

Random Notes For Busy Households.

JUST AS IT IS.

"If I were a man," the woman said, "I'd make my mark ere I was dead; I'd lead the world with a battle-cry, And I'd be famous ere I should die—
If I were a man."
"If I were a youth," the old man cried, "I'd seize all chances, I'd go with the tide; I'd win my way to the highest place, And stick to honor, and seek His grace—
If I were a youth."
"If I were rich," the poor man thought, "I'd give my all for the poor's support; I'd open my door, and I'd open my heart, And goodness and I would never part.
If I were rich."
And lo, if all these ills came true, The woman a man, the man a youth, The poor man rich—then in all truth, This world would be, when we got through, Just as it is.

PECULIAR WEDDINGS.—It is impossible to imagine anything more colorful and unique than a peasant betrothal and wedding in Russo-Finland, says a writer in an exchange. Such a thing as a radiant bride is unknown in those regions, and the chief idea seems to be to make as great a show of grief as possible, and to make the function as dismal as a funeral. In all probability the bride does not feel half as miserable as she looks, but tradition demands the shedding of many tears on this occasion. As is usual in all countries where dowries are given to the bride, and mercenary arrangements play a prominent part, the young people do not settle their love affairs themselves—if love enter into the matter at all. The young man chooses a professional spokesman, who afterwards acts as best man, and is sent to see "how the ground lies," and what responsibilities rest on his broad shoulders! If he is satisfied with all he sees and hears he asks the parents whether they intend to get their daughter married, and what they propose to give her when that doleful day dawns. A few days later the young man's parents, accompanied by the spokesman, make their appearance in solemn state, and the latter official at once announces the object of the visit. "Formerly I came as a guest; now I come as a wooer," he cries as the door opens. On the wedding morning as soon as the bridegroom's party are heard approaching, there is a mighty

stir in the girl's home. Led by professional waiters, the bride repairs to the yard. A sheep skin is brought, and then begins a curious and humiliating ceremony, dangerous to apoplectic subjects. The poor victim is walked up to the sheep-skin, and the two waiters make a show of forcing the bride down on her knees. Then lower still must she bend, like the Mohammedan at prayer, till her forehead touches the dust.

HINTS TO WIVES.—We clip the following from an Irish exchange: Some women keep their husbands constantly in hot water. Others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives.

Now, it is not to be supposed that husbands will be good managed in this way; turnips wouldn't, onions wouldn't, cabbage heads wouldn't, and husbands won't.

But they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance as in buying mackerel, or by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. And, by the way, don't go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door.

It is better to have none unless you patiently learn to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is the best; but if you have nothing but an earthen pipkin it will do with care.

Tie him in the kettle with a strong cord called Comfort, as the kind called duty is apt to be weak. Tie sometimes fly out of the kettle and become burned and rusty on the edges, since, like crabs and oysters, you have to cook them alive.

Make a clear, strong, steady fire out of Love, Neatness, and Cheerfulness. Set him as near as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes, don't be anxious. Some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call Kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment.

Don't stick any sharp instruments into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while, lest he should lie too close to the kettle and so become inert and tasteless.

You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children.

Our Boys and Girls.

THE ROAD OF YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed
Over land and over sea,
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger,
Who has oddly lost her way,
Where's the road that she must travel
To return to yesterday?

For you see she's unfamiliar
With To-day, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious sign-
posts
Tell of ways, and where they lead;
And her heart upbraids her sorely,
Though she did not mean to stray
When she fell asleep last evening,
And abandoned yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
That she really should have done,
And the fears she's lost some favors
That she fairly might have won:
So she'd like to turn her backward,
To retrieve them, if she may—
Will not some one kindly tell her
Where's the road to yesterday?

—St. Nicholas.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is a bright side to everything, if we only search for it; and how much better is it to hunt for the sunshine than to sit in the shadow. Yet how many sit in the shadow, and are continually seeing trouble. No matter where they go, shadows surround them. It is too hot or too cold too wet or too dry, too dusty or too muddy.
Nothing suits them. If they would use one-fourth the time and patience in searching for the bright side, that they spend in hunting for the shadows, how different the world would appear to them! Trouble, to a great extent, would flee away, shadows would vanish, and they would bask in the sunshine of good humor and cheerfulness.—The Advance.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his two little boys on his knees.
"Oh, who, papa?"
"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."
"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich, and he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess Joe?"
"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, "who wasn't always wishing he was not such a little boy, and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."
"No," said papa, "he wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses; so I'll have to tell you. There was a

flock of sheep crossing the city to-day and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court to water them; but one poor ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, grubby and dirty, and tumbled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove fill his old, leaky hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three, oh! as many as six times to the poor suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'Thank you, papa?' asked Jim, gravely.
"I didn't hear it," answered papa; "but the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

GREAT MEN'S HUMBLE BIRTH.

