the Domain of Woman. TALES BY "TERESA."

Speaking of illuminated addi

respected contemporary wishes to know why the best work is always done in convents and monasteries?

Since it is an acknowledged fact that this particles that of penmanship has ongaged the attention of monks and numeral to the very carliest times, it is some and the very carliest times, it is some of the very carliest times, it is some the very carliest times, it is some to the very carliest times, it is some to the very carliest time to such perfection in the art of illuminating. No sacrifice was to great, no labour too exacuts, if by its diligent exercise the monk could at length attain to the coveted honour of a place in the scriptorium, or copying room as we should probably call it newdays.

To us, of these rushing days of daily newspapers and magazires insumerable, it seems incredible that men should have spent their whole lives in transcribing, possibly a single book of the Sacred Canon, and yet, such was the immense labour involved and the great care betowed upon the work, that were a single letter insplaced, even though the whole was almost completed it would have to be thrown aside and the whole task begun again, perhaps to be one more rejected as imperfect.

The chief scriptorium was usually a large apartment, in which twenty or thirty scribes were seated at a large table, at the head of which ma kind of pulpit, stood the reader, who read aloud at intervals sentences from the work they were cheld by the younger scribes, whose ambition was chiefly directed to attaining such perfection in their art that they too might be permitted to sit in their colls and copy from the choicest and most valuable books in the library Let us carry our minds back to the days when Melrose, Bolton, Glastonbury and St. Albans Abbeys were like the perincipal illumination in the library months were pictled and where the principal intervelses fingers dropy from the choloest and most valuable books in the library

oldest and most namous or negative blobys.

The heavy oak door opens noiselessly and our invisible footsteps make no sound upon the stone flagged floor.

A rude wooden pallet stands in one corner, and above it hangs a crucifix, and a figure of the Virgin Mother are facing it, before them a prie-dieu.

Seddenly, a mist passes before our cycs, we breathe, and they are gone. The great church lies rootless beneath the bine vant of heaven, the gothic windows are empty spaces, through which the trailing ivy wanders igly clinging careasingly to the worn and crumbing stone, the winds sigh among the graves like whisperings of unquiet scole.

Bat while yet the clever fingers were writing while yet men were spending their lives over a single book, came the dawn of the era that was to banish ignorance from amongst he poor, and to place the choicest works of genius within the reach of all.

A picture in before me as I wells and

in the reach of all.

A ploture is before me as I write, an
old and favorite ploture deploting
William Claxton showing the first specimens of his printing to Edward IV and
the Royal Family in the Almoury at
Westurinster in the year 1477.

As impression has just been taken, a
kind of proof sheet, which the inventor

Westminster in the year 1477.
An impression has just been taken, a kind of proof sheet, which the inventor has autumited to the inspection of Edward, who is regarding it with an expression half wondering and had incredulous, and who probably cannot read a word of it, t.a.k accomplishment, together with its accompaniment, writing, being considered in those callightened days only fit for priests and monks.

ealightened days only fit for priests and monks.

The "press" itself is calculated to growthe a smile in these days of great machine; driven by electricity, being as it was, a mere rude frame constaining type aufficient for a small page, which, being overned with ink, the paper was laid upon it and pressed by uncans of serew clamps. Teldous as the process reads now, however, it was rapidity itself compared with the arduous lastor of outpying by hand. Handreds of years were to clapse before the first newpaper made its appearance, and during most of the time the work of copying nost of the time the work of copying and filterainating went on in the monasceries

and convents, until Henry VIII seized the abboys, confiscated their estates, burnt many of the pricoless books and turned the religious adrift, a grateful and kindly return, truly, for their invaluable and indefatigable labors. Some hundreds of years later still, their wonderful work.—or what is left of tt—is put under glass cases un musent to be stared at by printers, compositors and typewriters, while nowspaper scribbers wonder vaguely why the best specimens of illuminating are always done in convents and monasteries.

