

Random Notes For Busy Households.

ONIONS FOR INSOMNIA.—One of the best and simplest cures for insomnia is said to be the odor of raw onions. They should be mashed to a pulp in order to free all the juice. Smell this substance for ten minutes after retiring. It is said to quiet the most nervous person and relax the most overwrought nerves.

Onions contain a form of opium. This gives them soporific qualities. The smell after a little while ceases to be obnoxious. People who are exceedingly sensitive to odors will feel no unpleasant effects. It will not induce headaches or nausea as might be supposed. A gentle lethargy steals over the person heroic enough to try this means of wooing slumber. The senses become dull, the nerves weakened and restful sleep follows.

The medical properties of onions are well known. One eaten raw every night just before retiring for a month in the spring is recommended to produce a clear, fresh complexion. An onion plaster will relieve hoarseness and inflammation. Raw onions mashed and applied as a poultice to the throat will relieve sore throat. The same poultice on the chest is effective in cases of bronchitis and where there is soreness in the lungs. At least onion enthusiasts claim that all these things are true.

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE.—The ordinary nervous headache will be readily relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck.

Repeat this many times, applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.

Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a hard day's shopping. She regards with intense dissatisfaction the heavy lines drawn around her eyes and mouth by the long strain on the facial muscles, and when she must carry that worn countenance, it is a cause for much uneasiness. Cosmetics are not the cure, nor bromides, nor the many nerve sedatives to be had at the drug shop.

Use the sponge and hot water again, bathing the face in the water as hot as it can possibly be borne. Apply the sponge over and over again to the temples, throat and behind the ears, where most of the nerves and muscles of the head centre, and then bathe the face in cold water running from the faucet. Color and smoothness of outline come back

to the face, an astonishing freshness and comfort is the result, and if a nap of ten minutes can follow every trace of fatigue will vanish.

ABOUT FLANNELS.—To shake flannels thoroughly lessens the difficulty of washing them. An expert in laundering flannels advises the soaking of those that are very much soiled, for half an hour, in a strong solution of soap water that is lukewarm and contains a tablespoonful of powdered borax. The vessel should be covered to hold such heat as the water possesses. After soaking, squeeze and pull gently between the hands, immersing frequently, taking care only that no soap is rubbed on the flannels and that no board is used with them. If very much soiled they should be washed through two soapy waters kept at the same temperature, then rinsed through two more clear but no cooler waters. It is better, after pressing out as much water as possible, to shake them for the riddance of further moisture. If they are passed through the wringer they should be smoothly laid, and not subjected to the greatest pressure of the rollers. Dry them in the house or in a bright, breezy air. They should be very lightly pressed in ironing.

HANDS IN SUMMER.—No matter how often we are told or how well we know ourselves that it is bad form to go without gloves, the temptation is sometimes so great, especially now, that we forget all about it and go barehanded into the street, and once we get out into the country gloves are never to be seen on us unless we are positively compelled by occasions of ceremony to appear in them. Therefore, it behooves us to take great care of our nails and our fingers, so as to present white, well-cared for hands to the general public.

No matter how lovely your rings may be they certainly will not ornament but detract from your appearance if your hands are not in keeping with the flashing jewels. A clean, soft hand with nails well cared for, is far more attractive than one upon each coarse, red finger of which with their bitten nails there shines a bauble worth a small fortune. Wash your hands thoroughly with pure soap and warm water, using the nail-brush freely. Press the skin gently back from the nails, and if there is any discoloration a little lemon juice or pumice stone will remove it. File rather than cut the nails, and use an ivory or wooden pick with which to clean them, as scissors or any other sharp-pointed metal instrument are very apt to roughen the under edge.

At all times this care should be used, but especially now when the hands are so much in evidence.

S. fearing her dear child would become imaginary, asked her if she really heard the saint speak. "No," said the child, "I did not hear him speak, but I said it, and told him to say it after me, and I am sure he did it, for I felt it within me." On the afternoon of the same day, Mr. S. announced to his wife that all arrangements had been made with the bank for the loan of twenty thousand, and that he had agreed about the mortgage, but no signatures would be given before he had the cash in hand to pay off Grayson and wash his hands of him. He also told her the Ground Rents would be transferred to him and would stand in favor of herself and Mary, in case of any accident to himself before the mortgage on the house was raised. His mind seemed to be at rest and he was cheerful; they said nothing that evening to Mary of the business matters.

