive aborigines, who displayed considerable curiosity as to what the great French explorer and his party brought with them; and when, in 1642, the much esteemed and lamented pioneer citizen of Montreal, Maisonneuve, staked a claim in the vicinity of Place Royale, he was surrounded by a band of painted Indians, led by an intrepid chieftain, and counselled by a bearded eye, who insisted in making a close examination of the persons, and possessions of the new arrivals.

Since then years have multiplied into decades decades rolled into centuries, and tribes of free-born, haughty redmen no longer rest in wigwams on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence. They have been swept away before the merciless tide of Caucasian civilization; in history they have been retained to exemplify cruelty and treachery; in romance and poetry they live to excite our sympathy and command our admiration.

Yet, amidst all the revolutions of time, despite the mutations of ages, some of the traits which marked the natives who met Jacques Cartier are still perceptible in the Montrealer of to-day, and the engaging curiosity displayed by the tinted band which surrounded Maisonneuve on Place Royale finds an ample, up-to-date demonstration in the actions of the Customs Tidewaiters, who, led by Chief Henry McLaughlin, and controlled by the presence of the bewhiskered sage, Tom Nicholson, attend at the arrival of ocean steamships to examine the baggage and, if deemed necessary, the person of passengers from over the sea.

The riverside branch of the Customs service at Montreal is one of its most important departments, and is under the immediate jurisdiction and direction of Mr. Henry McLaughlin, Tide Surveyor, assisted by Mr. T. W. Nicholson. From the arrival of the first vessel in the spring to the removal of the last piece of inward freight in the late fall, Customs officers are to be found day and night, doing duty on the wharves. Upwards of eighty men are employed in this branch during the present season. Tidewaiters are assigned to each vessel upon its arrival by the Tide-Surveyor, and it is among their duties to see that nothing is delivered without an order from the Custom House. Their work is important and under constant supervision.

However, the feature of the riverside branch in which we find the most interesting is that in which the traces of aboriginal curiosity still survive. When the big Allan liner "Parisian" is safely moored at the "Liverpool" dock upon a Sunday morning it is well worth one's time to spend a couple of hours in a quiet corner of the big shed into which passengers and baggage are received and watch the proceedings.

The Customs officers take possession of the place, the doors are guarded that no one may pass out without authority, and a dozen men with official caps stand ready to examine the trunks and grips of the festive tourist or the returning merchant down the gangway on to terra firma. Mr. McLaughlin is the supreme authority there. He gives his orders in a sharp, authoritative voice, like one used to command, and he is obeyed at once. Mr. Nicholson keeps his eye open, and he wanders from place to place, ever and anon caressing his whiskers; he is a familiar figure to the ocean traveller.

At one time in the history of Montreal the Tide Surveyor wore a uniform beside which Admiral Cervera's get-up in his palmiest days would have appeared somber, but Mr. McLaughlin assumes nothing in the way of decorations except an official cap which is almost similar to those worn by his staff.

The regular traveller when assessed duly takes this a matter of course and pays up without a murmur, but a good proportion of the passengers object; some because it is their natural bent to kick, and others because they do not know any better. Among the latter is the scion of an ancient name, direct from England and let loose for the first time who disembarks from the Parisian clad in corduroy coat and kickerbockers, and crowned with a fore-and-aft cap. He is accompanied by two dogs, a couple of rifles and a good supply of ammunition, and has many dreams of shooting bear on St. James Street, or hunting buffalo on Dominion Square. He falls into the hands of an active little French-Canadian officer, with a cap one size too big, who moves around like a man acquainted with his business, and in good English informs the sportive youth that duty must be paid on the dogs, rifles and cartridges. Then there is a howl, which does not come from the dogs. The presumption of these colonists to levy duty on the personal property of an English gentleman! He will have Lord—lay the matter before the Home Government! But our French-Canadian officer is not to be worried by all the peers of the realm. He knows his duty thoroughly, and in the end the noble scion has to do exactly what Mr. Latouche told him.

