

SELF-MADE MEN.

At the closing lesson of the Rock-hampton Catholic Young Men's Society His Lordship Dr. Higgins delivered an address on the importance of habits of industry and self-reliance in young men, and sketched the career of some of the most distinguished self-made men of Europe and Australia. After referring to the career of some distinguished men of Antioch and Athens His Lordship went on to say:—

In the sixteenth century the Church was ruled by a Pope who has left the impress of his genius so stamped upon the character of his age that no lapse of time is likely to obliterate it. He was, in the truest sense of the expression, the carver—under God—of his own fortunes, and seldom has the achievement been accomplished with more remarkable success or accompanied with more interesting evidence of what steadiness of purpose can do when combined with intellectual ability. Felix Peretti, who afterwards became so well known to the world as Sixtus V., was the son of a gardener who lived in a small village on the Adriatic coast called Grottomare. His father was so unsuccessful at his trade that his wife was forced to earn her bread as a charwoman, while Felix, the future Pope, was employed, like St. Patrick of old, in herding swine on the slopes of the Apennines. The pittance thus obtained was so appreciated by the father that when it was proposed to send Felix to school he strenuously opposed it. However, he eventually gave way, and thus came to Felix his life's opportunity. He became a pupil in the Augustinian convent school of his native village, where attention to his books and love of work attracted the notice of a certain Franciscan Father who occasionally visited the school. He invited Felix to enter his monastery for the further prosecution of his studies, and thus launched him on that career which eventually carried him to the highest position which any man can occupy in this life—the head of the Catholic Church, the spiritual ruler of 250,000,000 of subjects. He was remarkable for three things in particular, his love for books, his love for architecture, and his love for the fine arts. In obedience to the promptings of his cultured taste, he built the Vatican library, of which it has been said by one of the most distinguished Italians of the present day that "to Italy owes the most splendid of her glories and the preservation and recovery of her classic art and culture, and not infrequently her priority in all kinds of literature and science." His architectural tastes were exemplified in the unrivalled magnificence with which he embellished the great buildings of the Eternal City, and especially in his having carried into effect the proud boast of Michael Angelo that he would suspend in mid-air the great dome of the Pantheon. It was considered at the time of its utterance an idle boast which nothing short of a miracle could accomplish, yet the little swine-herd boy of Montalto did it, contributing 100,000 gold crowns annually towards the work, employing 600 workmen day and night on its execution until the dome of St. Peter's was placed where it stands to-day, the architectural wonder of the world.

"The vast and ponderous dome To which Dianan's temple is a cell."

Such was the triumph achieved by the poor of Grottomare, who had no friends or patrons or rich relations. But he had confidence in God, indomitable energy, great natural gifts and a fixed purpose to turn these gifts to account, and these will always constitute a stronger guarantee of abiding success than any amount of factitious aid borrowed from wealth and influence.

All have heard, I feel sure, of Henry the Eighth's great Cardinal. The story that he was the son of a butcher is generally discredited, but the poet tells us that he was one who "though fashioned to much honor, was a humble stock." However, he had what goes much further to make true greatness than either rank or riches. He had talents and a determination to employ them. From the Grammar School at Ipswich he passed to the University of Oxford, where, winning his B.A. at 15 years of age, he became known as the "Boy Bachelor." Similar success attended upon his further efforts, and in due time we find him stilled as Royal Chaplain to the Court. "Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading," his subsequent greatness is familiar to every schoolboy. As Lord High Chancellor of England, Cardinal and Legate he became the

greatest man in England next to the King, and one of the greatest in Europe. The Venetian Ambassador of the time is said to have declared that he was seven times more powerful than the Pope. His household was a marvel of courtly splendor. It comprised 800 inmates, amongst whom were to be found the representatives of the proudest counties of the kingdom, who felt it their interest to court the favor and win the patronage of him who was the dispenser of the great emoluments of the nation.

In the annals of the fine arts there is no name more honored than that of Giotto di Bondone, and in him we have another interesting instance of great renown springing from a humble source. He was the son of a poor Italian shepherd, and employed by his father in caring sheep on the slopes of a Tuscan mountain. While thus engaged he obeyed the promptings of his artistic genius by drawing rude sketches of the sheep and the trees around on fragments of smooth stones. One of these sketches—the outlines of a lamb—was brought to Cimabue, the father of modern painting, and impressed him so much by its merit that he sent for the boy and invited him to a place in his studio. Thus commenced a career in the domain of painters and architecture whose triumphs have not yet been surpassed. His works became the coveted artistic gems of the age, and Popes and kings and nobles vied with each other for their possession. His genius as an architect was not less brilliant. He was the designer of the famous Campanile of Florence, which is described as a "serene height of mountain alabaster colored like a cloud and chased like a sea-shell." This marvellous structure so roused the enthusiasm of Ruskin that in treating of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" he declares that they are all combined, and in their highest possible relative degrees, in only one building in the world—the Campanile of Giotto at Florence.

