

THE IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACT.

The Dublin "Nation," of Saturday, April 1st, reproduces an article under the above heading, which appeared in "Lords and Commons," from the pen of T. M. Healy, M.P. It is a thoughtful and able contribution to the literature of Irish Home Rule and we take one of its most striking paragraphs to show the idea Mr. Healy wishes to convey:—

When the jurisdiction of justices at Quarter Sessions in the management of English county affairs was handed over in 1888 to elective bodies, no Irishman alleged that the change afforded a reason why the English should not require a Parliament to deal with their national concerns. For the mass of Englishmen, when their Local Government Act passed, there was no sensation that anything strange had occurred. The old officials were seen doing the work as usual, and county affairs ran pretty much as before, with roads to mend and rates to pay. To suggest to the British farmer or laborer in 1888 that he should feel swollen with a new and loftier sense of citizenship, or that a brilliant revolution had been wrought in his affairs, would have provoked a stare. Common folk in England were spared by their betters the suggestion that their title to liberty, in future, depended on the manner in which their highways were paved, or their sewers flushed.

"In Ireland, however, an entirely different line is taken. There, where gleams of hope come as rarely as the chance of healing to the crippled watcher by the pool of Bethesda, the passing of the new enactment is differently regarded. No apology came

for the ten years' delay, or for the broken promises of the previous 20 years. Our fairy godmother at last made apparition amongst us, and royally bade our tears be dried in the accents of the barrack-square. This word of command shouted across the sea from London, fills us with emotion. The thrill of wearing a brand new English collar, the happiness of feeling that the cut was fashionable at Westminster only ten years ago, and the satisfaction of knowing that the loss to Ireland from overholding the "agricultural grant" for two years is only £1,400,000, brings added exhilaration. Only one condition is imposed by the Master-land, to clog for us the proud privilege of spreading stones in our own roads at our own charges. The Macadamized emancipation of the Celt is held to bar his further title to freedom. On the Irish flag, henceforth, according to John Bull, the Sunburst symbol must be replaced by the trade mark of the stone breaker. The English hind was not expected to surrender any of his ideals when he gained the right of controlling his roads and bridges. He might look back with pride on Alfred and Edward, could still regard Henry VIII. as a pure reformer, and Elizabeth as a virgin Queen. It is only in Ireland that an insight into the Highways Acts is expected to lead to different results, and for the unimaginative Celt, the memory of the story of Brian, the words of Sarsfield, and the songs of Moore, must melt away before the spell of Orders in Council constituting his Urban District Sanitary Authority."

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND ITS EFFECTS.

We know full well that there are diseases to-day that were never heard of a few years ago; also that there are remedies and modern methods of treatment that were totally unknown to our forefathers. But we have always doubted the appearance of new diseases; that is we believe that under other names, these ills have always existed. In this connection we find a most interesting article in a contemporary of last week, and, for general information, as well as for the benefit of the medical profession we reproduce a few of its paragraphs. The article deals with "Nervous Exhaustion," and opens thus:—

"Nervous exhaustion, like appendicitis, has been popularly looked upon as a disease of modern life, and a vague one at that—a generally stretched condition induced by sharp rivalry in the pursuit of the elusive dollar, especially in this country. Nearly twenty years ago Dr. Beard wrote a book chiefly about it, in which he called it American nervousness, and said it was a new thing under the sun. This it was not, any more than it is a new thing for one to get a seed in the vermiform appendix. Long ago people did not know when they had appendicitis, and their ignorance was a good thing. If the doctors had known the cause of their trouble they would have carved them as they do now—or, rather, as they did a little time ago, for there is a reaction against the use of the knife. The victims of the foreign substance in the wormlike appendix used to get well, and the records of private practice show that they get well now without an operation. It is supposed that people had nervous exhaustion long ago, only it was not frequent enough to get itself classified. Besides, the doctors were generally practitioners and diseases of the nervous system did not receive the special study they get now. For nearly 20 years, until recently, when one had that tired feeling his friends and at last the doctor told him he had nervous exhaustion or nervous prostration, without a very clear idea of the matter.

"What was essential to this diagnosis was a loss of the knack of sleeping, frequent headaches, a backache, the blue devils, laziness, with restlessness, dark forebodings, stomach pains after eating, variable appetite, a general loss of moral tone, and so on. The fact is that a case of nervous exhaustion may show some of the symptoms of every distinct nervous disorder and lead the victim to believe he has everything from heart disease to softening of the brain. This is not surprising in view of the recent discoveries since the entire nervous system is involved. It is now recognized as a distinct disease by the profession under the name of neurasthenia. The French often associate it with hysteria. Just what changes take place in the nerves is not settled, but the doctors are satisfied with the explanation that there is persistent enfeeblement of neural energy or

