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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest News from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Another Decision Regarding Requests for Names - The survivor of the Killarney Bog slide starvation facing the people is dead.

ASTORIA.

Most Rev. Dr. MacFall, Bishop of Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A., celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth in St. Joseph's Church, Portland, on Jan. 21. Dr. MacFall, who is paying a flying visit to his friends in the city, is a native Co. Antrim, having been born in the County of Larnac.

LOCK.

Extraordinary charges have been filed in the courts in connection with a suit for a declaration of nullity of marriage. Michael Donovan, said that he went through a ceremony of marriage on November 1st, 1896, at the Roman Catholic parish church of Castlehayden, in the diocese of Ross, with Maria Koehane. He was compelled to go through the said ceremony owing to the violent threats of the Rev. John Lyons, Administrator, and his curate, the Rev. Eugene Daly. He alleged that in the society of the parish church, he met the Rev. John Lyons and Rev. E. Daly, Maria Koehane and her mother. The Rev. John Lyons asked Maria Koehane to repeat a charge she had made. Rev. John Lyons asked the petitioner to marry the girl then and there, as it was the only way out of it, and finally compelled him to go through the ceremony. These statements were denied in toto and the decision of the courts with costs has been given against Donovan.

The following particulars are given concerning the death of Bandon of Mrs. Hungerford the novelist. Mrs. Hungerford died at St. Brenda's, Bandon, after an illness extending over three months. Towards the end of October she contracted typhoid fever, but under the skillful treatment of Dr. J. J. Welpby, Bandon, she made good progress towards recovery after the crisis of the disease was passed. Her family and whole circle of friends were assured of her speedy restoration to health when she suddenly got a relapse which was destined to prove fatal. The late Mrs. Hungerford, who attained only middle age, was the daughter of a West Cork clergyman, and from an early age she displayed marked literary talent. In private life she was extremely amiable and pleasant in her manner and characteristics, which, with other excellent womanly qualities, endeared her to all who knew her. By her death Ireland has lost one of her most gifted writers.

The death in Tasmania is reported of one of those devoted Irish ladies of the Presentation Order who have done so much to advance the cause of religious education both at home and abroad. Sister Mary Joseph Russell, who passed away at Hobart on the 10th December, 1896, after a lingering illness, entered the Presentation Convent, Fermoy, in 1866, and in the summer of that year went with the Rev. Mother, sister of His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Murphy, of Hobart, to found a branch of their Order in Tasmania.

DUBLIN.

In the Court of Appeal before the Lord Chancellor, Lord Justice Fitzgerald, Lord Justice Barry and Lord Justice Walker judgment was delivered in an appeal from a decision of the Exchequer Division dismissing an information filed for the purpose of obtaining legacy duty on certain bequests contained in the will of Christopher Ousack, of 30 Clarendon street. The testator bequeathed £150 in three separate sums to clergyman connected with Clarendon street, Whitefriar street and SS. Michael and John's churches to be applied for Masses to be celebrated publicly in those churches for the repose of the soul of the testator and his wife. The Exchequer Division decided that the legacies were a charity and therefore exempt from legacy duty. The Attorney-General appealed.

The decision of the Exchequer Division that bequests for Masses for the dead to be publicly celebrated are charitable and exempt from legacy duty has been affirmed, with costs against the Crown.

KERRY.

Kate Donnelly, accompanied by her uncle (with whom she has been living since the big slide disaster) came into Killarney with reference to the Queen's subscription of £5 for her. The money was lodged in the Post Office, as will also be any further funds subscribed for her benefit, until she is 21 years of age. Neither she nor her relatives are in favor of accepting the offer of Mrs. Williams, of Sussex, to provide a home for her. The Earl of Kenmare has received a sympathetic letter from Mr. Ames Van Ward, St. James' Club, Piccadilly, enclosing £5 for Kate Donnelly. His lordship also received £5 for the sufferers generally from Mr. Henry Lamont, of the Scottish Conservative Club, Edinburgh.