I believe I am correct in saying that William Turner is recognized among the first in the English school of landscape painters. He was the son of a barber who lived in Maiden Lane in London. Happening to accompany his father to the house of a customer, his attention was attracted by the picture of a lion emblazoned on the family coat-of-arms. He was only five years of age at the time, but his budding genius enabled him when he returned home to copy the lion from memory with such accuracy that it decided the character of his future calling. But the poor boy had an ordeal of drudgery to pass through before attaining the goal of his ambition. He was first employed in coloring prints and afterwards skies and back-grounds for architectural designs. But the innate genius and steady purpose of the boy gradually asserted themselves, with the result that eventually, after long and patient waiting, at 24 years of age he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. This stamped the impress of authority upon his fame, which his later career fully justified. Ruskin has said of him that none before him had lifted the veil from the face of nature, and it is generally admitted that no landscape painter has yet appeared with so great a versatility of talent.

The immortal Canova is the founder of the modern school of sculpture in Italy. His father was a stone-cutter in an obscure Venetian village, and died when his son was only three years of age. Losing a mother's care about the same time, he became truly friendless in the world. But the little fellow's taste for stone-carving attracted the attention of a Venetian nobleman, who procured him a place in the studio of a local sculptor, and his own force of genius did the rest. He rose gradually in public repute until he became curator of the works of art in the Papal States and revelled in the fulfilment of his duties.

If I turn to poetry for an illustration of my theme the name of William Shakespeare will immediately suggest itself. His father was a glover, and does not seem to have been very successful in life, for the son was withdrawn from school in his fourteenth year. After this he is said to have filled the position of a butcher's boy, an attorney's clerk, a groom at a London theatre, where he took care of the players' horses, and finally a prompter behind the scenes. But all this brought him his opportunities in the end, and they were not lost upon

him. He had talent, tact, judgment, and determination, and calling all these gifts into play he eventually rose to a position of literary eminence from which he shall never be displaced. He is freely recognized as England's greatest dramatic poet, and in every way worthy of Dryden's tribute that "he was a man who of all modern or ancient poets had the largest and the most comprehensive soul."

There lived in the last century a distinguished scientist whose life should throw a bright light on the subject under consideration. This was the famous astronomer Herschel, who died in 1822. He was a native of Hanover, but came to England at an early age, where it is said he supported himself travelling from town to town as a member of a German band. Eventually he succeeded in obtaining a permanent position at Bath, where he applied himself to his two favorite studies, music and astronomy. His sister tells us that he used to retire every night to his bedroom with Smith's "Harmonies" and Ferguson's "Astronomy" and went to sleep buried under his favorite authors; and his first thought next day would be how he would obtain the instruments that might enable him to see for himself the objects about which he had been reading. This led him to engage in the construction of telescopes, in which he became so much absorbed that in attempting to construct one seven-foot reflector he made no fewer than 200 specular before he attained the perfection he desired. Such earnestness secured the success it deserved, and won for him a high place in the scientific world. He made numerous astronomical discoveries, of which the discovery of the planet Uranus is the most remarkable. He effected important improvements in astronomical instruments, and died at the advanced age of 84 laden with honor and possessed of a considerable fortune.

I fear my long list of self-made men may prove a little tiring to you, and yet these mentioned are only a few of the many to which reference could be no less appropriately made. My selections have been taken exclusively from the intellectual domain, but illustrations no less interesting and instructive could be drawn from the industrial and commercial walks of life. The older members of my audience who, like myself, knew Ireland 40 or 50 years ago, must have heard of the well known coach proprietor, Charles Bianconi, who was the Cobb and Co. of the Emerald Isle some 60 or 70 years ago. As a little Italian boy he came to Ireland at the beginning of the last century and commenced life by selling cheap pictures of the country people. "I shall never forget," he himself writes, "the ludicrous figure I cut in going into the streets with these things in my hand, saying 'Buy, buy!' to every person I met, and when questioned as to the price I was unable to reply except by counting on my fingers the number of pence I wanted." Further on he says: "I travelled with my pack upon my back, which weighed 100 lb., and frequently walked 20 or 30 miles a day. I was then 17 years old, but I knew neither discouragement nor fatigue, for I felt that I had set to work to become somebody." Having gathered a little money he started the first public conveyance between the towns of Clonmel and Cahir, in the South of Ireland, in the year 1815. Forty years later his coaches ran over a distance of 4,000 miles every day, and brought in an income of £40,000 a year.