Here is a conscientious old lady who would not have anyone doubt her assertion that there is nothing dutiable in her baggage. She has eleven pieces in all and the officer having examined seven picked at random is satisfied. Not so the old lady. The other four must be examined, and, despite his protests, the officer is compelled to go through them, too.

Something out of the ordinary has occurred. Mr. McLaughlin, accompanied by one of his men, has just retired into

the privacy of an office, with an indignant individual wearing a spring and fall overcoat. After a few minutes they come out again. The traveller looks thinner and smaller, but he is by no means as small as he feels. He has been caught smuggling a seal-skin sack which, being a slender person, he wore under his overcoat. The sack has been confiscated. How did they come to suspect him? Perhaps the acute, trained eye of Assistant Nicholson detected the lack of symmetry in his shape as he descended the gangway; possibly, some one from off the ship gave him away.

The whole is a scene of great bustle, business and excitement; good nature prevailing despite the presence of the ubiquitous growler. On the whole, the traveller cannot but be impressed by the intelligence and politeness of Canadian Customs Officers as a body, and those who have the good fortune or bad luck (according to the circumstances of the case) to come into personal contact with the Tide Surveyor himself are, no doubt, struck with his great business acumen and ready grasp of Customs laws.

At last the final piece of baggage has been inspected, Canada's exchequer enriched by a number of contributions, and the work of the baggage staff is ended. At a word from the chieftain, sanctioned by a nod of acquiescence from the bearded sage, the band scatters, their curiosity as well satisfied, no doubt, as was that of their dusky predecessors in the days of Maisonneuve.

SOME STRANGE NOTES AND COMMENTS.

DAVITT AND THE ORANGEMAN.

It will be hard to beat the good story told by Michael Davitt in his latest and most excellent work. In one of the Australian colonies it fell to the lot of an Orangeman from the "Black North," who happened to be Mayor and chairman, to introduce the lecturer upon Home Rule. And this he did in the following style: Davitt took down the speech as it was spoken. "Gentlemen and ladies, I am happy to stand in front of this meeting and see so many decent people present. (Laughter) We are here for a lecture by this gentleman and he is a learned gentleman because he has a bald head and something in it—like myself. (Roars of laughter.) Be quiet now beyond there. Remember, you are not in the wild bush now. Of course I won't agree with what the gentleman will say, but I respect him because I'm the Mayor of Blanktown, the best town in the colony. You don't want me to speak any more, so I have to thank you for your good manners, and now I ask the gentleman to step to the front and say his lecture." (Deafening cheers.)

SIT ON THE FLOOR.

An eminent English physician, Sir James Critchton Brown, who has wonderful aptitude for making medical subjects interesting to the public at large, announces that men and women would derive great benefit from sitting on the floor instead of chairs. Women would benefit even more than men by the practice.

The position of sitting on the floor or ground is more natural than that of sitting on a chair. It was once general with the entire human race. It is both healthy and natural.

The exercise of getting up from and down to the floor is beneficial. Through the general adopting of the sitting position among the civilized races many muscles have become atrophied and obsolete. Persons who sit on the floor have strong back and thigh muscles. Turks, tailors and shoemakers are examples of this fact.

If you sit on the floor you can change your attitude as often as you please, and can enjoy an endless variety of pose, and however often you alter it and however you place yourself, there is never any chance of your falling off. If you sit on the floor you can achieve all kinds of comfortable positions, which it is impossible to obtain even with the easiest of chairs. The influx of visitors need never cause anxiety to the well-constituted mind on the subject of chairs. All he has to provide is a quantity of cushions—cushions of every size and shape. Let guests select as they please, and it will be their own fault if they are not comfortable and happy.

It is, of course, only desirable to sit on a clean floor.

INTERMENT OF LIVING PERSONS.

