

RANDOM NOTES

For Busy Households.

A writer in the Toronto "Globe," in an interesting article refers to the list of scientific fads and fashions in food which have prevailed during the last few years. Thirty years ago everybody was asking for Vienna bread and Vienna coffee. Mutton chops and stewed tripe had a temporary celebrity. Graham bread is half a century old, and the idea still survives in a modified form. Twenty years ago there was a fresh blood diet, which took pale people to the abattoirs. The Salisbury system calls for a diet of shredded beef and hot water. Milk cures and grape cures have been widely advertised. Peanuts and milk have been recommended as a means of inducing sleep. A school of dieters in Michigan come close to vegetarianism. "They grind nuts into various flours and meals, make combination foods of nut meal and dried fruits, issue recipes in which the chief ingredients are nut meals or flours, fruits fresh and dried, honey, sugar, milk, cream, butter, cheese and buttermilk. Most of the followers object to meat as a food, but tolerate it when employed mechanically." We have referred to these ideas as fads, but the fact is that many of them present a phase, perhaps an exaggeration, of some scientific truth. The normal human stomach probably requires a variety of foods; there are stomachs for which at certain times a Salisbury steak diet or a fruit diet may be beneficial. In the ordinary process of making fine flour some of the best portions of the wheat are very likely lost; so much is there in the Graham flour movement and its successors. Most people do not drink enough water, suffer in consequence, and swallow nauseous and expensive drugs and mineral waters in order to make up the deficiency. Hot water is probably the safest means of supplying the system with the necessary moisture. So, in most of the "diets" that are fashionable from time to time there is at least a germ of science or common sense. Beef is good, so likewise is mutton, also grains, fruits and vegetables, and various other things provided for us by the bounty of Providence.

Boston has started a school for the proper training of nurse-maids.

No girl under eighteen or more than thirty years old is received as a pupil, and before a pupil is taken into the institution she must show evidence of a common school education and recommendations as to her moral character. She must also pledge herself to wear a uniform after she graduates, and not to ask more than \$5 a week wages for the first year.

This school for nursery maids is connected with the West End Day Nursery. The girls have their home in the institution while taking the one year's course, and receive in addition \$5 a month. Lectures are held daily and the young women are taught how to bathe children, what clothing is best for the little ones in varying conditions, how to put it on and take it off, and all about diet. The need of trustfulness on their part and the great crime of frightening children are firmly impressed on them. They are taught what kind of stories to tell their young charges and how to play kindergarten games with them. In addition, they are given lessons in plain laundry work, plain sewing and mending.

Positions are found for the pupils two months before they graduate, and the demand for the thoroughly trained young women is so great that there is no difficulty about getting places. Many girls have become convinced that it is better to care for the children in a well regulated household than to stand behind a counter all day at \$3 or even \$6 a week.

The demand for feathers for millinery purposes has caused an inventor to experiment in this field, and he has succeeded so well that many of our most fashionable bird plumes and feathers are artificially manufactured. The trade in feathers amounts to millions of dollars annually, and the supply of the birds furnishing them is decreasing so rapidly that it is quite essential that substitutes should be found. How many women who wear the beautiful ostrich tips and plumes know whether they are genuine or artificial feathers?

The utilization of poultry feathers for millinery purposes is a subject of importance. There has been an unexpected demand for the feathers of chickens, ducks and geese this year. Farmers have their that poultry was profitable. Some of the special

breeds of farmyard ducks and geese have remarkably beautiful feathers, shimmering with gold, green and blue, and tinged with a metallic lustre of unusual beauty. All of these have a value aside from the meat and eggs they furnish. But even the common barnyard poultry is made to furnish material for the market. By dyeing the feathers they can be made to imitate the brightest plumes that ever graced the back or topknot of a tropical bird. The plumes are artfully made up by hand, each individual feather being colored beforehand, and then worked into an exquisite design. Some of these plumes are so gorgeous that they are more in demand than the genuine plumes of wild birds.

A remarkable machine is in use for plucking the feathers from dead poultry, and by its use the feather industry has been greatly simplified and expanded. The dead bird is placed on a table, and the picker strips it of all feathers in just half a minute.

Miss Sangster contributes an article to "Harper's Bazaar," on the subject of "Table Manners," in which she gives the following hints to mothers in regard to the training of children. She says:—

As children are imitative beings, and as home influence is atmospheric, the best table manners among the younger ones will, all things being equal, be found where the children are in constant association with fastidious and refined fathers and mothers. How to handle fork and spoon, how to take soup, how to help one's self with grace, what to do, what not to do, little by little will be learned in the best school of manners in the world—the refined home—by children whose advantage it is to live there. The mother will not pass over awkwardness or blunder in etiquette; she will gently and tastefully call the child's attention to the mistake, never wounding her child by public reproof, nor embarrassing the rest of the family and sympathetic guests by nagging and fault-finding in their presence. Children have rights, and one of their rights is to be reproofed and corrected in private. If attention is given to small details from the beginning, few children will arrive at the age of seven or eight without having acquired ease and familiarity in the use and practice of the accepted conventionalities of the table.

