

Feed a Cold with Scott's Emulsion. Yes, but feed it with Scott's Emulsion. Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

AN OBSERVANT HAIRDRESSER.

A "well-known ladies' hairdresser," whose extensive clientele affords him ample field for observation, challenges attention in the columns of one of the youngest of our weekly contemporaries says the London Globe, by the intimate relationships which he professes to have discovered between hair and character.

The Latin poet's maxim, "Nimiam, ne crede colori," is wholly applicable where hair is concerned. "The lighter colored the hair, the more sensitive and 'touchy' the owner."

The foregoing remarks are undoubtedly interesting, but there are several points on which the oracle is silent. For instance, he has omitted to mention the resources of art which can exert a restorative influence on the temperment of the individual.

A DIGNIFIED LIFE A USUAL LIFE.

A woman is out of her element unless she is acquainted, to a certain extent, with sciences of balmology, bolology, stichology, makeology, and menology.

The reason why so many men do not make homes for themselves in these days is because they cannot afford it. The women are too much averse to working and extravagant in all their tastes.

THE VALUE OF LIME WATER.

The value of lime water about the house in the summer can scarcely be over estimated. To prepare it is an easy matter, as all that is necessary is to put a layer of unslacked lime in a wide-mouthed jar and fill it with cold water.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PRUNE JELLY.

One pound of the best prunes, one box of gelatine, lemon juice, cinnamon, sugar, Stew the prunes in one quart of water until they are in pieces, removing the stones.

GREEN GRAPE JELLY.

Jelly made from unripe grapes, just before they change from green to purple, is very delicate. A correspondent of the Housekeepers Weekly gives the following recipe for it:

on the stove, as then you will not need to put any water with them, and of course the less water the less time it will take to boil the juice.

GRAPE SHERBET. Wash a good quantity of grapes; pick off the stems and put in a porcelain-lined kettle; heat until the juice comes out freely; pour in a jelly bag and drain until you have one quart of juice.

HATED THE SIGHT OF A PRIEST.

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER'S STORY OF PREJUDICE AND LOVE.

A few weeks since, when the general election of Great Britain was at its height, two Irish priests, whose names are familiar to the Catholics of the three kingdoms, were walking side by side up Fleet street in London on their way to the Strand.

As both the clergymen are Home Rulers of a very sturdy type, they, too, read the election results with the keenest satisfaction, for most of the names which were being struck up were those of Mr. Gladstone's followers.

As they conversed together an elderly gentleman who stood close beside them addressed them and asked was it not a glorious thing to have the Grand Old Man coming back to power once more to repair the wrong of the last six years' misgovernment.

"When I was a young man," said the stranger, "I was a soldier, and for a time I was stationed in the town of Fermoy. Whilst there smallpox of a most malignant type broke out in the barracks.

"I cannot tell you how pained I felt when I heard this, but I endeavored to reconcile myself to my fate. The next morning as I lay on the point of death I heard a kindly voice inquiring of the nurse: 'And who is this poor fellow?'"

"The good priest told me that he did not come to trouble me. He begged of me to put my trust and confidence in Almighty God, to think of His infinite mercy, and to prepare myself soon to go before Him."

"The next day, contrary to the expectations of the medical men, I felt better, and finally, I recovered. But, day after day, that good priest stopped to speak to me a few cheery words as he passed my bed on his way from visiting the Catholic patients."

"I can never forget that priest's charity and kindness. When I was restored to health I returned to Lancashire, where I found my father, a Methodist minister, denouncing the Papists, especially the Papist priests, in the most violent fashion. I told him my story, and from that day out he ceased ranting."

"I am not a Catholic myself,—thank God, my children are—but I hope to be one some day. I can never see a priest, however, but my heart warms to him. God bless them!"

"The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action."

"People who have nothing to give are the most cheerful givers."

"It is better to be right than to be left."

"Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

MY LITTLE MAIDEN.

Have you seen a maiden, blithe and gay? As she goes to school, does she pass your way? With her golden hair, and eyes of blue, shining with mirth as she looks at you.

Do you stop and look and envy me As she passes by with a step so free? I should not wonder if so it may be, For the world it seems to envy me.

Sometimes I forget, as maids pass by, That mothers are as proud as I, Oh, sacred the love of a mother's heart, Unselfish and true, that no trial can part!

