

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. J. J. Skiffington, Edithress. FASHION ITEMS.

The fashionable fancy work at present is working gentlemen's wool slippers. The latest style of hats are wide-brimmed, raised all round, or else turned up on one side with a bow or feather. One of the most fashionable hats worn is of light bronze felt, trimmed with a band of plush, and bows of dark satin ribbon, lined with crimson. Dinner and evening dresses are cut square-necked. The favorite buttons is the Japanese, in metals of three colors. The fashionable bridesmaid's dress is white satin and tulle. Fancy, basket-woven ribbons are shown for ladies' neck-wear. Fashionable walking-boots have cloth tops to match the costume. Round and flat topped mannish Derbys are worn by young ladies. Metal buttons for trimming waistcoats of all kinds are very fashionable. Plain black silk socks are de rigueur for wear with patent-leather pumps. Uncut velvet is a stylish material for ladies' waistcoats, collars, and cuffs. Papers for making full-dress toilets bouffant on the hips are in the market. Dolman waists and fur-lined circulars are the fashionable wraps with fur and trimmed with ostrich feathers are worn in Paris. Scotch plaid ribbons are very fashionable either for hat trimmings or neck wear. Black velvet bands around the neck are revived for evening full-dress occasions. Jewasmeterie and jet and silk fringes are much used in trimming black silk toilets. Gray camel's hair cloth caps trimmed with bands of fur or feathers are novelties in children's wear. Scotch plaid circulars lined with red opera flannel or red silk are stylish garments for school-girl's wear. Bonnet strings are no longer crossed in the back over the hair or in the nape of the neck by fashionable women. Large Alaskan bows of wide black velvet ribbon are worn as evening headdresses with "at home" reception toilets. White satin dresses trimmed with medeeval laces, yellow with age, are the most stylish evening toilets. Cloth circulars have heavy cords and tassels fastening the garment in front, knotted loosely and then thrown over the shoulders. Bias bands of many-colored, striped, and plaided cloths are used in trimming costumes de fatigue and simple house dresses of solid colors. Black silk dresses of several materials made into a full, flowing trained skirt, and tight basque attached to the same. One of the most pleasing features about Japanese progress is the attention paid to female education. The Empress who is said to be a very able woman, spends both time and money in fostering everything which looks toward the elevation of her countrywomen. Recently she invited a number of girls to the palace to make an exhibition of their needle-work.

"WARNING" A LANDLORD.

The following extraordinary statement appears in the Belfast Irish Patriot of November 23d.—A Manchester correspondent says that all the tenants of the estate of Mr. Thomson, near Coagh, have received letters warning them not to pay an increased rent that has been demanded by their landlord. There are, at any rate, an openness and mainly honesty about the system adopted that almost make one forget an offence against the laws was committed. It is only in the North, after all, that the really clever and straightforward "designs" are carried out. The Post Office was not troubled on this occasion; but twelve men in open daylight, without any disguise, divided the labor between them, and left the cautionary document in each house. Three of them in the shades of the evening then boldly waited on the landlord and informed him that if the increased rent should be insisted on he would be simply shot. The men who thus organized themselves for a formidable day's work were not known in the locality. As the result, we are told, not a single tenant went to pay his rent on the day appointed for that purpose. It is more than likely some of those adventurous strangers to whom the "warning" was addressed, and who had not been invited to the dinner, were the "designers" who were so successfully carried out. The men who thus organized themselves for a formidable day's work were not known in the locality. As the result, we are told, not a single tenant went to pay his rent on the day appointed for that purpose. It is more than likely some of those adventurous strangers to whom the "warning" was addressed, and who had not been invited to the dinner, were the "designers" who were so successfully carried out.

A SILENCED FATHER.