Bedrooms should receive a supply of fresh air every day, no matter what the temperature; cold air is not necessarily pure air, but a long list of diseases might be mentioned as a result of breathing over and over again the impure air of badly ventilated bedrooms. The bed clothes—blankets and comfortables, should be often hung in the open air. The best way to secure a thorough ventilation is to open a window from the top and bottom at opposite sides of the room. Actual experience has proven that a layer of air lies against the walls which is subject to very little movement even when there is a strong current in the centre of the room; therefore, when the size of the room will permit it, the bed should be placed at a distance from the wall.

The Washington correspondent of the Catholic Columbian writes:—

A friend rather surprised me the other day by declaring that, in his opinion, very few of our Catholic brethren, comparatively, even kept the mild Lenten obligations of abstinence or fasting. It is strange that men and women do not understand that they habitually eat too much and that, as the most distinguished English surgeon avowed on conviction, excessive eating causes more disease and death than excessive drinking. In a recent letter, General Sir Arthur Cotton attributes his extreme age and his remarkably sustained health and activity to his habit of light eating. The idea was suggested to him many years ago when he was stationed in India and observed how little the natives ate and how healthy they were in old age. He is convinced that people should eat on an average not more than three-fourths as much as they do. This abstinence would, he believes result in a better quality of body and mind among men and prevent nine-tenths of the sickness from which they now suffer. This venerable Englishman is an ardent advocate of temperance in other directions. In fact, he has been a teetotaler for 30 years, and says that he learned by experience that both alcohol and tobacco are "absolute poison" to a healthy human system.

our daughters and sons. The many pretty little love songs and old-time ballads, are seldom heard where formerly they exerted such an influence for good.

"There must be a fearless and general crusade against the unholy plague of the debasing song miasma. One would suppose the nuisance would have exhausted itself ere this, but 'coon song' singers and similar twitters appear never to reach the end of their tether; au contraire, their bawdy mouthings are stimulated with each successive sewer exudation."

Mr. Elliott is right, and we eagerly echo his protest. One way to purify our places of public amusement would be if "our mothers, wives, and sisters" boycotted such of them as permit vile and nasty songs to be sung within their precincts. Patrick Hanahan, in the St. Louis Review.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S UNION.

Members of the Catholic Young Men's National Union from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Albany, Newark, Trenton, Boston, Providence and New York, held a meeting at Brooklyn, N. Y., recently, at which the national president, Rev. Wm. T. McGuire, presided. Arrangements were made for the annual meeting of the union, which is to take place this year in Newark, on July 11th and 12th.

Papers to be read at this convention are "The Church in Our New Territories," by a delegate from the archdiocese of New York; "The Church of the Twentieth Century," by a delegate from the archdiocese of Philadelphia; "The Church and Charity—a Field for Young Men," by a delegate from the archdiocese of Baltimore, and "The Catholic in Public Life," by a delegate from the archdiocese of Newark. The forthcoming convention will be notable from the fact that the union will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. It now has an approximate membership of 50,000, and embraces most of the Catholic societies for young men in the United States.

INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER IN HEADGEAR.

Show me how a man wears his hat, and I will tell you what manner of man he is, writes a modern philosopher. Notice yourself how he wears his head gear, and you can make a fair estimate of his character. In choosing a companion for "life," for business, for an afternoon's jaunt among the hills or a few lazy hours on the beach, select the man whose hat seems to have been made for him, and which he has set squarely upon his head, as it was designed to do, with never a tilt to the right nor fore or aft. He is a methodical man and a comfortable man, with a rare endowment of common sense. He is not given to leucian flights of fancy. He obeys the injunction of the homely philosopher who advised all mankind to keep his feet upon the ground. His enemies never dreamed of calling him a visionary, although they might be heard to whisper behind their hands, "prosaic." The man whose hat habitually fits him is a man of accuracy and logic.

Men whose hats are always too large for them are of reflective habits. They are careless of externals and given to introspection. They are philosophical and likely to fall into fits of preoccupation. They are men of large ideas and broad views. They are apt to ignore mere details. Conspicuously of this class was the late premier, Mr. Gladstone, whose hat brims always showed a disposition to reach his ears.

Men whose hats are always too small for them are vain and finical. The man who wears his hat drawn over his eyes may not be a "crook," but he is undoubtedly a schemer. He excels in strategy, whether he uses his gifts in an army campaign or in a coup on Wall Street. He is of a secretive nature. He is self-reliant and

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self-centered, which is only another phase for selfish. He is not cheerful. He is, in fact, given to gloomy meditations. He may be a Machiavelli, or he may be only a business promoter, but he is always, first and foremost, a schemer.