a lack of nerve force. To any one who understands the part of the nervous system plays in the body, it is plain that a lack of energy in the nerves must make a tremendous difference in one's life. For example, it is the nerves that keep the temperature of the body the same, whether a man is at the equator or the north pole. The nerves are the regulators of everything that goes on in the body, and when they are not properly nourished—either because they do not get the right sort of food or are unable to appropriate it—things all go wrong. No doubt the conditions of modern life, the increasing difficulty of living at ease and in quiet for most people, have enlarged the proportion of sufferers from this terrible affliction. Very many people have it or have had it or will have it, and its causes, course and treatment are the special study of famous doctors. Everybody knows how common diseases of the nervous system are. Well, by far the greater number of the victims suffer from neurasthenia. This surely gives warrant enough for all the attention it receives, or is likely to."

Without producing a long series of medical opinions, we will merely give some important information, of a general character, that this article contains—and some of it will be surprising to not a few:—

"An important and suggestive discovery is that neurasthenia is a disease of indoor life. It is a matter of course that by far the greater part of the persons who apply for treatment at the clinics are engaged in outdoor unskilled labor; yet of the sufferers from nervous exhaustion who are treated there, 79 per cent. have indoor occupations. Overwork in a house atmosphere causes worry and is favorable to the development of the disease. This, of course, suggests the first step in the treatment. Every brain worker knows the effect on the nervous system of long confinement with steady application and the almost immediate benefit, the restorative influence of a walk in the open air. There seems to be a hereditary predisposition to neurasthenia, fully one-half the patients in one report recalling a nervous diathesis in a parent. This is the nearest we come to a realization of the frequent prophecy that the American habit of working long under high pressure and anxiety must make nervous wrecks of the coming generations."

Here follows a statement that is very significant:—

"These authors confirm the repeated statement that alcohol and tobacco are not among the causes of this distinctively nervous disorder. They go further, and exclude from the influences favorable to its development tea, coffee, narcotics, and all intoxicants. In 14 per cent. the stigmata of degeneracy appeared."

"One of the reasons why poor people are not cured of neurasthenia easily if at all is the difficulty of physical or moral treatment. They expect to

be cured by drugs, while as a matter of fact drugs at the very best can only mitigate the severity of some of the painful or distressing symptoms. It is impracticable to impose isolation on most of the patients who receive treatment at the dispensary. They are not conscientious about taking the few hours rest in seclusion every day that the doctor urges. However, isolation is not always necessary.

"The treatment depends on the individual, but there are general remedial measures that may be applied to most, though in different degrees. These include agencies of reconstruction, such as diet, hygienics, massage, rest and exercise, changes of surroundings and of climate."

"The doctrine of the Gospel of Relaxation is not to try to reason ourselves out of an anxious and worrying state of mind, for that only keeps the attention fixed on it, but to act as if we were not anxious but cheerful or gay. By smiling and laughing and singing a gay melody we are bound to become cheerful or gay. This is the principle on which musical treatment of nervous disorders is now applied in Paris. It is not a modern thought only. Plato, who 'clapt copy-right on everything,' as Emerson says, suggested a system of moral therapeutics in which music should play a part.

"It is worthy of note that English do not have nervous exhaustion. The aspiration of the cultivated Englishman is to repress his emotions. He considers it very bad taste to show feeling. The result is that he does not experience the emotions of the ready American. By cultivating a look of serenity he remains serene."

DECAY OF PROTESTANTISM IN AUSTRALIA

In the course of a Lenten sermon Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, said:—

One speaker at the Anglican Congress in Ballarat asked the question, "What is the Anglican Church in Australia to-day?" The speaker himself supplied the answer. He said that the Anglican Church was like a beam of wood, the substance of which had been eaten away by white ants. Outwardly the beam had the appearance of strength and solidity, but it was hollow. These (said the Cardinal) are not my words. They are the words of one of the Deans, and the statement, coming from such a source and at such an assemblage, is most striking and most significant. Let us thank Almighty God that we are members of the Church of our Divine Saviour—members of that Church whose unity is as perfect to-day as when the Church first came from the hand of God. What are the positions to-day of the Church of Christ—the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church—and the Church of the "Reformation"? On one side we have unity; on the other side complete disunion. We have the City of Peace and the City of Confusion. On the one hand we have the Church of Christ repeating the Divine invitation "Come to Me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." In God's Church all the fountains of Divine mercy and Divine love overflow with the living waters of True Life and spiritual grace. On the other hand, we see others, many sects, endeavoring to draw water from broken cisterns. In Holy Church we find growing the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of her children of all nations. On the other hand, we see a tree sending forth no branches, yielding no fruit, for it is but a hollow trunk, the substance of which has been eaten away. Let us give thanks to Almighty God for the blessing of living in the City of Peace, the City of Unity. More than 250 millions of mankind are agreed in the unity of the Catholic Faith. Men of every race, nation and class rich and poor, educated and uneducated, old and young. Those without the Fold, who are seeking for water in empty wells should hearken to the words of our Divine Saviour: "O thou hadst faith." But it is not sufficient

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MRS. PIERRE FORTIN

Was So Sick and Weak, She Nearly Died—Was Dizzy and Could Hardly Walk—Now She Does Her Own Housework and is Perfectly Well.



