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The True Witness



Catholickness

VOL. XLI., NO. 18.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 25, 1891.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

A SOLEMN DAY.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Cardinal Manning on this Great Feast—Reasons for the Definition of the Truth.

The 8th of December is the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a holyday of obligation. The great Cardinal Manning has this to say about the celebration: "The great mystery was the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, and the fact of which we ourselves were witnesses was the definition of the doctrine some thirty years ago by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX, of blessed memory. Some have said if the Immaculate Conception be a truth, why was it not defined before then? What is necessary now must have been necessary of old. Some scrupled thus at the definition, forgetting that the Spirit of God alone knows the time and seasons, and the Spirit of Truth alone has in all ages progressively, and step by step, unfolded and defined all the mysteries of our faith, not all at once, but in succession and as needed by the faith. The articles of the Apostles' Creed have been assented and defined one by one; first, God the Father and Creation; then God the Son and the Incarnation; then God the Holy Ghost—have all met with denial; some upon the Holy Sacraments, some upon the doctrines of grace, some upon the nature of the doctrines of sin. All the errors we have are progressive, and as errors have unfolded themselves, so the definitions of the Church in time and in season have likewise unfolded the whole truth of God. As every error has arisen there has been needed a definition to condemn it, and because in these latter times speculators affecting the doctrine of grace spread over the face of the nominally Christian world, it was seen that

CATHOLIC CULLINGS.
God is never greater than when man thinks him little.
Dews of the night are diamonds at morn; so the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.
So weak is man, so ignorant sometimes blind, that did not God sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask, we should be ruined at our own request.

He who has renounced the world or despises it should resemble a statue which does not prevent itself being dressed in rags, nor being despoiled of the purple which ornaments it.

The better thou disposeth thyself for suffering, the more wisely dost thou act; and the more dost thou merit; and thou will bear it more easily, thy mind well being prepared for it and accustomed to it.

The truths of religion are best communicated in the form which befits their association to the beautiful. The Church everywhere engages the senses to attract the mind to the intelligence of the teachings of faith. This is applicable especially to the young and uneducated.

God regards the motive and not the action. It is not the importance of the action that He considers, but the excellence of the intention which prompts it. —*St. Gregory the Great.*

To my mind music is an important part of education, where boys have a turn for it. It is a great resource when they are thrown on the world; it is a social amusement perfectly innocent and what is so great a point, employs their thoughts. —*Cardinal Newman.*

The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me that sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes. "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him forever." —*Thomas Carlyle.*

St. Dominic made the "Hail Mary" the measure and the melody of the incarnation. St. Francis the congratulation of her seven earthly joys; St. Thomas of Canterbury of her seven heavenly joys; St. Philip Benito's condolence in her seven sorrows. All through the 1,900 years of the Church the "Hail Mary" has been pouring forth its sweetness and its variety like a long strain of endless harmony.

In our times, as in all times past, the enemies of religion are the opponents secret or avowed, of the Christian Sabbath. He renders a service to his country who tries to check this dangerous tendency to desperation. It would not be difficult to show that the observance of Sunday is fraught with the greatest social blessing; as proof, look at the social ills that have befallen those Christian nations that have lost respect for it. —*Cardinal Gibbons.*

St. Patrick's Congregation.

The ladies of Charity of St. Patrick's parish have for the past month been actively engaged in arranging for the oyster festival in aid of the poor of the parish, which opened last evening, in the Victoria Amory hall, and will close on Thursday evening. Judging from the interest being shown, the success of the festival is assured. The Harmony band has been engaged for the occasion and to supply music during the festival. A different programme has been arranged for each evening, comprising vocal and instrumental music, addresses, tableau, etc. Amongst other attractions there will be flower stalls, guessing tables, etc. The undertaking is a most meritorious one, and will undoubtedly be well patronized.

Cranks in Council.
There is in England a body entitled "Israel's Identification Association," which seeks to show that the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel are the British people. An address has been delivered before it by the Rev. Philip Carlyon, who argued that the Ten Lost Tribes migrated from the regions near the Euphrates to the Carpathians, from thence to the shores of the Baltic, and thence in the course of time to England, so that the ancient English were of Hebrew origin. The Rev. M. Carlyon quoted from the Book of Esdras the statement that the Ten Lost Tribes "wandered across the sources of the Euphrates to a region called Arsheth," and he said that this statement was corroborated by Herodotus, a contemporary of Esdras.

The Evenings in Catholic Homes.

The days are getting shorter and there will be less outdoor exercise for some months. This affects both young and old in the household, but especially the young. Catholic parents have a grave obligation upon them to supplement as far as possible the religious and intellectual education which their children receive in the Church and school. The work of the priest or teacher may be strengthened or weakened according to the influence of the home circle. Hence the suggestion lies near that parents provide as much as possible for the proper employment of their children during the evenings at home. There must be

exempt by the divine guidance from error. Therefore the Immaculate Conception seemed to him to be primary grace required by the dignity of the Mother of God and exemption from error by the spirit of truth perpetually guiding him seemed to him to be the least prerogative proportionate to the responsibility of watching over the truth, in all ages throughout the world, and condemning error wherever it arises and contradicts the truth.

CATHOLIC CULLINGS.
recreation, but there is also a certain amount of discipline required to make that recreation useful and salutary. There are families where some of the members, if not the father or mother, select few suitable books for reading in common during the winter evenings. A good Catholic paper or a magazine, such as the Ave Maria, or the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, or the Rosary, supply generally a selection of just such reading as will suit both old and young in the Catholic family circle. As to books, there are plenty of good and elevating novels, but they ought to be selected with care and after consulting with some competent person versed in such matters. Let the best reader in the family be selected, and sometimes give the younger ones a chance to read short pieces after having prepared them. This will act as an encouragement for them and help them to profit by their school work.

But apart from this there is in such practices, if regulated with some foresight, a very salutary influence which tells eventually upon the heart and mind of every one who takes part in such wholesome recreation. There is a great deal of common-place in the conversation of even sensible people; and nothing dries up the source of charity in social intercourse as common-place talk, which is always next to gossip, or vanity, or detraction. Good reading diverts such tendencies to which all mankind is natural heir. It does this more when the reading is done in common and a bond than when one runs through an interesting book by oneself, because it creates comment and arouses greater attention, and thus lodges more deeply in the mind. They have something to talk about which is new and wholesome. The old folks are often weary, sore of eye, and prefer to listen. It pleases them to hear their boy or girl read intelligently, and they are thus induced to take a more definite interest in the progress of their children at school. Thus everybody is benefitted and thus many early practice becomes a stimulus for other good actions, such as are suggested in the reading of good books or papers. A blessing will come upon those who begin work of this kind in their homes. —*Catholic Standard.*

The Confessional.
How many are the souls in distress, anxiety or loneliness, where the one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world. They cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour; they want to tell them and no one to tell them. And they want to tell out, and yet be as if they were not told; they wish to tell them, yet are not strong enough to dispise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load in order to gain a solace to receive the assurance that there is One who thinks of them, and One to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world.

How many a Protestant heart would leap at the news of such benefit, putting aside all ideas of sacramental ordinances altogether! If there is a heavy idea in the Catholic Church—looking at it simply as an idea—surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. And such is it ever found, in fact; the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross, hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low—and the words of peace and blessing.

Oh, what a soothing charm is there which the world can neither give nor take away.

Oh, what a piercing, heart-sustaining tranquility, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost, substantially and physically upon the soul—the oil of gladness as the Scripture calls it—when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away forever. This confession is as it is in fact, as those who bear witness to it know by experience.

Mr. O'Brien on the Priesthood.

Speaking at Cork on Tuesday last, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, referring to a recent speech of Mr. John Redmond, said:—"I do not know whether really, speaking to my own fellow-citizens of Cork, it is worth my while to stoop to wrangle with Mr. John Redmond. As to his lying versions of our private conversations in Boulogne, I am content to put my humble character for truth and for honor before my fellow-citizens in comparison with his; and I believe that my fellow-citizens will not doubt me to-night when I declare solemnly that that man's statement as to my views of the priesthood of Ireland is as utterly base and baseless a libel as ever passed the lips of man. I have had to differ with good priests in Ireland on questions of National politics, and I challenge any man living to say that I ever in public or in private referred to the priesthood of Ireland as a body except in terms of veneration and affection as true friends of their people, as priests above stain or reproach, and as the very cream and salt of all that is best in our Irish nation. That has been my opinion of the priesthood of Ireland in public and in private all the days of my life; and I say that any man knowing me who says the opposite knows in his own heart of hearts that he is a liar, and knows that every fibre of my being beats with the Faith and with the nationality, and with the true hearts of the faithful priesthood of Ireland."

The Feast of St. Jean de la Croix.

At the Carmelite Church at Hochelaga on Tuesday morning, the feast of St. Jean de la Croix was celebrated with more than usual ceremony. The relics of the Saint were exposed for the veneration of the faithful.

JUSTIN McCARTHY

ON THE IRISH PRESENT SITUATION.

Kind Words for His Departed Opponents —Reflection Will Bring Peace.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has accorded an interview on the Irish situation to a representative of the French journal Le Matin, as follows:

"Mr. McCarthy's name," writes the correspondent, "often heard during the progress of the split in the ranks of the Irish National party, is still more prominent since Mr. Parnell's death. Mr. McCarthy was among the very first to oppose Mr. Parnell, although up to that time he had been one of his most devoted supporters. Let the best reader in the family be selected, and sometimes give the younger ones a chance to read short pieces after having prepared them. This will act as an encouragement for them and help them to profit by their school work.

But apart from this there is in such

practices, if regulated with some fore-

sight, a very salutary influence which

tells eventually upon the heart and mind

of every one who takes part in such

wholesome recreation. There is a great

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lic Standard.

"Do you look for a continuation of the civil strife, or do you anticipate the re-establishment of union?" I asked.

"I am not a prophet, and cannot say

what may happen," said Mr. McCarthy.

"I can only say what I hope for, and give

my reasons for such expectations. What

has divided the two sections of the Irish

party is not a question of principle, but

a question of personality. Not one of us

caused to have the deepest and most

grateful regard for Parnell. Not one of us

forgot his struggles and sufferings for the

sake of Ireland. He showed himself without our aid.

He rises from our midst by the force of

circumstances. Look at O'Connell!

Look at Parnell! They never needed

such a nomination. One day all their

colleagues and all the National party

hailed them as their chief; no anticipa-

tion; no preparation. It will be the same now."

"But are not the Irish in America

against you?"

"At the present moment. They have

mourned Parnell's loss in common with

ourselves. But they have always re-

mained strangers to our struggles, inter-

fering only to advise peace and union."

—*Ordinations.*

Mgr. Fabre made the following ordina-

tions at the Great last week: Tonsure,

Fr. Mathieu, Franciscan; minor orders:

Fr. Ange-Marie, Franciscan; sub-deacon-

ship, J. Lechner, Syracuse; J. Gadbois,

St. Hyaciuthe: deaconship, J. B. Gag-

non, Montreal; P. J. Quinlan, London;

S. A. Barley, Hartford; J. B. Farrell,

Brooklyn; M. McCormack, London; A.

J. Hayes, Syracuse; P. J. O'Malley,

Springfield; C. A. Parent, London; R.

F. Pierce, Ogdensburg; M. A. Griffin,

Springfield; F. P. O'Neill, Hartford; E.

Lafond, C. S. C.; priesthood, R. P. P. For-

han, S. J.

