

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERRA."

"I HAVE HEARD THAT WOMEN ARE THE STRONGER OF THE WORLD."

Speaking of illuminated addresses, a respected contemporary wishes to know why the best work in all ways done in convents and monasteries...

Since it is an acknowledged fact that this particular kind of penmanship has engaged the attention of monks and nuns from the very earliest times...

To us, of these rushing days of daily newspapers and magazines innumerable, it seems incredible that men should have spent their whole lives in transcribing...

But the real artists in the work, the principal illuminators, had the privilege of working in their own cells. They were generally of the order of the Cistercians...

Let us carry our minds back to the days when Melrose, Bolton, Glastonbury and St. Albans Abbeys were in their prime...

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

A rough table and curiously carved seat, completely furnished, stands in a no carpet, no glass in the window, no fireplace, and yet it is the cell in which a man, now old and venerable has spent his life.

Change I clang! the bell for matins, the first respite after four hours incessant labor. Slowly and carefully he rises and with tottering steps, for he is very old, he takes his way through the dim arching cloisters, filled with dark robed cowed and saddled figures...

Suddenly, a mist passes before our eyes, we breathe fresh air they are gone. The great church lies roofless beneath the blue vault of heaven...

But 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 the poor...

A picture is before me as I write, an old and favorite picture depicting William Claxton showing the first specimen of his printing to Edward IV and the Royal Family in the Almonry at Westminster in the year 1477.

An impression has just been taken, a kind of proof sheet, which the inventor has submitted to the inspection of Edward, who is regarding it with an expression half wondering and half incredulous...

The "press" itself is calculated to provide a smile in these days of great machines driven by electricity, being as it was, a mere rude frame containing type sufficient for a small page, which, being covered with ink, the paper was laid upon it and pressed by means of screw clamps...

and convents, until Henry VIII seized the abbey, confiscated their estates, burnt many of the priceless books and turned the religious staff, a grateful and kindly roving, truly, for their invaluable and indefatigable labors.

The respected contemporary before mentioned, remarks that one always feels sorry for young girls whose feet are standing upon the brink, "Where the brook and river meet."

Both will have to fight, in the case of Catholics to fight hard for their faith; both will see cherished dreams vanish, and find the glittering world not all their youthful fancy pictures it.

The temptations to which young men are exposed are many and terrible. Women with their quicker natures and more placid temperaments, can have no idea of the struggle of the young man's life.

Everyone has trials and troubles, men and women alike, neither has a larger share than the other, each must meet their particular duties bravely and uncompromisingly.

Have you got a boy in the house, dear reader? A rosy, rosy, chubby, together aggravating boy. How he whoops and yells all over the house like a Comanche Indian on the warpath.

It is nearly escapes a thrashing from an exasperated neighbor for trying to lasso the latter's hens over the garden wall, a la cowboy, and gets into serious trouble with the police for having a catapult in his possession in the street.

If he goes to a day school what a labor it is to keep him decent! He dresses himself every morning and is banging off in blissful ignorance that his wet hair is sticking up all over his head like a porcupine's quills...

But mother comes along and brings a clean collar, and wipes the black mark off, and smooths down the wild hair, and sends him to school like a little gentleman.

Bless him! Only a few years more and he will begin to have wild aspirations after noble deeds and heroic achievements. Oh, well, some time he comes behind her and puts a couple of arms round her neck, and tells her she is a jolly mother and there isn't another fellow who's got one half so good, and then away he clatters again leaving all that behind him and leaving a great trail in his jacket climbing up the apple tree in the orchard.

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.

Each of them tells an interesting story to a newspaper Reporter—Mr. Pye played in the Marine Band at the Duke of 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.

The first man interviewed was Mr. Henry Pye, 116 Pape Ave. He is a genial, happy, prosperous-looking man of sixty-five years, and was very pleased to see anyone who wished to talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"But you want to hear my story. I'm a bandsman, you know. By trade I'm a shoemaker, but six years ago I laid away my last, and since then have given all my time to music.

"In the winter I play at the rinks. Two years ago the first night was very cold, and I got chilled through. That was the beginning of my sickness.

"I was nearly escapes a thrashing from an exasperated neighbor for trying to lasso the latter's hens over the garden wall, a la cowboy, and gets into serious trouble with the police for having a catapult in his possession in the street.

"But mother comes along and brings a clean collar, and wipes the black mark off, and smooths down the wild hair, and sends him to school like a little gentleman.

"I have been accustomed to play in the band at the Exhibition, and last year, as the Exhibition time drew near, I was anxious to stick it out for that engagement, thinking it would be my last. I was beginning to feel the paralysis in my fingers, so that I could scarcely work the keys. My friends, too, thought it was all up with me.

took that box 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 pills, of and on.

"Last winter I played sixty nights at the rink without the least inconvenience. Yesterday I walked ten miles. Last summer I could no more have done that than fly. Really, I feel myself getting stronger every day.

"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 long time, has begun to take the Tablets, and she says they help her as nothing else has done."

"William Wade, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. Henry Wade, the well-known Mail and Empire, 340 Queen street east, was another who it was reported had been marvellously cured. When seen by a Mail and Empire representative, he was in the act of holding a hundred-and-forty pound quarter of beef to his shoulder and carrying it into the shop.

"Are you the boy that was thought to be dying of Bright's disease a year and a half ago, and had been given up by two doctors?" asked the newspaper man.

"I am, and it was a pretty close shave I had."

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

"A year ago last fall I got so bad that two doctors were attending me daily. It was Bright's disease, they said. They said, too, that if I 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. Now I can do a heavy day's work and feel first-rate after it. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everyone that I know has kidney trouble."

HARRIS... BUYS Lead, Copper, Brass, Iron, Ledger, Book and News Papers for scrap, 25 to 31 WILLIAM STREET. TELEPHONE 1726.

New Fancy Work Book



for 1896. Just out. Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centerpieces and doilies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, Delft, Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells you what shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also rules for creating Baby's Shirt and Cap and creating Baby's Bonnet. 96 pages, over 50 Illustrations. Sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps. Mention "1896 Corticelli House Needlework."

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