Yours is the dearest to you, I see, Mine is as dear as dear can be, Oh, sacred the love of a mother's heart, Unselfish and true, that no trial can part!

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS. AMONG THE MOST IMPORTANT IS THAT TO BE REASONABLY DIRTY.

As to keeping children too clean for any mortal use, I don't suppose anything is more disastrous. The divine right to be gloriously dirty a large portion of the time, when dirt is a necessary consequence of direct, useful friendly contact with all sorts of interesting, helpful things, is too clear to be denied.

The children who have to think of their clothes before playing with the dogs, digging in the sand, helping the stableman, working in the shed, building a bridge, or weeding the garden, never get half their legitimate enjoyment out of life.

"Thrice happy is the country child, or the one who can spend a part of his life among living things near to nature's heart. How blessed is the little toddling thing who can lie flat in the sunshine and drink in the beauty of the 'green things growing,' who can lie among the other little animals, his brothers and sisters in feathers and fur; who can put his hand in that of dear mother Nature and learn his first baby lessons without any middle-class middleman; who is cradled in sweet sounds 'from early morn to dewy eve,' lulled to his morning nap by hum of crickets and bees, and to his night's slumber by the sighing of the wind, the pash of waves, or the rattle of a river. He is a part of the 'shining web of creation,' learning to spell out the universe letter by letter, as he grows sweetly, serene, into a knowledge of its laws.—Scribner."

ARE THE BOYS SPOILED?

"The boys always are allowed to do just as they please," said a young girl, who was one of a large family of brothers and sisters. "Mother never denies them anything, and we girls must give in to them all the time just because they happen to be boys. It is just your brother's handkerchief; just run up stairs and straighten your brother's room, when I have probably not an hour before I did up everything as tight as a rivet, but a hurried search for some missing article has given him an excuse to turn the room topsy-turvy with no thought of the work I have to do to set things to rights again."

"Honestly I don't wonder you see so many selfish husbands; they can't help it. If they were the only children of course they were spoiled and if they had a lot of sisters the result is even worse, for the principles instilled from boyhood are that the women folks regard him as a ruler whose every word is law and whose slightest wish should be obeyed therefore. When he gets a wife he expects her to go right on with the hero worship, and the poor creature finds it sometimes a very trying burden to bear."

"Now, why a mother should make so much more of a boy just because he is a boy is more than I can understand. When I have a son, if that day ever comes, he shall be trained from the first to wait on his sisters. He shall learn that women are made to be served, not to serve, and that he is not the master and they the slaves. I know I am very emphatic, but I have worn my life out hunting lost collar buttons, gloves and neckties, straightening and picking up after several of these lords of creation, and I know whereof I speak, and if I ever have children of my own the boys are going to be trained so that their wives will have at least one thing for which to thank the much-abused mother-in-law."

HOW HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

"Cats have feelings like the rest of us, too," says a lady in the New York Tribune. "and shows them in much the same way sometimes. My husband is a Protestant clergyman. A Catholic priest lives not far from us, in the same block, but we had never made his acquaintance. Some years before I got the cat I now have, we had an unusually large Tom, with yellow patches of fur on a white background. He was a great favorite with the children, especially with the baby, who was never contented unless Tom sat on a chair beside him at meal times and had a share of everything the baby himself ate."

"One day the children received a present of a little black-and-tan dog, and they were so delighted with their new pet that Tom was left quite in the cold. When dinner time came he got up in his accustomed place beside the baby, expecting to be fed. But baby would have nothing but the new pet, and so the dog occupied the place of honor, and Tom had to be thumped to make him get down."

"It was an insult that called for blood, and watching his opportunity after dinner Tom pitched into that dog, and was giving him an awful licking when the children with shouts and blows fell on the cat and beat him soundly till he fled."

"When the novelty of the new pet began to wear off, however, as it did a few days ago, inquiries were made for Tom again. But no Tom could be found. Then it became known that nobody had seen him since the children beat him away from the dog. Tom was evidently lost. Perhaps the beating had broken some of his bones and he had crawled away to die. Great was the wailing, but no cat could be found. Two or three days after that I passed the Catholic priest's house, and there inside the sash, seated on the windowsill, washing his face in the sunshine, I saw the big yellow and white spots of our Tom. He had deserted us and gone over to another faith. I told the children and they went and got him, but no coaxing or petting could persuade him to stay in our house an hour after they let him have his liberty. He could not forget our desertion of him in favor of a rival, and so he stays still with the priest, who gives him an excellent character. We shall never succeed in making him a Protestant again."

