

A NOVEL "PASTEUR INSTITUTE" IN IRELAND.

On a rather comfortable farm near the town of Beltrubet, in the county of Cavan, Ireland, lives James Magovern, "the man who cures hydrophobia."

At the farm-house there is generally a number of patients, men, women, and children, who have been bitten by mad dogs, and who come here for a preventive cure of hydrophobia. Not from Ireland alone do these patients arrive, Scotland, England, America, Australia, South Africa, all at different times furnish their contingent.

In whatever part of the globe Irishmen reside they are, as a rule, well aware that in a remote district of the old country lives a man who has a secret cure for the awful affliction of rabies.

When I visited the farm there were ten persons under cure, two of them were children, a boy and a girl, seven and ten years old respectively.

Two others were butchers' assistants from the town of Fletwood in Lancashire, England. A fifth was a resident of Cape Colony. And the remaining five were from the County Fermanagh, where a short time previously rabies had spread from a number of dogs to an ass and a great many head of cattle.

The patients who are under treatment remain about at their own free will, there is no inoculation of any kind, no clinical treatment, merely a simple course of the most ordinary dietetic care, accompanied by a slight invasion into the domain of necromancy, probably with the sole purpose of impressing the patients.

Magovern himself had nothing of the manners associated with professional men, obviously he is, but a prosperous Irish farmer. To more than this he does not lay claim, he is a tiller of the soil, his chief preoccupations being the sale of his cattle and the cultivation of his fields, and he talks most freely and willingly of the prospect of the crops, of the weight of his young pigs, and of the number and condition of his poultry. The fact that he cures hydrophobia is merely an incidental event of his career. He advertises not for patients, he seeks not wealth out of his cures, and accepts without attending to its quantity the sum of money which each one in his generosity may choose to leave him as a token of gratitude for the results obtained.

Sometimes for whole months Magovern has not a single person under his care, and again, and this mostly in the autumn, hundreds of people are in daily attendance on him; his own commodious farm-house does not suffice to furnish him lodging, and they have to rely on the hospitable of the other farms for miles around.

The course of treatment to which Magovern subjects his patients lasts at least three days, and usually five. On the day of arrival the party who has been bitten by a hydrophobic animal is simply submitted to some preliminaries, the connection of which with an ultimate effective cure it is not easy to understand.

A little bridge spans a limpid rivulet that tenses sparkling from crag to crag, as it bounds down the slope of the hill on which the farm is situated, to mingle its fresh waters with those of a larger stream in the plain below. Fulfilling a rite which Magovern invariably adopts, and to which he seems to attach considerable importance, the patient is blindfolded and led backwards and forwards over the little bridge while Magovern or his aged mother stands near and repeats a magic formula relative to the fear of mad animals for water, and the effectiveness of this liquid in warding off the fell disease. This is on the first day; the patient on this night eats a supper prepared in accordance with special prescriptions of Magovern.

On the following day a fast is enjoined. The patient is rigorously forbidden to indulge in solids or fluids of any description, other than a drink prepared by the medicine man himself. This drink is supposed to be a decoction of barley. It is light and agreeable to the taste; but, in accordance with the statements of those who have gone through the cure, it seems to stimulate rather than to assuage the pangs of hunger.

The fast lasts for three whole days, and those who have gone through it declare that of all the agonies to which it is possible for the human being to be subjected, this assuredly is the most intensely painful. Magovern distinctly explains that it is an important part of his formula. The patient, it has been said, is left largely to himself if he is grown to adult age. He consequently knows the risks he incurs if he breaks the fast, and the restraint which he is obliged to put upon himself during these three days, is a tax upon his moral energies which rarely in life finds its equivalent.

On the fifth day the fast is terminated, the patient drinks a copious quantity of the decoction prepared by the healer, but he is now free to eat and drink at his will. He is again taken to the little bridge, this time without any hindrance on his eyes, and while other mystic words are repeated by some bystander, the patient is now cured, and with a hearty good-speed from Magovern and from his venerable mother, a really delightful and interesting type of a high-spirited and benevolent old lady, the sufferer leaves the farm-house, usually carrying with him some portion of the barley-water. Preparing to set out as a medical conviction that his cure has been effected.