I do not think I should conclude these remarks without some passing reference to a few of those triumphs of self-reliance which the political and commercial life of our own country furnish, and which should be the more encouraging to you because achieved under more familiar conditions. Perhaps there are few names that will stand out more prominently in the pages of Australian history than that of the late Sir Henry Parkes. The exigencies of home life forced him to leave school at the age of 11 years, and the following 13 years he spent engaged in hard manual labor in the ironworks of Birmingham. Coming to Australia in his 24th year he continued at the same laborious occupation for some time, and next appeared working out a livelihood as a taylormaker in Hunter street, Sydney. He was a man of great natural talents, much force of character, and indomitable energy. He was a close observer of current events, and sought to supply by private study what the ad-

verse fortune of early life deprived him of. He noted his opportunities and tried to avail of them, with the result that he eventually rose to the highest position open to him in his adopted country.

It is said, I do not know with what truth, that when the late Mr. Tyson came to this country he had to commence life at the very lowest rung of the commercial ladder. He died possessed of an enormous fortune which has been recognized as the direct fruit of his industry, his shrewdness, and practical common sense. And I have heard of another Australian millionaire, still enjoying the fruits of his early labor, who commenced life in Australia—some few years ago—as the driver of a mail car. Will you permit me to close these observations with a short extract from a back number of the Sydney "Catholic Press."

"James Ashton never went to school. He had to work for his living almost from childhood. He is still a young man of 34. And yet he has refused two portfolios. During the Federal campaigns he was one of the most powerful and influential speakers. He has just passed a preliminary examination for the bar. How has he done it? Sir George Dibbs says he has always held that what one man has done another can do. Mr. Ashton would no doubt impart the secret to any member who may take the trouble to inquire. Sir George Dibbs and Mr. Tom Dibbs, general manager of the Commercial Bank, left school at 13. How have they succeeded? They will tell you if you inquire, and their life stories would surely interest our young men. Sir Julian Salomons worked as a boy in a little shop in Sydney, Sir Charles Lilley, late Chief Justice of Queensland, was once a common soldier. The late Sir Henry Parkes was a laborer. The Right Hon. George Reid left school at the age of 14. Henry Copeland, the new Agent-General, worked before the mast when he was a boy. John Fairfax, who founded the 'Sydney Morning Herald,' was a poor compositor in Sydney. Ex-Archbishop-General Want worked in a coal mine. Mr. Justice Real, of Queensland, was a journeyman carpenter in the railway workshops in Ipswich. Sir Cohn O'Shannessy was a drayman in Victoria."

In the achievement of such intellectual and industrial triumphs as these I have recorded, said His Lordship in conclusion, many factors were necessarily called into play. Of these, it may be held that genius must always hold the first place. In this opinion I do not entirely concur. No doubt without intellectual ability of a decided character great progress shall not be made; but at the same time I hold that in the battle of life it does not play the all-important and the all-sufficient part that young men are sometimes apt to imagine. Earnestness of purpose, steadiness in action, determination in following to its legitimate outcome what we engage in, will exercise more influence over the final issue and prove the surer guarantee of success. We have numbers of young men—not a few in this hall, perhaps to-night—possessed of ample talent for great things in the future. But talent will not suffice. We must have the other qualities which act as her faithful and all-necessary handmaids. Young men should be possessed of a legitimate and honorable ambition. They should remember that no matter what a kind and provident parent may have done for them, their future is in their own hands. They must become the shapers of their own destiny, and that destiny will be what they may wisely or unwisely resolve to make it. We live in a thoroughly practical age, when the measures of our success will be the measure of the earnestness with which we shall seek for it. There must not then be any dreaming of castle-building in the air, but steady, practical, and persevering work. There must be uprightness and honesty, truth and fidelity to duty, no matter how lowly that duty may be, and if these are present success must follow. You may not become a millionaire or a Minister of the Crown, but you will become what is no less honorable, a respected member of society and a useful worker for the public good. You will prove yourselves faithful dispensers of the gifts with which God may have blessed you, and as a certain consequence the moulders of a life that must bring to you a happiness, a contentment, and, I hope, a degree of prosperity that will be sweetened by the consciousness that you have striven to do your duty in the spirit of the well known words, "Act well your part: there all the honor lies."—New Zealand Tablet.