The other day a boy about fifteen years of age entered a grocery store on Grant avenue, and after looking around for a few minutes he secreted a loaf of bread under his coat and started out. He was overhauled on the street by the grocer, who was shouting for an officer, when the lad's father came along and cried out: "What? Is it my Thomas? Has my Thomas come to be a thief? Take him to the Station at once!" "You want him locked up, do you?" asked the grocer. "I do! A child of mine who steals shall go to prison! Thomas is a wild, bad boy!" "And who made me so?" cried the boy as he looked around on the crowd. "Mother—mother died three years ago, and adopted that old one-kink word in the house of the children since I haven't slept in the house a night for months! See here, how he beats me! Look at the bruises on my arms!" "Thomas, you know I'm kind to all of you," replied the father, as the lad bared his arms. "Kind! Have you ever read a word about Heaven, as mother used to? Have you sent us to school? When I've worked haven't you pounded me till I gave up the money?" "But—Thomas, you are a thief," stammered the father. "I—I haven't got a shirt to my name!" continued the boy as he threw open his coat, and Sam and Mary were worse off, "cater they are benefited. There hasn't been fire or wood in the house for two days, and when I came here to steal this bread the children were in bed shivering and starving! If you don't believe it come along with me!" The crowd believed it; there were tears in the boy's eyes and a quiver to his chin, and when the father went to remonstrate a man in the crowd seized him, shook his heels in the air and yelled: "You old Satan, you are a loafer and a gutter drunkard, and I know it, and if you ever lay hand on one of the children again I'll follow you to Texas but what'll break every bone in your body." "Let the boy go!" cried the crowd, and he was released. More, he was given more bread and provisions than he could carry home at one load.—Detroit Free Press.

A PECK AT THE CHEESE.

A NEWSPAPER MAN CONTRIBUTES HIS MITE TO THE GENERAL INFORMATION.

Geo. W. Peck, of the La Crosse Sun, recently delivered an address before the Wisconsin State Dairyman's Association. The following is an extract from the witty document: "Yellow Cream-ists, in calling upon me on this occasion to enlighten you upon a subject that is dear to the hearts of all Americans, you have got the right man in the right place. It makes me proud to come to my old home and unfold truths that have not been unfolded since I can remember. It may be said by scoffers, and it has been said to-day in my presence, that I didn't know enough to even milk a cow. I deny the allegation; show me the alligator. If any gentleman present has got a cow here with him, and can borrow a clothes wringer, I will show you whether I can milk a cow or not. Or, if there is a cheese mite here handy, I will demonstrate that I can—cream." But to come down to the present day, we find that cheese has become one of the most important branches of manufacture. It is next in importance to the silver interest. And cheese-mongers, you are doing yourselves great injustice that you do not petition Congress to pass a Bill to re-monetize cheese. There is more cheese mined in this country than there is silver, and it is more valuable. Suppose you had not eaten a mouthful in thirty days, and you should have placed on the table before you ten dollars stamped out of silver bullion on one plate, and nine dollars stamped out of cheese bullion on another plate. Which would you take first? Would you be ten per cent. below the face value of the ten silver dollars, you would take the cheese. You could use it to better advantage in your business. Hence I say cheese is more valuable than silver, and it should be made legal tender for all debts, public and private, except per cent. I may be in advance of other eminent financiers, who have studied the currency question, but I want to see the time come, and I trust the day is not far distant when four hundred and twelve and a half grains of cheese will be equal to a dollar in gold and when the merry jingles of slices of cheese shall be heard in every pocket. Then every cheese factory can make its own coin, money will be plenty, everybody will be happy, and there never will be any more war. It may be asked, how this currency can be redeemed? I would have an inconvertible bond made of Limburger cheese, which is stronger and more durable. When this is done you can tell the rich man from the poor man by the smell of his money. Now a-days many of us do not even get a smell of money, but in the good days which are coming the gentle zephyr will waft to us the albedioled Limburger, and we shall know that money is plenty. The manufacture of cheese is a business that a poor man can engage in as well as a rich man. I say it without fear of successful contradiction, and say it boldly, that a poor man with say two hundred cows, if he thoroughly understands his business, can market more cheese than a rich man, who owns three hundred cows. This is susceptible of demonstration. If my boy showed a desire to be a statesman, I would say to him, "Young man, get married, buy a moody cow, go to Sheboygan county and start a cheese factory." Speaking of cows, did it ever occur to you, gentlemen, that a saving it would be to you if you should adopt moody cows instead of homed cattle. It takes at least three tons of hay and a large quantity of feed annually to keep a pair of oxen fat, and what earthly use are they? Statistics show that there are annually killed 45,000 grangers by cattle with horns. You pass laws to muzzle dogs, because one in ten thousand goes mad, and yet more people are killed by cattle horns than by dogs. What the country needs is more moody cows. Now that I am on the subject it may be asked what is the best breed for the dairy? My opinion is divided between the Scotchmilk and the Colby. Some like one, I would say to him, "Give me liberty or give me death. There are many reforms that should be inaugurated in the manufacture of cheese. Why should cheese be made round? I am inclined to the belief that the making of cheese round is a superstition. Who had rather buy a good square piece of cheese than a wedged shaped cheese? What one end and as thin as a congressman's excuse for voting back pay at the other. Make your cheese square and the consumer will rise up and call you another. Another reform that might be inaugurated would be to veneer the cheese with building paper, or clapboard, instead of the time-honored piece of towel. I never saw cheese cut that I didn't think that the cloth around it had seen service as a bandage on some other patient. But I may have been wrong. Another thing that does not seem to be right is to see so many holes in cheese. It seems to me that solid cheese, one made by one of the old masters, with no holes in it—I do not accuse you of cheating, but don't you feel a little ashamed when you see a cheese cut, and the holes are the biggest part of it? The cells may be handy for the skipper, but the consumer feels the fraud in his inmost soul. Among the improvements made in the manufacture of cheese, I must not forget that of late years the cheese does not resemble the grindstone as much as it did years ago. The time has been when if the farmer could not find his grindstone all he had to do was to mortise a hole in the middle of the cheese and turn it, and grind his way. Before the invention of nitro-glycerine it was a good day's work to hew off cheese enough for a meal. Time has worked wonders in cheese.—Home and Farm.