Soon after the South Kerry elections the Hon. J. B. Burke Roche, in accordance with his undertaking to his constituents, commenced an action in the High Court Chancery Division against the editor and publishers of "Burke's Peerage" to restrain

them from publishing the statement that he was divorced from his wife. It may be remembered that certain press comments were at the time based on the statement in "Burke's Peerage," after separately consulting two eminent firms of solicitors in London, finally submitted and gave an undertaking to be embodied in an order of the Court not to repeat the statement. The order read: Upon the application of the plaintiff by summons, dated 13th December, 1895, and upon hearing the solicitors for the applicant and for the defendants, and the defendants by their solicitor's undertaking not to print, or publish, or circulate or cause or permit to be printed, or published, or circulated, in any future edition of "Burke's Peerage" any statement to the effect that the plaintiff has been divorced from his wife, it is by consent ordered that this action do stand dismissed with costs, without costs.

The Mayo News says: We learn upon most reliable authority that the people of several villages in Achill are on the verge of starvation, and the sooner the officials of the Local Government Board inquire into the matter the better. Up to the present they have taken no steps to meet the crisis impending not only in Achill but throughout the congested districts of the union, and their responsibility will be very serious indeed if there be much further delay.

On January 21 one of the most interesting and memorable incidents connected with the diocese of Cashel took place, when the ceremony was completed of unveiling the memorial cross in celebration of the episcopal jubilee of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel. The commemorative Cross is one that for all time will represent a testimony worthy of the man who erected it. To Mr. Edward O'Shea, of Kilkenny, to Mr. Buckley, and Mr. Barnes and Mr. Patrick Molloy the credit of this is due. The cross bears on its front the figure of Christ crucified, treated in the reverent and dignified manner of the 11th and 12th centuries. His right hand is extended in the act of blessing. His left being closed towards the impenitent thief.

On Jan. 22nd in Waterford a scene of indescribable excitement occurred. A vessel laden with a cargo of salt reached Waterford for one of the bacon merchants. The vessel was berthed on account of the bacon trade dispute. A dozen men were imported from the Queen's County, and they went to work. The police were present fully armed to protect the workmen who were vigorously hooted, and at length the excitement became so intense that a rush was made through the police cordons to assault them. Terrible scenes followed: bacon charges were made indiscriminately, and the mounted police pursued the retreating crowd furiously. Several persons were knocked down and badly hurt.

Mr. Casey, secretary of the Gaelic League, protests to the Chief Secretary against the recent commitment for contempt of Court at Dungavon of a witness who endeavored to give his evidence in the Irish tongue. Mr. Casey protests. (1) Because Dun garvan and the district (Ring) from which Connors (the witness) came, are largely Irish speaking, the last return showing that 61 per cent of the population admitted they spoke the Irish language. (2) An interpreter was in court at the time, and had been actually engaged in the examination of a witness in the preceding case. (3) Every person has a perfectly legal right to be examined in the language he knows best, it being held that it would be unfair to submit a man to examination and cross examination by a hostile advocate in a language with which he was but imperfectly acquainted.

WICKLOW.

The Wicklow Star states that last week the survey as far as Glendalough was completed of a line of steam tram or electric railway, which it is proposed to run across the Wicklow Gap, connecting the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway with the Blessington and Doulough line, via Rathdrum, Laragh, Glendalough and Holywood.

A young man in Lowell, Mass., troubled for years with a constant succession of boils on his neck, was completely cured by taking only three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Another result of the treatment was greatly improved digestion with increased vigor.

