

LADY WILDE DEAD.

THE INSPIRED POETESS OF THE YOUNG IRELAND PARTY.

THE DAUGHTER OF AN ANGLICAN MINISTER—HER SOUL-STIRRING SONGS—HER CONNECTION WITH THE NATION—A DRAMATIC INCIDENT OF THE TRIAL OF GAVAN DUFFY IN 1848—HER HUSBAND AND HER SONS.

To every heart that has ever beat in sympathy with Ireland's national hopes and cause came a pang of sorrow with the announcement made public last week that Lady Wilde, the inspired poetess of the Nation, the able organ of the Young Ireland party in its day, had passed away from earth in Paris, in which city she had for some years past resided.

Jane Francesca Ellis, for that was Lady Wilde's maiden name, was born in the second decade of the present century in the county of Wexford, her father being a clergyman of the established church of Ireland and a vigorous Tory in his political thoughts and affiliations.

She was quite a young girl when she first began to send her verses to the Nation, and she signed with the pseudonym of John Fanshawe Ellis, which circumstances, together with the virile character of her songs, led Editor Duffy and all connected with the Nation office to conclude that the talented poet was some gifted young man.

At the time that "Speranza" was filling the Nation week after week with the gems of her poetic fancy and patriotic imagination, two other talented Irishwomen, "Mary" and "Eva," were also frequent contributors to it, and the trio were often spoken of as the three graces of Ireland.

Some years later he met Mrs. Frank Leslie, the wealthy American, and the result was that he proposed to her, after due courtship, and was accepted. Their marriage followed, and then the happy (?) pair came to this country, where it was announced, Mr. Wilde would look in the hope of bettering his prospects.

Soon after this dramatic incident Miss Ennis met the famous Irish physician, Sir William Wilde, who wooed and won her for his bride. Dr. Wilde came from a family which, albeit it was originally English, had, by long residence in the Emerald Island, become, as the saying runs, more Irish than the Irish themselves.

but many came to him from the continent, and, except when their cases were hopelessly incurable, none ever sought his assistance without profit and advantage to themselves. Like his talented helpmate, he, too, had a passion for literature, and despite his many professional duties he managed to find time to in-

terest himself in the archeology of his native land, on which he wrote several articles, and brought out a truly meritorious work entitled "The Beauties of the Boyne and the Black Water." His eminent reputation, his great talents and his literary successes won for him in 1864 a knighthood, and he was also chosen a member of the Royal Irish Academy.

Shortly after her husband's death, Lady Wilde removed to London. Her home in Dublin had for years been the rendezvous of all leading Irish literary celebrities, and when she betook herself to the English metropolis her salon there soon became one of the leading ones in London.

an authoress so talented and deservedly famed, and a woman whose attainments all Europe had admired. Undoubtedly the ill fortune which befel her son, and the shame and disgrace which he had brought upon her honored name, preyed greatly on Lady Wilde and shortened her life somewhat, though no complaints ever came from her lips, at least as far as the public knew.

The Wilde boys inherited much of their parents' talents, and not a small share of their mother's eccentricities—for Lady Wilde, with all her other traits, was herself somewhat eccentric at times, and odd. Of one of her sons it is unnecessary to speak here.

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in the hope of bettering his prospects. He failed to make any headway there, too, as a lawyer, and turned to journalism for a livelihood. He had a hard time of it at first, but he finally managed to get a position as reporter on the Telegraph, and when the Parnell agitation sprang up, and some of the prominent members of the Irish parliamentary party were put on trial, he reported the proceedings so ably and well that he was given an editorial chair, and then things began to run somewhat more smoothly for him.

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Woman's Realm.

MAKE THE HOME A BLESSING.

The Love of Children is Innate in the Heart of every True Man and Woman.