"Now, said Mrs. S., as to-morrow will be Tuesday, I must go to Mass in honor of our dear St. Anthony and I will set the alarm to five; both of us had better go." Promptly at five the following morning Mr. and Mrs. S. were up and preparing for church when loud and sharp ringing of the front-door bell startled them. Mr. S. answered the call, and on opening the door there was Mr. Lyons, the leading partner of the firm to which Mr. S. had loaned forty thousand dollars a short time previous, and which had assured him but two days since that they could not advance one cent of their dues to him.

"Good news for you, Mr. S.," said Mr. Lyons; "here's a telegram received from the bank in St. Louis about ten o'clock last night, and which tells me that by some unexpected and unaccountable occurrence, they were enabled to resume payment at noon yesterday, and that twenty thousand dollars will be remitted to me without delay through our Union Bank. Now what do you think of that, when they could not last week pay one cent on the dollar?"

"What do I think of it?" replied Mr. S. "I think it the result of prayer and the great power the saints have in Heaven. St. Anthony has obtained the favor."

"Meet me at the bank about ten this morning," continued Mr. Lyons, "and we will have all things righted. I hope we will be able to pay you our entire indebtedness before the month expires, and we'll be square once more. I'll go round and tell Grayson to meet us at the bank, and I will see to those Ground Rents being righted, depend on me, S."

Mr. S. with a joyful heart hastened to impart the glad tidings to his beloved wife and said he must also wake up Maisey and gladden her poor little heart before leaving the house. When he went into her room he found her in such a sweet sleep that he hated to disturb her; stooping to kiss her, he beheld traces of tears on her little cheeks, which made him believe she had cried herself to sleep during the night. His kiss, however, woke the child, and looking up she said: "What's the matter, papa?" "Nothing, my darling, except to tell you St. Anthony has sent pap his 'own money,' that you asked for, and we are going to Mass in thanksgiving."

"Can't I go, too, papa?" said the child. With her mother's help she was soon ready, and turning to her parents said: "I must run in and tell St. Anthony the good news." Without taking time to kneel down, she said: "St. Anthony, papa has the money, his own too, but I do not know any of the particulars; just as soon as I do I will come and tell you. Good-bye, St. Anthony, and be sure to take care of yourself while I'm gone."

After their return from church, Mr. S. related the circumstances of the morning to his beloved little one and promised she should give to St. Anthony anything she wished. We may imagine the joy that prevailed in that little household and the impetus that the above circumstance gave to the filial and fervent devotion to the great Saint Anthony, not only among the members of the S. family, but to many others.

At ten, according to arrangement, the parties in question met at the bank where receipts were exchanged, etc., much to the happiness of all concerned, and many has been the exclamation of thanks to the saint in the words: "Glory be to God in His Saints."—Margaret K. in the Rosary Magazine.

BICYCLISTS. young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

DIED FROM DANCING.—From New York papers, we learn that Mary Wascher, 23 years old, died suddenly this week. The girl had been a bridesmaid at the wedding of

her friend and companion, and danced all the dances on the programme. Some of her friends told her that she had done too much waltzing, but she laughed at them, and the young men said she had been the best dancer there, anyway.

When she went home at 1 o'clock in the morning, the bridesmaid said she was tired, and her heart wasn't beating properly. After she had gone to bed she called and asked for a glass of water. After drinking it she fell senseless on the bed. When the doctor reached the house the girl was dead.

Coroner's Physician Weston made an autopsy on the body yesterday afternoon, and found that the girl's death was due to a weak heart.

People look round at a nice head of hair on the street, so rare has that beautiful ornament become at the present day. Why is this? It certainly is not LUBY'S Parisian Hair Renewer, which is an almost infallible remedy against premature grey hair. Only 50 cents a bottle.

PROTESTANT FATHER AND CATHOLIC SON.

It is not often that we find a Protestant minister having a son become a Catholic priest, but the fact exists. Rev. Mr. Frederick Kolbe is a Catholic missionary in the South Africa fields, where his father was an eminent Anglican divine laboring in the same region and amongst the same people. In regard to the death of the father, we find the following most interesting and instructive comment in the pages of the "Ave Maria," for last April:—

"The death of the Rev. Mr. Frederick Kolbe, of South Africa, affords the unique spectacle of a Catholic missionary paying a loving and well-deserved tribute to his father, a Protestant missionary laboring in the same territory as himself. In the 'South African Catholic Magazine,' which he edits with singular ability, Father Kolbe describes the gentle and pious life led by his father, for fifty-six years a member of the Rhenish Missionary Society in Africa, and a student whose researches in the African dialects have been cordially praised by Max Muller and Professor Sayce. Out of much that is edifying and enjoyable in Father Kolbe's sketch we choose these lines for quotation:—