C. M. B. A.

At a meeting of Branch 222, O. M. B. A. of Canada, held at 180 St. James street, Montreal Grand Deputy Tansey, assisted by the other deputies, installed the following officers for the ensuing year: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. F. Dault; Chancellor, Bro. Geo. A. Carpenter; President, Bro. T. M. Ireland, First Vice-President, Bro. Thos. A. Lynch; Second Vice-President, Bro. M. Kelly; Rec. Sec., Bro. W. J. McCaffrey; Asst. Rec. Sec., Bro. J. McKeon; Financial Sec., Bro. J. Rinaldan; Treas., Bro. W. E. Durack; Marshal, Bro. N. Butler; Guard, Bro. B. A. Leprohon; Trustees, Bro. G. A. Carpenter, A. O. Coleman, T. R. Cowan, T. O. O'Brien, J. Donahue. Medical Adviser, Bro. Jas. A. McDonald, M.D.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The Story of Kateri Tekakwitha.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER BY THOMAS.)

After the departure of the "black-gowns," Tekakwitha pondered long and deeply over the wonderful revelation she had just heard.

But to her relatives she said nothing, possibly through fear of her stern uncle, whose wrath would have been terrible, but more likely because the time was not yet ripe: the slender Lily was yet too frail and too untried to bear the storm of persecution that would follow upon her declaring herself a Christian.

She withdrew herself more than ever from the companionship of the frivolous Mohawk girls. Often she would retire into the woods when her duties were over and "talk to Kawemio" (God), as the blackgowns had taught her. What the "Great Spirit" whispered to His Indian bride she shall never know, but daily her sweet and unselfish soul grew in grace, and the opening portals of the Mohawk Lily were watered by the clear streams of divine love. Other priests came to the village, but Tekakwitha never spoke with them, and they took but little notice of her, never thinking what a rare flower was growing up among those ignorant and sinful pagans in the person of the modest and timid little maiden who seemed to shrink from notice.

Retiring in disposition as she was, however, Tekakwitha was always ready to help anyone who needed her assistance. Did an unfortunate passpoor hurt his foot, Tekakwitha was always at hand to soothe the little sufferer. If a squaw was in trouble she knew Tekakwitha would help her; if one of the young men wanted a canoe sewn, or some piece of finery made for a dance, Tekakwitha's clever fingers were always ready. Tekakwitha's foster sister, Marys had the most beautifully fringed skirts and the most gorgeously beaded moccasins that the loving care of our little saint could make for her. As for herself, Tekakwitha never troubled, her thoughts were all for others. She did not care for dress, though, as a chief's daughter, she was obliged to wear a costume in accordance with her rank, for according to the custom among the Six Nation Indians, she would, if she married and had sons, hand down to them the rank of chief, which, in this tribe, or rather tribes descends through the female line. But the question of marriage had never entered Tekakwitha's mind; she was utterly unlike any of the other girls, and never laid herself out to attract. When the young warriors were returning from the chase, with their rich booty of skins and game, the maidens of their choice were certain to come in for a particularly rich skin to make up into some article of attire; and a more than usually unscrupulous girl, by a judicious distribution of smiles and glances, could often succeed in carrying off a present from more than one brave, a practice in which, I am sorry to say, they were encouraged by their parents and relatives. But Tekakwitha was never to be found when the hunting parties returned with their spoils, and, though more than one young hunter looked eagerly around for her, nothing would induce her to show herself. Of course she got mercilessly laughed at, but that did not trouble her.

At last, however, her aunts decided that it was time for her to be married; her uncle was getting old, and a young man would be a desirable addition to the household. They broached the subject to her, but she replied that she had no wish to marry, she did not care for anyone, and was quite happy as she was. They could not understand her, and, at length, they decided that she was shy. Well, that was all the better, a modest maiden makes a good wife. As for her not caring for anyone, that did not matter, there was a young brave, the best and handsomest in the village, who was wild to marry her, they (the aunts) had only to go to his mother and arrange all the preliminaries, decide upon the amount to be paid for the girl, so many skins, and so much wampum, and, then, Tekakwitha, finding further remonstrance useless, would bow to circumstances and marry the young man without making any more to do over the matter. But they reckon without their host, as the sequel will show.