MEDICAL NOTES.

NERVOUS IRRITABILITY.—The various forms of indigestion are sometimes only indirectly indicated by symptoms that puzzle the sufferer. A distinctly bloated condition of the stomach after eating is easily diagnosed as indigestion, and also when painful distress of a colic nature is manifest; but these are only a few of the symptoms of malnutrition and non-assimilation of the food. Another symptom commonly experienced is a pressure around the heart, which in some instances contains the patient that this organ is affected. A great many imagined cases of heart trouble are nothing else than a form of indigestion in which the heart is affected by the pressure of gas formed in the stomach.

But probably one of the most common forms of dyspepsia is the so-called nervous indigestion. Sometimes the nervous, excited condition of the patient is the direct cause of the dyspeptic condition, and again chronic indigestion affects the nerves in a peculiarly subtle way. The nervous person is thus a product of our times and conditions of eating and living. We have developed "nerves" until they are played upon by the slightest form of excitement or irregularity of living. It is no wonder then that we have nervous irritability shown by many people whose disposition otherwise is all that could be desired. It is safe to assume that there is a cause for all nervousness, and it is the duty of one to find out the source of it. Frequently this can be done by the intelligent individual better than by the family physician.

To call special attention to those forms of nervousness either directly or indirectly due to indigestion, it will be necessary to inquire into the nature of the food and drink one is accustomed to. Overindulgence in eating and drinking has its own penalty. Few intelligent people of a weak or nervous disposition can long stand high living. Indigestion and the accumulation of uric acid in the system must inevitably follow, and a long train of complex troubles come in due time to exact payment for the indulgence. But improper eating is almost as direful in its results as overindulgence. In this class the sufferers are not conscious, but ignorant sinners. They sin through lack of knowledge, and nature makes payment just as hard for ignorance as for wilful and deliberate indulgence in the good things of life. There are few people who can mix certain acids in the stomach without suffering. The acids of fruits acting upon rich foods frequently sour them in the stomach. Spices serve as a distinct poison to some people. Fresh bread is the same, and pastry of different kinds. Fruit can be taken the first thing in the morning by almost anyone without harm, but not by all with a hearty meal. Nature demands a generous variety of food, but one must find out what different kinds agree and mix well.

Granting that one is nervous and irritable, and it seems impossible to attribute the cause to any particular form of living, it may be well to inquire into the eating. Of course, if the work is very exacting and confining, the need of more fresh air and pure oxygen may be the prime cause of the trouble; but if moderate daily exercise in the open air is taken the nervousness is due to some other cause. It may be attributed to the diet without the person being conscious of any annoying forms of indigestion. The nervousness is the symptom, and symptoms must be treated before they develop into something more baffling and injurious. When nervousness is caused by indiscreet eating, it tends to react upon the stomach, and in time an attack of nervous indigestion may result which will be hard to deal with.

A complete change of diet for a season will often determine this question. Make it consist of very plain, wholesome foods, eschewing all pastry and rich gravies, and eating only in moderation, preferably often and less in quantity at a time. If after several weeks of such a simple diet, no direct benefits accrue, change once more, selecting liquid foods for the diet to a large extent. Milk, soups and broths will supply sufficient nourishment, with a little toast and a small quantity of meat. If under neither of these diets the system recovers its tone in the least degree, it may be assumed that indigestion is not directly or indirectly the cause of the nervousness. But if the part liquid diet proves beneficial, it should be adopted occasionally to give the stomach a rest, and enable the nerves to recover their tone.

It is a fact that many of our nervous disorders are brought about by indigestion, which is caused by eat-

mind or body at a low ebb through overwork, it is natural that the stomach should rebel when filled with a great quantity of food. Dieting at such times is the best way to preserve health. Give the stomach the foods easiest and quickest to digest. In milk and soups we have the ideal foods for such moments of intense strain. They nourish without taxing the digestive organs. With proper eating, good air and moderate exercise, suitable clothes for the season, and sanitary living and sleeping quarters, there should be no reason why the most obstinate case of nervousness should not be gradually cured. But the process is oftentimes slow; so slow, in fact, that many get discouraged before nature is ready to accept the compensation, and once more resume its normal, healthy activity.—Dr. A. S. Atkinson, in Good Housekeeping.

Large Fees for Surgeons

Some interesting sidelights are thrown on the practice and the income of the most eminent surgeon in Austria, through a short statement that the celebrated Dr. Lorenz gave out here in New York the other day. He wished to correct the erroneous impression created in the public mind through certain newspaper reports, to the effect that his visit to this country had been lucrative to him—"yielding upward of \$160,000."