ALPHABETICAL CURIOSITIES.

The protean nature of the vowel sounds is familiar to all. A few amusing examples will show that the consonants are nearly as bad. B makes a road broad, turns the ear to a bear, and Tom into a tomb. C makes a limb climb, langed changed, a lever clear, and transports a lover to clover. D turns a bear to beard, a crow to crowd, and makes anger danger. F turns lower regions into flower regions. H changes eight to height. K makes now know, I transforms a pear into pearl. X turns a line into a line, a crown to a crown, and makes one none. P becomes a pear into plumber. Q of itself has no significance. S turns even into seven, makes love shove, and a word a sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe. T makes a bough bought, turns here to there, allows one to tone, and transforms the phrase "allow his own" "allow this town." W does well—g, hose are whose, are becomes ware, on won, women women, so saw, vie view, it makes arm warm, and turns a lat to may, to a toy, a rub to a ruby, and a lad to a lady.—Every Saturday.

Catholic Review.

From London Ont., we have received the CATHOLIC RECORD, a new paper, well printed, and full of matter which in its selection shows that its publishers desire to be on the Catholic side, a desire which is still further made evident by the expression of the good will of Bishop Walsh of London. We trust that our Canadian contemporary will prosper.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

A LEGEND OF THE CATHEDRAL.

