

Note and Comment

With their usual promptness in finding their way to scenes of suffering, Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy are far on the road to the Klondyke, and will be among the first spring arrivals among the miners."

This tribute to the zeal and heroism of those best and most devoted of nurses, those ministering angels, as Sir Walter Scott called them, is, it is with pleasure we note, from The Daily Witness. It is not surprising to find such a tribute in an anti-Catholic and anti-Irish newspaper; for similar expressions of admiration and praise have been uttered by bigots of greater eminence and importance.

The necessity of having trained nurses has of recent years been recognized by Protestants, and now there are so many institutions for "trained nurses," and so many applicants for admission to the guild of "trained nurses," that the profession has come to be a sort of fad. Few of the applicants realize the requirements and aptitudes for the profession of nursing, and the oft-times loathsome duties which are attached to it. The Catholic girl who desires to become a nurse rightly regards such a desire as a religious vocation, and enters a sisterhood having a nursing branch attached to it. With her the ministering to the sick is a sacred duty, which can have no relation to mercenary considerations. With the average Protestant "trained nurse" the contrary is the case. They become trained nurses in order to make money, for they regard it as a more lucrative occupation than the others which are usually adopted by females. Here is an extract from a book published in New York, by Jane Hodson, on trained nurses and nursing:—

"The question of nurses' fees has been much discussed. One so frequently hears of exorbitant charges having been made that it would seem that the mercenary spirit was on the increase. Undoubtedly there are instances where unusual charges have been made, but these are not general, and in the majority of cases a nurse may be considered to justly earn and rightfully demand from \$21 to \$25 per week, which, in a city like New York, is the usual remuneration asked for and received."

These charges do not seem to be moderate. They place it beyond the power of the bulk of the population of New York to employ trained nurses, who are evidently intended for the rich alone.

There is much in Jane Hodson's book regarding the training of nurses and the principles and practice of nursing that is of general interest. Thus we are told "at the close of her hospital course she takes upon herself the responsibility for her success in her profession. When she enters on the work of a private nurse she finds herself the reigning power in the house. She may become a perfect goddess to the family or she may upset the whole household, inconvenience every member, create discord among the servants, and even uproot the faith heretofore placed in the family physician. Loyalty to the doctor is an important factor in the work of a nurse. She should endorse and carry out his orders faithfully, no matter how much his methods may differ from the doctor under whom she has last worked. This requires adaptability."

The reference to "creating discord among the servants" is another proof that it is for the exclusive benefit of the rich that the "trained nurse" has been brought into existence.

The book contains valuable hints as to how the nurse should comport herself in the hospital. In her hospital work, the author says, the nurse should be held to strict account for all hospital property, its condition and care, and should keep an accurate list of all articles in use and stock. At least quarterly she should make an inventory or carefully compare the last one with the stock on hand. She should practice and preach economy, and the value of property as such, and should be as thoughtful of the way all articles are used as if they were her own. Many pupil nurses are careless, because they have not been taught carefulness, an essential part of their training, which the head nurse must not forget. The study of the individual patient, his or her idiosyncrasies, is not only interesting, but makes the care of all patients far more satisfactory. The better the nurse understands and sympathizes with her patients the better she will be able to use the means employed for their recovery. Of one thing the nurse cannot be too careful, and that is to remember her instructions while in training that absolutely no gossip shall creep into her conversation with her patients either regarding the management of the house, if she is in a private hospital or sanitarium, or what is going on therein. Each patient should be considered as the only one in the house, and the name, condition, and reason of the admittance

of each should be held absolutely sacred. It will readily be seen by this that not only are well-trained nurses, but well-bred, refined, thoughtful women needed. Even with the best early advantages a newly graduated nurse is rarely well qualified to enter upon the work of a private hospital acceptably. The inevitable narrowness and routine of ordinary hospital life almost always produce a certain stereotyped manner, a certain rigidity of adherence to the particular system of rules under which she was trained, which is felt unpleasantly by the private hospital patients. This manner, acquired unconsciously and perhaps unavoidably in the rush of work in a large city hospital, has to be modified by contact with the individual patient in private duty. In winning the confidence of relatives and friends, naturally anxious about their dear sick ones and ignorant of the necessity for discipline in the sickroom, the young nurse gains experience, not only in nursing, but in knowing when she may yield and when she must be firm.

NEW VIEWS ON IRISH ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

A somewhat peculiar article appears in the current number of the Contemporary Review. It is entitled "Irish Elementary Education," and is signed by E. H. F. Hogg and Arthur D. Jones. We should say that the greater portion of the article was written by the lady, as only a lady—and an English lady at that—would commit herself to such statements as are embodied in it. These two English persons paid a brief visit to somewhere in the County of Wicklow, and from what they saw there they judge the whole of the country, forgetful of or unacquainted with the maxim that it is illogical to draw general conclusions from particular premises.