Tekakwitha, all unconscious of the plot that was being hatched against her peace of mind, and thinking no more about the matter, continued her placid life of communion with God in the depths of the forest. At length her tranquility was once more rudely disturbed; her aunts announced to her that the preliminaries were arranged, the young brave notified that his addresses would be accepted, and that she was, in fact, formally engaged, and was to lose no time in preparing her wedding outfit. There was nothing at all unusual in the announcement, marriages were, as a rule, conducted after this summary fashion among the Indians, but the news came like a thunderbolt to Tekakwitha.

Of course she knew nothing of the value of virginity, she did not even know that it was pleasing to God;

she knew, in fact, nothing but the existence of God, Who had of old loved good, and was the God alike of the red man and the white. That was all the priests had thought her capable of understanding, and more than that they had not taught her.

But she did not want to marry, she was conscious of intense repugnance at the thought of it, though why, or for what reason she could not say, even to herself. Modestly, yet firmly, she utterly refused to receive the young man, or even to let him hope she might relent, she would not marry then or at any future time.

The storm that followed may be imagined, the innocent girl was called every name that the malice of her relatives could invent. They forgot her years of dutiful and ungrudging service, her self-denial and prompt obedience to their wishes, and because she refused to obey in a matter in which she had a perfect right to decide for herself, they heaped upon her all the abuse and indignity they could think of. The storm clouds were gathering fast over the head of the Lily, they were soon to burst in a deluge of trials and persecutions that should last nearly to the day of her death. Nearly eight years had elapsed since the visit of the priests who had shown Tekakwitha her first glimpse of God, and, during all that time, she had kept silence, and had never even hinted a wish to become a Christian. But the long probation was nearly ended.

Almost beside themselves with anger at the frustration of their designs, Tekakwitha's aunts resolved upon a stratagem as treacherous as it was unjustifiable. In justice to her uncle, however, it must be stated that he refused to attempt to coerce his niece in any way, or to have anything to do with the designs of his wife and her relatives. He did not forbid them, but he would not assist them.

One day, or rather, evening, Tekakwitha was ordered to dress herself in her best clothes, and put on all her ornaments. She obeyed, as she always did, though without any interest in the matter, beyond supposing they were about to have company, as often happened for the chief was popular.

A very rich present of skins of great value, had arrived that day, and had been carefully put away. Tekakwitha was out at the time, but if she had been at home she would have thought it only the usual tribute paid to a powerful and respected chief. The gift, however, bore a very different significance.

Tekakwitha sat by the fire, dressed in all her best finery, her hair had been carefully arranged by her aunt, and was interwoven with strings of beads and wampum. Her tunic was of the finest deer-skins, bleached almost snow white, and was confined at the waist with a beautiful wampum belt, the sign of authority. Richly beaded moccasins covered her tiny feet, and as she sat thus her face partly hidden by a bright colored blanket, she looked up the very embodiment of Indian vanity. But her thoughts were like those of Queen Esther, far from the pomp and show, and occupied only with the greatness and majesty of Kawemio.

Suddenly, the skin which served as the door of the lodge, was drawn aside, and several people entered. One of the party, a handsome young hunter, dressed in all a chief's bravery, cast a glance around the apartment; his eye fell upon Tekakwitha, and, with a flush of pleasure, he strode firmly towards her, and seated himself beside her upon a heap of skins which one of the aunts had quietly placed there. Started from her reverie, Tekakwitha glanced up, and no sooner did she see who was sitting next to her, than she sprang to her feet, and stood, her eyes cast down, and a burning flush mantling beneath her clear olive skin. Slightly surprised at this reception the young man, Swift Arrow by name, also arose, but, on the motion of Tekakwitha's aunt, sat down again.

"Tekakwitha," said her aunt, sternly, "Fetch the cup and give Swift Arrow the drink, and drink thyself, after him, we have promised for thee that he shall have thee for wife, the price is paid, refuse at thy peril, fetch the cup."