As they were building in the city of Aix more than a thousand years ago, the now celebrated and beautiful cathedral, the fathers of the city, having undertaken its cost, they found themselves with the church half done and an empty treasury.—Prospects were much the more dubious, as the calls for contributions made upon the distant faithful brought in only an insignificant sum. There seemed to be no means of obtaining the sum needed to complete the building. While the magistrates, in full council assembled, were debating on the important matter, and still coming to no conclusion, a foreign lord caused himself to be announced, with the message that he desired to lay something of importance before the council. The outlandish costume of this man, the indescribable expression of mingled calculation and mockery on his face, would have made a very disagreeable impression, had not the unknown, forthwith, in an elegant and courtly manner, introduced himself, saying:—"Highly respected and very wise lords: It has come to my ears in what a dolorous condition this city now finds itself in not being able to procure the necessary funds for the completion of the cathedral. I am the man to supply this want, and I stand before you ready to negotiate the conditions upon which I am ready to pay down the wanting millions in solid ringing gold." Universal astonishment followed this speech of the stranger. Who was this man, who spoke of millions as though they were nutshells? Was he a nabob from India, who, converted to the faith, would dedicate his fortune to the building of a church? Or was he a king, or a mountain spirit in possession of underground treasure, or (as his manner would seem to imply) was he hoarding the highly respectable assembly? Thus queried the Lords of the Council one of another, yet none knew how to answer. The Mayor first recovered his self-possession. He raised questions as to rank and family of the generous stranger, and the latter enlightened him thus:—"Of what rank or family I am, may your Excellency guess or not; this much I can say for myself—all the money that is required I offer, not as a loan, but as a gift for all time, and I make but one condition, which is this: on the day of the consecration of the church, the first one that shall enter by the open door shall belong to me—hide and hair, body and soul." If the astonishment of the wise lords was great before, their fright was now prodigious. All sprang up from their comfortable chairs and fled to the furthest corner of the hall; for now they understood with whom they had to deal. After a long pause, the Mayor again plucked up courage, and cried out, "Begone," and then the other magistrates, one after another, cried, "Begone!" Unfortunately, this formula of banishment was ineffectual; the stranger stepped nearer, and said coolly:—"Why do you appear so frightened? Are my propositions, then, not acceptable, and moreover, advantageous? Consider, I demand only one, whilst, without so much as a thought, for a whim merely, kings sacrifice thousands in battle; and the one who shall give himself for the good of all, does not he deem it right so to do?" Such other more plausible arguments influenced the assembly, and their fright vanished. Moreover, the pressing need of gold worked most powerfully upon them; and, after a short deliberation, the bargain was closed; and the devil, recommending himself to their kind consideration, vanished by way of the chimney, with peak of statue in hand. Before long, down through the same chimney, came many well-filled bags into the council chamber below, and the Mayor, after careful testing, found the metal genuine, and the amount such as had been promised. In a few years the church was finished, and now came the day when the solemn consecration took place. It is true the worthy man who was present at the signing of the contract, had endeavored to keep the compact with the evil one a secret; but some of them confided it to their wives, and, as may be imagined, the story was soon in the mouths of all consequently, no one as the bells rang for church, wished to be the first to step over the threshold. Behold, a new dilemma! The Mayor was at a loss what to do, when, suddenly a little priest appeared, assuring him that he had imagined a clever mode of cheating the devil. It was indeed in the contract that the first to enter the church should become the property of the Prince of Darkness, but it was not specified what sort of a being it should be.—On this flaw the priest had counted for the success of his plan. A wolf having been caught on the day previous, he placed it in a cage before the door of the cathedral, so that upon opening the cage door, the wolf must necessarily leap into the church. Satan was on the watch for his prey, and chased like lightning after the poor animal. But when he saw how he had been outwitted, his rage was terrific. He broke the neck of the wolf, and breathing fire and howling horribly, he slammed the door of the church so hard that it broke; and then, leaving behind him a strong smell of brimstone, he flew off the metal image of a wolf and, there too, the crack is shown as an enduring witness of how the little priest put the devil in harness.—Young Catholic.

VULGAR WORDS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation. Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother. Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society. Lately a surgeon was going his rounds in a provincial hospital when, in turn, he came to a bed on which lay a poor miner from a neighboring colliery. There was some affection of his right leg. When the surgeon examined the leg, he asked the question, "Is there any discharge?" The patient looked up—the question might as well have been in Greek or Hebrew for him. The surgeon repeated it in another form—"Does it run?" "Run! echoed the pitman: "O! man, I canna walk."

THE CARDINAL-VICAR'S ADVICE TO LADIES.