The noblest, grandest duty of a wife is the bearing of children. The ordeal ought not to be accompanied by fear or pain. Recovery ought to be quick and complete. If a mother breaks down after her child is born, it is because she did not take proper care of herself during gestation. Nature never intended that the bearing of children should wreck the health.

There is a most wonderful medicine that gives comfort and strength to women before and after the little one comes. The following letter from Mrs. Pierre Fortin tells about this medicine, and every woman who reads this paper can do just what this lady did. Mrs. Fortin writes as follows to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Montreal, Canada:—

"My sickness began after the birth of my last child, four years ago. I became so weak that I had a great hemorrhage, from which I nearly died. I was a long time in bed, and could not regain my strength. I was dizzy, and could hardly walk. I had palpitation of the heart, and my body ached all over. I saw in the newspapers how so many women had been cured by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women, and I resolved to write your specialist. He gave me most valuable advice. Then I faithfully took Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, and followed the hygienic rules of your specialist. The result is that today I am perfectly cured of all my troubles. I eat and sleep well, and can do all my work without the help of anybody. No one could induce me to take any other remedy than Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. I recommend them

to a great many of my women friends, and know of a large number who are already much better." (Signed.)

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Sick girls and women are invited to write for the best professional advice, to our celebrated specialists, as Mrs. Fortin did. We give all advice absolutely free by mail. Personal consultation can be had at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis street, Montreal.

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The greatest book ever issued for mothers, wives and daughters is entitled "Pale and Weak Women." It will be sent free to all readers of this paper who send their names and full post-office address to us. Address all letters for medicine, for advice and for the free book to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.

cient to belong to Holy Church. We must make ourselves worthy of that membership. We must show forth in our lives an abundance of fruitfulness—the fruitfulness of faith, of piety, of charity, and good works.

THE WHITE MAN'S BLUDGEON.

The following parody on Rudyard Kipling's "White Man's Burden" was written by J. O'Shaughnessy, jr., late war correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle:—

Take up the White Man's bludgeon!
You may give it a gentler name,
At the same time see that it's loaded
and spiked—
Then go after the White Man's
game,
Don't stop to take up burdens;
You'll get more of those than you
need
While gathering up the glory
Of an empire built on greed.

Take up the White Man's bludgeon!
And don't let it down from your
hand
Till you've crushed the "sullen people"
And taken away their land;
Till you've made them see the beauties
In the folds of an alien flag,
Till you've made them know the blessings
Of rule by carpet bag.

Take up the White Man's bludgeon!
Don't bother with anything else—
For you must be first in dealing
With those you go out to bless.
Don't let them prate of freedom—
Whence the right of government
springs—
That Tommy-rot that Washington
talked
Is his crime against the kings.

While swinging the White Man's bludgeon
You may sweat and tire at the
work,
And your heart grow sick of carnage,
And your hand from slaughter
shrink;
Then call it your "manifest destiny,"
And spit on your hands once more,
And after awhile you'll acquire a
taste
For defenceless people's gore.

Take up the White Man's bludgeon!
Have done with the sword of Night
And the "outgrown constitution"—
Walks forth in the blood-stained
night
Send out your sons into exile—
What boots it they never return
So long as you have an empire,
With political jobs to burn?

WEST FRAMPTON NEWS.

Last Saturday there peacefully closed the life of a young wife and mother in the person of Mrs. Michael Furlong. Five years ago, a beautiful summer morning, the deceased, Miss Elizabeth Moran, was a bride, and everything predicted a long and happy future, but the director of all had designed it, though happy, to be short. Last May, the shadow of death fell upon the happy home and did not pass until it had stricken down her who had contributed so much to its happiness. She left a kind

and affectionate husband and two children. The burial service which took place on Monday morning, was particularly grand, the deeply sombre aspect of the church rendering it very impressive. The funeral was one of the largest seen in this parish, fifty testifying to the people's sympathy for the bereaved husband and other members of the mourning family.

Death also visited recently another family of this place. Miss Esther Audibert, daughter of Mr. Joseph Audibert, our venerable Secretary-Treasurer of Schools, died on the 2nd inst. Miss Audibert had been ill several months, and last summer underwent a serious operation in the Hotel Dieu of Quebec.

Last Sunday, Rev. J. O'Farrell, parish priest, highly recommended from the pulpit the "True Witness" of Montreal, to the patronage of all his English-speaking parishioners. West Frampton, Que., April 12, Correspondence Quebec Daily Telegraph.

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