Irish people are with us, and the few dis-
sentients, deceived by grief and excite-
ment, shall soon return to us."

"You will be the leader of the new
party, I presume?"

"You are quite in error. I have no
qualification for the position—neither
ability, past services, nor, allow me to
add, the slightest inclination. There are
better and more

CROSS AND CROWN.

Oh, give us back the olden time
Of candor and of truth,
When life looked radiant and sublime,
Seen with the eyes of youth;
When hill and vale and plain and grove
Basked in a golden glow,
That lit the smiling skies above,
And bathed the earth below!

On those dear, departed hours
What fancies strewed the shore—
All laden with the choicest flow'r's,
And hallowed evermore!
What glorious visions met our view
Within the bower's there,
When life was jubilantly new
And blossoms owned no care.

Since then the weary, wasting years
Have brought us pain and ruth,
Have stained our eyes and hearts with tears,
And robed us of our youth.
Our dreams, like leaves in autumn tide,
Lie withering and dead,
While down abysses bleak and wide
Our fondest hopes have sped.

But yet we know eternal spring
Blooms in the far off skies,
Where heaven's minstrels, as they sing,
Will lurch our wayward sighs,
And thru' them the White Throne's haze,
Through God's own endless reign,
We hope to live the olden days,
And dream their dreams again.

EUGENE DAVIS in *Ace Maria*.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Old Time Football.

The antiquity of football goes back to the Romans, who, according to Basil Kennett in his "Roman Antiquities," "played with a large kind of ball, dividing into two companies and trying to throw it into one another's goals, which was the conquering cast." If this be true, the ancient game bears a strong likeness to the more modern game of football. The antiquity of the sport in Great Britain certainly goes some centuries farther back than either, probably because the requisites of the game were much more simple—only two rude posts stuck in the ground, with a bar over the top.

The first known distinct mention of football in England was made by Willian Fitzsteven in his "History of London," where he speaks of "the young men of the city annually going into the fields after dinner to play at the well-known game of ball on the day qua dictatur carnavalia." In the "Rotuli Clarendonii," Edward III, 1365, a clear reference is made to it as one of the pastimes to be prohibited on account of the dangerous of archery; and the same thing occurs in 12 Richard II, 1388. For some reason not quite clear, Shrove Tuesday was chosen as the great festival day for foot-ballers, and on that day the entire population, young and old, male and female, of the villages throughout the length and breadth of England turned out to play the game. Windows were boarded up and houses closed to prevent damage.

This custom prevails at the present time in a few English villages, the most notable example being that of Dorking in the south of England. So rough did the game become even in those early days that James I, forbade the heir apparent to play it, and in his "Basilikon Doron" describes it as "meeter for hunting than making the users thereof." After this, football was played at the great public schools only, and the Rugby game, which bears such a strong resemblance to the Roman harpastum, was brought into existence at the old Rugby school from which it takes its name.

What Becomes of Old Shoes.

Few persons know what becomes of old shoes or the method in which they are utilized. A few of the more respectable cast-off shoes are sometimes repaired and sold again for a nominal price to some person who is not fastidious, but as a general rule they are put to other uses. In France children's shoes are cut from the larger pieces which are obtained by ripping up old boots, but in this country as well as abroad the practice now is to convert the scraps into a leather pulp, which maybe so treated as to produce a substitute for the real article, cheap and comparatively worthless of course. Oftentimes the manufacturer of artificial leather wall covering, selling under a high sounding name, makes a market for all the worn-out boots and shoes of the American people, so that in its revised form the discarded to-wear of the most wretched of earth's children may look down for years upon the scenes of splendor such as the to-then wearer saw not, even in dreams. There are other uses as well, including the manufacture of buttons, combs, knife handles and other articles which are interesting, but of which the public know little. Carriage-makers, bookbinders and picture-frame makers constitute their artificial leather to a certain extent for their cheaper grades of work.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Bee With a Memory.

"When I lived in Dundee, over in Yates County," said Frank Griswold, Hammondsport, N. Y., to a Sun correspondent, "I once day torched a bumblebee's nest which had been built under a woodshed, and was something of a nuisance so near the house, as bumblebees have a very sharp and hot stinger, and are always ready to use it on any one who comes anywhere near their nest. I fought the bees in this nest, and killed them all but one old chap, who eluded all my attempts to hit him, but attacked me so viciously and persistently that I retreated into the house, followed every step of the way by the bee, and I had to keep up an active slapping and dodging to prevent him from getting his stinger in my face or neck. After I got into the house I looked out of the window and saw the bee darting around about the door, madder than a lit snake over my escape. Pretty soon he saw me through the window, and made a dash at me against the pane, and kept up his efforts to get at me as long as I was in sight. By and by I went into another room and soon forgot all about the bumblebee."

"I guess it was an hour or more before I had occasion to go out again, and I hadn't taken three steps from the door, when zip! came the big bumblebee upon me, from some place where he had been lying in wait for me to reappear. That he was waiting for me, and no one else, was plain, because others had come in and gone out of the house a dozen times since I went up, and none of them had been molested by the bee. He knew that I was the one who had destroyed his nest and slain his fellows, and he knew me when I appeared, and instantly set upon me to avenge the injury I had done to him and his. I hurried away from the house, fighting the furious bumblebee, and trying to either kill it or frighten it away. I could do neither, and, after it had succeeded in dipping me once with its stinger on my neck, I went into a store to escape the pestiferous insect."

"The bee hung around on the outside until dark, and then I went home, supposing that he was the last of my tormentor. But I hadn't, for the next morning, as soon as I went out of the house, there was the bee waiting for me, just as angry and persistent as ever. I went

back into the house and sent some one out to cut me a thick and wide-spreading piece of brush, with which I believed I could end the persecutions of this vengeful bee with one swoop, as I didn't see how the insect could get out of the way of it. The bee paid no attention to any one else, but on the trunk of an apple-tree, a few feet from the door, sat and watched and waited for me. The brush was brought in, and armed with it I ventured forth again. The bee was up and ready for attack instantly, but he knew more than I thought he did. As I raised the brush to sweep him down as he dipped toward me, the bee seemed to recognize the danger of an attack on me, armed as I was, and after circling frantically around me several times, always out of reach, he flew away across the garden and disappeared. It was a great relief to me to see the bee give up the campaign against me at last, and I said to myself that if I ever rooted up another bumblebee's nest I would have three or four others to help me, so that if by any chance a fierce member of the colony with a remarkable memory survived there would be more than one offender to distribute his malice among."

"Dropping the brush that had forced the bumblebee to give up his warfare on me, I started down the street. I had gone about 200 yards, all thought of the bee having passed from my mind, when painful intimation was given me that I greatly under-estimated the smartness of that bumblebee, for suddenly from out of a cherry tree, whose branches hung over the sidewalk, the vengeful insect pounced upon me and stung me twice before I had realized the situation. I started for home as fast as I could, fighting the bee at every step, and once more got possession of the potent brush. The bee retired to its place in the apple-tree, which was out of my reach, and there it sat and fumed and glared. After that I carried the brush with me wherever I went, and had to be constantly on my guard, for in the most unexpected places, and when I had no reason to believe the bee was waylaying me, it would suddenly drop down upon me and get another bit of vengeance. That bumblebee actually made life wretched for me weeks, and then cold weather came on and I rejoiced, for I knew that the bee would either have to go into winter quarters or freeze to death. The insect disappeared, and I walked the earth a free man once more."

"That winter was a long and hard one, and of course long before spring came the bee had been forgotten by everybody, but the bee hadn't forgotten me. On one of the first sunny, warm days we had along in May, I went out of the house as usual, and had hardly stepped out of the door when, like a shot, something struck me along-side the head. It only needed that pain followed to let me know what it was that hit me. It was the bumblebee, and around and around me he buzzed and dipped at me with more vim and fury, it seemed to me than he had the year before. The bee had evidently not only wintered well, but he had retained all the vigor of his intellect. His memory was not in the least impaired, and his stinger was hotter than ever. I got back into the house as soon as I could and reported to the household that my bumblebee had returned and opened the spring campaign against me with renewed vigor. They laid all sorts of traps and tried all sorts of plans to kill the smart and vindictive bee, but he foiled every effort and sat day after day waiting and watching for me. Now I didn't intend to go through that spring, summer, and fall carrying a small tree around with me to protect myself from the assaults of the bumblebee, and so I concluded to leave Dundee for a time, until the avenger tired of waiting for me and went into other business. Knowing that the bee would go along with me if he knew I was going, I left town in the night.

"I didn't intend to remain away more than three or four weeks, but I got into business over here, and it was four years before I had an opportunity to even pay a visit to Dundee. The vengeful old bumblebee never once entered my mind, and if he had, I would only have thought of him as long ago dead and gone. Even if I had known he was alive, I of course would not have believed he had any recollection of me. I think I am putting it very mild, when I say I was knocked clear off in Dundee, the bee jumped on me the moment I went out of the house! He had been laying in wait for me all those years, unforgiving and unforgiving, and I haven't the least doubt that he is there yet, waiting, waiting, to avenge himself on the destroyer of his home and race."

Boys in Australia.

Latest advices from Australia describe the first parade of 500 Catholic boys belonging to the Public Schools Corps. The youthful cadets, headed by their officers, and accompanied by bands and banners, assembled in St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, and were addressed by the Cardinal Archbishop. His Eminence bestowed a well-merited medal of praise upon the young soldiers who had come before the altar to receive the blessing of Holy Church, which is the seal of heaven upon their patriotism. St. Ambrose (remarked the Cardinal), the great Bishop of Milan, had taught that patriotism was a natural instinct which heaven had given us as a special blessing to correct the selfishness of our nature. He put before them the examples of Alfred the Great, the Irish Monarch Brian, who, unable to wield the sword, gave a cross to his soldiers as their banner, and knelt in prayer while they repented their foes; concluded by asserting that true liberty was nothing else than, whilst asserting their own rights, to respect also the rights of others by obedience to constituted authority.

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Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a positive remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates every impurity and at the same time tones and vitalizes the whole system.

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HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Diet for Baldness.

After a severe attack of influenza, or fever of any kind, the hair often falls out in great quantities, leaving the person entirely bald if something is not done promptly to check the decay. Many bald people can trace the beginning of their baldness to some such sickness. Several cases like this, where the hair was shed rapidly during the course of the fever, have led to investigations which point to the conclusion that our diet is largely responsible for loss of hair. Upon analysis it is found that hair contains five per cent of sulphur, and its ash twenty per cent of silicon and ten per cent of manganese. To keep the proper proportion of these ingredients in the hair, food containing such elements must be taken into the system. The solutions of beef, starch mixtures and even milk, which constitute the diet of influenza and fever patients, are not supplied with these elements. As a result it is supposed atrophy takes place at the root, and the hair falls out. If this reasoning is true it follows that a diet of food containing these elements in quantities will not only prevent the hair from falling out, but will tend to increase the growth. It is concluded that a diet of oatmeal and brown bread will then largely promote the growth of hair, especially when baldness is preceded by constipation and sluggish capillary circulation. Pomegranates and all of the washes leave the hair in a worse condition than before, and even if they stimulate its growth it is only temporary and not lasting. Hard rubbing causes the loose hair to fall out, while, with a proper dieting for hair-growth must be continued systematically, and not spasmodically, if the hair is to be kept in a good lasting condition.

The Knee in Woman.