The girl heard, but stirred not. Through all the burning sense of wrong, and her fear of her uncle's wrath, completely taken by surprise, only one thought was uppermost, to escape. Submit she would not, they might tear her to pieces first. Slowly she raised her head and looked her relatives straight in the face one after the other. That look, should have awakened whatever feelings of shame or compunction were in their hardened hearts, but it did not. "Fetch the cup," commanded her uncle's wife again. Raising her figure to the full of its slender height, she uttered one agonizing voiceless prayer to God, who never yet had failed her, and then, locking neither to the right nor left, she took firmly to the door, and left the lodge, without a word.

Swift Arrow was furious, he would be the laughing stock of the whole tribe; to be scouted like that, by a mere girl, daughter of a chief, though she was! In vain the equally angry women tried to pacify him, he and his relatives demanded back the skins they had brought, and upon these reluctantly returned, they left the lodge. Meanwhile the cause of all this commotion, had fled as fast as

HOPE ENTHRONED.

LIFE PROLONGED AND ITS NECESSITIES GREATLY EASED.

The Ruthless Hand of Nature Permits Only the Survival of the Strongest, but Medical Science Secures the Survival of the Weakest.

From the "Catholic Register."

The science and art of medication holds a unique place in the esteem of the entire civilized world, because by a judicious application of progressive science relative to the art of healing, innumerable triumphs are won in the struggle for health. The profession of medicine, we may safely say, is no science; its triumphs and successes are achieved daily by the million. Those who are in the vanguard of this movement are our great benefactors. They discover a boon to humanity, they have given a fact to thousands who would have dragged out a miserable and wretched life. It is not the fact, but the application of the fact, that has earned and enjoys the gratitude of untold numbers who were on the verge of isolation or death, because their case defied the skill of the ordinary medical practitioner. The ruthless hand of nature permits only the survival of the fittest, but the tender ministrations of medical science, as exemplified in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, secure the survival of the weakest which is in harmony with the divine injunction, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not please ourselves."

These famous pills have given strength to the apparently hopelessly weak, and vitalized and invigorated fragile and debilitated constitutions, enthroned health and strength, thus increasing every value and enhancing every joy. In substantiation of the reputed merits of these pills, we give a testimonial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills read the following testimonial of one of Glogery's responsible citizens: Samuel Neil, of the village of Lancaster is one of the best known men in the county. "For three successive winters," says Mr. Neil, "I suffered from severe attacks of the grippe. Owing to the exhausting effects of these attacks I was unable to attend to my business half of the time. The last attack I had was in December 1895. It was the most prolonged and the subsequent effect was such that all the winter of 1896 I was under medical care, and being somewhat advanced in life I presented a very frail appearance. My weakness was so pronounced that I became a victim of weak nerves, and even with the assistance of a cane I was liable to faint and attempts to walk were risky and often to be regretted. I was troubled with a dizziness in the head that rendered locomotion difficult and unpleasant. Besides this general weakness I had pain in my shoulders something like arthritic rheumatism in its fluctuations and attempts to walk a few months treatment I was not very better in fact the doctor gave me very little encouragement. He said I had palpitation of the heart and it must run its course. The truth is I felt so weak that my best hope of recovery was that I should die. I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was the dizziness left me day by day my pains vanished into imperceptibility, and I began to feel myself again. The improvement continued until I was able to follow my business with unexpected vigor. I am increasing in flesh and in the general signs of good health, and I unhesitatingly attribute my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposture by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

To ask the maiden to share his lot, but his living was quite precarious, she looked up his rating and all he got was a card with cold calicoons. -Chicago Times Herald.

Any tendency to premature baldness may be promptly checked by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Don't delay till the scalp is bare and the hair roots destroyed. If you would realize the best results, begin at once with this invaluable preparation.

A Catholic in McKinley's Cabinet.