Columbus the discoverer of America was the son of a weaver.
The eminent French humorist, Francois Rabelais, was the son of an apothecary.
Cervantes, the illustrious Spanish author, was born of an ancient but reduced family. He early entered the military service and served as a common soldier.
The great French dramatist, Moliere, was the son of a tapestry maker.
Terence, the celebrated Roman dramatist, was at one time a slave.
Homer, the most illustrious of poets, was at one time a beggar.
The Greek poet, Hesiod, was a farmer's son.
Demosthenes, the most celebrated orator of antiquity, was a crier's son.
The great English preacher, George Whitfield, was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.
Thomas Wolsey, the English cardinal and statesman, was a butcher's son.
Edmund Halley, the English astronomer and mathematician, was the son of a soap manufacturer.
Virgil, the great Latin epic poet, was the son of a potter.
Horace was a shopkeeper's son.
Plautus, one of the greatest Roman comic poets, was the son of a baker.
The English lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was the son of a book-dealer.
Robert Burns, the poet, was a plowman in Ayrshire.
William Shakespeare, "the chief literary glory of England," was a yeoman's son.
The celebrated American engineer, R. Fulton, was at one time a jeweler's apprentice.
Daniel Webster was the son of a small farmer.
From the most humble origin Thur-

MRS. A. SCOTT.

She Publishes This Letter So That Others Suffering From
Female Weakness Can Benefit by Her Experience—A
Story Telling Things All Women Ought to Know.

Have you ever noticed how quickly a woman loses her good looks and attractiveness? She will have a fair face, beautiful complexion and well-rounded figure. Before you know it, she is all run-down, pale and weak. Her skin will have an ugly yellow appearance. Then there will be pimples and blotches on her face. The flesh will shrink upon the bones, and the whole system will be racked with aches and pains. The cause is hidden, but everybody knows what it is. Female weakness is the cause. Women who are on the down-grade hill of diseases peculiar to their sex ought to read the following letter. It is published for their benefit. Read every word of it, and remember it is true—
Mrs. A. Scott, Chard, Ont., writes to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Montreal, Canada: "I am sending you \$5 for one dozen boxes of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. They have cured me, but I want to take a few boxes more, and the rest are for my friends. I was suffering from female weakness and was very weak. I had backache, headache and terrible dizziness. My sister-in-law recommended the Red Pills to me. After taking the second box I felt much relieved. I am recommending them to a great many of my friends, who knew how sick I was and how much better I am now. My brother is a merchant here and is going to keep your pills in stock all the time. I do not object to the publishing of this letter, because I will be glad if it will induce sick women to cure themselves by taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills."
(Signed) Mrs. A. Scott, Chard, Ont.



Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women are a medicine for women and girls alone. It is not meant for men. It is a medicine that puts the feminine organs in a strong, healthy condition. It cures headache and all other aches. It cures leucorrhoea and prolapsus. It regulates the digestion and whets up the appetite. It soothes the nerves by stopping the pains that cause nervousness. It enriches the blood and makes plenty of it to circulate through the veins, and thus cures cold hands and feet. It makes the wife

and mother well and strong. It helps the girl go through the narrow gate of womanhood in perfect safety. Nothing equals it for prospective mothers. It makes the ordeal of child-bearing free of dread and almost painless.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are a scientific certainty. They are the prescription of one of the greatest specialists of Paris. The number of women cured by them are numbered by the thousand.

Some druggists put up worthless pills and give them a red color. When a customer asks for Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, these dealers say their red pills are "just as good" or "just the same" as Dr. Coderre's. Do not believe it. It is false. Insist upon getting Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, for they are sure to cure you. They are sold in boxes of fifty red pills for 50 cents, or six boxes for \$2.50. Get them at honest druggists, or send the price to us in stamps, or by registered letter, money order or express order. We send them all over the world; no duty to pay. A 50-cent box lasts longer and does far more good than a liquid medicine selling at \$1.