The difference of weight in the brains of men and women has long been a source of deep interest to all who discourse of equality and rights. Those extra ounces remain more or less a stumbling-block to the unwary. Metrical justice refuses to regard them other than infatuations. Yet certain structural differences escape such close scrutiny, notable of the knee. The structure of the knee feminine constitutes itself a permanent disability for many masculine pursuits. The knee joint in woman is a sexual characteristic, as Dr. Ely Van De Walker long ago pointed out. Viewed in front and extended, the joint is but slight degree intercepts the gradual taper into the leg. Viewed in a semiflexed position the joint forms a smooth, ovate spheroid. The reason of this lies in the smallness of the patella in front and the narrowness of the articular surfaces of the tibia and femur, and which in man form the lateral prominences, and this is much more perfect as part of a sustaining column. Muscles designed to keep the body fixed upon the thighs in an erect position, labor under the disadvantage of shortness of purchase, owing to their short distance compared to that of man—the crest of the ilium and the great trochanter. A man has a much longer purchase in the leverage existing between the trunk and extremities than a woman. The feminine foot, comparatively speaking, is less able to sustain weight than that of man, owing to its shortness and the more delicate structure of the tarsus and metatarsus. Women are not well constructed to stand many hours consecutively and every day. It is safe to affirm that they have instinctively avoided certain fields of skilled labor on purely anatomical grounds, in which the smaller quantity of brain substance proves less an adverse factor than the shallow pelvis, the peculiarity of the knee, and the delicate nature of the foot. These, as parts of a sustaining column, undeniably leave something to be desired. Even the right to vote would not confer on woman the right to be soldiers. Equality, it appears, is quite as much an affair of the knee as of brains.

I didn't intend to remain away more than three or four weeks, but I got into business over here, and it was four years before I had an opportunity to even pay a visit to Dundee. The vengeful old bumblebee never once entered my mind, and if he had, I would only have thought of him as long ago dead and gone. Even if I had known he was alive, I of course would not have believed he had any recollection of me. I think I am putting it very mild, when I say I was knocked clear off in Dundee, the bee jumped on me the moment I went out of the house! He had been laying in wait for me all those years, unforgiving and unforgiving, and I haven't the least doubt that he is there yet, waiting, waiting, to avenge himself on the destroyer of his home and race."

Recipes.

Potato gems—Three or four cups of mashed potatoes; one cup of milk; two eggs; teaspoonful (scant) of butter; teaspoonful (scant) of salt. Dissolve the butter and salt in the milk; stir the eggs (which should be well beaten); add this to the potatoes, stirring it in gradually, and then drop in well buttered gem pans, with a little flour sprinkled over the top, and put in a hot oven until nicely browned.

Ice cream pudding—One pint of milk; one pint of water; one cupful of cooked rice; one cupful of raisins; salt; four eggs beaten separately; one cupful of sugar; stir the yolks together; mix well and add a pinch of salt; beat the whites of the eggs with the other half of the sugar; spread it on top and place all in the oven to bake; use any flavoring desired.

Muffins—Two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of milk, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, two teaspoonsful of baking powder; sift the flour; melt the butter and add three eggs, the milk and the baking powder; bake in muffin rings.

Nut-cakes—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of cold water, two eggs, one and one-half cups of nut kernels, one-half cup of walnuts, kernels chopped fine; bake in small cake or gem pans.

Jumbles—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of sour-milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of curray seeds, flour enough to roll. Make little cakes and bake in a good oven to a light brown.

Beef pie—Cut roast beef or steak into thin slices and put a layer into a pie dish. Dredge in a little flour, pepper, and salt; cut up a tomato and an onion and chop them very fine; place this upon the first layer or meat; add another layer of the meat, then another of the vegetables, and so on until the baking dish is filled. If you have any beef gravy on hand put it in; if not fry the fat of the beef and add enough water to make a gravy. Have ready one dozen potatoes, well boiled and mashed, half a cup of cream (or rich milk), and a little butter and salt. Mix and spread it over the pie as a crust, about an inch thick. Brush it over with egg and bake it up about twenty-five minutes.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1891

"THE SUNBEAM."

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Christmas number of THE SUNBEAM will be ready on the 7th December. It will contain twelve pages of choice Christmas stories, beautiful illustrations and select reading matter. It will be an excellent number and an appropriate CHRISTMAS PRESENT for parents and guardians to give their children one year's paid-up subscription to THE SUNBEAM.

MR. JUSTICE C. J. DOHERTY.

THE Shamrock Lacrosse Club last week tendered their old president, Mr. Justice Doherty, a banquet, as a parting compliment to him on the occasion of his elevation to the bench. The occasion however afforded an opportunity for many others outside the famous Lacrosse Club, of showing their esteem for the new judge and indicating the high position he has obtained in public estimation. The gathering was a representative one in every respect, all of our citizens, regardless of politics, race or other sectional classification, being well represented. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. P. Clarke as the chief officer of the shamrocks. The absence of Sir Donald Smith, Hon. Edward Murphy, Ald. Nolan and other prominent persons was explained by personal letters.

A LETTER has recently been received by Mr. F. Langan, from Dr. Kenny, M.P., in which the latter expresses himself in strong terms in reference to the interference of the clergy in politics. This species of criticism is altogether to be deprecated. It is manifestly the duty of the clergy to interfere in politics when they see that the tendency of certain politicians is in the direction of bad policy and doubtful morality. The part taken by the clergy has obviously been wholly in the interests of Ireland and right government, and it is to be hoped that the clergy will never cease to act, as they always have done, for the right moral guidance of their people.

An almost touching incident in connection with the banquet was the kindly reference made to the Hon. Marcus Doherty. Mr. McTibbith proposed the toast of his health, amid deafening applause, and with evident difficulty, through overpowering emotion, the distinguished ex-judge responded. He referred to the new Judge as "my boy," and said from what he knew of him he would follow in his father's footsteps. He [the ex-judge] had been connected with the Bar of the province for forty-three years, and so far as integrity, attention to duty and a desire to act fairly to man to man, he could say that to the best of his ability he had done his duty. He paid a glowing tribute to the judiciary and Bar of the Dominion, asserting that in honesty, purity of purpose and justice it could not be surpassed in any country on the face of the earth.

The Banquet at Montreal was duly honored and then came the toast "Our Representatives." This was couched of necessity with the names of Messrs. J. J. Curran, M.P.; T. Lepine, M.P.; J. S. Hall, M.L.A.; Ald. Clendinning, M.L.A., and Mayor McShane, M.L.A. Mr. Purcell, in the course of his remarks, in supporting the toast, spoke of the desirability of having an Irish Catholic representative from Montreal in the Dominion cabinet, adding that no one could fill the gap as well as Mr. Curran, the member for the Centre. The meeting seemed to agree with the speaker and his remarks were applauded to the echo. Mr. Curran made one of his felicitous speeches in reply, remarking that he was happy to know that the sentiment expressed did not emanate from his own people only, but from other quarters as well. He was always ready to serve his country, and when his constituents began to feel that his usefulness was gone then he desired to keep out. He was proud to say that he had used his best endeavors to secure Mr. Justice Doherty's appointment. When Sir John Thompson consulted him on the matter he told him that no appointment could be better deserved or more popular, and he was glad to see that his words had been verified that night.

The Banquet was an event worthy of record. It honored in a fitting manner one of the most popular and brilliant young lawyers at the Bar, and while it had an element of gloom in it, so far as it was a species of valedictory, at the same time it emphasized the elevation to the Bench of a man destined to shed a lustre on the emine he has assumed.

That is a conservative government's act and it is the kind of liberalism we approve of.

Now, as regards Quebec West, we beg to assure our contemporary, that we have the conservative party endorsed the candida-

CANADA'S PROSPERITY.

The last Bank statement issued is one of the most important and gratifying, from a national standpoint, that has yet been made public. Our agricultural population will see in it signs of developments which are very largely, if not exclusively, due to themselves. For there can be no doubt that the satisfactory showing made by the banks is very largely owing to the abundant harvest and the manner in which our farmers have taken advantage of it. The Official Gazette in its returns for the month of October shows a remarkable expansion in the note circulation of the banks, and it has been pointed out in one of our leading trade journals that never before has the note circulation reached so high a point—\$87,000,000. But a tabulated statement of the last four years will better show how steadily the financial condition of the country has grown so far as bank note circulation is concerned:

July 31st, October 31st, Increase.
1891—\$30,580,000 \$37,182,700 \$6,602,700
1890—\$1,167,600 36,480,900 5,313,000
1889—\$0,241,500 35,233,900 4,991,400
1888—\$0,343,400 36,246,700 5,903,300

The prosperity of the country is further shown by the increase in the deposits of the banks, an infallible sign. The statement of the Finance Department shows an addition to the bank deposits last month of nearly a million and a half of dollars. It is idle for pessimists to contend that this country is not in a prosperous condition. Politicians may find it convenient for the ends of party to seem to see things which are not, but facts and figures alike prove that there is nothing in the gloomy pictures which interested people draw. The expansion in the way of natural wealth witnessed in Canada during the past few years is little short of marvelous. All that seems necessary for the future welfare of the country is a little more honesty in public circles and the maintenance of a stout heart on the part of our citizens.

It seems to be understood that Lord Stanley is shortly to be released from the care attendant on the vice regal state in Canada and, like some of his distinguished predecessors, be transferred to the heavy responsibilities of the Governor-General's position in India. There is perhaps something almost contradictory in Parliament that it seems a little too soon for a resumption of their teaching. Locally, possibly the demonstration may have been of use to Mr. Haggart.

Mr. Justice Doherty, in responding to the toast, "Our Guest," spoke both feelingly and earnestly. He seemed to be moved by a feeling of regret that he was leaving the circle of political activity in which he has moved so long, but he said, amid the applause of his hearers, that though he had been thorough in his political views, he could say, without fear of contradiction, that he had made no man his enemy on account of them, and he was no man's enemy because of difference of political views.

The contrast between the "liberty" instituted in Brazil by the Dictator Fonseca and the freedom which existed under the Imperial regime, has been brought into great prominence during the last few days. The chaotic condition of affairs has assumed a new color according to the latest despatches, and we learn that Da Fonseca has been forced out of his usurped position by the navy. The usual type of civil strife in South America seems to have been set in motion in the once peaceful and prosperous Brazil, and will probably have run its course.

The latest news is that the Archishop of Aix intends to stand fast against the tyrannical action of the French ministry of public worship and to endeavour to make good his defiance. It may be noted that he has plenty of supporters, more than thirty-two bishops having given him their adhesion. It may reasonably be supposed he will receive the support of the entire episcopate. All the French Cardinals, with the exception of Mgr. Bertrand, Archbishop of Sens, have also written to him upon his recent action.

The policy said to have been inaugurated at Ottawa with regard to the public officials and their service in the militia can hardly be commended. It would be a better policy for the government to compel the clerks in the civil service to serve in the local forces rather than restrain them. The duties they have to perform are light and their hours are short. A certain time might well be assigned for the public military service. This would result in an efficient force at the capital, which there rarely has been.