Magovern and his mother are the simplest and most straightforward

persons that any one could desire to meet in life. They will tell you frankly all about their cure, except certain little formulas which they maintain involve the secret of this cure that Providence has wished to be theirs alone. The story of its origin reads like a legend.

In the beginning of this century, they relate, the grand-mother of the present head of the family once, as a little girl attending her sheep on the banks of the Shannon, its sources, after falling asleep, suddenly awakened as if by the rustle of passing winds, and looking around in bewildered surprise was astonished to perceive no one near. On the ground, however, hard by she perceived a carefully folded paper, and on picking it up found that it contained what seemed mystic tracings and letters drawn out apparently in explanation of some formula or plan.

Instinctively she felt that this paper was for some time yet to be kept by her as a secret. She accordingly hid it, and it was ten years later, when she married Philip Magovern, that she entrusted to him this document. Magovern read and understood. It was a cure seeming to drop from heaven by an angel, and destined to alleviate the woes of those attacked by incipient rabies. The secret was to be transmitted from father to son in the young girl's household, and was not to be made public property.

Singularly enough the cure, if such it be, has proved quite astonishingly effective. Not only has Magovern prevented hydrophobia where—where the disease is attacked, but he has also invariably made good his claims to cure it when his services are resorted to within three days after the symptoms of the disease have broken out. Sometimes it is said that the preventive cure, is adopted by the disease. But in no case does this seem to have occurred where the patient himself did not admit that he had violated the prescriptions regarding the fast.

The question arises, Does Magovern really effect a cure, and is this cure other than by mental suggestion?

It really seems as if the fast, and possibly also the libation of the barley-water mixture which Magovern secretly prepares, actually effect the cure of rabies. The three generations of Magovern may safely be said to have given freedom from disease to the world. The Pasteur Institute throughout the world. The Pasteur Institute during its existence has only cured of its patients, while the Magovern have given freedom from disease to the world. The Pasteur Institute throughout the world. The Pasteur Institute during its existence has only cured of its patients, while the Magovern have given freedom from disease to the world.

It may naturally be objected that in the case of similar important results the entire world should by this time be acquainted with the Magovern and their marvellous attitudes, and that men of science should already have investigated the entire circumstances. The fact is, that the physicians in Ireland are well aware of the events. The Magovern do not advertise themselves, and Irish people in general have such a facility in admitting the existence of extraordinary medical cures that it does not occur to them to publish abroad many incidents that are of a character to astonish the world.

Relatively to some facts in connection with Magovern's cures I myself can personally vouch:

One night in the charming town of Enniskillen, on Lough Erne, in company with two tourist friends, I was walking up East Bridge street, when a big dog came tearing along from the opposite direction. The younger of my companions, not suspecting that the animal had the disease, held out his hand as if to caress it when it approached. The dog stopped and bit him deep in the thumb. With our third friend we labored the dog with sticks and beat him into unconsciousness, but not until another of the party had been bitten in the leg through the trousers.

Previously to this the dog had bitten a tailor and his little son, both in the hand. All the parties who had been attacked repaired to Magovern's place for treatment except the tailor's child. His hand had merely been scratched and his condition was thought by his parents not sufficiently serious to warrant treatment. The man who had been bitten through the cloth was examined first by Magovern, and was rejected as not needing the cure, inasmuch as it was clear to the experienced medicine man that the virus had been removed from the tooth in passing through the cloth. My other acquaintance, who had been bitten through the thumb, went through the treatment, as also did the tailor.

The latter was effectively cured and had no more after-trouble with the wound. The same may be said of the one whose Magovern had decided did not require treatment. The little boy whose case had been neglected, through the fault of his parents, within a week had symptoms of the disease. Magovern was hastily summoned, and by his aid the child was restored to perfect health.