Women can consult our French specialists by mail free of cost. Write us all about your sickness, and a valuable letter of advice will be sent you free. For personal treatment and consultation, call at our dispensary, 274 St. Denis street, Montreal, Canada.

If you will send your name and address, we will mail you a free copy of our famous doctor book, "Pale and Weak Women." Address all letters to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Dept., Montreal, Canada.

Low Wed became one of the leading journalists of the United States and a great political leader.

William Cullen Bryant was the son of a physician.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a poor farmer.

Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, was a planter's son.

William E. Gladstone, "the Grand Old Man," was a merchant's son. — Philadelphia Times.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN LIVERPOOL.

So important is the need of a more modern system of commercial education in Liverpool—the largest port in the empire—that the Catholics of that city are heartily seconding their non-Catholic neighbors in their efforts to establish a school of commerce. All over Great Britain the competition of foreign countries is being felt, owing to the cheapness of production rendered possible by newer and improved methods of manufacture and by the superior technical and general commercial knowledge possessed by employees in all the departments of industrial establishments.

A SCHOOL OF COMMERCE has been half established in Liverpool—that is to say, a mercantile college giving night lessons solely for the benefit of clerks and others who are employed during the day and who desire to improve their value to their employers by learning languages, etc. But what is aimed at is to enlarge the scope of the School of Commerce so that its main object will be to give day lessons to youths of about seventeen who are destined for a mercantile career. Before they enter they must have had a "superior secondary education," in some of the local educational institutions. A certain standard in one or more foreign languages, a knowledge of arithmetic (especially the metric and decimal systems) and a high standard of English language, will also be necessary before the pupils could enter with advantage the special classes to be conducted by competent business men, English and foreign, in book-keeping, invoicing, making out bills of lading, drafts, exchange, etc. These men will also teach foreign languages—the tongues of their native country.
These few details will doubtless be of interest to the friends of our local educational establishments.

WEALTH AND ITS WORRIES.

From time to time we meet with items of general news that, on account of their peculiar tenor, attract special attention, and from which wise and profitable lessons may be drawn. One of these pieces of current news reads thus:—
"Between sunrise and sunset of July 4, 1891, Winfield Scott Stratton, became a millionaire. For a few days Stratton was glad—glad as you would be. Then he began to find wealth a burden, and a burden it has been to this day."
The report of Stratton's case goes on to state that, being tired of being a millionaire this exceptional man has said adieu to Colorado, where he made all his wealth, and where he continues his mining operations for the mere enjoyment, and not for the profits, that they afforded him. He once refused to sell his mine, and gave this as his reason:—"I don't want to sell; I am having lots of fun with it." Still the paragraph tells us that:—
"Nevertheless he has sold it because he cannot manage it from a distance, and because he cannot longer endure the consequences of wealth—the beggars, the schemers, the promoters, the social guides who offered to 'bring him out' in London and New York for a percentage. He is tired of being

a millionaire where vast wealth is conspicuous, and will hide in some great city."

Here is a subject that might furnish matter for a series of sermons, and the texts of the sermons might be taken from the first chapter of the first book of the "Imitation." There is, then, such a thing in actual life, as being dissatisfied with independent wealth! Not the dissatisfaction that causes man to ever crave for more, but a dissatisfaction that is a result of the natural hollowiness of all earthly possessions. There is something away beyond the confines of wealth—even when such confines are measured by figures that mount into the millions—for which the spirit of man craves, and which all the world's wealth cannot procure for him. It is a contentment of heart, a peace of soul, a happiness without alloy. And such treasures cannot be purchased even by millions.

How vividly did not this simple paragraph bring back to our mind the touching and truthful lines that we read years ago in Denis Florence McCarthy's "Bell Foundry." It was thus that the gifted son of song, the lovable and loving Irish bard, reflected upon the subject akin to the present one:—

"Ah! little they know of true happiness,
They whom satiny fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury,
Eat of the rankness that kills:
Ah! little they know of the blessedness,
Tail-purchased slumber enjoys,
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,
Taste of the sleep that destroys.
Nothing to hope for, or labor for,
Nothing to sigh for, or gain,
Nothing to light in its vividness,
Lightning-like, bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony,
Rippling it o'er with its breath;
Nothing but dullness and lethargy,
Weariness, sorrow and death."