"No greater proof of his gentleness could be given than the fact that his library contained not a single book of controversy. When I became a Catholic there was, of course, remonstrance and argument; and there was further protest against my becoming a priest,—nothing less was to be expected. But once this was over we never clashed. Argument was to him merely the means of shaping the outline of a 'modus vivendi.' When one of my sisters became a Catholic, the 'modus' being already reached, there was no argument at all,—merely a fatherly warning that she should be very sure of her steps before moving, and never a word after that. To the vulgar forms of Protestant abuse of Catholic life he was an absolute stranger. He was firm on his own ground, but he thought and spoke no evil of others."

"When Father Kolbe dies—long life to him!—the 'Ave Maria' will have a story to tell about him stranger than any fiction." We are confident that the story of Father Kolbe's conversion and the record of his family, from a religious standpoint, would be of the most romantic as well as edifying character. It is a pity that the world should have to await the demise of the good missionary in order to learn the lessons his life's story teaches.

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED."

Economy is the lesson taught by this saying. It is true economy to take Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season because it purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and thus prevents sickness and puts the whole system in a state of health for the coming season. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses—positive proof that it is economy to take only Hood's.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills.

THE THEATRE AND MORALS.

In the course of a lengthy editorial upon the moral and immoral plays and the influence of the theatre upon society, the "Evening Post" has made some serious and timely reflections, given some very good and proper advice, and made known that which the vast majority of its readers must have ignored—the miserable depth of moral degradation to which the American theatre (as represented by New York city) has fallen. We will not attempt any analysis of the wise and keen criticism of the current plays to which we are treated, but we take the statement of that organ—and it is an authority in such matters—regarding the absence of all moral sentiment amongst the majority of theatregoers. Apart from a few plays mentioned, and the individual performances of Joseph Jefferson, Helena Modjeska, the Kendalls, Sir Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry, the "Post" says that "the bulk of the theatrical entertainments of last winter have been either commonplace, trivial, sensational, or indecent."

Then comes an editorial comment that demands close attention; it reads thus:— "The increase of coarseness in the theatre, and the complacency with which offences against good taste are

regarded, by audiences, supposed, to be representative of the most highly cultivated classes of the community, are among the most disgusting social phenomena of the day. There never was a more striking illustration of the truth of the old proverb that familiarity breeds contempt. Not so very long ago the production of a play from the French was always preceded by assurances that it had been subjected to a careful process of disinfection, but now the managerial plan is to stimulate public interest in a new piece by preliminary hints concerning the improprieties contained in it, and domestic audacities are added to European abominations. It is no exaggeration to say that the conventionalities of civilized life are outraged to-day upon the New York stage—not in all theatres, of course—as habitually and as flagrantly as they are in Paris, not excepting even the Theatre Antoine. And those nudities of speech and action are not only not resented, but are vehemently applauded, and are accepted as matters of course, even by young girls, still in school, or just out of it, who never ought to be exposed to such pollution, least of all in the company of young men. The evil is a very serious one, and one not at all easy to deal with."

After casting much of the blame upon a "baser daily press," as he styles it we meet with such truths as these:—

"But the newspapers, although they can help a dirty play by advertising it, cannot hurt it by denunciation. Things have come to such a pass that the surest way to crowd a theatre, and enrich its manager, is to say that the show in possession of the stage is not fit to be seen. This fact is notorious, and must be perfectly well known to the writers who make a practice of minutely describing all the more atrocious features of a vulgar or salacious representation, under the pretence of exhibiting a virtuous indignation."

The theatrical managers declare that such is the public demand for questionable plays that they must give what is required, or fail. The "Post" thus answers that exceptionally false plea in these terms:— "The falsity of this has been demonstrated over and over again, never more unanswerably than during the past season, in which some of the most remunerative plays have also been the most innocent. The sentimental rural dramas, for instance, have proved veritable mints. But to logic the average manager is utterly impervious, and the miserable fiasco in which the recent effort at amateur censorship ended—an effort not much more creditable than the exhibition which was the object of it—has freed him from all present anxiety on the score of possible interference by the law. A political censorship, and no other could be had under our present rulers, would be worse than useless. But if the self-respecting part of the community, the men who frequent the best clubs and the women who fill the churches, the sort of playgoers who made the reputation of the old Wal-lack's, could be induced to absent themselves from the theatres which offer salacious or vulgar shows, and to turn a cold shoulder to the men who write them as they would to any other person who did not know how to behave himself properly in private life, much good might be done. There is still great force in example."