My travelling acquaintance, who had been bitten in the thumb, likewise developed symptoms of rabies. His relatives afterwards told me that he had come away from Magovern's place, usually carrying with him some portion of the barley-water. Preparing to set out as a medical conviction that his cure has been effected.

Magovern and his mother are the simplest and most straightforward

came in his way. As a matter of fact he had gone into a turnip-field and had eaten some young Swedes, and had also voraciously devoured some raw cabbage. His people were not aware that Magovern could still treat the disease after it had broken out. The services of a local medical practitioner were unhappily sought in a few days the unhappy young man's vitality was exhausted and the end came.—James Murphy, in the Catholic World Magazine.

Our Boys and Girls.

A TRUE STORY—I am going to tell you a true story about an accident that happened to little Helen Brown when she was only six months old.

One morning Helen was in her baby carriage and her sister Mary, who was six years old, was wheeling her along the sidewalk, when they met one of Mary's playmates.

This little girl's name was Anna and she was about the same age as Mary. As they went along they ran away to a candy store and Mary went in leaving Anna to mind the baby in the carriage.

Just as Mary went in, a man with a horse and carriage drove up to the house and entered the carriage and got very frightened. Such a silly horse. He began to jump and kick as hard as he could, and that frightened Anna and she ran away and left the poor dear baby alone.

It all happened just in a moment. The horse drove his hoof into the carriage where the baby was, grabbed the pillow in his mouth and dashed the baby under his feet. The carriage was broken into small pieces. Anna went away screaming for the baby's mamma, and this is what the baby's mamma saw when she came.

Her dear little baby lying in a heap, the pillow in the horse's mouth and the carriage broken to pieces. Mr. King was holding down the horse, keeping him from running away, and the baby was lying under the carriage at the same time the baby's mamma did, sprang under the horse's feet grabbed it in time to save its life. But the brave young man, he put a kick in the arm from the horse.

In a few minutes a crowd had gathered. Some thought the baby was killed, others thought the horse had run in his mouth chewing her hair, and some thought the baby was one else rushed for a doctor who was not far away.

The baby's mamma fainted. The doctor soon arrived and the little body thought was a mass of broken bones.

To the surprise and gladness of everybody the baby was not hurt. The doctor said that the little baby had been asleep all the time. Everybody said it was a miracle. Just think of that precious baby lying there between the horse's feet all the time and not touched. Nobody could say that the baby's mamma was not a sure sign of a mother's love. The baby was not killed.

Only that very morning she had received a letter from New York with a lovely Agnus Dei in it for the baby. She put it in the carriage before she sent it out in the carriage. So she thinks that the Agnus Dei and the angels saved her dear little baby. And I think so too.—Blossie Clancy, in the Catholic Transcript.

A-BOY'S TRANSLATION—Teacher—Now, Jimmy, you read the lesson to me first, and then tell me what you think of it. Jimmy (reading), what you read, Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can the cow run as swiftly as the horse? No, the horse runs swift than the cow. Closing up his book to tell what he has read, he says: "Get out of cow. Kin her legs turn? Becher life she kin run. Kin de cow do up de horse a runnin'? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid ee horse."

PAPA'S PLAN FAILED.—George, George, mind your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the window!" exclaimed a father to his little son, who was traveling with him in a railway car. Quickly snatching the hat from the head of the naughty youngster, papa hid it behind his back.

"There, now, the hat has gone!" he cried, and he was angry. And George immediately, "See, the cow howl. After a time the father remarked:

"Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." Then he whistled and replaced the hat on the boy's head. "There, it's back again, you see." Afterward, while papa was talking to mamma, a small shrill voice was heard saying:

"Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat out of the window! Whistle again, will you?"