And then turning from the picture of satiety, of aimlessness, of wealth-creating inertia, the poet sings:—
"But, blessed that child of humanity,
Happiest man amongst men,
Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pen-
cil,
With rudder, or ploughshare or pen,
Labors ever and ever, with hope
Through the moving of life,
Winning home and its darling divini-
ties,
Love-worshipped children and wife!
Round swings the hammer of industry,
Quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbb-
ings,
That stir not the bosom of kings.
He the true ruler and conqueror,
He the true Lord of his race,
Who nerves his arm for life's com-
bat,
And looks a strong world in the face."

ITEMS OF CRITICISM.

Rev. H. G. Taylor, pastor of the Derby-road Primitive Church, Southport, England, has declared that he might possibly live to see the issue of the great struggle with Rome. The Catholic Times thus comments on this terrible prophecy:—

"Mr. Taylor as a prophet is not a novelty. In fact his prophecy is an old song. He belongs to a clerical tribe who have thus been holding forth for the past three hundred years. And the further back we go in that period of three hundred years the more certain and terrible the warnings of the prophets. If we go back twenty years we discover that the Catholic Church was about to perish in a quarter of a century. Going back a century we read that the end of 'Rome' would come in a few years. And two centuries ago the prophets comforted themselves and their disciples with the assurance that 'Romanism' there and then was dead.

The prospect is really not so bad after all when Mr. Taylor tells us that 'Rome' will last for a lifetime; and he has evidently some doubts as to his passing away even then for he speaks of what will happen 'if Great Britain should ever become Romanist.' He declares that there are to-day five hundred and twenty million Protestants and only two hundred and forty million Catholics. Will he let us know how many 'churches' go to make up the five hundred and twenty millions? In Great Britain alone there are about three hundred of these churches, all differing from one another organ as the foregoing piece of criticism the Christian creed."

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.—Here is a brief and very comprehensive appreciation of an article which appears in the July "Contemporary Review." We take it from the same organ as the foregoing piece of criticism:—

"In the current issue of the 'Contemporary Review' there is a reply by 'A Modern Catholic' to the article on 'The Possibility of a Catholic University' by 'Voices Catholicae.' 'A Modern Catholic' indulges in none of the inflated rhetoric which distinguished the accusations of 'Voices Catholicae.' He writes in a calm, judicial, common sense tone, and we feel perfectly confident that unprejudiced people will agree with the arguments and explanations which he puts forward. He very properly points out that 'Voices Catholicae' in his account of the changes at Friebourg and Washington has not set forth the whole case, but rather has relied on ex-parte statements and misleading information. For instance, a detailed answer to the preceding professors at Friebourg was published by the non-seceding teachers in refutation of what they held to be gross and unworthy calumnies. But 'Voices Catholicae' does not seem to have heard it. The fact is that both in Switzerland and in the United States the mainspring of the discussion was the 'patriotic intoxication of the German temperament,' and the differences were such as now and then occur even in well-regulated families. There has been no interference by Rome with teaching or research and at both universities there are at this moment men of the most advanced opinions who study and teach with less hindrance than if they were professors at Trinity College, Dublin."

The healthy old man wears his gray hairs like a silver crown. What if he be threescore and ten if there is still fire in his eye, firmness in his step, command in his voice and wisdom in his counsel? He commands love and reverence. Yet how few wear the mantle of age with dignity. Dim eyed, querulous of speech, halting in step, childish in mind, they 'drag superfluous on the stage,' dragging out the lag end of life in a simple existence. The secret of a healthy old age is a healthy middle age. The man who cares of his stomach, who keeps his body properly nourished, will find that the body does not fail him in old age. The great value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery lies in the preservation of the working power of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. From this centre is distributed the nourishment of the whole body, the salt for the blood, the lime for the bones, phosphates for the brain and nerves. A sound stomach means a sound man. A man who keeps his stomach sound by the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' will wear the crown of gray hairs as befits a monarch, with dignity and ease.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists; 10 cts. a bottle.

Great joy reigns amongst the fair sex of Herse. The Diet has passed by 18 votes against 16 a resolution to introduce a tax on bachelors. The unmarried men are to pay 25 per cent more taxes than the married.

Surgeon Dentists.

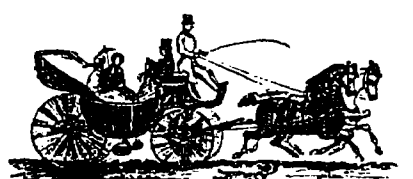
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