Dr. Alex. Wilder, Professor of Physiology, New York, says:—"In view of the evidence revealed in its pages and of my own experience, I am horrified at the endeavors which are made to lull the public sense into a belief that interment of living persons never, or 'hardly ever' happen. Undertakers could tell stories that, if known, would compel conviction. Cataleptic trance is a sort of deception too little understood, and several of the drug commonly employed, and even

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hypodermic injections, can produce the condition. Your work puts out the perils and the precautions suggested against the danger that will, if generally employed, prove successful. I should want much more than the average doctor's certificate to convince me of the fact of death.

A SAILOR'S PRAYER.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.
General Edward E. Bryant, of Madison, tells a story that fits in at the present time very nicely. There was a pious man in the crew of an ironclad. He had been told one evening that in all probability the next day would witness a great battle. When he prayed that night he put special stress upon the plea that the vessel upon which himself and his comrades were serving might escape disaster, saying among other things: "O Lord, shield us from the shells and other projectiles of the enemy, but if any shells and solid shot do come to our vessel, I pray Thee that they may be distributed as prize money that may be distributed among the officers."

Sir William Hingston of Montreal, at the railway surgeons' meeting in Toronto on July 8, said that he believed that hemorrhage had nothing to do with shock, and hoped that the pathologist would by means of the microscope be able to soon draw a line between the two. As to treatment, common sense said the rest, quiet and encouragement were of vast import. To illustrate the influence of the mind over the body, Sir William told a humorous story. He was called outside of Montreal to see a lady patient who after a railway shock had lain in bed four years unable to move herself. "I examined her," went on Sir William, "and found there was nothing the matter physically. I told her father, who is an arisan, what I thought and that I believed that I could thoroughly cure her if she was brought up to Montreal. He looked me all over, and then remarked, 'If I hadn't been told that you were a good doctor, I would have said you were the fool I have ever seen in my life.' (Laughter.) He paid me, however, and then said, now I have done my part, do yours. The lady came to Montreal, and after a good frightening was walking in 20 minutes, and in a week was able to go out shopping." (Laughter)

NOTES FROM THE HOLY CITY.

The feast of St. Peter, Rome's patron saint, was celebrated with great solemnity on the 29th. The Vatican Basilica presents a grander appearance on this day than on the occasion of any of the other feasts of the year. The vast temple was hung throughout with crimson damask fringed with gold; the decorations were, as usual, designed by the architect of the Vatican, and the whole of the Basilica was one mass of lights, flowers, precious stuffs and metals. It is hardly possible to imagine the scene, both in the vicinity and in the interior of the colossal Basilica, on a red-letter day such as this. One continuous stream of people, in carriages and on foot, poured towards the great piazza of St. Peter's which was black with the seething, ant-like mass. On occasions of this sort the immensity of St. Peter's asserts itself; for, no matter how great the crowd, there seems to be room for all, and no one need feel cramped or uncomfortable. On this day, too, the bronze statue of St. Peter is vested in a cope of gold brocaded with a jewelled *triregna* and the other Pontifical insignia, five silver lamps burning before it, and thousands of persons pass in slow procession from morning to night, kissing the bronze foot, which is so worn as to appear to have been wilfully filed down, although the missing metal has been worn out by the faint impress of millions of lips devoutly touching it during many centuries. Apropos of the statue of St. Peter, a learned priest, Father F. Grisar, recently published an interesting article in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, proving that it is a work of the sixth century, dating from the time of Pope Symmachus, and not, as some critics, foremost amongst them Prof. Wickhoff, of Vienna, maintain, the work of one Arnolfo di Cambio, who lived in the thirteenth century. The late Comm. De Rossi, the greatest authority on Christian art, was entirely of Father Grisar's opinion. Every year on the eve of the Feast of St. Peter and Paul the Holy Father is carried to the Vatican Basilica in a portative chair, and after praying at the tomb of the Apostles, blesses the sacred Pallia which are placed on the Altar of the Confessionals. This year, however, Comm. Lapponi, the Pope's chief physician, advised his Holiness to abstain from the fatiguing ceremony which Leo XIII. performed in his private chapel on the following morning when he celebrated Mass before the members of his Court and several distinguished persons who had been privileged to assist. Notwithstanding this circumstance I was amused to read in the *Tribuna* and *Messaggero*, who pique themselves on the scrupulous exactness of their Vatican notes, a full and very interesting description of the ceremony which had not taken place! The "Invito Sacro," published this year by the Cardinal-Vicar on the occasion of the feast of St. Peter and Paul, is of more than usual importance, as it exhorts the faithful to that obedience and discipline which St. Peter so strongly recommended when he said, "Subjecti estote omni