GRANDMA'S MORNING GLORY.—"Marie was three and a half years old. One very hot day she said, 'Oh, dear! I don't know what to do. I haven't got nuffin' to play with.' She leaned her head on her hand and looked as though she had lost all her friends. Mamma felt sorry for this poor little girl. She had only five dolls, a carriage for two of them, a little brass bedstead, pillows with lace edges to the pillow cases besides a doll's bureau to keep her sunshades in. Mamma said, 'Marie was not of an unhappy disposition but was an only child and often felt the lack of playmates. Mamma heard her child's complaint, and said, 'I wish my little daughter had some sunshades, not sunburn.' Then Marie posted, for she knew very well what mamma meant. Mamma

suggested that Marie should be cleaned up, wear her Sunday hat and call on grandma across the street. This pleased the little girl, for she dearly loved her grandma. Now you must look smiling and cheerful before you can make that visit," said mamma, "because there is a 'camera' over there and that shows everybody just exactly as they look." Marie seemed puzzled, but said nothing, wondering all the while what it could be. Presently, she said: "I won't be cross any more. You are such a good mamma to dress me!"

It was always a treat to go to grandma's. Marie stood quite still for a head and every once in a while her hair was being brushed and curled. The pretty Sunday hat was taken from its box and put on her head, the big, soft, white bow was fixed under her chin and she was ready for the journey. Mamma took her out to the door, then watched until she had passed through grandma's gate. Marie waved her hand good-by and ran around the side of the house, and sitting on an old-fashioned bench shelling peas. At some distance from her, but nearly opposite was a tall, strange-looking thing with three wooden legs. It seemed to have a large black cloth over it and since she was sitting on a bench she saw it move. Marie was afraid, she ran to grandma, and held her hand tightly. "Oh, what is that? What is that?"

"It's a camera, dear," said grandma. "Will it bite?" asked Marie. "No, child, but if you happened to look cross, it might tell on you." This was all so mysterious to Marie.

Just then the black cloth moved and a head came from under it. Marie, who had been watching the camera intently suddenly said: "Why, mamma, that's Cousin Watson's head! So it was, and they were laughing. Cousin Watson was fourteen years old and seemed quite like a big man to Marie. Watson had studied a great deal about photography and since he had a camera, he had set his heart upon keeping a camera. For this purpose he had saved up for the past year. He helped in odd jobs around home, he caught fish in the big lake and sold them to the lazy neighbors. He received a dollar a month for keeping the lawn sprinkled and in order. Last of all his grandma helped him out, and now he had come to take her picture in the favor of the camera. He was taking a picture of the morning glories busy shelling peas but that made no difference, she need not change her place. Watson took the picture all right.

Marie was Marie's turn, and she stood among the flowers smiling at the camera, wondering why she ever could have been afraid of it. She wanted something to hold, so they gave her a fan. In a few days when her picture was taken, Watson took it to grandma. She was pleased with the new flower added to her garden, that she told Watson to call it "Grandma's Morning Glory."—The New World, Chicago.

BISHOP GRIMES' PERILOUS VOYAGE

We are indebted to an esteemed correspondent for the following particulars of the trip of the steamer, Jane Douglas, with His Lordship, Bishop Grimes and a number of priests on board, from Hokitika to Jackson's Bay, and also on account of His Lordship's visit to some of the settlements in that remote district.

His Lordship Bishop Grimes having arranged to visit the most southern part of his diocese on the West coast—Jackson's Bay—was advised that by taking the steamer and going direct it would be a matter of 14 hours' trip, and having arrived he could then make the return journey overland, visiting the various centres of population to celebrate Mass and administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. Upon that advice the genial pastor of Hokitika (Father Le Petit) to do honor to his Bishop and give a treat to his conferees, took them to his Lordship, himself, Father Moore, and Dean Foley by the steamer Jane Douglas. The Jane Douglas is a vessel about 90 tons burden, and is commanded by Captain Coulson. Owing to the bad weather the steamer was delayed from Tuesday, May 28, till Thursday, May 30. On Thursday at 8 p.m., with the Bishop and party, and seven other passengers, the little vessel steamed down the river and crossed the bar successfully. Going about seven knots an hour she passed Bruce Bay 87 miles from Hokitika, and went 13 miles south as the very heavy weather prevented a view of the Bay. Finding his mistake the captain at once turned the vessel and entered Bruce Bay about 9:30 a.m. on Friday, May 31.