All that is beautiful and lovely in woman, finds its climax in motherhood. How often we find among our American women that longing for the prattling voice, the idol of their waiting hearts. It is a natural instinct, this yearning of the heart for offspring; yet the wise hesitates to talk with the family physician on this delicate subject. A good way to do is to send for a medical book on "Woman and Her Diseases," (168 pages) sent, sealed in a plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents in stamps, for postage, if you address the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The reflections of a married woman are not pleasant if she be delicate, run-down, or debilitated. She feels "played out." Her smile and her good spirits have been taken flight. It worries her husband as well as herself.

It's a safe remedial agent, an invigorating tonic and nerve which cures all those disorders, weaknesses and derangements incident to womanhood.

ST. LEON

Perfects the organism and preserves life. "It is invaluable," says Dr. Walsh, Toronto. A card just received direct from Springfield, N. Y., that supplied at once. A trial will convince the most skeptical.

after his wife's extensive newspaper interests. Whether it was because he was born tired, though, or imagined he had struck so good a thing that he could afford to loaf for the rest of his days, "Willie" Wilde, as he was familiarly called, no sooner found himself comfortably located in New York than he proceeded to take things easy in a very extensive fashion.

CATHARINE OF SIENNA.

In fair and fertile Tuscany, between the forest crowned spurs of the Apennines and the beautiful blue bosom of the Mediterranean, in the midst of picturesque tree-decked valleys, beneath castle-covered ridges is the city of Sienna.

She had good parents. A religious atmosphere surrounded her all her life, and the laws of heredity opened to her the possibilities of a glorious career. Of this she knew nothing. To her, life was like an opening flower with a constantly increasing development of the thoughts from within.

As a little child, she was so merry and cheerful that the neighbors christened her Euphrosyne. What a sweet creature a happy child is, would that we could give this name to many.

Catharine seemed to be one of Nature's children. She was in love with everything that was beautiful. Birds—flowers, other children, and her heart was responsive to everything in them that smiled upon her.

In the progress of this sketch do not forget this feature of her nature, for as a study of character in its natural evolution her whole life was a consistent unfolding.

Near her home was the Convent Church of St. Dominic. In a small chapel near it, she very early learned to go to pray, to give her imagination into the hands of God, and to see wonderful visions.

A writer says: "One evening, when she was six years old, her mother sent her, with her little brother Stephen, to carry a message to the house of an older sister. The sun was sinking as they returned, and to Catharine the richly colored west, as it shone above the gable end of St. Dominic's church, revealed the form of our Saviour, gloriously clad, and invested with divine majesty and beauty.

She gazed, Jesus cast a look of tenderness upon her, and stretched forth His hand in the act of benediction. While she stood absorbed in silent ecstasy, her little brother descended the hill supposing that she was close behind. Turning around, he saw that she lingered on the summit, with eyes riveted on the gold and purple splendor of the sunset. He called, but she answered not. Running back to her, he seized her hand.

"Come," he said, "why wait you here?" With a start, as if suddenly aroused from a trance, she exclaimed sobbing: "Oh, Stephen, could you but have seen what I saw, you would never have disturbed me thus."

The child was so captivated that from this time she sought solitude, and, in imitation of the hermits, went into secluded glens and groves in order to pray and to enjoy visions. In one of these retreats she spent the entire day in prayer and meditation, and it was there that God revealed to her that she should not be a hermit, but live a godly life in her father's house. There she gathered a congregation of children about her and preached to them the wonderful revelations that had come to her.

When only twelve years of age her parents began to contemplate her marriage, but Catharine from her early childhood had determined to live a life of celibacy. Now she made it a vow, and by her sweet eloquence won the consent of her parents for her wish.