The United States Government is playing the game of reciprocity with the Latin-American nations on this continent with a view to the elections next year. All the consular officers have been instructed to be very active in preparing statistics of the trade requirements of the South American peoples. But in view of the fizzle which followed Mr. Blaine's great pow-wow a little while ago, it is hard to see how any campaign enthusiasm is to be fanned into life by this latest move. In fact the Republican party seems to be trying to strike out new paths, and some negotiations have been set on foot by the state de-

partment at Washington with the British Minister, in connection with the trade between the republic and the British West Indies. It is evident that the expansion of the trade of the United States and the relief of its overstocked markets and stagnated manufactories are alike going to play an important part in the coming elections. It may reasonably be expected therefore that trade with Canada and reciprocal commercial relations will be one of the dice in the game of American politicians. It is to be hoped that our people will be duly alive to their own interests when the issue is raised. There is no necessity for Canada to be offered up on the altar of an American electoral quarrel.

The government supporters held a political meeting in Perth last week for the purpose of hearing some explanations from Mr. Haggart, Postmaster-General, who, it will be remembered, was somewhat severely criticized during the last session. The speeches did not add very much to the general denials and justification advanced last session by the ministers, but the Minister of Justice made an unusually brilliant defense of the governmental policy. As extra-parliamentary utterances the speeches of the ministers can hardly be said to have been overwhelmingly convincing. The general public has been so recently nauseated with the same kind of thing in Parliament that it seems a little too soon for a resumption of their teaching.

Locally, possibly the demonstration may have been of use to Mr. Haggart. Gentlemen, that is the question which confronts Americans to-day. We in this land have entered upon a race for wealth to which, I think, the past furnishes no parallel. What will be the end of it in its influence upon personal character first, and then upon the well-being of the community the state, the nation. There cannot be great wealth without great temptations to indolence, to vice, to social and political corruption. There cannot be great wealth in idle hands, the hands of those who have not made or accumulated it, without an accentuation of these dangers. There are some people who are fond of pointing out the failures of great benefactions, bequests, trusts, foundations and the like. Now, I wish somebody would write a history of great accumulations and their posthumous influence upon the virtue, usefulness and happiness of those to whom they were passed on. It would be a very instructive and I apprehend rather a tragic story. And there is but one way to avoid its indefinite repetition and that is to avoid the situation that produces it. The science that in connection with our vast accumulations of wealth needs just now to be most diligently studied is the science of redistribution. But the art of doing such things wisely and effectively does not come by chance. People think that there is nothing easier than to give away money, especially if somebody else is to do it. On the contrary there are few things that are more difficult—that is, to do successfully and well—and so the science of redistribution is one the study and practice of which ought to begin with the earliest beginnings of accumulation. It is the lesson for wealth to learn to day.

lar cases in former days, and doubtless he will prove no more successful to-day than he has before. The Chamber of Commerce in New York celebrated its 125th anniversary in that city a few days ago, and the "problem" was discussed at some length by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Forster, Mr. Depew and others. But, as usual, the discussion did not go further than the customary theorizing, although the contrast between the condition of the United States when the Chamber was instituted and to-day should have afforded a very burning text. One, however, Dr. Potter, a Protestant divine, seems to have made the opposition that his former arguments had been met with and now asked his opponents to sacrifice petty jealousy to the exigencies of fact. Catholics had been called idolaters because they adored relics, he said, and then went into a lengthy argument on adoration opposed to idolatry. When the Law of Wealth, as it is the Law of Commerce," he said in part:

Commerce, or the products of commerce, and wealth are interchangeable terms. Of course it may be said the end of commerce is circulation—that I may get my neighbor's corn and that he may get my shoes and shirts and steel rails; and as the corn and the cotton must move, so the money must move, too. And this is quite true until we come to the element of profit. No man trades without expecting that beyond a mere barter of commodity there shall be the earned increment which shall be left over when the barter is done. What is he to do with that? Well, he is to maintain himself and his wife with a part of it. He is to enlarge his business, if he can, with another part of it. He is to indulge himself and his in certain luxuries with another part of it. And then, if there is any remainder, he is to put that remainder away. Yes, within certain limits and for certain definite purposes, but beyond that due and reasonable provision, what then? Gentlemen, that is the question which confronts Americans to-day. We in this land have entered upon a race for wealth to which, I think, the past furnishes no parallel. What will be the end of it in its influence upon personal character first, and then upon the well-being of the community the state, the nation. There cannot be great wealth without great temptations to indolence, to vice, to social and political corruption. There cannot be great wealth in idle hands, the hands of those who have not made or accumulated it, without an accentuation of these dangers. There are some people who are fond of pointing out the failures of great benefactions, bequests, trusts, foundations and the like. Now, I wish somebody would write a history of great accumulations and their posthumous influence upon the virtue, usefulness and happiness of those to whom they were passed on. It would be a very instructive and I apprehend rather a tragic story. And there is but one way to avoid its indefinite repetition and that is to avoid the situation that produces it. The science that in connection with our vast accumulations of wealth needs just now to be most diligently studied is the science of redistribution. But the art of doing such things wisely and effectively does not come by chance. People think that there is nothing easier than to give away money, especially if somebody else is to do it. On the contrary there are few things that are more difficult—that is, to do successfully and well—and so the science of redistribution is one the study and practice of which ought to begin with the earliest beginnings of accumulation. It is the lesson for wealth to learn to day.

Early on Tuesday morning the wall of the building at the corner of Inspector and Notre Dame streets, Montreal, fell with a terrible crash. Luckily it fell as early in the morning as it did, for if it had taken place later in the day some people would surely have been killed.

The large stones fell right across Notre Dame street, blocking it completely. Bricks flew in every direction and crushed through the large plate glass windows of Ledie & Co.'s drug store. The heavy wall took an electric light and telephone pole with it and the wires were broken and tangled. The damage will run up to about eight thousand dollars.

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THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES.

Rev. James Callaghan's Second Lecture on the Subject.

St. Patrick's Hall was well filled on Monday night at the monthly concert of the Catholic Young Men's Society. After a varied programme had been produced, Rev. James Callaghan introduced "The Holy Coat of Treves," the subject on the present one being, "The virtue and efficacy of the coat." He spoke of the opposition that his former arguments had been met with and now asked his opponents to sacrifice petty jealousy to the exigencies of fact. Catholics had been called idolaters because they adored relics, he said, and then went into a lengthy argument on adoration opposed to idolatry. When the Law of Wealth, as it is the Law of Commerce," he said in part:

Commerce, or the products of commerce, and wealth are interchangeable terms. Of course it may be said the end of commerce is circulation—that I may get my neighbor's corn and that he may get my shoes and shirts and steel rails;

and as the corn and the cotton must move, so the money must move, too. And this is quite true until we come to the element of profit. No man trades without expecting that beyond a mere barter of commodity there shall be the earned increment which shall be left over when the barter is done. What is he to do with that? Well, he is to maintain himself and his wife with a part of it. He is to enlarge his business, if he can, with another part of it. He is to indulge himself and his in certain luxuries with another part of it. And then, if there is any remainder, he is to put that remainder away. Yes, within certain limits and for certain definite purposes, but beyond that due and reasonable provision, what then? Gentlemen, that is the question which confronts Americans to-day. We in this land have entered upon a race for wealth to which, I think, the past furnishes no parallel. What will be the

IN DENMARK.

AN IRISHMAN AMONG THE NORTH MEN.

The Community of Peeling Between the Celt and the Dane-Irish Men at Copenhagen.

An Irishman mixing with Danes feels pretty much at home. There is a great deal in common between the genius of the Celt and the Dane. The popular ballads of the two peoples have nearly the same groundwork—the wonderful deeds of the heroes of romance. Both have their giants, their dwarfs and their fairies. Many of the tales of Hans Andersen read as the translations of Irish feshire stories. Moreover, Denmark's greatest poet, Oehlenschläger, who died in 1850, has made Ireland a revered name among the educated Danes. He wrote a tragedy styled "Hakon Jarl," whose subject matter is the downfall of the ancient Scandinavian Paganism, and the establishment of Christianity. Olaf, descendant of Harald, surmounted the yellow-lock, is represented as left in possession of his father's conquests in Ireland, where Olaf is converted to Christianity. In the meantime Hakon Jarl usurps the royal power at home in Denmark. Young Olaf returns from Ireland, overthrows the tyrant usurper, and, with him, the religion of Odin, the object of worship of the pagan Danes. The subject is managed with great dramatic skill, and the poem contains many passages of rare beauty, and some of Shakespearean power. "Hakon Jarl" is considered the national tragedy of Denmark and is very popular in Copenhagen. Hence, in the popular mind, Denmark, as many other continental nations, owes to Ireland its civilization and its Christianity. And in reality the names of eight Irish saints, though forgotten in holy Ireland, are preserved in the titles of churches scattered over Denmark. In the splendid library of Copenhagen are numerous Irish manuscripts, brought either in the ninth century. Apart from popular tradition, we know that

ST. ANSCHAR, A MONK OF OLD COSHIE,

in France, in the ninth century preached the faith with great success in Denmark. In 822 he was made archbishop of Hamburg by Pope Gregory IV. The infant church of Denmark suffered much from the ravages of barbarians, but the good seed of Christianity remained and continued to yield abundant fruit.

The miscalled Reformation was introduced into Denmark from 1526 to 1536. The guiding principles, as in Germany, were political, and the capacity of the princes and nobility for church property: the means pernicious, deceit and violence.

The principal instrument in the sad movement was a suspended German friar, John Bugenhagen, a worthy associate and intimate friend of Luther. This unfortunate person robbed the Danes of their fate by preserving a large number of the ceremonies of the Catholic church, and the simple Danes, living in their isolated country, did not suspect any radical change in the church, and unwittingly adopted the new organization of Lutheranism. This evil heresy was enriched by a sensual king and a greedy nobility for his ruinous services, and when he put his foot on German soil with his ill-gained wages, he said: "Denmark, you will keep my gospel, I will keep your coins." From 1537 the Lutheran heresy was almost tolerated as the state form of religion. A happy change came about under Frederic VII., who in 1849 guaranteed freedom of worship to all people in Denmark. This king received the bishop of Osnabrück in Hanover, where the peace of Westphalia was concluded in 1815, and who was acting as vicar-apostolic for Denmark, and to whom was granted the free exercise of the Catholic religion to any of the Danish subjects. His IX., of holy memory, wrote the King an autograph letter of thanks. This liberty has borne great fruits: the Catholic population of Copenhagen twenty years ago was scarcely 400 souls; to-day it is 1,000, and a Catholic princess of the royal blood of France is the crown princess of Denmark. The Catholic Church of Denmark, as well as the duchy of Slesvig-Holstein, is administered by Monsignor Von Euch.

A VICAIR APPOSTOLIC.

who resides in Copenhagen by a decision of the Sovereign Pontiff, issued Feb. 17, 1881. The bishop of Osnabrück, with the title of administrator apostolic, looks after the other portion—the duchy of Elbe.

On Sunday, Sept. 26, the Danish Catholics, and especially those of Copenhagen, had a beautiful and memorable fete. On that day was laid the foundation stone of the second parish church in the Danish capital.

