The Domain of Woman.

TALES BY "TERESA."

HAT ROCKS THE CRADLE BULKS THE BURL IN

**MEMBARTHATECES HE CEADER REPORTER WHILE AND HE HE ADDRESS OF THE WORLD BE ALL THE WAS A GOOD GROUND BE lasting impression on the spectators. who usually retain a more vivid memory who usually rotain a more vivid memory of the thing they saw last. If the Sons of England can succeed ir cellipsing the other societies in the matter of gorge-ousness and loyalty, and also introduce a few novelties, the fields public is cer-tain to regard them as not by any means the most insignificant item in the day's proceedings.

the most insignificant item in the day's proceedings.

If they introduced a few appropriate mottoes such as "We will never take a back seak," or "Last but not least." &c., they need not have any reason to bewail a lack of applause or sympathy. As for stopping away altogether, or sending only a dozen or so: why the idea is ridiculous; such a proceeding is childish in the extreme; somebody has got to be last, and sensible people finding themselves in the position of tail and of a procession make the best of it, remembering the famous remark of Sydney Smith, "It's not the dog that wags the tail: the tail wags the dog." If the Sons of England succeed in wag-ging the procession, they will have good reason to congratulate themselves.

How many dogs there are who fancy they are wagging their own tails, when, in reality, the tail is wagging them. There are many husbands in blissful There are many husbands in blissful unconsciousness that they are no more masters of themselves or their belongings than they are of the North Pole. Some women have consummate tact; they can get their own way all the time the victim supposes a particular idea or scheme to be evolved from his own inner convictousness. There is no faculty so useful or so preventive of friction as the see of being able to persuade someone else that the thought you have put one else that the thought you have put into their head has come from their own brain, or that the success of a particular scheme is the result of their own sa-

Who has not heard of the power behind the throne? History is full of instances of royal favorites who have swayed the apparent ruler of the country back and forth with a wave of their finger, and succeeded in displacing the gravest and most learned counciliors as advisers of their sovereign. The apparently silly remark of the old wit contains a good deal of truth and sense after all. o has not heard of the power be-

Of course I am glad the Kuights of St. John have secured such a good posi-tion; the most worshipful sir kuights will make a brave show in their well-fitting uniforms, plumed hats and dang-ling rapiers.

withing uniforms, plumed hats and dang-ling rapiers.

It is difficult to understand the pecu-liar attraction the "milingtary" always possesses for the feminine mind.
A couple of officers in a ballroom are usually the centre of attraction to maids and matrons alike, while Mary Jane in the kitches most look at unfortunate Robert when Private Jones is around.

Is it bravary that attracts us, I wonder? Policemen are brave, but what woman would look twice at a posse of blue-coated guardians of the law, while the veriest awkward aquad was practi-cing the goose step on the other side of the road?

is road?

Pechaps it is the romance that always seas to cling around the fighting men a country, the sons who are ready at uty's call to shed their blood for the ghherland. The romance, did I say? there is the sons who at the romance of the romance of the same than the romance of the romanc

war, the heartache that is always hovering over so many mothers, wives and staters.
They look brave and gallant, the red-cated boys as they march rythmically along to the strains of "Rule Britannia," and our hearts swell, and our eyes fill with tears as we watch them, and think of that possible day when they may have to pack hit and shoulder heapsack and march away in real earnest with the band playing the soldier's farewell to "The girl I left behind me."
Modern warfare is a terrible thing.
New and fearful engines of destruction are being constantly invented and perfected, while the means of defence have advanced but little in proportion.
One of the things that militates against our soldiers is their complicons uniform, which renders them an easy mark for the enemy s fire. They look very nice in their red and white coats while they are marching safely along their own streets, but they ought to have a more sobar and less distinguished errors when they are being put up to be abot at, for it is little else. The fact is, we have been the laughing stock of other nations for a good many years, for this very reason. We make our soldiers into vertable targets that can be seen for miles, instead of clothing

them in dark colors that would render them less distinguishable to the chemy

I think it is high time somebody in authority took the matter up and listi-tuted a greatly needed reform in the dress of the men on active service.

dress of the men on active service. The present miltorm could be retained for wear during times of peace, and to make a mark appearance at reviews. No. but while its use is continued during war we shall lose dozens of valuable lives that might perhaps be saved if there were no glaring scarled coat to act as a target for the fatal builtet.