HUMORS, boils, pimples and all eruptions are due to impure blood, and by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla they are CURED.

FELL FROM CHURCH STEEPLE.

The news comes from Lowell, Mass., that Thomas McDermott, a painter from Pawtucket, R.I., fell from St. Patrick's Church steeple on Monday, a distance of 175 feet, and was instantly killed. Two men have been making repairs on the top of the steeple, which is about 200 feet high. They used a boatswain's chair to make the ascent, and access to it was obtained from a small opening on one side of the steeple about 170 feet from the ground. Last Friday a newspaper man made the ascent to the top, and his account of the experience fired McDermott with a desire to imitate it. This morning he

CHRONIC DRUNKENNESS,

Alcoholism, all phases of the drug and drink habits successfully treated by the

DIXON VEGETABLE CURE.

Unlike bi-chloride of gold and other similar treatments, it is perfectly harmless and can be taken in the privacy of a man's home without anybody knowing it and while still attending to business.

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It is a proprietary medicine in possession of testimo-nial from clergymen, doctors and others vouching for the success of this cure.

Particulars may be obtained from

J. B. LALIME, Manager,
THE DIXON CURE CO.,
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A Blessing to the Fair Sex!

PERFECT BUSTS by the use of ORIENTAL Powder, the only Powder that assures perfect development of the bust within three months, and cures Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Price per box, with directions, \$1.00; six boxes for \$5.00.
General Agent for the Dominion:
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1882 St. Catherine Street, Montreal,
United States: G. L. DE MARCOTTE, Druggist
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went to the church, stole up through the choir into the belfry and climbed out of the window upon the chair. Then he paused for a moment and looked down. Immediately he loosened his hold, and in an instant was whirling downward. He turned over several times in falling.

At a recent dinner given by a prominent club, a man who is unusually young for the prominence he has won in his chosen field, rose to respond for the first time to a toast. His beardless face was flushed and his manner embarrassed. In hesitating tones he began: "Before I entered this room, I had an excellent speech prepared; Only Heaven and myself knew what I was going to say. Now Heaven alone knows." And he sat down.



Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899.
I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than any other I have tried.

Frederick, N.B., Dec. 14th, 1898.
Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE.

St. Thomas, Ont.
I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and I tell everybody why our overalls have such a good color.

Montreal.
Can't get wife to use any other soap. Says SURPRISE is the best.
Chas. C. Hughes.

SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.

GRAY'S PECTORAL SYRUP.

A most excellent preparation for COUGHS, Bronchial irritation, and as an alternative in the early stage of Lung disease. As a family cough remedy for children, it cannot be surpassed. If taken at the commencement of a bad cough, it will immediately relieve the distressing symptoms.

Should your Chemist not keep it, telephone to headquarters for a bottle. Price, 25c.

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CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
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After a thorough analysis, and proof of its purity, the leading Physicians of Canada are recommending

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to their patients. It builds up and strengthens the system. It is a perfect food as well as drink.

OWN ALL YOUR PAINS WITH

Pain-Killer.

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Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for

GRAPES, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

25 and 50 cent Bottles.

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KUEMEL KONRAD.—In the Turkish Camp and Other Stories. From the German by Mary Richards Gray. 18mo. 186 pages. Cloth, special cover design—50.

HAMON, E. S.J., BEYOND THE GRAVE.—From the French. By Anna T. Sadlier. With the "Imprimatur" of the Rt. Rev. John Joseph Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis. 12mo. 810 pages. Fine cloth, \$1.00. This book is a treasure of spiritual truths—the most consoling ones. A few moments given to the reading of the work would lighten our crosses considerably. (The Carmelite Review, Niagara Falls, Ont., 1898, No. 6.)

DEVOTION TO ST. ANTHONY REWARDED.

In the past autumn of 1896, when our political contest was nearing its height, and the financial portion of our great Republic apprehending a disastrous crisis, many of the old firms were shaken to the foundation and not a few fell, never to rise; others withstood the dreaded storm and are still holding on, hoping and trusting to a favorable issue.

One afternoon in the latter part of October, Mr. S., one of the leading commercial men in the city of B., returned to his home much depressed. His only child, a little girl of about eight years, went according to custom to meet her father, and soon detected a change of countenance; giving him the usual kiss, she looked at him and said:

"Why, papa, what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, my darling, papa is not sick; only a little worried," replied the father.