Five years ago the Catholics of Copenhagen built their first, a modest chapel in the Bredegaarde district, which was since changed into a parish church dedicated to St. Anschar. To-day they have not only two parish churches but also several religious communities, the most remarkable being the nuns of St. Joseph. As Lutheran Protestantism is the religion of the state, the Catholics could not count upon any assistance from the Danish authorities, and they are forced to depend upon their own slender resources. We have fresh evidence of their lively faith and their spirit of sacrifice in the foundation of this second church. The new church is situated in the business quarter of the city, so well known to traders, while the parish of St. Anschar is situated in Bredegaarde, the aristocratic quarter; where you have some fine palaces of the Danish nobility, the residences of the foreign ambassadors, and Amalienborg, the residence of the King. The new parish will be called that of Our Lady of the Rosary. Long before mid-day an immense crowd had assembled to assist at or to witness the ceremony, that summed up the remembrance of an order of things that had been ruthlessly destroyed more than three centuries ago. Among the most remarkable persons we noticed Princess Waldemar (late Princess Mary of Orleans), crown princess of Denmark, a most fervent Catholic, the members of the diplomatic corps of the Catholic powers, in their

official robes, and several of the most prominent of the Danish nobility, and merchants of the capital. Near the place for

THE FOUNDATION STONE

was erected a large tent decorated with the arms and colors of Denmark. Inside the tent was constructed a provisional altar, with a much admired statue of the Virgin of the Rosary, the gift of the Countess of Hand, sister of the countess of the same name, the well known Catholic authoress, many of whose works have been translated into English. A large cross, having five lighted tapers, emblematic of the five wounds of Our Savior, marked the future site of the high altars. The procession filed out of the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, quite adjacent. Monsignor Von Euch, the vicar-apostolic, assisted by the bishops of Paderborn, Linz and several other sees of northern Prussia, proceeded with the ceremony of laying the foundation stone in the same way as we have seen it done in holy Ireland. At the end of the ceremony the vicar-apostolic preached a most touching sermon, in which he showed that they were witnessing that day the resurrection of the church founded by St. Anselm, their national apostle, but which had been trampled to death by evil men. At the end of mass, celebrated in the large tent, the "Te Deum" was sung, and many a tear of joy and pride was shed by some of the Catholic poor of Copenhagen. They tell the stranger that since the death of Queen Anne of Denmark, in 1612, no princess of the royal house of Denmark, until that day, had ever taken part in a ceremony of the Catholic church. They have seen the longed-for day. Believing that many of my countrymen would be interested in a ceremony in this distant capital, which looks like the second spiritual spring for this heroic people, lovers of Ireland, I send you this sketch of their past and present religious history. The Danish women, with their blue mantles, remind me of penal times, of dear ones in Ireland, clad in the old Irish blue cloak. Like the waste sea foam on the shores, the worn-out powers of the Lutheran heresy are dispersing, as did those of Odin before the intrepid Celtic missionaries. That the rose of Catholicity in Denmark may bloom again in a second beauteous spring is my prayer.—Bellast News.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

John and William Redmond, the Irish Nationalists, have engaged passage on an Australian steamer.

There are 100 cases of influenza in the Catholic industrial school at Dartford. Several children have died from the disease.

A ukase from the Czar was issued prohibiting the export of wheat products from Russia. This prohibition will go into effect this week.

The Spanish Government will probably propose an extension of all commercial treaties expiring in February until June, when the treaty with England expires.

Mr. Henry Powers, of Cranbourne, has invented an apparatus for separating asbestos from crushed rock, which sorts the mineral according to quality of fibre.

Sir Charles Tupper has been appointed a director of the General Mining company, a small concern with a capital of £200,000 sterling, owning mines in Nova Scotia.

Lord Onslow, Governor of New Zealand, who has just resigned, will probably return home in February or March via Vancouver and Montreal, and spend some time in Canada.

The Toronto killed regiment is to be known as the 18th Battalion (Highlanders) and will take precedence in the militia next after the 47th Frontenac Battalion.

The Sherbrooke city council has been notified that the by-law granting a bonus of \$25,000 to the Jencks Machine company has been sanctioned by the Lieutenant-Governor and council.

Major Wissman, the well known German officer, who led an expedition into the interior of East Africa, is lying seriously ill in Cairo. He is suffering from inflammation of the lungs.

A speculator named Robert, found guilty at Madrid of toning out a military revolt for the purpose of influencing stock exchange quotations, has been sentenced by a military tribunal to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labor.

The London Chronicle's St. Petersburg correspondents says it is expected the exportation of horses to Austria and Germany will be prohibited. This and the intended prohibition of the exportation of wheat are regarded as having a military significance.

The Paris Gaulois says that the negotiations have been almost concluded by which the bank of France will provide the Russian Government with silver bullion to the amount of 150,000,000 rubles, so as to enable that country to resume payments in specie.

It is stated that Mr. H. F. Perley, suspended Chief Engineer of Public Works, has been dismissed and that the order-in-council which would have been promulgated are now but for his ill health. The heads of the department have received no official intimation of this and it is matter of conjecture.

The Brazilians in Paris who advocate Imperial restoration have, it is said, advised Dom Pedro to go on board a foreign man-of-war and sail for Brazil with the chance of being favorably received by the Brazilian people. This proposition is supported by the Count D'eu and as strongly opposed by the Countess, daughter of Dom Pedro, who fear that harm might befall her father.

The people of the Ridge, says the Huntington Gleaner, are somewhat anxious as to whether the publication of the returns of the recent census will show an older inhabitant than Mrs. James McNair. She has now entered her 110th year, and their belief is that she will head the roll of aged in the Dominion. She is cheerful and retains her faculties to a surprising degree.

Lake Michigan and Lake Superior are becoming poor fields for fishing, according to the statements of the men engaged

in the business on a large scale. While the catch this year has been fairly good it was not up to that of last year. For some years the amount has been declining and the big houses are beginning to figure on finding new grounds.

The St. John's News remarks: "Eggs are as high as ever before at this season of the year, which is all the more noticeable from the fact that the season has been such an open one. They are on market now at 22 and 23 cents. Butter also rules high choice lots, selling readily at 23 to 25 cents. Even hay is not unusually low in price, while coarse grain, of which there is a magnificent crop, sell at remunerative prices. The fact of the matter is, if the farmers of the Eastern Townships and contiguous counties would only evince a little more enterprise, and possibly just a shade more industry, they could speedily make themselves as well off as the farmers of any other part of the world."

SISTER THERESE

PASSES AWAY AFTER A PROLONGED ILLNESS—A GREAT LOSS.

Not only many Montrealers, but many Canadians, will read with regret of the death, on Sunday 22nd, of Sister St. Therese, Superior of the Tongue Pointe Insane asylum. The reverend sister had been ill for some time; in fact, she had never been in very good health since the unfortunate destruction of the asylum buildings by fire. Lately her condition became very serious, and on Saturday last she was taken into the community hall, where she conversed with the sisters, passing peacefully away at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning. Rev. Sister Therese de Jesus, civilly Cleophee Tetu, was born at St. Hyacinthe, on December 3, 1824. Her father was Mr. Jean Francois Tetu, notary, and her mother was Dame Cecil Chatot. She was, like most girls of her position in life, educated in a convent, and there, after completing her education, became, at the age



of twenty, a novice in the community of the Sisters of Providence. In 1857 she was sent to Chil, where she founded a large asylum for abandoned children in Valparaiso. She returned to Canada in 1863, and was then promoted to the position of superior of the convent of her order at Burlington, Vt., which she managed with great skill and energy until 1868, when she was recalled to Montreal and made general treasurer of the order of Providence. While filling this most responsible position she laid the foundation of the great asylum of St. Jean de Dieu, becoming its first superioress, a position which she retained until the day of her death. Its success became everything in life to her, and she devoted herself to the work of building it up with an almost superhuman energy. Twice she made long trips for the purpose of studying institutions of a similar character to her own, the first in 1874, when she visited the principal asylums of Ontario and the United States, and the second in 1884, when she went across the Atlantic and spent several months in visiting the large insanity institutions of England, Scotland, France, Belgium and Italy, acquiring a vast amount of useful information, which she utilized in planning the erection of the new St. Jean de Dieu. It was in the management of this immense establishment that she displayed executive abilities of a wonderful nature. Every detail in its working was known to her. A visitor to the asylum once meeting her, realized that she was a woman of more than ordinary ability, and as he wandered through the immense building in company with her and saw that she could call any patient by name and witness the pleasure they manifested at her kind, but firm notice, he acquired an idea of the amount of work she willingly undertook. She was a woman of deep religious feelings, and while most strongly devoted to her own creed was far from being a bigot. The many people who met her during her busy life will learn of her death with deep regret. The funeral took place this morning at nine o'clock, at Longue Pointe.

DR. MCGLYNN

COUNTAINES HIS CONTUMACEY—A SAD LAPSE.

Dr. Edward McGlynn to-night replied to the letter of the Propaganda, published with the approval of the Pope, which defines the conditions upon which Dr. McGlynn can once more enter within the pale of the Roman Catholic church.

"My speech this evening," said he "will be a sort of amplification of the statement I shall read. I feel it well to put this statement into writing, because of the gravity of the matter. As Archbishop Corrigan has caused to be published an account of a communication from the Propaganda in Rome concerning my case, it is due to myself, to my friends and to the public that I should make a public answer. The Roman authorities, we are told, are still disposed to use mercy, but that no hearing of the case shall be granted, only on these conditions:

"First, that I must make the request and state my grievances; secondly, that I publicly condemn all that I have said or done of an insulting character as against the Archbishop and as against the Holy See; third, that I be ready to abide by the orders and submit to the judgment of the apostolic see; fourth, that I promise to abstain from any public utterance or assistance at any meeting on the matter under consideration.

The Brazilians in Paris who advocate Imperial restoration have, it is said, advised Dom Pedro to go on board a foreign man-of-war and sail for Brazil with the chance of being favorably received by the Brazilian people. This proposition is supported by the Count D'eu and as strongly opposed by the Countess, daughter of Dom Pedro, who fear that harm might befall her father.

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Lake Michigan and Lake Superior are becoming poor fields for fishing, according to the statements of the men engaged

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AGENT made \$1,000 in four days selling Dr. Bridgeman's Electro-Magnetic Medicine. DR. BRIDGEMAN'S Electro-Magnetic Medicine. \$100 per cent profit. Sample free. Territory Dr. T. M. SPENCE Sole Agent, Toronto. 18-eww

Appointments.
The Canada Gazette contains the following appointments: The Hon. Mr. Justice Burbridge, George Hague, Esq., Edmond Barbeau, Esq., and John Mortimer Country, Esq., to be commissioners to enquire into and report upon the present condition of the civil service in Ottawa, and James Henry Flock, of London, Ontario, barrister, secretary to the commission. Hon. Melbourne M. Tait, one of the judges of the Superior Court, Quebec, to be assistant judge of the Court of Queen's Bench for the term of court beginning at Montreal November 10. George L. Tizard, Q. C., of Oakville, to be revising barrister for the county of Halton.

Extreme Meet.
Though the Americans affect great contempt for royalty, aristocracy, "blue blood" and all upper-class thereto, they seem to make no noise over the birth of a new Prince, a new Vanderbilt, a new addition to the royal family, or a first son-in-law of New York's leading families. The people of any monarchical country, over an addition to royalty. A few days ago a son was born to John Jacob Astor, in New York, the happy father being the fifth Astor. John Jacob and his wife, Anna, parents, nurses, relatives, etc., the whole Astor family is the fact that he is the heir to about \$100,000,000.

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100 Doses One Dollar

"A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrows."

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

For an instant Aubrey remained motionless. Then a strange look flashed into his eyes, and muttering something, he threw himself upon Bruce Laidlaw, and clutched him murderously by the throat. Then, with a groan, he suddenly relaxed his hold, and swaying round, fell face downwards upon the floor.

And so the train which was to have taken Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw on the first stage of their wedding trip went off without them, leaving the bridegroom on his knees, by the prostrated body of his rival, and the poor bride staring anxiously at the hands of the clock in her lodgings off Oxford Street, and rushing ever again to the window to watch for the coming of her newly-made husband. She was far too happy to disguise her feelings.