The respected contemporary before me though remarks that one always feels earry somelars for young girls whose feet are standing upon the brink. Where the brook and siver meet." I think it is a very great pity that women writers, especially shose who are widely read, and exercise considerable influence over a large circle of readers, do not take a more cheerful and less pessimist view of life. There is altrogether too much wailing over the woo of a woman if it, as though women experienced more miscay in the abstract than men. One makes ones own happiness or misery in nine cases out of ten whether one happens to be a man or a woman makes no difference; the happy and cheerful woman would be a heppy and cheerful woman would be a heppy and cheerful woman would be a heppy and girls just budding into womanhood, than for the same number of young men who are just ready to be launched into life with all its unexplored wonders and unknown temptations.

Both will have to fight, in the case of Catholies to fight hard for their faith both will see cherished dreams vanish, will see wonderful projects shattered, and find the gilttering world not all their youthful fancy pictures it. On the whole I feel more sorry for the boys, bless them. They will be buffeed and banged about from pillar to post, they will have all the romance knocked out of them, and they have a good deal of it in their chivalrous young heasa I can tell you, they will find that the more they by to set this crocked oil winds a good deal of sorrow was laughing girls, with the cath, a misery on their shoulders. The temptations to which young measa I can tell you, they will find that the more they life to set this crocked oil winds for it. And I am very much me in their way through the set bear all the burden of them, or of the fear for set of the proper set of the world.

Everyone has trials and torobles, men and women alike, neither has a larger share than the other, each must wonly set on the could be set of the world.

Everyone has trials and troubles men an

When dawns the brightness of the day in Heaven's eternal home.

Have you got a boy in the house, dear reader? A rough, noisy, clumsy, altogether aggravating boy. How he whoops and yells all over the house like a Comanche Indian on the warpath. His big boots go scurrying all over the drawing room carpet, and clatter down the kitchen stairs every five minutes with tiresome persistency. He atrews mails, piecos of string and indescribable rubbish everywhere, and brings his nother's heart into her mouth by sliding down the banisters at the imminent risk of breaking his neck at the bottom of the stairs. He steal; his sister's hairpins to make traps of, and blunders into the parlor at the very moment "sombody" it making an important declaration.

He narrowly escapes a thrashing

of the tairs. He steal: his sister's hairpins to make traps of, and blunders into the parlor at the very moment "somebody" it making an important declaration.

He narrowly escapes a thrashing from an exasperated neighbor for brying to lasso the latter's hense over the garden wall, a la cowboy, and gets into serious rouble with the police for having a catapult in his possession in the street. Everybody wishes the holidays were over, and he were nafely back at school, writing pathetic and smudgy letters to his mother for more pocket money and a labor for more pocket money and a labor it is to keep him decent! He dresses himself avery morning and is banging off in blussful ignorance that his west hair is stoking up all over his head like a poroupine's quils, his collars and ouffe are drivy, and there is a distinct "high water mark" round his neck. Delighted at an opportunity of revenge, his sister selses him and points out his shortcomings amiest a sorum of angry protests. He has a decided objection to being looked over after wash, like a piece of laundry work, and as for the aburd prejudice most people entertain against dirt, he cannot understaud it. But mother comes along and brings a clean collar, and wipes the black mark off, and smooths down the wild hair, and sends him ofto schooling the his opposition of the second partially repairs all the damages. And gean thanks for it. Oh, well, sometimes he comes behind her and puts a couple of arms round her neck, and tells her she is a jolly mother and there is a great rent in his jacket climbing up the apple tree in the orchard. Heless him 1 Ouly a few years more and he will begin to have wild aspirations after noble deeds and heroic achievements, home will be no place for him, out he must go into the wide world and bactered, and with draggied piumes, to lay his bed, on his mother's hereas to lay his head, on his mother's hereas to lay his head on his

GRENADIER **AND BUTCHER**

A Military Bandsman of 50 Years' Standing and a Young Butcher Experience the Marvellous Curative Powers of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A NEWSPAPER INVESTIGATION.

In the Case of Mr. Henry Pye Diabetes Had Brought on Paralysis-Two Doctors Said Wm. Wade Was Dying of Bright's Disease.

Dodd's Kidney Pills **Cured** Them.

of them tells an interesting story to a newspe porter-Mr. Pye played in the Marin Wellington's funeral-In the Royal Grenadiers' Band for 20 years—He had given up hope when Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him—Wm. Wade, after being sick for years with Bright's Disease and his life despaired of, tests the power of Dodd's Kidney Pills and is now in good health.

From Mail and Empire.