His Eminence the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome in a recent address gives the following advice to Catholic ladies: 1. In regard to dress, they should wear nothing but lawful and respectable clothing, in order that their acts be not only licit but also meritorious, for eternal life; rejecting as seeking not to court the glances of others, nor to humiliate or eclipse their neighbors by the beauty of their attire. 2. They should be careful that their dress be always according to the rules of decency and modesty, which are the first ornament of a Catholic lady. In these matters they should lend a deaf ear to such false reasons as the example of others and the universality of the fashion, recollecting always that it is to God and not to the world that they will have to render an account of their conduct. 3. They ought to strive after simplicity, and avoid the excesses of luxury, contenting themselves with what the position of life in which God has placed them exacts. 4. When they go to Church, and especially when they are to approach the sacraments, they should observe in their attire a greater moderation than ever, remembering that worldly pomp is out of place in the house of God. 5. They ought each year to determine beforehand the sum of money that will be required for their toilet expenses, etc., and never go beyond their estimate. 6. They should remember that the obligations which the Church imposes of giving alms, and sacrifice some object of luxury in order to be able to devote something to charitable objects. 7. They should take a firm resolution to pay their bills regularly when they become due, and never borrow money to procure their toilet articles. 8. Finally, they should endeavor by word (and much more by example), to have their lady acquaintances adopt these few rules which we have given them. All Catholic ladies must know that it is impossible for them to live according to the maxims of the Gospel unless the basis of their conduct be the exact accomplishment of their religious duties. The following practices should be habitual with them: hearing Mass, meditation, examination of conscience, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the Rosary or beads recited in common, spiritual reading, and frequentation of the sacraments. In fine, they should be strong; strong against themselves, against the seductions of luxury, which are the greatest evil of the day; and strong against the tyranny of human respect. Not to sin at all is the property of God; but it belongs to the wise man to amend, to correct his errors, and to do penance for sin. This however is difficult. For what is so rare as to meet with a man who reproves himself and condemns his own act? The acknowledgment of sin is rare, repentance is rare. Each one is ashamed to confess his sin, being mindful rather of the present time than of futurity.—St. Ambrose in Levit. Simplicitas.

It is extremely gratifying to observe that with the revival and rapid extension of Catholic doctrines in all directions a more human and kind sense of justice seems to dominate the public mind. This of course could not be otherwise. It is a fact within the memory of many men not now old, that the prejudice against Catholics was so strong in New England, that no secular journal, however influential would have dared to advocate their claims however just. How great has been the change since then. The Boston Herald, commenting on men and things in a recent issue, makes this suggestion: "The Citizen's Committee certainly ought to put some good Catholics on the ticket for School Committee, merely as a matter of justice, especially when men so well qualified as Messrs. Fitzgerald and Hayes are to be had. We should like to see a Catholic clergyman or two on the board." If it were understood that the presence of Catholics, clergymen or laymen, meant approval of the system, we should not. Nevertheless, we are glad of the liberality of our Boston contemporary.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times, moralizing on some recent scandals which involve prominent members of the Republican majority, concludes by saying: "It is by no means my intention to undervalue the incalculable blessings of a republican form of government, but as we see the French Republic's great medicine men and hear of their acts and sayings, we are fain to exclaim, 'God help the nation!' Never has morality been so low as an ebb; tales of robbery and arson, murders, suicides and nameless crimes fill one half the columns of the daily papers, when these dare to speak the truth." This is the party which, according to their chief mouthpiece, M. Gambetta means to muzzle the clergy, to monopolize public instruction, to recruit the barracks from the seminaries, and, in short, to educate the people up to a true appreciation of the benefits of liberty!

A clever little passage at the expense of a member of the Belgian Legislature is current in Washington. A young attaché recently reached here fresh from London, his last station, and was greatly vexed over what he was pleased to call his exile. "At all events," he was in the habit of saying, and the remark came to be widely quoted, "I shall speak no English in Washington. I learned it in London, and I don't intend to spoil my accent." Time passed. The attaché was at a reception. Some friend of his asked a bright young American woman to permit him to present the attaché to her. "Oh, dear no," was the reply, and it has travelled over Washington; "I could not think of such a thing. I learned my French in Paris, and it would ruin my accent to talk with a Belgian."

In Montana the justices have a formula for civil marriage as short as it is laconic: "Arise, grab hands—hitched—five dollars."

A PRINCE BISHOP TO A ROBBER KING.