Yet more than once during the day a passing thought of her Oldford lover shadowed her mind with regret and uneasiness. He had been so fond of her, and must be so unhappy. Yet, what could she do? Dr. Marsden had forbidden the marriage; she had returned the engagement-ring; and Madame de Vaux had implored her to give up all thoughts of Aubrey and to leave Oldford. Yet her woman's heart ached a little for him; she tried to speak of him to Bruce, but a slight coldness in his manner at the approach of the subject warned her to avoid it for the present.

"I liked young de Vaux very much," Bruce said, "though I believe he was mortally jealous of me. He seemed a very courteous, pleasant-tempered gentleman. But why should you think about him now, when you are with me? Are you already regretting the step you have taken? Remember, I must reign alone or abdicate," he added, half-laughing, but more than half in earnest.

"You are the first and the only man I have loved or can love," she answered; and he made her swear it, being far more jealous than tender in his regard for her.

It never once occurred to Lola to exact a similar vow from him. From the moment when, in knight-errant fashion, he had carried her off from the den of Andrew Marsden, Bruce had regained his old place in the temple. Lola had once raised to him, and she simply declined to either believe or remember anything she had ever heard against him. Now that Andrew was unmasked, so she argued to herself, it was folly to attach any sense to his scandalous evasions; and as to the Doctor, his prejudice against Bruce was so unreasonably strong that even his word could not be trusted on the subject.

Dearly as she loved her guardian, Lola could not yet forgive him for the deception he had practised upon her, by which he had worked upon her wounded pride to induce her to marry Aubrey. That he should have refused Bruce Laidlaw's offer for her hand, and dismissed him without consulting her, was sufficiently humiliating; but that he should, in addition, have kept silence on the subject and so misrepresent some of Bruce's words as to constrain them into an insult this was indeed a legitimate source of grievance against him. As to Bruce, he would hardly bear to hear Dr. Marsden's name mentioned before him, and when he left Lola at her door on the evenings when they returned from the theatre, she falteringly suggested that she had better write home, he had peremptorily told her she mustn't do so until the following day.

Then he had kissed her very lovingly, and had told her to be ready for him "in the new cloak and bonnet" at half-past ten.

"I am going to take you out," he said, "and I want you to look your best."

Something in his manner to greet her next day made Lola half-guess his attention, but the first absolute information he gave her on the subject was during the short drive they presently took in the direction of Bloomsbury.

"You will have no bridesmaids, my poor little Lola," he said, "and no wedding-cake, or favours, or rice, or satin slippers; and I am very much afraid you will be given away by the pew-opener. A panty wedding for the most beautiful girl in England! And you are marrying a strutting arse, and your guardian will most certainly disinherit you. But we have youth, hope, and love, and energy, and there is a bit of white feather in your bonnet, which I privately instructed the milliner to put there. And that means happiness in married life, you know."

"But—but you never told me—" murmured Lola, growing rapidly red and white by turns. "And oughtn't I to have said yes, and named the day?"

"Well, you can name it now," he said. "Thursday, the 20th of December. And your eyes say yes more than a month ago, and they say so still. I have the ring in my pocket, and a special license, too."

"Then you took my consent for granted?" she said. "It is all very irregular, and extravagant, and romantic, and I think I ought to be angry. But, as it's all out of the usual order of things, I will tell you Mr. Laidlaw, that I love you so much I don't very much mind."

It was snowing and the wind was down.

"London is in white for the wedding, which is thoughtful and sympathetic on the part of nature," he said gaily; and, indeed, neither of them felt the cold, with young hearts beating fast, and young blood leaping high, as it usually does on such occasions.

When the wed bell over, and she no longer Lola Marsden, but Lola Laidlaw, stood by her husband's side, and clasping her hands over his arm, looked up at him with a certain hushed solemnity in her whole bearing, and shadowing her radiant eyes, Bruce told her as he led her to the door, that as their train left Charing Cross for Dover at a quarter-past twelve, and his packing was not yet done, he would ask her to wait in his old rooms until he returned for her from Bloomsbury. Then, in silence and alone, as they had entered, so they left the coachman and wife now, bound together for good or ill; and Lola, half dazed still by the suddenness of the whole proceeding, waited for her husband at Mrs. Mansfield's. The wedding trip was to be spent in Paris, from which city, so Lola decided, she could write to Dr. Marsden. But her brain was in a whirl, and she

would hardly think clearly at all. She was utterly happy at the thought of being married to Bruce; she kept on repeating softly to herself the words: "I am his wife—Bruce Laidlaw's wife!" and turning her wedding ring round and round on her finger to assure herself of the joyful fact.

Yet the suddenness of the thing almost shocked her; and against her will, in this moment when she should have been most content, a speech of her guardian's rose in her mind and seemed to overshadow the life she was that day beginning: "Whoever marries Bruce Laidlaw will be a miserable woman."

Her travelling-bag lay upon the sofa, where she had placed it after hurriedly packing it on her return from the church; a particularly neat portmanteau—a present from Bruce—which had arrived that morning, stood beside it. Lola's initials, "L. L.", were painted thereon; but at present it contained only the hat and coat she had worn to come up from Oldford. She did not like to wear them for the journey lest Bruce should be displeased, although she was privately of the opinion that in her present costume she was far too finely dressed to walkabout.

For Bruce's notions were princely, and the very day of Lola's arrival in town, he had received a cheque for three hundred pounds from his publisher; consequently, it had pleased him to dress his bride-elect in sumptuous raiment, and Lola stood before the glass in her bedrooms, beholding a very impressive reflection.

The cloak was of pearl-grey cloth; it covered Lola from the throat to the feet, and was trimmed with deep grey fur at the edge, and with elaborate seal embroidery about the neck and shoulders. The close-fitting bonnet was entirely of steel, with a pale grey tuft of feathers, and nestling under the brim was a tiny spray of white heather. Long pearl-grey gloves and a white veil completed a costume in which Lola hardly knew herself.

She had never before worn either a bonnet, or a veil, or a long cloak, or any garment approaching the total of twenty-five guineas—a whole quarter's money—which she had with her own eyes seen Bruce pay for his purchases. From a bonny, rosy-cheeked country girl they seemed to transform her into a graceful London lady.

Lola's nature, as well as her training, rendered her as devoid of vanity as any one of Eve's daughters can be. She was always wishing she were clever, but never thankful she was beautiful. Her ideal of beauty was intellectual pell, a spiritual expression, and somewhat emaciated proportions; consequently her own fairness in no way impressed her.

Yet even another woman, and that an enemy, was forced into recognising the unusual loveliness of Bruce's choice. Absorbed in counting the minutes until Bruce's return, and in watching for his call, Lola, from her elevation on the second floor, did not hear an altercation which took place in the hall below at just about the time when Aubrey de Vaux was receiving the news of her marriage.

It was Mary, the large, and dirty, and blushing, who opened the door some five minutes after the bell had been rung, and admitted a lady visitor, who asked for Bruce Laidlaw.

"So it's quite true what I heard; and she's here!" exclaimed the lady, growing very red. "Is she on the second floor?" asked Mrs. Granville excitedly.

Lola did not notice her, but answered Mary's look of inquiry.

"I was married to Mr. Bruce Laidlaw this morning," she said; and without a word more she walked into the adjoining bedroom and shut the door.

It was Mary, the large, and dirty, and blushing, who opened the door some five minutes after the bell had been rung, and admitted a lady visitor, who asked for Bruce Laidlaw.

"When my husband comes, he can see her there," she added.

"Your husband! Who do you mean?" asked Mrs. Granville excitedly.

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PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

Oh! pray, pray for the dead!
Kneel in thought where the withered grasses
Rustling sway on a once bright head;
Summer dies, and the dying flowers
Sigh. "Remember your loved and dead!"

Fading, fluttering, whirling, falling,
Leaves come down with a sob of pain,
Come to cover the dear ones lying
Under the cold November rain;
Cold as clay when the soul has fled;
Oh! pray, pray for the dead!

Oh! pray, pray for the dead!
Every second death is calling,
Dear ones fall like the Autumn leaves;
Where's the grove that has lost no garland?
Where's the home where no mourner grieves?
Grieves for those who perhaps in anguish,
Barred from glory are doomed to roan,
Voiceless, helpless—Oh, you loved them!
Beg our Father to call them home,
Home from suffering, darkness, dread;
Oh! pray, pray for the dead!

Oh! pray, pray for the dead!
Pray for those whom the yawning billows
Swallowed down in their fearful wrath,
Those who, scorched by the breath of fever,
Fall like grass in the mower's path;
Those who dropped by the way unnoticed,
Those who died in the battle's din;
All are loved by our Lord, and holy,
All must suffer who stoop to sin;
Plead for rest for each weary head;
Oh! pray, pray for the dead!

Oh! pray, pray for the dead!
Buried friends, can we ever forget you?
You who felt for our weal or woe?
God be with you, our silent sleepers,
Lying under the turf so low!
Useless, vain is our weak bewailing,
Vain are mourners and sob and tear;
What, oh, what can our grief avail you,
Lifeless dust that was once so dear?
Hark! a sigh from each lowly bed:
Oh! pray, pray for the dead!

THE SIMPLE TRUTH,

By SARA TRAINER SMITH.

PEGGY Dalton lived within four bare walls, much as Truth must have lived at the bottom of her well,—longing for light and warmth and beauty, but fearless andundaunted in hope for the future.

The "second-story back" of one of the mean little houses up a dirty court was all she called home. Of all the universe God made, not one thing was ever visible there but a patch of sky, far off and dimmed by smoke and mist, except when the winter stars of morning shone clear. Peggy, on her way to early Mass, used to look up at them with whispering blessing. Because they had thus looked down upon her birthright in green Ireland, they alone seemed kindly natural in her lone old age.

It anyone cares for Peggy's portrait, it is only necessary to go to the nearest Catholic church in any city, and walk near the door for early Mass. To it there will surely come a quaint and unmistakable figure in apron and shawl, close back bonnet and wide bordered cap, rosary—and, perhaps, umbrella—in hand; photographed as she stands, wrinkles a little smoothed away, defects shaded off, general effect rather vague, but eyes darkened, and hair whitened to snow-white, there will be Peggy. Or, the next thing to her—a good old Irish woman, "with no nonsense about her." For Peggy was that. A brave sweet-natured, pure-hearted, honest old woman, doing her best to live as God willed.

Peggy was a widow. To her it seemed a long time since she last saw her husband's rugged yet pleasant old face, and heard his faint voice in his hot thanks and blessings as he slowly faded before her. In reality, it was scarcely more than two years since his death, there in Bell's Court. But they had been very hard years. Life had never been easy to Peggy, but before this there had always been some one to share its hardships, some one to ease the burden when passing circumstances added to its weight, some one to even carry it in brief space while she snatched the rest from routine that was doubly sweet. Now there was no change, no rest, no help, no sympathy, full and entire because of a share in the trial, whatever it might be. There were neighbors, to be sure and kindly ones, spite of their own great needs and scant supplies. But what did they know of the whole bitterness and its rare sweetening? Not one of them had ever "seen the sun golden on the Liffey," ever stumbled with her through the darkways before dawn to the Little Chapel and Father O'Toole's confessional, ever danced with Nora and Patsey and Dennis and Bridget and the others when Peggy was young and a dancer with the best. Above all, not one of them had ever heard the small voices of Peggy's little ones so soon nuzzled in death, or even heard of Jamesy,—Jamesy, her heart's delight and her heart's woe, her youngest, her dearest, her only living and her only lost child. Ah! with no part nor lot in these memories, sympathy with present trials lacked the tenderness of regret and the comfort of hope. Peggy was indeed alone.