- 255

Next to the soldier in popular estimation come the "fire laddies."

With what fascination the growth watches the glittering engines the great water tower, the enormous ladders, and the coils of snake like lose, as they go widding slowly along in strange contrast to the rattle and orash with which they fly through the streets to the scene of some destructive conflagration.

And the mont (the heart of every woman in the crowd goes on the thin, as it always does to men who are living constantly in an atmosphere of danger.

We are cowards physically we we

man in the crowd goes out to them, as it always does to men who are living constantly in an atmosphere of danger. We are cowaids physically we women, not that it is any reproach to us; nature never intended us to be brave to the extent of grappling face to face with terrible danger. though many of us good women and true, have done so. That is why great course appeals to us; we shrink and tremble and wonder and admire which is all perfectly natural and according to reason. We abominate a cowardly man, which is likewise natural and reasonable, for a coward cannot protect us.

Even the very horses seem redolent of bravery, as they step daintify along, their great eyes scanning everything intently, and their nervous dolicate great twitching, listening for the olang of the slarm that means an exoting rush to the engine and a wild gallop through the streets really a race with the fire. Sometimes the horses wir, and stand quivering and perspiring with the battle between men, for and water is waged moral and the toaring onemy is subdeed.

Otten the tire wins; and the fames alock up in trumph, and dart defiant toor and hiss and crackle, seizing and devouring everything, scorching and bistering hangard and auxious faces and willing hands; until suddenly, with a sickening crash, down come the walls and roof, and, too often, more than one brave fellow has met lifelong injury or death.

And so we watch the procession of ougmes, and gallant men, and hardly less gallant horses, with back dereith, and wonder where they will have to how to fight the terrible battle with the raging flames.

London, on June 20th, 1887; do any of my readers recollect is, I wonder?

go nox to fight the terrible battle with the raging flames.

London, on June 20th, 1887; do any of my readers recollect it, it wonder?

London seems to be always fairly well populated in season and out, but surely Jubitee Day, 1887, was the most crowded in that crowded city.

It was impossible to get about in the city; the trains and omnibuses were crammed full; the Embankment, the Mail, Parliament street and Parliament sprace and Parliament of the control of the con

Even junies cays come so an coun, and at least darkness—the darkness of nature that is—sottled down over London.

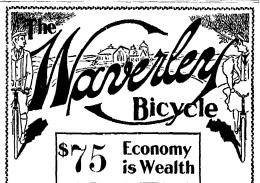
But presently a glare that was not of nature but was born of millions upon millions of transparencies and colored lamps, shouse over the city. Every house sud shop seemed to have an illumination of some kind from a single star or an imperial crown, and the letters V. R. to an elaborate device covering atmost the whole front of a large building. The manner of the city was the chief attraction. The Mansion House, the Bank and the Royal Exchange were to be outlined in colored lamps.

All traffic was stopped in the city and the avenues leading to it, so that people outly was it in absolute safety.

We started from the house of a friend, not far fram Loudon Bridge, and walked into the city via that usually congested thoroughfare. It was a strange sensation walking in the middle of the road right in the very heart of the city, where the traffic is always so thick that one often has to wait twenty minutes before one can cross tuo road. But on the oversing of Julied Day, 1887, no sound was to be heard but the steady tramp, tramp of thousands of feet.

Mansion House, Square was like a dream of fairyland; the presaic, money making old city seemed for the nonce to have been transformed by a magician's wand into a vertisable paradise.