From this time, for three years, she was permitted to follow her own desires. A writer says: "Her little room she was thenceforward allowed to use as an oratory; it became her favorite resort and the scene of those ecstatic communions in the spirit, which, to her imagination, resolved themselves into celestial visions. She devoted her whole time to prayer and meditation, she taught herself during this period of seclusion the most rigid lessons of abstemiousness and mortification. Her diet was of the plainest, and barely sufficient to support life; she gave but little time to sleep; she lay upon the bare boards without any covering; her garments were of the coarsest texture, though of scrupulous cleanliness, for she regarded cleanliness and external neatness as the outward and visible signs of the inward grace of purity. The light was consumed in prayer, and it was not until the main bell announced the coming of the dawn that she retired to her wooden bed for a brief repose.

It is not to be wondered at that her health became delicate, and that all her life she suffered from weakness of the stomach and suffered from faintness and prostration. But as we see the work she did we comprehend how this discipline prepared her for the mission of her life. And this was her girlhood at a time when the most of girls are giddy and fond of vanities and luxuries, and devoting their minds to the exciting trash of love-sick heroines in current paper-back literature. Ah, see in Catharine the kind of a character God chooses for great causes.

To the order of St. Dominic belonged a lay society of brethren who undertook to sacrifice, at need, their lives and

property for the cause of Christ. Their wives also pledged themselves to cooperate with them. They were called "Brethren and Sisters of the Militia of Jesus Christ." They wore the black and white habit of the Dominicans.

As an outcome of her meditations Catharine determined to preach the Word of Christ to the people whom she visited, and was admitted to this association. Henceforth, wherever she went she wore the dress of the Order. Thus, outwardly, she was thoroughly equipped for her work, but now it seemed necessary for her to be tried even as her Lord was tried in the wilderness. She underwent a series of horrible temptations in her dreams. The first was a battle for purity and chastity, then the temptation was for wedlock and happy motherhood.

When she had won these, there came the fiercest of all, the temptation to doubt. In the midst of this she went to the church on the hill, and spent the greater part of three days in such prayer as the Saviour offered in Gethsemane. It seemed to her as if God had forsaken her, but she won the victory. We will quote her words: "One brighter than the angels came and soothed her and spoke to her of her trial and victory. 'Lord,' she exclaimed, 'where wast thou when my heart was so tormented?' 'I was even in its midst, my child.' 'O Lord,' she replied, 'Thou art everlasting Truth, and humbly do I bow before Thy word; but how can I believe that Thou wert in my heart when it ached with wicked and rebellious thoughts?' Did these thoughts," said the Lord, "give thee pleasure or pain?" "Oh! a supreme pain, an inexpressible agony!" Then spake the Lord, "Thou didst feel this pain and agony because I myself was hidden in thy soul. It was My presence which rendered those evil thoughts unendurable; thou madest an effort to repel them, because they filled thee with horror; and when thou didst not succeed, thy remorse almost overwhelmed thee. When the period to which I had limited the struggle had elapsed, I sent forth the beams of My light, and the shades of hell vanished, because they cannot resist that light. Because thou hast accepted these trials with thy whole heart, thou art not delivered from them forever; it is not thy sufferings that have given Me pleasure, but the will that has borne them with so much patience."

It was shortly after this experience that Catharine's soul was caught up into an ecstasy which several famous painters have attempted to reproduce, called the Marriage of St. Catharine, in which the Madonna is shown as guiding the hand of the child Jesus to place a ring on Catharine's finger, in token of her divine espousals. The vision to Catharine was that of the Saviour coming to her and putting upon her fingers a golden ring blazing with a diamond of indescribable splendor. As he said to her, "I Thy Creator and Redeemer, espouse thee in faith and love. Keep thou this token in purity, until, in the presence of the Father, we celebrate the Lamb's eternal nuptials. Henceforth, daughter, be thou brave and true; perform with a courageous spirit the works My providence shall assign to thee; and thou shalt prevail over all enemies."

As the bride of Christ, Catharine spent her time in bearing burdens of care, oil, and other necessities to the suffering poor. Even when they reviled her and tried to injure her fair name she forgave them and tried to do the more for them.