"As a matter of fact," says Dr. Lorenz, "I got one fee of \$30,000, and in the four months that I have been here have earned just that \$30,000. My practice at home in four months is worth that. My trip has been successful ethically, but not materially."

It is plain then—and the American public will be glad to hear it—that this largely philanthropic visit of Dr. Lorenz to the United States has not involved any measure of pecuniary loss by him, or any sacrifice. It ought, however, to have yielded him much more than \$30,000 in money, and then have left the medical profession and the public largely in his debt.

But what will naturally provoke not a little surprise here is the statement of the surgeon as to his income at home. His practice there, he says, is worth as much as \$30,000 in four months—the plain inference from which is that it is not worth any more than \$7,500 a month, or \$90,000 a year. That figure seems almost ridiculously small when the practitioner's wonderful skill and great reputation are considered. In the United States—more especially, perhaps, right here in New York—the same combination of skill and reputation in a surgeon of Dr. Lorenz's pleasing personality would be worth nearer \$500,000 than \$90,000 a year; and he would easily become a millionaire inside of ten years—and would deserve to be one.

The circumstance presents a good illustration of the large way in which we do things in the United States and the small way in which they are done in most parts of Europe. For one operation in Chicago a surgeon gets a fee equal to four months' practice in Austria, involving the exercise or great skill, much hard work, much time, and not a little anxiety. It is extremely doubtful if, outside of royalty and a few families who could be counted on the fingers of one hand, a doctor's fee as high as \$30,000 was ever paid in Europe. It is rare here. But fees reaching up into the thousands are common enough here, and yet Dr. Lorenz has to practice a whole month in Austria in order to earn \$7,500.

All the talents, all the skill in the world are not concentrated here in the United States, but all the world will admit that this is the best market for them.—New York Evening Post.

A BOOKLET ON PATENTS.

We have received from Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, of Montreal, an admirable compendium of condensed information on the subject of patents and everyday statistical data. This little book, entitled "Invention," is just the proper size for the vest pocket, 2½ x 4½ inches, is bound in handsome celluloid covers.

The book is prepared especially for the use of the technical and industrial clients of Messrs. Marion & Marion, and does this enterprising firm much credit. We understand that it is to be had from them by the readers of this paper on request, for 10 cents.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 22nd Feb., 1903.—Males 802, females 51. Irish 161, French 134, English 21. Scotch and other nationalities 17.—Total 385.

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CHAPTER IV.—Co

Saying this, and often to head as some new commis to his memory, the Munst dleman" sallied out of and walked along the grave, humming, as he went, of the popular old song:—

"And when I at last must this bad covering, Which I have worn for the years and ten, On the brink of the grave seek to keep hovering, Nor my thread wish to again, My face in the glass I'll see, And with smiles count each and furrow, For this old worn-out stuff threadbare to-day, May become everlasting To-morrow! To-morrow! May become everlasting row!"

Such, in happier days than was the life of a Munster fad, the word is ill adapted to an English reader of the class of persons whom tended to designate, for the and are, in mind and education superior to the persons who that rank in most other of Opprobrious as the term "man" has been rendered in time, it is certain that the formation of the sept was tural and beneficial. When tury was deserted by its general promotion of one place among those who ren home. The farmers became men, and the laborers became ers, the former assuming, with the station and influence, quick and honorable spirit, of pleasure, and the feudal ty, which distinguished theocratic archetypes, while the classes looked up to the advice and assistance, with feeling of respect and of de which they had once entered the actual proprietors of the The covetousness of landlords selves, in selling leases to the est bidder, without any inquiry his character or fortune, first to throw imputations on the respectable and useful body which, in progress of time, into a popular outcry, and an act of the legislature for gradual extirpation. There now in that class a pro many as intelligent and high pled, as Mr. Daly.

CHAPTER V.

HOW
KYRLE
DALY
RODE
OUT
TO
WOO,
AND
HOW
LOWRY
LOOBY
TOLD
HIM
SOME
STORIES
ON
THE
WAY.

Kyrle Daly had even better than he was willing to insist for doubting his success with Chute. He had been introduced for the first time, in the of the preceding spring, at the ball, and thought her, with the finest girl in the room, and two sets of country dances beaux (journ!) with her, ravished with her manners; her home at night, and let heart behind him when he left her.

The conquest of his might not have been so perfect as to disturb his quiet, but he was quickly followed by the reason likewise. His subsequent