But, beautiful as the scene was, we dare not stop. All around us, awaying, andulating, marmaring, was a vast crowd, the beads packed so thick yn could have walked upon them, and indeed we naw a boy hoist himself up, and run along for several feet over the



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people's heads before he was pulled down.

To stand still for a noment was dangerous; once hemmed in by that orowd we night bid farewell to home and bed for hours and hours; so we took one more entranced look and: reluctantly stole back the way we had come.

So ended June 20th, 1887; what June 22nd, 1897, will be like in London, Heaven only knows.

Before another issue of the paper appears I shall be keeding at the famous abrine of St. Anna de Beaupre, whither I am going partly to describe the place for the benefit of our readers and the information of those inheading to visit the senctuary, but more particularly to obtain a very great temporal favor through the intercession of St. Anna.

I carnostly ask the prayers of my readers for my intention. The obtaining of the favor I ask, would alter my whole prospects. Will my good readers kindly remember use on Souday, June 27th, and say a prayer to the Sacred Hoart and St. Anne for their triend,

SHE COULD NOT EAT.

THE STATEMENT OF A LADY WHO WAS A DYSPEPTIC.

Afficied with Pains in the Stemsch, Nan-

Other Distressing Symptoms Fellowed,
From Le Swoins, Sorci, Que.

Dyspepsia and kindred disorders of
the digestive organs are bocoming
alarmingly provalent among the people
of all classes, and it is safe to say that
there are few ills afficing mankind
productive of more real miscry than in
digestion. It is said that happinese and
a good digestion go hand in hand, and
the statement contains more truth than
has been generally admitted. It may be
safely said, therefore, that the medicine
that will cure dyspepsia is a blessing to
mankind, a promotor of human happiness, whose good work cannot be too
widely known. Such is the opinion of
Mrs P. Lussier of Sorel, Que., and it is
because of this that she gave the following statement to a representative of Lo
Sorelols: "For some time past," she
said, "I had been suffering from a
malady that at first I could not define,
but which proved to be a severe attack
of dyspepsis. After each meal I felt a
sensation of over fullness, even when I
had seate most sparingly. This feeling
was accompanied by severe pains in the
region of the shounch, and frequentity by names, and sometimes
conting. Constipation followed, which matary that at first I could not define, matary that at first I could not define, but which proved to be a severe attack of dyspopsia. After each meal I felt a sensation of over fullness, even when I had eaten most sparingly. This feeling was accompanied by severe pains in the region of the stomach, and frequently by names, and sometimes vomiting. Constipation followed, which added to my misery. In the interval I suffered from fover and slight head-acte, and became generally indisposed. Addings of the stomach was acted and the stage of the stomach was acted. The stomach was acted and the stage my son, Affred, assistant manager of "Le Sorolois," urged me to try Dr Williams" Pink Pills, "t the same time urging me to read an article in that paper which related to the cure of a person similarly sufficied. I was skeptical and did not believe the pills would help me, but a few days laker I re-read the article and decided that I would try this medicine, and I have much reacon to be ylad that I did so. I took a couple of Dr. Williams Pink Pills after each meal and listle by listle perceived that my digestion was becoming more easy. I continued the use of the pills for a little more than a month, and have plessure in stating that my cure in indigestion, was becoming more easy. I continued them to other sufferers." I was a continued the stomach, and have plessure in stating that my cure in indigestion, was becoming more easy. I continued them to other sufferers. The sufferer was a position for a little more than a month, and have plessure in stating that my cure is complete. At my ago (60 years) one greatly appreciates being able to enjoy one's mean, and I biosa the day I began to use Dr. Williams Pink Pills ourse indigestion, because of the blood, such as sorofals, chornic crypipelas, as . restores pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are a specific for all the troubles pouliar to the formals which the public are varrand. The genutine pills are put up in toxe, the wrapper around which bears the full t

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meelf up,
a post and artist," "U—um, Yee,
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but what does he do for a living?"

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