She was very poor. From the first there had been little she could do in the New World life. She was no skilled servant, and no "hand" of any sort in shop or factory. But so long as John lived, there had always been something to eat, albeit scanty and plain as bread and water. There had always been fire part of the day, at least, and if there was no light for the darkness, there was always John to talk with, and the glow of his pipe that was meat and drink to him and, sympathetically, to her. Now, in her damp and mouldy room, oppressive in summer, icy cold in winter, Peggy sat out many a dreary evening or crept into bed at what was sunless in the world where the sun counted, cold, hungry, tired and lonely—yes! beyond words. But she was brave. She had her prayers and her beads. Over and over she murmured the familiar words, over and over she told the well-worn decades, and looking on to "the morn's Mass," dropped asleep with a smile on her lips as often as not. With the first lightening of the darkness of night, she was up and off. Neither cold nor heat, neither storm nor shower, neither the growing weakness of age nor the weariness born of insufficient nourishment, kept her within doors after that hour. All that the lighted altar meant to her in its beautiful and pure adornings, more prosperous lives can never know. To her Our Lord was indeed all.—His shrine, her stronghold and her shelter. There she was led and clothed, warmed and refreshed. In the thought and the comfort of that hour of promise, she went through the toll and sorrow of the day.

Late risers in the court—say, six o'clock—would see her trotting briskly home. With the day's work before her, there was no time to tarry. There was "the house"—it was perhaps ten feet square—to clean and put in spotless order, for Peggy was as cleanly as she was pure of heart. There was the day's living to earn, and the one pleasant thing about it was the chance that it might be a good one. It was earned with a basket and many a weary tramp. In the basket there was always some of Peggy's knitting, some of her sewing and some of her starching and ironing. There was nothing else. She had the wisdom of the very wise in

that she never attempted more than she could accomplish. She made no pretension to buying and selling, for hers were not the wits to sharpen against other wits. She had a line of her own. When John died, there was still something in the old Irish chest. With her face yet wet with the salt and bitter tears of widowhood, Peggy had set about despoiling herself of her last treasures. She cut up her remnants of Irish linen—saved so long to make Jamesy's shirts, "when he came that length,"—and fashioned them into coarse, yet snowy aprons. She put her nimble fingers to her cuts of Irish yarn, and knitted peasants' stockings, thick and warm and soft. Then she went out into the streets and sold them. Not an apron nor a pair of the stockings ever saw Bell's Court again. Something in her dear old Irish face, still a little rosy if wrinkled, something in her blue Irish eyes, still with a twinkle in their dimness, in soft, cheery voice, plaintive as it was with fear and hope, both struggling for the mastery,—above all, something in the hearts God softened towards her in her hour of need, established Peggy in business. From that day she had gone on in the same way. Peggy's aprons, Peggy's stockings, Peggy's starched sun-bonnets had a reputation in a small business world. If Peggy had had four hands instead of two, four rooms instead of one, four days sunshine instead of seven days twilight in every week, and four times the price of her articles instead of the miserable pittance for which she sold them, she would have been very well off—for Peggy. Even then, there are not many of us who would have envied her success.

As it was, Peggy found it hard to get along. It was now March, but cold as midwinter. Miss Graham had slipped her arm under her neck, and the man who was supporting her rose. He looked round on the crowd and put up his hand to bar their approach.

"She has only fainted," he said. "The young lady will see her. I do not think she is seriously hurt. In all probability, she fell as much from weakness of exhaustion as from any blow of the carriage pole. The poor creature seems to be in a starving condition."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed a sturdy old gentleman with his hands in his pockets.

"Yes, I do mean it! And I am very sorry for it, too. I'm that sorry! How sorry are you?" As he spoke, he took off his hat, threw it into a rattling handful of silver, and passed it to the old gentleman. He in his turn withdrew one hand, dropped in an offering, and passed to it the next. Miss Graham heard the ring of "change," the rising laughter and good-natured mirth of a crowd which finds itself disappointed of the climax of a tragedy. It had the effect of diverting their attention from herself and her charge, with whom Margaret was there. The two souls were like two rare jewels in different settings, alike, yet each taking a new purity and steady clearness and brilliancy from the other.

They talked of many things in those daily visits. Peggy told of her work and its wages—cold and hunger and thirst and weakness,

Margaret spoke of her daily duties and pleasures, and Peggy enjoyed them like a child, while she took her own portion as "the will of God, and慈悲 on it." Quaint and simple enough were many of her revelations. Margaret never forgot her speaking of those hours before the Blessed Sacrament in the church where they met, and from whence, Peggy said, she always went forth to comfort and to good fortune.

"Shure, an' He always shut me somethin', maybe a friend, maybe a customer. It's not often I do be botherin' Him about *them*, though. Don't I know He thinks themunny-way, an' it's shamed I'd be to be hurryin' Him! But when I finds meself cleane strippit ov everything, I do be thinkin' He means me to remember it's Himself *owns* everything. So I just intinct it to Him, soft like. An' He takes it plisant, every time."

But through all the quiet time of visiting, nursing, resting, Peggy grew no better.

She did not suffer much, but it was evident "the silver chord was loosed."

Nothing was said of it, but her little preparations were all made. Margaret went, at her own request, to the little dark room in the Court, gathering together the few poor things that were Peggy's treasures and carrying them away.

"You know, Peggy dear," she said, "when you are well you will never go back there. Now that you have found Jamesy, there is a much better home provided for you."

"Aye, shure!" said Peggy, placidly, and lay quiet. After a time, she said: "There was three aprons in the basket, Miss Margaret dear?"

"Yes, Peggy. Three aprons and two sun-bonnets, and two pair of stockings."

"Aye! Mrs. Mulligan's Ted bought was pair themorn. It was all I sold, fur I thought I was to hav' bad luck with them. Miss Margaret..."

"Well, Peggy?"

"It's not the likes ov yez wud be wantin' them, but I bo that proud an' glad, I wud, if ye'll take an apron or a sun-bonnet. Just to mind out Peggy Dalton whin she's under the sod, darlin'. It's poort things they are, shure, but I did me best wid thim, an' they kep' their heart ov me warrum, till I found me b'y. An' isn't it an illogan' b'y his, Miss Margaret?"

"He's a very nice fellow, Peggy. My father thinks a great deal of him."

"Blissins on yer father! Shure, he's the right to think well ov him, fur he's the makin' of him under God! Ah, will ye take the apron, dear? Or the sun-bonnet?"

"Indeed I will, Peggy."

"Thank you kindly, Miss! Now, I'm done wid thim. I'll never stick stitch more. Glory be to God!"

She drew a long, soft breath, and when Margaret said to her again, she was sleeping restfully and sweetly as a child.

It was the next morning James knocked at Margaret's door with a tear-washed face. She knew his errand.

"Miss Margaret,—" he whispered, and turned away.

"Yes, James, poor fellow!"

"Miss Margaret, me heart's bruk! Wud ye—wud ye—go wid me, plaze? She do be wanlin' to spak wid ye—the day."

The pause was eloquent. "I will be ready in ten minutes," said Margaret. And in ten minutes they were on their way.

The hospital ward seemed very still and white. In one of the neat beds, so smooth it looks almost undisturbed, the delicately pure old face, crowned with silver hair, rested on the spotless pillow. They paused beside it.

"Oh, Doctor!" she asked, eagerly, "is she much hurt? Oh, I hope not. This is her son and he has not seen her for years. It was the shock and surprise that caused the accident."

"Ah!" said the doctor in charge. "Then that explains her questionings. We could not make head or tail of them. Well, my man, your mother is not very much hurt!"

"Glory be to God!"

"—but she is so much weakened that the shock is a very serious thing. I am afraid she's had a hard winter of it. She is very thin. And she is a bad color. We can't tell how it will turn out."

"Starved, really," murmured the young physician who had accompanied them. He and Miss Graham stood on a little apart. She turned a look of horror on him. It seemed so dreadful, remembering the tidy little creature's white, still face, and thinly furnished basket. The whole story of patient struggle seemed told in a flash.

"I will say them for you, Peggy. Our Lady said James, wistfully.

"Not now, my man. We were obliged to give her something to quiet her, and she must sleep. But—" he paused. The doctors looked at each other. "Well, you had better come back this afternoon. If she's awake, you can see her then."

"Can I do anything for her, Doctor? Is any thing wanted I can get?" asked Miss Graham.

"No, madam, nothing at all—presently. She may be glad of some help, will at least

find it pleasant to see you—after a time." He was a handsome, old kind gentleman, and his air of gallant courtesy sat well upon him as he bowed to Miss Graham. She took her leave of him and walked away with the younger doctor, silent and sad.

"Doctor, you don't think she will get over it," she said, in a loud voice.

He did not answer her at first, then spoke of her age, the possibilities, the advantages of the hospital.

"At all events, she will want for nothing," he continued, as he assisted her to close the carriage door, after she had offered to see him down on the way. "The crowd was generous. They handed me quite a sum from that hat."

They parted with a smile. But Miss Graham reached home in sober mood. She found them all in sympathy with her, for they were a kindly and generous household, and their servants had a share in the warmth and sunshine of the home as well as in its labors.

JAMES was left at liberty to go and come at will until he was quite satisfied as to his mother's condition, and many and hearty were the enquiries for her.

Margaret was not content with inquiries. Her first visit on the next day was followed by many more, for Peggy was no ordinary sufferer. She grew into the very hearts of all who came near her, and her cheerfulness, her patience, her hopefulness, made of her sickbed anything but a pillory for those who attended it. For Margaret had a special fondness. James had told her all his story in his first visits, had made his peace with the past, and heard all her simple story. In his upward path, Margaret's father and mother bore conspicuous part as helpers and strengtheners, and the two gentle lady daughters called forth all his native eloquence in the retrospect. Peggy lay through quiet hours, telling her beads for them. She had a fancy—it may have been more—that in a special way they were intrusted to her prayers, that her grateful heart was so blessed as to have the way pointed out for its expression, and the meeting in the church just before the answer to her long and patient pleadings for James's return was meant to supply another object for those pleadings. Her manner to Margaret was always lovingly tender and respectful, her cheerfulness more marked, her utter confidence in God and man more beautiful when Margaret was there. The two souls were like two rare jewels in different settings, alike, yet each taking a new purity and steady clearness and brilliancy from the other.

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Margaret was not content with inquiries. Her first visit on the next day was followed by many more, for Peggy was no ordinary sufferer. She grew into the very hearts of all who came near her, and her cheerfulness, her patience, her hopefulness, made of her sickbed anything but a pillory for those who attended it. For Margaret had a special fondness. James had told her all his story in his first visits, had made his peace with the past, and heard all her simple story. In his upward path, Margaret's father and mother bore conspicuous part as helpers and strengtheners, and the two gentle lady daughters called forth all his native eloquence in the retrospect. Peggy lay through quiet hours, telling her beads for them. She had a fancy—it may have been more—that in a special way they were intrusted to

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 25, 1891.



EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALE, infant, childhood, whether torturing, dusky, itching, burning, scaly, crusty, pearly or blotty, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, seroful or hemorrhagic, is speedily, easily and permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of Cuticura Skin Purifier and Soap, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and Cuticura Resorber, the new Blood and Skin Purifier, and creates a humor Remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Be safe now. Be safe and dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

So everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, \$1.69. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS. Backache and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER.

LADIES' CORNER.

The eve of the feast of St. Catherine Nov. 24, was selected for the joyous celebration of the marriage of Mademoiselle Gabrielle Pellat, sister-in-law of Mon. Globensky, Seigneur of St. Eustache, to a promising young physician of this city, Mon. Rodolphe R. C. Leprohon, son of J. L. Leprohon, Esq., M.D., vice-consul of Spain. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon P. Leblanc at the pro-cathedral in the presence of the near relatives and a few of the intimate friends of the family, after which the happy bride and bridegroom left for Quebec, and decided to continue their bridal tour to the Dominion of Canada. Rich and valuable were the many gifts received by the youthful bride on this happy occasion, but as all wedding presents bear a striking similarity a description is unnecessary: suffice it to say in conclusion that Madame Rodolphe Leprohon will return to Montreal in three weeks' time to take up her residence at 513 Dorchester street, where she will receive her many old friends and well-wishers, and in addition those of her very popular husband, which may be considered a host in themselves. The matrimonial epidemic appears to have broken out in Doctor Leprohon's family, and entirely baffles his medical skill—it is now rumored that one or two more of his sons are affected by the contagion: the one most likely to succumb to the fatal malady is Mon. Claude Leprohon, whose choice is a bright, intelligent and attractive lady—a charming young widow.

FASHION.

One of the present fashions which attracts the eye, not always in a favorable way, is the high epaulet sleeve which is daily assuming such proportions and appears to be growing up in a heavenward direction till one cannot help wondering how far it will go and where it will end. When the top of the puffed sleeve is almost on a level with the ear, it may well be considered grotesque and unbecoming, and yet one sees this frequently. It should be borne in mind that a lady with no neck at all makes a mistake in having a Medici collar, and the sleeves of her gown made exactly the same height as her particular friend whose throat happens to be nearly as long as a giraffe's. When the epaulet is raised about an inch and a half high, it is very becoming, provided there is a space between it and the collar, showing the distinct outline of the shoulder, but when this space is filled in by folds, frills, or trimming of any kind, the body of the wearer appears too long in proportion to the rest of the figure, and gives an awkward high shoulder effect. This kind of sleeve is at present so much worn that the perfectly flat style of a few seasons ago now looks quaint and old-fashioned; therefore, the difficulty is how to modernize a valuable seal or fur coat by altering the sleeves. We see daily many attempts at this change, but they are such decided failures that they would have looked better in their primitive state. However, the desired alteration can be made so perfectly as to do justice, but only an expert and practised hand should attempt it. For the benefit of my readers I can safely recommend, for work of this kind, R. Kornmaier, 111 St. Antoine street, whose work I have seen and tested. He is particularly expert in this branch of sleeve-altering, and turns out work with style and finish that is quite modern. All kinds of storm-collars, furs, muffs, collarettes and mantles are altered or re-made, in a most satisfactory manner unless in exceptional cases, when Mr. Kornmaier, seeing that the work is not likely to turn out in a satisfactory manner, gives an honest opinion in the matter.

Madame Kornmaier is most painstaking and prompt in undertaking country orders and attending to her lady patrons, who unite in expressing their satisfaction.

THE HAIR.

which is admitted to be woman's "crown and glory," will now be the subject of a few paragraphs at the special request of a constant reader of the "Ladies' Corner." Without undue vanity one may, and ought to, devote care and attention to this natural adornment of woman which is spoken of as such even in Scripture. Hair should receive the care we devote to choice plants, for, after all, what is hair but a plant. Those who have studied the matter most carefully consider that the three things which injure this silky growth are "want of cleanliness, want of air and perspiration." 1st, "Want of cleanliness"—French women, Parisians in particular, who understand the subject thoroughly, dwell with emphasis, and reiterate in every treatise on the matter, the absolute necessity of keeping the scalp perfectly clean by thorough washing at least once a fortnight. This should be done in a utensil sufficiently large to hold abundance of water—an ordinary basin is much too small. The water should be tepid, or luke-warm—when rainwater can be had it is very much softer and better for the hair. No soap should be used or, if any, only the very best quality, as the scent, caustic, and vari-

ous chemicals which form the component parts of even the most highly exfoliated toilet soaps are injurious. The old recipe, the yolk of one or two eggs is an excellent substitute for soap and is said to cleanse as well as nourish the hair. The object of washing, being merely to remove dust, dandruff, or perspiration, the head should not be kept very long in the water, as doing so removes the natural oil which sustains and beautifies the hair, and the want of it leaves it dry and unmanageable for some time. The second thing mentioned as being essential is "air," and to carry the matter still further I would add sun, provided it be not too powerful, is also exceedingly beneficial for the hair. Those who can, without taking cold, spread their flowing locks out in the open air—in mild weather it is understood, will find the benefit. Hundreds of men become bald simply from the habit of keeping their hats on during a great part of the day. Hats, which, though fitted with so-called ventilators, are, in reality, almost not quite air tight. The heat that these hard hats of close texture produce is one of the causes of premature baldness. This evil could easily be remedied if all men's hats were furnished with proper ventilators instead of a group of almost invisible pinholes bearing the name, and if the wearers could be persuaded that no serious injury would accrue to them from walking in their gardens and verandas without any hat at all, and if they would give their heads as much air as possible on every occasion, they would find the benefit. The first experiment of this kind might possibly result in a slight cold, but in a very short time this excellent habit would be acquired without even this inconvenience. To return to my subject after this digression. Vigorous brushing is also recommended, the principal object being to stimulate the roots by friction. I have seen many girls literally whipping their hair, the brush reaching only half way to the scalp—as a result the hair dwindled away, it was moderately thick at the roots, but the ends had been worn off or rather whipped away by the treatment it received. Hair-brushes should be kept scrupulously clean, either by ordinary washing or still better, by being shaken up and down in a small dish containing hot water in which common soda has been dissolved, which should not be allowed to touch the back of the brush, as it would be injured by it. In order to remove all trace of soda, the bristles should remain in warm water for some time, then be rubbed very dry, and placed, bristles down, on a fresh towel in the open air, but not in the sun, which would tend to split the bristles. This should be done about once a week. There should be no mere partnership in hair-brushes than there is tooth-brushes, even among members of the same family, and still more to be disapproved of is the habit of using public brushes at a hair-dresser's or elsewhere. To recapitulate in brief, the hair should be washed every fortnight, gently yet vigorously, brushed every night before retiring, loosely plaited in two or three braids, and the parting to be changed daily. There is still much to be said on this subject but, it must be deferred for the present. Any other enquiries concerning the care of the hair will be attended to in next issue. In conclusion, in case any of my readers have silver threads among the gold, and they object to the silver, a very simple remedy is here given. "A dozen or more iron nails (not wire ones) steeped in strong black tea and the decoction used daily on the hair, will prevent it turning gray or restore it to its natural color. In most cases it will prove a perfect remedy." I do not know anyone who has made use of this recipe, and as my own hair is not gray I cannot very well try the experiment for the benefit of the public. It is true, I have an auncie with snowy locks, but he would probably become fractious if I were to try this scientific experiment on his venerable head, besides there is a still more substantial reason for my not doing so. It is simply this, he is in India and I'm here, with the tea and nails!

ADELPHIA.

"Isola"—Replied boy, our letter some time ago—did you receive mine?

A WISE SUGGESTION.

As the long cold winter approaches we should all, and girls especially, do our utmost to assist the poor. Those who have plenty of money at their disposal will easily find means of rendering assistance, but those among us (and they are the majority) who can not, or think they cannot, afford any expenditure otherwise than for their own immediate needs, will be surprised to find how, with a little forethought and contrivance, they too can materially contribute to this good work.

If we examine our wardrobes care, we will find various articles, rendered unsuitable by the vagaries of fashion, but in other respects serviceable; jackets, dresses, cloaks, hats, gloves, &c., which would be a boon to some poor, tired mother, who has not the wherewithal to supply the demands of her helpless family. Dresses that have long since become too shabby to be worn in the street, could, with little labor, be made into a child's "Gretchen" or "Kate Greenaway" dress, thus making the gift doubly acceptable, and this would be a comparatively easy task for some of our girls, as needlework is an industry which can be acquired between one occupation and another and there are many among them who can do anything, from painting, embroidery and sewing of all descriptions, to the minutest details of house-work and cookery, which goes to prove that girls are not as thoughtless, frivolous and vain as they are reported to be. But perhaps some of us do not know of any deserving poor families, do not know where to find them! Let us ask our devoted Pastors, who labor without intermission among the poor of

their flock, and who will be able to direct us in dispensing advantageously whatever we can afford to give.

Mothers, also, whatever their condition in life, should have a deep interest in the poor, considering it an obligation to fulfil toward them in proportion to their means, and training their children to aid in ministering to their relief. Whatever hardships wealthy mothers may have in the performance of good work in the own homes they have not the fear of starvation and poverty to contend with that many poor women, burdened with worthless, intemperate or infirm husbands have to endure. In such homes where is the leisure for teaching the children? often too poor and thinly clad to be sent to school, and are, consequently, left to grow up unloved and uncared for in cheerless, uncomfortable homes.

Children's sympathies are easily enlisted in the interests of the poor. All that is necessary is to remind them of the many little ones, who, less fortunate than themselves, are ill-fed, ill-clad, without a ray of sunshine in their homes, and to whom a pretty picture or a toy is an unknown luxury. For these the discarded and unused toys can be brought to light, and, if broken, mended; a few of the colored prints annually received with the many monthly, weekly and daily publications that come into our homes, can be selected, as well as old story and picture books, which can be made to look almost new by fastening the loose pages, and adding a cover of bright cambric or some other light material, thus enabling the younger ones among us to aid in brightening the lives of many neglected little ones in dark and gloomy homes.

We may not have much spare time at our disposal, yet there are few among us who could not devote an hour or half hour each day to some special purpose without interfering with our daily routine. However, we would do well to apply the leisure moments or intervals that occur during the daily hours of labor, study or occupation, to some profitable use. A moment in itself is of little account, but if we add together the odd moments of many successive days we soon acquire time in which to accomplish what, otherwise, we might consider impossible. These moments are "golden coins" with which, I trust, we all may purchase many intellectual, moral and spiritual treasures.

MURKIN.

LADIES.—We secured three first prizes and diplomas at Montreal Ottawa and Sherbrooke, 1891, for the extra quality of our manufacture of Silver-Ware and replacing old goods equal to new. We supply private families and Hotels direct from our factory. Free delivery to any part of Canada. Samples repeated at dozen rate to show work.

THE CANADA PLATING CO.,
763 Craig St.



Six Years in Demand. Dr. Wm. Koenig, New York, has a good word for Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, when he says, "I have found it to be a valuable medicine in many cases of nervous disease, and I have no doubt that it will be equally successful in curing the disease of the heart." In conclusion, I would like to say that Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a valuable medicine.

It is almost as palatable in milk. It is a wonderful flesh producer. It is used and endorsed by physicians. Send for all druggists at 50c, and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOONE, Rochester.

COULD NOT GET ON WITHOUT IT.

PROVIDENCE, Wyo., May 1888.

The hotel of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been received and good reports made with could not get along without it. The improvement is remarkable in all cases of nervous disease and gloominess of mind引起的。

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