On the occasion of his passage through Chieti, an archiepiscopal city near Naples, the Archbishop of that See, Mgr. Luigi Ruffo, of the princely house of Scilla, and who is also entrusted with the administration of Vasto, addressed the following letter to the Sub-Alpine monarch: Casoli, November, 1878. SIRE.—Since your Majesty now finds himself in the part of Italy the spiritual administration of which has been confided to me by the successor of St. Peter, I come to present to your Majesty my sincere respect, wishing you an abundance of those lights from on high which have always been invoked upon Kings. This letter will be my interpreter, because if God in His impetuous designs has permitted the whole of Italy, from the Alps to the extremity of Sicily, to be now subjected to your Majesty's sceptre, your exalted sentiments will, no doubt, lead you to understand that the sorrowful echo of the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff at the Vatican, and the mourning of the Church in Italy, impose upon me certain obligations of filial and respectful reserve, which I cannot overstep. And although this may not be the time to recall to your Majesty's mind the venerable words of Pope Pius IX., of holy memory, and those of the reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., looking to the restoration of the lost liberty of the Church, my duty compels me to address myself directly to the august person of your Majesty, to obtain that your sovereign authority may bring about a cessation, in the two Churches of Chieti and Vasto, of the violence that keeps them oppressed. Will your Majesty bear in mind that more than forty parishes are deprived of their pastors; two Seminaries, the blessed asylum of young students for the sanctuary, are occupied by the military or devoted to profane uses; the young levites are dispersed on every side and are wandering about in search of a secure asylum; their sacred chants are almost suspended in the two Cathedrals, because of an insufficient number of prebendaries; faithful souls, already so timid, are now in agony and uncertainty, and? Sire, thrones are in no wise threatened, the crowns of kings are in no danger, from the liberty given to the Church of God, because she needs this liberty to strengthen thrones, and to surround crowns with that aureole of respect which they ought to have. Ah! would that your Majesty would draw down on himself the regard of the God of mercy, by ordering the removal of the obstacles that stand in the way of the free exercise of my pastoral ministry; and that you would spare another wound to the heart of the Spouse of Jesus Christ, by responding to universal expectation, by an act of sovereign justice. In the firm confidence that my prayer may be heard by your Majesty, I have the honor of offering you the expression of my respectful sentiments. Your Majesty's most devoted servant, LUIGI, Archbishop of Chieti, and Administrator of the Diocese of Vasto.

A MATTER OF MONEY.

Time, says the Catholic Mirror, is given men to prepare for eternity. They are here to reform their depraved nature and to make their thoughts, words and deeds conformable to the will of God—to combat vice and practice virtue, so as to get ready and fit for the pure sinless noble life lead by the angels and saints. Wealth and poverty, friends and enemies, sickness and health, honor and obloquy, trials and temptation, work and play—everything men have and everything that happens to them—are means to further their salvation. But nowadays men make some of these things their end. The principal aim with the majority of mankind is self-gratification, and the most worthy objects of pursuit are money, fine clothes, fashionable residences, high living and gay times. Duty is unknown or ignored. Humble, steady, hard work is despised. Sharp tricks in business are laughed at and admired, and debauchery and depravity glossed over and condoned. Mortification, fasting, self-restraint, self-denial and self-sacrifice are avoided. The idea that it is honorable to lead a brave, consistent, principled life, unknown it may be, poor and unnoticed of men, but cheered and sustained by the consciousness of right and the certitude of the approval of God—that idea is antiquated and uncommon. Money and pleasure are the main things that occupy men's thoughts and attract their pursuit.

Hence comes the marriage of convenience. The question with young men and women anxious for matrimony is not now of love, duty, worth and happiness, but of income, dowry, enjoyment and family pride. The girl of the period is taught that the chief end of her existence is to get married, and that the greatest of blessings is to catch a rich husband. To win the prize she studies "accomplishments"—she learns to play the piano, but not to manage a household; she is instructed in the mysteries of the toilet, but not in the obligation of the Christian wife and mother; she knows all about the latest styles, but nothing of the poor in her neighborhood. She can dance and sing, spend hours in small talk, and has her aspirations bounded by theatres, dress, novels of the sensational school, and other manifestations of the pride of the flesh and the ways of the world.

The qualification she seeks in a lover are wealth, goods looks, and polished manners. She searches not for real worth, true, honest, manly character or unostentatious virtues; she can neither discern them nor appreciate them. The young men of to-day are equally engrossed with foolish things. They have their own method of dissipation and of killing times. They are as eager for wealth as are the lasses, and as keen for show, sham and silly pleasures. They tell you with a brutal frankness, that they cannot afford to marry a poor girl, and the best recommendations sweethearts for them can have are money and good looks.

But money and good looks cannot produce happiness. They are good enough in their way, but they cannot supply the place of love. The past says so. The present says so. The divorce court says so. The daily batch of scandals in the muck-heap press says so. The rule is that those who marry money marry misery!