A few extracts will suffice to give an idea of the value and correctness of the observations made by these two English tourists during their short stay in Wicklow. "To expect that a people so hopelessly illiterate and uneducated as is the mass of the Irish peasantry can or will develop the intelligent working capacity of the skilled artisan, is to demand of them bricks without straw or even stubble," they tell us; and again, "the present system of primary education is eminently calculated to foster that indolent recklessness which is the curse of the Irish people: the children grow up without ever grasping the notion that continuous concentrated effort can possibly be worth while;" here (in Ireland) the giddiest height of aspiration is a place in the constabulary; it is very rarely that a lad can rise even to the heights of the three known ambitions, and become a member of the constabulary, get into Guinness's brewery, or start a co-operative dairy—they cannot pass the standards for the two first, and the third is merely a rainbow vision; "the door to success is barred by the hopeless illiteracy which acts as a canker, eating away the root of healthy national life."

These are certainly new views of the condition of the Irish people at home. It would be deplorable if they had even an approximation of truth. But, as everybody besides the collaborators who wrote the article knows, they are absurdly untrue. That they are sincerely held, however, by the writers of the article is evident, for they candidly state that "the Ireland of to-day is the legacy of a system which deliberately aimed at the prevention of education, at least amongst Roman Catholics, the destruction of every incentive of energy, and the strangling of every industry the competition with which threatened inconvenience to English merchants and manufacturers." Where they err is in supposing that this nefarious system succeeded in its aim.

The niggardliness of the amounts granted for the payment of teachers and the maintenance of schools is denounced by these critics in no measured terms. The schools, they say, insufficient in accommodation and equipment for the existing demand, are "miserably inadequate to what the demand ought to be." They are systematically denied the simplest educational requisites. "Applications for books,—and these half a century out of date—slates, etc., are only half granted, and that after an interval calculated to call Patience herself down from her monument." As to the children who attend these National Schools, they are dull, inattentive, and utterly devoid of the eager desire to learn which rejoices the heart of a Scottish teacher. To those accustomed to the quick responsiveness of Scottish scholars, the tongue-tied stolidity of these quick-witted Irish children is simply amazing. They make no pretence of answering the questions put to them. As a matter of course, the answer as well as the question comes from the master, and teachers and inspectors have alike given up in despair the task of overcoming this "vacant stolidity." It never seems to strike these English Tourists that any increased grant which the National Board of Education would make would be so much money thrown

away if the people are, as they maintain, "hopelessly illiterate," and their children are afflicted with "tongue-tied" and "vacant" stolidity.

The convent schools, however, are, we are assured, the exceptions to the general rule. "In every case that came under our notice the convent schools leave little to be desired. The buildings are in marked contrast to the makabits provided by the Board. The Girls' National school of Rathdrum is in the convent buildings, and is entirely under the management of the Nuns of the Order of Mercy. Here there is an excellent classification of the children, who are taught by seven nuns and four monitors. The three class rooms are lofty and well lighted; the behavior of the children is natural and courteous, and order and discipline are maintained without apparent effort. In addition to the girls' school there is attached to the convent an industrial home for boys between six and nine years of age, where fifty-nine little waifs and strays from the towns are mothered and taught by these gentlewomen until they are old enough to be passed along to the larger industrial schools under the Brothers of Mercy. The Government grant of five shillings a week is only given for boys over six years of age, but children of five are often taken pity on by the nuns, and kept by them for a year at their own expense. The Girls' National School attached to the convent at Bray is equally deserving of special mention. Here, in addition to the ordinary routine, the nuns have established a little school of housewifery. A complete artisan's dwelling has been constructed for this purpose, and here the girls are taught every branch of house work, including cooking and laundry work, house papering, painting and decoration. These classes, it is stated, are very popular with the children."

The article is interesting as showing how little some English people know about Ireland, and how ready they are to form judgments on that slight knowledge.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVENT, BALLAGADERIN, CO. MAYO, IRELAND.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—With most sincere gratitude we write to thank you for having published our appeal in behalf of the starving poor of this district, in the columns of your influential paper. We beg of you either to insert the appeal a second time, or else by some effort of your own to draw public attention to the sad distress now prevalent in the West of Ireland, owing to the failure of last year's potato crop. We feel certain that if the benevolent people of America, who are recognized through the whole world by their open-handed generosity to every deserving cause, once take up this most urgent matter, a flood of help will come to our unhappy country, and the thousands who are now suffering direct want will receive at least sufficient to keep them alive until the new crops come in.