Much more does the man who habitually wears his hat pushed off his forehead enjoy the confidence of his fellow-men. The man who wears his hat as women are wearing their newest bonnets, off the forehead, is essentially frank. He is admired by those who do not agree with any of his views, for his straightforwardness. He has a joyous nature. If nature has not gifted him with a singing voice he whistles.

The man who wears his hat tilted on his forehead is always an optimist. The man whose hat slopes at the back has unusual brain power. The intellectual predominates in his make-up. The man whose hat slips over his forehead is of strong materialistic tendencies. The man who wears his hat at an acute angle on the back of his head cares little for the conventionalities. He is more than likely to ignore them. The man who wears his hat drawn forward may despise them, but he pays outward observance to them. The man who places his hat on one side is independent. The man whose hat is perfectly straight and nicely adjusted is a man of mathematical exactness of purpose and practice.—New Orleans Picayune.

AN IRISH CENTENARIAN.

Mr. Timothy Curley, senior, says the Sydney "Freeman's Journal," is one of the good old Irish stock. He was born at Killeen, Co. Clara, 12 miles from the famous old city of the Violated Treaty. He has now passed his 99th year, yet his memory of events in Ireland is remarkably good. He has a recollection of the stories concerning the rebellion of '98, and remembers well the excitement that used to prevail among the people regarding what he calls "Boney's War." "There was not a policeman in all Ireland, then," said the old man. "The Peelers came in later on." Mr. Curley has a vivid recollection of O'Connell and the Clare election, and when he grew up to be a young man played his part in Irish politics of the day. The troubles and afflictions in connection with the famine surrounded him, and he saw people dying as if smitten with the plague; so many died in one locality that the local undertakers could not supply coffins enough to bury its dead. Then followed the exodus of the Irish people to the United States, two of Mr. Curley's brothers going with them. One of his sons is in California now. The '48 troubles followed, and Mr. Curley remembers well the commotion caused by the arrest of John Mitchell.

Smith O'Brien, Meagher, M'Manus, John Martin and others. While the Fenian agitation was on he used to see the young men go out at night time to learn drill and prepare for the struggle that was to follow, but which never took place.

Mr. Curley made an effort to go to California, but was wrecked on the way, and had to return. Then he finally left Ireland in 1880, and came out to New South Wales to live with his sons and their children. One of the men he met here was the late Mr. Martin Cherry, who, strange to say, bidden him good-bye in Ireland nearly 50 years before. Mr. Curley was a farmer in the old country, and always enjoyed good health, taking an active part in hurling and other games. One of this sturdy old Irishman's sons was Mr. Timothy Curley, junior, the well-known draper of St. George street south. A daughter was Mrs. John Kelly, of Kensington and George streets. Mr. L. Curley was another son, and Mrs. Sexton and her children were also descendants of his. Mr. Charles Kelly, near St. Benedict's Church, George street, West, is a grandson of the veteran (elt, who seems hearty enough to reach far beyond the century.

CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The congregation of St. Ann's Church, Greenport, N. Y., during an evening service last week, was startled, when a bolt of lightning shattered the roof, and plaster rained upon the heads of the worshippers. A tumult followed, but the rare coolness of the pastor, Rev. P. Farrelly, prevented a disastrous panic.

The church is a small structure. It is of wood and plastered within. Just as Father Farrelly began prayer there was a splitting crash and a flash of flame. A deluge of lime and mortar followed. The building shook and the congregation rose screaming. In a cloud of dust and smoke, men, women and children stampeded towards the doors.

"Stop!" cried the priest. "Stop! The danger has passed!"

The congregation halted. The priest bade them go to their seats. Like dutiful children they returned, junking, but reassured.

Examination of the damage showed that the bolt had struck the bell tower, stripping it to the beams. Dividing, the lightning struck two holes through the roof, leaped along the organ loft and out through a corner,

tearing in its exit a ragged hole in the wall.

Miss Tessie Harrett, the organist, was buried in plaster. Her clothes were ruined and the clothes of her associates were more or less injured.

When the pastor had brought the congregation to calmness he led a prayer of thanks for deliverance from death. Then the singing of the "Magnificat" was resumed, the congregation joining with even more than its wonted devotion.

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THE PLAGUE OF DEBASING SONGS.

C. E. Elliott, in the N. Y. Sun, of Feb. 26th, protests against a "public evil" which ought to be rooted out. It is "the songs which our mothers,

wives, and sisters are obliged to listen to in our places of public amusement. Songs absolutely vile are displayed in store windows, warbled in our theatres, and in devious ways, soon are found in homes to pollute