humana creature propter Deum" (I. Petri ii. 13), and strikes the keynote of the real attitude and duties of Catholics towards the State when quoting another sentence of the Apostle: "Obedite oportet Deo magis quam hominibus" (Act v. 29). If the Italian Government still entertained any doubt or fear concerning the social doctrines taught by the Catholic Church, so wrongly accused of having been a party to the recent revolt, the Cardinal-Vicar's clear and masterly *epitome* of those doctrines would be sufficient to dispel the unfounded fears which have their origin in the calumnies and accusations cast against Catholics by the real authors of Italy's greatest ills—the Freemasons.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites met in the Vatican Palace on the 25th inst., under the presidency of Cardinals Parrocchi and Masella, and decided to abandon the cause for the beatification of the Venerable John Nepomuch Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, it having been proved that no cult has ever been paid to his memory by the faithful, which, according to the decree of Urban VIII., is a condition sine qua non for the beatification.

Rome has been called the happy hunting ground of the archeologist, for every week seems to bring to light some important discovery which gladdens his heart. Amongst the most recent are an old road which at the beginning of the Empire led to the Pincian and Salar Gates. At Testaccio, a funeral crypt of great beauty has been found. Near the Villa of Pope Julius II., outside Porta del Popolo, a deep grotto has been discovered, leading to a subterranean piece of water and ornamented with niches with niches evidently meant for statues. And last, but not least, certainly, I consider the rarity and singularity of the find, at Couca, near Rome, a tomb has been discovered containing the skeleton of a woman and a complete set of false teeth of beautiful workmanship wrought out of solid gold.

Signor Vanutelli, a near relative of Cardinal Vanutelli, died recently at Genoa, leaving one hundred thousand dollars (a half million of lire) to an asylum for the blind in Rome.

Signor Pelloux, the new Premier, recently delivered an address regarding the future policy of the Government. They were determined to keep order in the interior, and measures were being adopted which it was hoped would prevent a recurrence of the recent scenes of bloodshed and riot. The Government were also determined to preserve the best relations with other States and to maintain an equalization of finances.

The Italian authorities have very singular ideas of justice. Four priests, Father Diconami, of Leghorn; Father Mariani, of Arezzo; Father Selmi, of Lucca; and Father Orucchi, of Siena, were arrested and accused of instigating the disturbances. The investigation consisted in distributing pictures of Leo XIII., containing inscriptions on the back. The priests were arraigned before a military tribunal; measures were taken to discover any scraps of evidence which might incriminate them, but the efforts were in vain. The only proofs of their guilt were the innocent pictures, and as even an Italian military tribunal could find nothing seditious in these, the charges against the priests were dismissed. Despite the acquittal, the Keeper of the Seals Signor Bonacci decreed that the stipends of Fathers Diconami and Selmi shall be suspended. So that even those who are declared innocent by the Courts are subjected to punishment.

If you suffer from sores, boils, pimples, or if your nerves are weak and your system run down, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The library of wisdom is more precious than all riches; and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it.

TOOTHACHE STOPPED IN TWO MINUTES, with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. W.C.

Passion is the drunkenness of the mind.



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