Thousands of your readers have Irish blood in their veins: let them not be unmindful of the land of their fathers, where, perhaps, their own young days were spent, and where, perhaps, their own nearest and dearest friends are now suffering the slow agony of starvation. It is indeed a sad and anxious task for us to discriminate among the hundreds of hungry faces round our door, to find out who can bear their suffering longest, so as to pass them over and give food to the weakest—to those who can bear the least. We are sometimes told that alms are demoralizing. That may be true in the case of grown people, if they can work and will not. But where there are large families of little helpless children, wasting away from want of food, we pray God to bless a thousand times over those warm-hearted friends who do not pause to speculate on the demoralization but come to the rescue at once, by giving us the means to save them from starvation.

We thank you once again, dear Sir, for opening your columns to our appeal, and we beg to remain,

Yours most gratefully,
THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,
Ballagaderin, Co. Mayo,
Ireland.

16th April, 1898.

FIRST CAPITAL PRIZE.

Mr. William Withers, musical director of the 'Geisha Company,' has drawn the first capital prize at the distribution of the 13th instalment of the 'Society of Arts of Canada,' 1666 Notre Dame street. This is the second time that the first capital prize has been drawn by Mr. Withers within eleven months.

A contributor to a Canadian journal in referring to the advantages of advertising, which, by the way, Catholic merchants are very slow to realize, says:—"Advertising gains momentum as it goes along." He then proceeds to give a practical illustration of the necessity of continuing in advertising by relating the following incident: "A firm that manufactures a commodity of world-wide fame had been in the habit of advertising to the extent of £5,000 a year through one of the most eminent advertising agencies in London, England. They thought they could dispense with advertising, seeing that their special was on every table. Accordingly all orders and contracts were stopped. Sales began to fall off, and the decrease continued until the firm sent back to their agents and announced that they expected to advertise again. But the decline had become so serious that to recover lost ground they have now to spend £10,000 a year where formerly they spent £5,000.

CHATS TO YOUNG MEN.

On the last evening of his mission to non-Catholics, at Cleveland, O., Father Elliott, says the Index, of Scranton, Pa., told a story of a student's suicide. The young man had gone to Paris to study; one morning his body was fished out of the Seine, and in his pocket was a paper which read: "A little advice might have saved me." We meet young men every day who are craving a bit of advice. They range all the way from the ambitious young men, whom a little advice might assist in reaching the goal which they long for in vain, to the weak young men whose constant failures tell how much they stand in need of a big brother's helping hand.

In this game of life, which we are all bound to play, most people learn only by their own experience, that is by their bitter blunders; and as soon as they begin to understand the moves, the game is over and they have lost. In this game the chess board is the world, the pieces are the happenings of life around us, the rules of the game are the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us—call him Chance or Fate if you will. We know that his play is fair, just and patient. But alas, we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the least allowance for ignorance. To the one who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. The one who plays ill is check-mated—without hate but without remorse.

In our getting on in the world, ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Life's discipline is not even a blow and a word and the blow first, but the blow without the word. It is left you to find out why your ears are boxed.

When a boy has left school for some years he knows by experience what he would do if he had those years of study to live over again. And here are our young men entering the misty maze of life, with its numberless lanes and turns and thoroughfares; some leading to the precipice of despair or the pest house of poverty and ruin; others bringing the traveller back to his starting point or ending in blind alley; but only one leading to the hill of success and the castle of happiness. All would like to walk on this highway, but most people find as their journey proceeds that they have taken the wrong crossroad. But then it is too late to turn back and they must plod on through the slough of misery to the bitter end.

Need we any apology then, if we place in the hands of the young man a map of this mysterious labyrinth? If we point out to him the path, and warn him of its ditches and stumbling blocks? If we tell him how to have shod his feet and anointed his limbs for the race, when once he has found the course? For he will find the avenue to success crowded with men of muscle, brain and energy, all striving with fearful force and resolution to win the highest heights; and as Carlyle says: "in this awful race of life God help the man that looks back or stoops to tie his shoe."