Her reputation for sanctity became widespread, and she was visited by large numbers of people to whom she gave counsel and entreated to live a life such as would please God.

She possessed the power of eloquence, which, with personal beauty, youth, fervor, and enthusiasm, gave her a fascination which few could oppose.

When, in 1374, pestilence raged in Sienna she watched constantly by the bed of sufferers, performing a service which would have been absolutely impossible except for the training she had given herself in early girlhood.

In the political agitations of the times she exerted her influence, and, by the magic of her eloquence kept Lucca, Orizzo and Sienna loyal to the Pope.

What a wonderful power she had! When, later, Florence plunged into war with Rome, Catharine visited it on a mission of peace. The story of her visit recalls the story of Christ at the gate of Gethsemane. Here it is:

Though Catharine used all her efforts to suppress the fury of the Papal partisans, the Florentine mobs connected her with their excesses and demanded her death by fire or sword. So vehement was the spirit conjured up against her, that her own friends were afraid to offer her an asylum. A body of the populace having ascertained that she had withdrawn to a certain garden, rushed thitherward with drawn swords to seek her, shouting with frenzied voices, "Where is that accursed Catharine?" With serene aspect she went forth to meet them, and calmly confronting their wild wolfish eyes, exclaimed:

"If I be the woman you seek, here I am. Do that which the Lord permits ye to do; but, in His name, I forbid you to harm those that are with me." The chief of the insurgents, thrusting back his sword into his scabbard, said, "Be gone, and save your life by flight!" "No," said the undaunted woman, "I will not withdraw a step. If by pouring out my blood I can restore peace, why should I fly, now that the honor of Christ and the peace of His spouse are at peril?" Silenced by her saintly dignity and calm, heroic spirit, the crowd fell back and dispersed, leaving her to pursue her way uninjured.

In 1380, in the thirty-third year of her age, Catharine died in Rome, and in 1461 her name was enrolled in the calendar of saints.

How inspiring to ambitious girls the story of such a life should be. It is true she died very young, but consider what she accomplished. The little girl of six years, having the visions by the force of her consecrated character, had popes, cardinals, statesmen and artists to confess their admiration of her pure and noble life.

Oh! girls of to-day, why sacrifice so much time and energy for the vain pursuit of having a merry time in the world. Be brave! Be noble! Be great! Be Christ's own favored ones, and then glory shall crown your days here and your eternity beyond.—SIGMA, in the Orphan's Bouquet.

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ALWAYS PLEASED.

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When ladies ask for Diamond Dyes, they should always insist upon seeing the name on the package, as there are so many worthless dyes sold by dealers

Mother Shipton's Prophecies.

Mother Shipton lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century. She was supposed to be the child of the devil, says the Catholic Sentinel, who wooed her mother under the guise of a young forster.

When she grew up to womanhood she lived in the forest, refused to associate with other human beings, and uttered her prophecies while fleeing from those who desired to make her acquaintance.

She used to utter her prophecies, and is said to have fore-told the innovations which soon after followed in religion. The fall of Wolsey, the death of Sir Thomas Moore and other lords and ladies, who were beheaded by Henry VIII. Her general prophecies were put into doggerel rhyme by some unknown poet, and have been handed down through four centuries. They are, moreover, as firmly believed in by the general English public as the prophecies of St. Columbkille are by the Irish.

The following are samples taken from the work: "A house of glass shall come to pass In merry England, but alas, War will follow with the work In the land of the Turk. And state and state in fierce strife Struggle for each other's life. Carriages without horses shall go, And accidents fill the earth with woe. In London Primrose Hill shall be, And the centre of a bishop's see."