The surf boat was manned by the mate (Mr. Williams) and three seamen, and lowered, but a landing was impossible owing to adverse wind and heavy seas. The steamer anchored in the bay during Friday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoon, as the captain wished to land cargo for the settlers who live in the vicinity, but every attempt to do so proved ineffectual. On Sunday afternoon, June 2, the weather appeared very threatening, which made the captain and passengers anxious, as there was no shelter, and the vessel being exposed to the full force of the wind was in danger of being stranded. The captain very wisely ordered the anchor to be hauled in, and ran before the gale to what is known as Open Bay Island. Open Bay Island is a rock about three chains long, and 30 feet high, evidently of volcanic origin, and providently placed to afford small shelter from the north-east gales to vessels in distress. The storm blew with hurricane force, and lightning flashed accompanied by loud thunderclaps, whilst the rain poured down on deck, which was exposed to wind and rain, and all the passengers had to keep in the small saloon. Here the steamer lay at anchor three days and three nights, so it may be readily understood that we were really stranded in the middle

of the deep." On Wednesday, June 5, the captain gave orders to haul in the anchor, intending to enter the Akura river, but the tide did not answer, and an enormous sea was breaking over the bar. He then directed his course southward, passing Mussel Point, the weather being very hazy and preventing a view of the land. At 2 p.m. we lay off the entrance to Jackson's, not being able to see the way. After an hour the dense fog lifted, and we entered Jackson's Bay, where there was once a very populous settlement. It is said that in the days gone by upwards of £100,000 were spent on works of improvement here, but the land being unproductive the settlement proved unsuccessful, so that there now remains only a couple of families where there were several before. It was told that at a race meeting at Jackson's, in the good old days there were upwards of 600 people gathered from the neighborhood. The few settlers who live about five miles out of the bay had not heard of the visit of the steamer, so there was no one to greet us on our arrival.

As Bishop Grimes intended to leave the steamer and return overland, the captain and all our dependance upon a merciful Providence, and expressed his thanks and the thanks of his priests and fellow-passengers to the captain, his officers and crew for their courtesies and attention to duty in those perilous days when the small craft was tossed about at the mercy of the wind and weather.

The first relief, being now a week at sea, came to us upon the beautiful boat of our Lordship, during which presented a lively appearance. Father Bogue, who for a week was anxiously awaiting His Lordship, with many friends arrived. A boat was lowered, and the Bishop, priests and passengers were met ashore. After mutual congratulations, the Bishop mounted on a horse, and accompanied by Dean Foley and Father Bogue with Mr. Empson, cattle inspector, Mr. Empson, after breakfast at Mr. Beumestre's, who ferried them across the river to Akura to catch the steamer—New Zealand Tablet.

ABOUT BATHING.—Little is heard of the possible injuries of salt-water bathing, and yet these are none the less definite. Special care should be taken to separate the bathing and dinner hours by a considerable interval. About two hours should be allowed to elapse from the time one actually emerges from the water, and the time he sits down to dinner. The reason for this is quite simple. The stimulating effects of the salt water and the exercise of facing the breakers tend to draw the blood away from the stomach. Even after the bath is over it takes some time for the stomach to resume its normal condition. The absence of blood, of course, weakens the digestive powers.

It is particularly dangerous to bathe after a heavy meal. Many people have been killed by bathing too soon after eating. For this reason it is always better to eat lightly before taking a sea bath, even if one does not intend to take the plunge for several hours after the meal. It is well to remember, also, that so powerful a stimulant as a sea bath should be prepared for by taking some exercise and remaining for a time in the open air before taking the plunge. It is often very dangerous to go into the surf when over-heated. The sudden change of temperature is likely to give the body a violent shock.

True merit, like the pearl in the oyster, remains quiet until it finds an opening.

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I know nothing that demonstrates the suppleness of life better than the death of great men and the facility with which the foolish world goes along without them.—Henry Dunant, Bois.