Everybody who is anybody in our days belongs to at least one or two clubs. If we ask "where did the gentlemanly cashier whom we meet pick up his polished manners and his obliging disposition, which find such favor in the eyes of his employer?" You tell us at the club. Now may we not put our white vests and making our bow to the Roundhead Club, suggest to them what good their influence might yield, if exerted now and again in the interests of their less fortunate brothers? Our Emerson club wonders why it is that, the more enlightened we become, and the more easy our machinery and inventions render farming and all sorts of manufacturing, the more desperate is our struggle for existence? We heartily join in the many athletics of the Spencere club, saying with Hebert Spencer—that the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. The best brain is found of little service, if there is not enough vital energy to work it; and hence to obtain at the sacrifice of the other is a folly. We have other club friends whose "rooms" are the corners of the streets; and perhaps we shall help these fathers of future men to answer the question:—why in many of our districts are boys dumped out of school and left during the most perilous period—between their settling the parental yoke and their settling down for life—almost absolutely without a friend or guide who seems to sympathize with them or to take an interest in the forming of their character. Who was it called the saloon the "poor man's club"? Perhaps it was the same man who called the sideboard of the wealthy club the "unlicensed saloon."

And occasionally we shall invite ourselves into one of those delightful little 12 x 15 club rooms, where the studious young man spends his profitable evenings in the charming company of such club fellows as Irving, Hawthorne, Newman, Pope and Shakespeare. For after all it is the club of solitary study in the society of the world's greatest thinkers that will best fit a man to make his mark in the world; and that will furnish the leaders for the mutual fellowship club with its gay wit and brilliant appearance, which is the best place for our many young men to spend their evenings.

We listened recently to a lecturing labor theorist howl wisdom about the perplexing social question. He said in substance, that our young men and women are turning up their noses at work. Trades and the farm are no longer good enough for our boys; but they must wear "boiled shirts" and work behind the counters or at the desk. And if they have some brains and a little money off

they go to educate themselves and become lawyers, doctors or teachers. And the reason of this tendency is, he says, because they are ambitious and too lazy to work. Now we have heard such talk so much of late, that there must be a grain of truth in it. It is a fact that the bread of the world is earned in the sweat of somebody's brow. Trades, farming and the most unskilled labor are the muscle and marrow of the world. But are the trades neglected? are they not rather filled to overflowing? How many tradesmen and laborers looking for work this winter find every trowel, every machine, every pick and shovel fought for by a dozen men!

But if labor is the bone and sinew of the world there is something else that gives this bone and sinew life and strength; and that something we call soul. Brains are the soul of the world. And the world and the people need brains in the form of leaders to direct labor, to alleviate disease and suffering, to fight for just laws and personal rights, to expose unbug and treachery, to teach children in schools and men and women in books, and now and then, like Benjamin Franklin, to tear the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from the tyrant's hand. The world needs and welcomes nothing so much as a man of real brains; for while conspicuous talent or genius confers invaluable benefits on others, it creates a place for itself.

No one envies a man of genius his place, because no one else could fill it. It is only when our mediocre fogies poking along in their peaceful ruts, feel younger men pushing past them up the hill of success, that they wilyly try to bowl them down into the crowd. America has all too few great men. Think you she would begrudge a dozen more Longfellow's their livelihood? Is not every city going for want of an humble Father Drummgoole? And when we see the gray hairs of Thomas Edison, do we not tremble for fear there will not be another wizard of the west to succeed him?

Do not suppose from our optimistic principle that we imagine all those young men who begin to study will ever reach their goal; or that there are not many hungry bellied, hungry brained, lawyers, ministers and physicians who had far better stick to the plough or the last. We are far from encouraging every young man to drag himself into a profession which he will never master, but which will master and ruin him. But we are farther still from discouraging any youth who has a spark of noble ambition from making the most of it. We were to dampen the enthusiastic hopes of any individual on account of an economic theory, we might be crushing just the spark that God had intended should blaze into another Washington.

Let no one think that a public life is an easy one. For a lay man it is far less troublesome to drop into the first job that presents itself, and, without a thought beyond his own hand to mouth necessities, to remain there all his life like a stagnant pool. Stagnant pools are of little use to any one. And if a great river is known all over the country, and sweeps on to the sea, bearing on its brilliant back a whole navy of merchantmen, is it because the country is honoring the river? No, it is because the river is benefiting the community. And so the honor and respect that attend a successful public man are but the reflection of his own usefulness to the people.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

THE LARGEST FARMER IN ENGLAND.

The largest farmer in England, curiously enough, bears the name of Farmer. He is, according to the Manchester Evening News, the neighbor of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His residence is at Little Bedwyn, near Hungerford, in Wiltshire, and he occupies the land for miles and miles, the entire amount of his holdings exceeding 15,000 acres. He milks at least a thousand cows, and has a stock of upwards of 5,000 sheep. Paying his men good



The men who do daring deeds in battle, are men whose arteries pulsate with the rich, red, vital blood of health. The same is true of the men who win success in the battles of work and business. When a man's liver is sluggish, his digestion impaired, and his stomach soot gets thin and impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it is impure every vital organ in the body is improperly nourished and becomes weak and diseased and fails to perform its proper functions in the economy of life. The victim suffers from loss of appetite and sleep, wind, pain, fullness and swelling of the stomach after meals, bad taste in the mouth, foul breath, imaginary lump of food in the throat, headaches, giddiness, drowsiness, heavy head and costiveness.