(Primrose Hill, now in the heart of London, was in Mother Shipton's time twelve miles from the city.) "Around the world thought shall fly In the twinkling of an eye; Through the hills men shall ride, And neither horse nor ass bestride; Under water men shall walk, Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk. Iron in the water shall float, As easily as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found and shown In a land that's now unknown; Fire and water shall wonders do, And England shall admit a Jew. Three times three shall lovely France Be led to dance a bloody dance; Before her people shall be free Three tyrant rulers she shall see; Each spring from a different dynasty. And when the last great fight is won England and France shall be as one. And now a word in uncouth rhyme, Of what shall be in the latter time. In those wonderful far off days Women shall get a strange, old craze To dress like men, and breeches wear, And cut off their beautiful locks of hair. And ride astride with brazen brow, As witches do on broomsticks now. Then love shall die and marriage cease, And babes and sucklings so decrease That wives shall tattle cats and dogs, And men live much the same as hogs. In eighteen hundred and ninety-six Build your houses of rotten sticks; For then shall mighty wars be planned, And fire and sword sweep o'er the land. But those who live the century through In fear and trembling, this will do: Fly to the mountains and the glens, To hogs and forests and wild fens; For tempests will rage and oceans roar, And Gabriel stand on sea and shore, And as he toots his wondrous horn, Old worlds shall die and new be born."

Impoverished blood causes that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and vitality.

DON UNIA IS DEAD.

WHILE LABORING AMONG LEpers HE IS STRICKEN BY A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

Shortly before midday on December 9, in the oratory of Don Bosco at Turin, Father Michael Unia, Salesian missionary and apostle of the lepers at Agua de Dios (Colombia), peacefully breathed forth his soul to God.

The intrepid missionary had arrived in Turin about a week before his death. He had started from Bogota on October 14 last, by order of the doctor and his superiors, leaving the whole mission in grief. A terrible disease had stricken him down on the field of his heroic labors and he was taken to Bogota in an almost dying state.

Many doctors came to see him, but they were unanimous in declaring that there was no ground for hope.

Public and private prayers were offered up to Mary Help of Christians for his cure, and after a day or so, as though by miracle, he passed from death to life. Shortly after this, on the feast of the Assumption, he went to the church to celebrate a mass of thanksgiving.

Mary Help of Christians willed that he should go to her sanctuary at Turin to die. He had already desired to return to his lepers, but this was inexorably forbidden him and he was ordered to return to Europe instead. He arrived at

Turin, still somewhat suffering. His malady had been brought on by the frightful state in which he was when amongst the unhappy lepers of the mission. Nevertheless, there was no serious fear for his life.

On Saturday, the vigil of the Immaculate Conception, he felt himself overcome with an unaccustomed weariness and did not come down to breakfast, but took it in his room. The following morning he came down at 4 o'clock to celebrate Holy Mass, but as the church was still shut, he went back to his room. Later on he felt violent pains in the stomach. The doctors came, and at once prescribed prompt remedies. On the next day, however, he seemed better, his mind was clearer, he was able to speak, he received many visits from Don Rua and took part in the prayers which were offered up for him. However, the disease came rapidly to a crisis and he died peacefully in our Lord.

The Governor of Colombia had given to Father Unia full powers in the whole lazaretto, and placed at his disposal the post and the telegraph, authorized him to travel free through the whole republic and showed towards him deep gratitude and admiration. He had friends and admirers among men of every party. The name of Father Unia and his companions has always commanded general respect. Father Michael Unia was in the prime of life. He would have completed his forty-sixth year on December 18.

While the body was lying in state in the chapel of ardent great numbers of persons of every age and condition came to visit and pray in his presence.

your child

You note the difference in children. Some have nearly every ailment, even with the best of care. Others far more exposed pass through unharmed. Weak children will have continuous colds in winter, poor digestion in summer. They are without power to resist disease, they have no reserve strength. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is cod-liver oil partly digested and adapted to the weaker digestions of children.

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Mr. J. H. Hertz, Chemist, 525 Yonge St., Toronto, writes: "I have given Pyny-Pectoral to all my children, many having spoken to me of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, but best for the young. It is safe and has been found to be a safe and reliable cough medicine."

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