"O, my papa shall not be worried; tell me, papa, what it is," said the child.

"After a while, or when we get into the house," said the father.

Taking his cane and hat, little Mary ran in with her papa, then brought his slippers. Seeing him comfortably seated in his big arm-chair, she drew her own little chair close up to her father and leaning on him said:

"Now, papa, be a good little papa, and tell me what worries you."

Just then the door opened and Mrs. S. entered the room. Mary called to her saying:

"O, mamma, pap is worried, and is going to tell us all about it; sit down quick, mamma, quick, quick."

Mrs. S. advanced to her husband and caressingly throwing her arm around his neck, said most affectionately: "O, Henry, I hope it is nothing serious that worries you; do say at once what it is."

"You know," said Mr. S., "that some time ago Mr. Grayson placed twenty thousand dollars in my hands for investment in Ground Rents; I complied with his wish and had very satisfactory papers drawn up in his favor. Now he comes to say he has an unexpected and urgent demand for his money, which I cannot get back, and he refuses all the offers I can make him in the line of notes, etc., insisting upon the money and nothing else."

"And it is possible that you cannot raise twenty thousand with all you possess and all that has been placed in your hands?" said Mrs. S.

"It seems so," replied Mr. S., "for I have been to many that are in my debt and every one assures me the money cannot be raised just at this critical moment, unless, indeed, at a most exorbitant interest; so I consider that the easiest and best thing for me to do is to borrow from the bank and give a mortgage on this

house and furniture, for the time being; then if anything happens to me, you and this little duck will be homeless." Here he heaved a deep sigh.

"And will you allow that to worry you, my dear Henry?" said the noble-hearted Mrs. S. "That is but little, indeed, isn't it Maisey?"

"And, papa, where is St. Anthony?" said the child.

"Sure enough, where is he, daughter?" replied the father.

"And didn't you say, papa, that St. Anthony always helped you through in your troubles, and has less money now than he had then?" queried the child.

The parents could but laugh at the child's innocent simplicity and faith. The father patted his darling on the cheek and said:

"You go and ask him to help papa."

"I intend to do that this very night, and you'll see what he'll do," said Mary.

In the hall of the second story there was a very devotional picture of St. Anthony, and beneath it a handsome bracket upon which little Mary or her mother always kept a vase of flowers, especially on every Tuesday, and when there was any pressing need, as at present, a lamp was burned from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon. Before retiring to bed Mary went to her little oratory, gave her dear saint a history of her papa's troubles and told him that if her papa mortgaged the house and furniture, and they should ever be obliged to leave it, he would have to remain with strangers, and most earnestly added: "Now, St. Anthony, you would not like that, would you?" She imagined she heard him unite with her in saying: "No."

Many times did she and her anxious mother visit the dear saint during those few days, and could we have heard little Mary's talks with him we would have had no doubt of his assistance.

On the morning of the fifth day, when no answer had yet come to their petitions, Mary went to her oratory and standing before it, said: "Here's the last day, St. Anthony, and you have not yet helped my papa; now, I am going to talk to you standing up, and I don't intend to kneel any more until you do help him. Now, say, St. Anthony, you will get some of papa's money by to-morrow; some that is due him and will be his own; now won't you say yes? I know I cannot hear you say it, but I will say it for you and you will repeat the words after me, won't you, St. Anthony? Now, here it is: please say, yes, yes, yes! There, you have said it, and you cannot go back on your word; I knew you would bring it out all right, dear, dear St. Anthony."

The child ran down and told her mother St. Anthony had promised to get the money for her papa. Mrs. S. fearing her dear child would become imaginary, asked her if she really heard the saint speak. "No," said the child, "I did not hear him speak, but I said it, and told him to say it after me, and I am sure he did it, for I felt it within me." On the afternoon of the same day, Mr. S. announced to his wife that all arrangements had been made with the bank for the loan of twenty thousand, and that he had agreed about the mortgage, but no signatures would be given before he had the cash in hand to pay off Grayson and wash his hands of him. He also told her the Ground Rents would be transferred to him and would stand in favor of herself and Mary, in case of any accident to himself before the mortgage on the house was raised. His mind seemed to be at rest and he was cheerful; they said nothing that evening to Mary of the business matters.

ARE THE

children growing nicely? Stronger each month? A trifle heavier? Or is one of them growing the other way? Growing weaker, growing thinner, growing paler? If so, you should try

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