All of these conditions and their causes are promptly cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It brings back the keen edge of appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich, red, pure blood, filled with the life-giving elements of the food that build healthy tissues, firm flesh, strong muscles and vibrant nerve fibers. It invigorates and vitalizes the whole body, and imparts mental power and elasticity. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate lingering coughs and kindred ailments.

Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely, speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the jaded organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell work, and have no other pills that "are just as good."

wages, he commands the most useful class of labor. He also obtains the best farms on the best possible terms. There was recently a farm of 1,800 acres to let which had previously fetched £1,800 a year. Mr. Farmer offered £650 and got it.

NEW INVENTIONS.

- Below will be found the list of patents granted this week to Canadian inventors through Messrs. Marion & Marion, Montreal.
- 59,285—Harrison, Marion and Seitz, Washington and Montreal, luggage carrier.
- 59,376—William Dunn, London, England, gate.
- 59,483—F. Laforest, Edmonton, track fastening device.
- 59,450—Ella Benoit, St. Cesaire, P. Q., key fastener.
- 59,476—J. H. Pellerin, Montreal, machine for giving form to material.
- 59,482—John Muir, Brantford, Ont., flag pole.
- 59,534—J. H. Richards, Sydney, Australia, sash-fastening device.
- 59,562—Benjamin Heon, St. Gregoire, P. Q., lifting jack.
- 59,579—J. B. Lavigne, Montreal, door stop and catch combined.
- 59,580—M. Gutman, Victoria, B. C., provision bag.
- 59,582—J. A. Dion, Montreal, cooking utensil.
- 59,604—Gulbault and Henkle, Montreal, folding canopy.
- 59,629—J. Turcotte, Quebec, P. Q., necktie fastener.
- 59,647—William J. Curry, Nausaimo B. C., grater.

SPRING HATS.

Grand assortment of New Spring Hats! All shapes and colors. Furs taken in storage for the summer season.
ARMAND DOIN,
1584 NOTRE DAME STREET,
Opposite the Court House.

AN ORANGEMAN'S EXPLANATION.

I am told, writes the London Correspondent of the 'Freeman's Journal,' that a complete and satisfactory explanation has been found by the Orange politicians of the dire humiliation of England in the Far East. It is because the British Ambassador, at St. Petersburg, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, is an Irishman and a Catholic. I have heard that view quite seriously expressed, and I have no doubt it has found vent in some of the enlightened organs of Orange opinion in Lancashire.

FATHER McCALLEN'S TRIBUTE

TO THE VALUE OF
"THE 'DIXON CURE'"
FOR THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience, in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew Anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. J., of St. Patrick's Church, without any solicitation or even knowledge on our part, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's medicine for the cure of the alcohol and drug habits:—

Referring to the PHYSICAL CRAVE endorsed by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he said: "When such a crave manifests itself, there is no escape, unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's, about which the papers have spoken so much lately. As I was, in a measure, responsible for that gentleman remaining in Montreal, I have taken on myself, without his knowledge or consent, to call attention to the new ail which he brings to our temperance cause. A PHYSICAL CRAVE REMOVED, the work of total abstinence becomes easy. I am to judge of the value of "The Dixon Remedy" by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes. I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman, namely, a medicine which can be taken privately, without the knowledge of even one's own intimate friends, without the loss of a day's work or absence from business, and without danger to the patient, and by means of which the PHYSICAL CRAVE for intoxicants is completely removed. The greatest obstacle I have always found to success in my temperance work has been, not the want of good will on the part of those to whom I administered the PHYSICAL CRAVE, which seemed able to tear down in a few days what I had taken months, and even years, to build up. Therefore, on this Father Mathew anniversary, do I pay willing and hearty tribute to "The Dixon Remedy" for the cure of alcohol and morphine habits. I do so through a sense of duty towards those poor victims who cry out for relief from the terrible slavery under which they suffer. It is the first time in my life that I have departed from that reserve for which our clergy are noted in such circumstances. If I do so now it is because I feel that I am thus advancing the cause of temperance.—(Montreal Gazette, October 23.)

NOTE—Father McCallen is President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of Montreal, and the cure to which he refers above, is that of The Dixon Cure Co., 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, who will send full particulars of application. TELEPHONE 3085.

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