The reputation which Dodd's Kidney Pills enjoy to-day must have been built upon a broad foundation of sure curative qualities. To verify this viow, a Mail and Empire representative yesterday investigated two wonderful oures that have been much talked of in the Kass End of the city, and the results of the enquiry are worth recording.

The first man interviewed was Mr.

and the results of the enquiry are worth recording

The first man interviewed was Mr. Henry Pye, 116 Page ave. He is a gental, happy, promperous-looking man of sixty-five years, and was very pleased to see anyone who wished to talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills. "Why shoutdn't I task about Dodd's Kidney Pills." "Why shoutdn't I task about Dodd's Kidney Pills." "In the first place, they saved my life—no doub! about that—and in the second place, it it hadn't been for them, I couldn't have kept my estaation A neighbor, or mine, Mrs. Farrel, she's a great Methodist, was oured by them, and she calls them God's Kidney Pills.

"But you want to hear my story. I'm a bandsman, you know. By trade I'm a shoomaker, but six years ago I said away my last, and since then have give and imy time to music. I've been a member of the Royal Grenadiery band for twenty years It's just fifty years ago last month since I tone, the Marine Band in England.

drenkhers sand for twenty years ago last month since I joined the Marine Band in England. I played at the Duke of Wellington's ral, in 1862.

"For thirty-five years I have hved

"For thirty-flee years I have lived in Toronto.
"In the winter I play at the rinks. Two years ago the first night was very cold, and I got offiled through. That twee the beginning of my sickness. Least summer, when the Grenaders went to Berlin, I could hardly get through the day. The next moraning I got up feeting pretty well, But after breakfast I was taken with frightful palse in my back. I had to send for a doctor, He gave me morphine, and pronounced it a very bad case's of dishoters. In a week I lost forty pounds of desh, I would drink so much water that I would go out and vomit it. But I would come in with just as green a thirst as ever. I with just as great a thirst as ever

must have drank gattons of it a day."

"But could you still get round all right?"

"West, no.

West, no.

be paralyzed, and at times my foot would swing about as if I had no control of it. I was hving on Grant street then, but as I couldn't walk, I

Iriends, 100, tastugues to me.

"During the Exhabition I stayed wa'h my daughter, who lives in Parkdale. I was gotting werse every day. My gon-in-law saids he had heard of several women in Parkdale who had been cured of kidney discusse by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. So he got a box for me, and I started taking them. Before two daye I began to feel better. I

took that bex and ten others. By that time I felt so well that I stopped taking them, except occasionally, My health is now first-rate, but I still take the pilts, off and on.

"Last writer I played sixty nights at the rink without the least loconvenience. Yesserday I walked veniles, Last summer I could no more have done that than fly. Really, I feel mywelf getting stronger every day. I can run up the four flights of stairs to the bend practice-room easier than I could crawl up them last summer. I'm just about my healthy weight, and fit as a fiddle.

"I tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right. I've started a dozen people taking them since I was cured. My daughter, who has been sick and doctoring for a leng time, has begun to take the Tubbets, and she says they help her as nothing else has done."

William Wade, the uln-teen-year-old son of Mr. Henry Wade, the well-known Last End butener, 240 Queen street east, was another who it was reported had been marvellously cured. When seen by a Mail and Empire erepresentative, he was in the act of holdsting a hundred-and-forty pound quarter of beet to his shoulder and carrying it into the shop.

"Are you the boy that was thought."

"I am, and it was a pretty clos:

"I am, and it was a pretty closishave I had."

"Well, you don't look much of an infant or invalid now."

"You saw what I was doing. Well, I was as good as a corpse a year and a hair sao. I'll just take a minute to tell you about it.

"Six years ago I had a bad attack of diphtheria. I was just over it when I went hunting, and got a relapse. Kidney trouble set in. It would come back every spring and fall for three or four weeks. Of course, the attacks became more severe, and in the intervals I was or little use to myself or anyone else.

"A year ago last full I got so bad that two doctors were attending medally. It was Bright's disease, they said. They said, too, that I'l got over that attack I would not be able to work for six years. Before long they gave me up altogether, and said my death was but a matter of a few weeks, It was then that some one brought me a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took fifteen boxes, and was cured.
"I continue to take the pills occasionally, especially after heavy lifting.

HARRIS

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