IRISH NEWS.

An eviction was carried out, at Oola, on Sept. 3, at the suit of Mrs. Mary England, of Tipperary, the tenant being Mr. Wm. Hayes, publican, who held a shop and premises from Mr. England's late husband, at a rent which is double that of the other publicans of the village.

Mrs. Carey, the widow of James Carey, the Tipperary draper who was ruined by taking part in the opposition of Mr. Smith-Barry, and whose death we announced last week, died in the Tipperary Workhouse Hospital on Sept. 4, having survived her husband just a week.

The Rev. John Healy, L.L. D., rector of Kells, has just published a very interesting work on "The Ancient Irish Church." The object of the writer has been to present as accurate an historic record as possible, and in the course of this task he has spared no claims.

It is said that claims to the amount of £200 will be made for compensation for the wanton and malicious destruction by Orangemen of the property of Catholics in Portadown during the recent disturbances.

At a meeting of the Nuts Band of Guardians on Sept. 7, relief was granted as follows to tenants who had been evicted at Clongrey: Mrs. Kelly, 72 years old, 5 shillings per week; Michael Morrissey and four children, 10s. and for their two older children, 2s. 6d. each; Mr. Patrick Kelly and wife, 7s. 6d. each, and for their son, who is paralyzed, 5 shillings. These sums are to be paid for one month.

The long-time dispute between Colonel Hackett and his tenants in Ballintully has come to a close, and a victory has been crowned the fidelity of the tenants to principle during the struggle. Mr. Joseph Gubbins will be restored to the farm from which he has been evicted. Four other tenants have concluded a bargain to purchase their holdings at the rate of fourteen and a half years' purchase of the valuation.

The police authorities are beginning to take steps to protect the Catholics of Portadown and the neighborhood from Orange rowdism. For a long time appeal was made to them in vain, and the negligence exhibited was disgraceful. On the occasion of the opening of the Monaghan Cathedral, the Catholics were exposed to unchecked Orange violence between Richill and Portadown, though the Catholic authorities, remembering the disgraceful scenes that attended the opening of Armagh Cathedral, appealed for protection. On Sept. 3, Mr. James Mallen was beaten almost to death returning from the Portadown market, and on the 20th evening, a fish dealer named Robinson was assaulted in the same neighborhood by the exponents of Col. Sanderson.

The golden jubilee of the Rev. Brother Slattery, Superior of the Christian Brothers, Limerick, was celebrated recently. The proceedings were characterized by the utmost enthusiasm, and an address of congratulation was presented him on behalf of the pupils of the Sexton Street School. In 1827 Brother Slattery opened the novitiate of the Christian Brothers of Lady's Mount, Cork, and after a short period was placed in charge of the school previously conducted by the late-learned Gerald Gillin. Liverpool was next the scene of his labors, but the work was so severe that his health broke down, and he returned to Mount Sion. In 1845 he resumed duty in Mill street, in the Liberties of Dublin, and for fifteen years, covering the famine times and the dark period that succeeded, he had to carry on the work not only of teaching the children, but in many cases of supplying them with food.

Everything: Mr. W. H. Holabird, Gen'l Agent, Coronado Beach Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, as well as in my kennels and stables, and it has never failed in a single instance to do everything that could be expected of it."

A FRENCH GRAMMAR, by the Rev. Alphonse Dufour, S.J., followed by a Manual of Pronunciation, translated from the French Work of Father Mansion, S.J., Boston: Ginn & Company, 1892.

It is no ordinary "make-up" that has been supplied to students by the professor of French at Georgetown University, but the expression of competent teaching in one of our leading institutions of learning. Its avowed object is "to provide the student with a brief exposition of the principles of French grammar," the result of an experience of many years in teaching the French language." There are two divisions of the main work, etymology and syntax, while the Appendix on pronunciation is also divided into two parts.

CHANGE IS WELCOME. GENTLEMEN.—For twenty years I have suffered from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Poor Appetite, etc., and received no benefit from the many medicines I tried, but after taking five bottles of Dr. B. B. I can eat heartily of any food and am strong and smart. It is a grand medicine and has made a wonderful change in my health. Mrs. W. H. Lee, Hartley, Ont.

The uglier a man is the more conspicuous he makes himself.

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