OSTON, Feb. 3.—Judge Joseph McKenna of San Francisco has accepted the portfolio of the Secretaryship of the Interior Department in President-elect McKinley's Cabinet. Judge McKenna has a wife and two daughters, who are prominent in society. All the members of his family are devout Roman Catholics.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy, but if we had a cough or a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Buckle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Stationmaster—"You shouldn't smoke, sir."

Traveler—"That is what my friends say."

"But you mustn't smoke, sir."

"So my doctor tells me."

"But you shan't smoke, sir."

"Ah, that is just what my wife tells me."—Tit-Bits.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formulae of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, its chronic stages, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for St. Vitus' Dizziness and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and finding it to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to you, with full directions, in German, French, Spanish, and English, a little of my "Purifying and Restoring" Syrup, by mail, enclosing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NORRIS, 220 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

My remarks last week about the Toronto work girls have called up an exceedingly unpleasant train of thought.

The chief question that arises is, what is the remedy for this lamentable state of affairs? The next is, where is it all going to end? The answer to these two questions would fill this department twice over, but who is the use in filling columns of space on such a subject?

News-papers themselves are all very well, and doubtless useful to some extent, but it cannot do much permanent good, unless every individual who is concerned in the matter decides upon some sort of action. In this case I believe the remedy is largely in the hands of the girls themselves.

There is always, almost without exception, a very large demand for reliable servants, and for women and young girls to go out by the day, either to do housework or washing.

What it is that induces many respectable girls to choose any other occupation than that of domestic servant, I cannot understand.

There is the whole pith of the matter. Now I am writing for Catholic girls, it is hardly likely that any of the class to whom I refer will see this article, but if any of my girl readers are wearing themselves out, slaving early and late dragging back and forth in all weathers for a miserable pittance of two dollars or less per week, there are others, God help them, who not only must subsist themselves upon this miserable sum, but who have to keep others dependent upon their exertions; for these service is out of the question, they cannot leave the helpless ones at home.

As for those girls who work merely to earn pocket money or money to spend on dress, I would say, give it up, give up your earnings and go without your pocket money, you who have fathers or other relatives who can support you, rather than take the bread out of the mouths of those who are compelled by hard necessity to toil for it.

But, to the toilers, to those walking the streets looking for work, to those wearing their fingers to the bone to make "bargain" nightdresses at 8 cents a dozen, I will put the question, Why should one kind of work be more degrading than another? Why should you be lowered in your own or anyone's estimation because you are a respectable and respected domestic servant?

You Catholics, children of the Church of God, of that God who is no respecter of persons, you know better; you know the miserable sophistry about the degradation of work emanates now, as it always did, from the father of lies.

No work is degrading, not even the humblest, and, as for service, the girl who hires herself to a "sweater" (naughty word, but oh! how expressive) when she might do otherwise, what is she but a servant? nay, worse, she is a slave.

The subject is an extremely painful one, and it is made all the more so by one's knowledge of how helpless one is to do any good. Talking is all very well, as I said before, but unless one reaches the class to whom one is speaking, what use is it?

Some time ago, the "News" advertised for a young woman to address envelopes, wages four dollars a week; the applicants to call at the office at a specified hour. Business took me down town on that particular day, and passing by the "News" office, I was struck by the large number of girls who were coming out. I happened to recollect the advertisement of the day before, and, stopping for a few moments, I counted thirty-two girls, though it was long past the hour specified. If I had been writing this department at that time, I would have stepped into the office and enquired how many applicants they had had.

Newspaper writers, and others who read many of the details in the course of their business, cannot help being struck by the large number of advertisements for servants. Taken in conjunction with the cry of unemployed women and girls, it seems as though the conditions of labor were becoming altogether one-sided.

Taken in all its bearings, the question is a serious one, and it is bound, sooner or later, to confront society with a problem whose solution will be both difficult and dangerous.

and things made in a fashion that has enjoyed a brief and evanescent popularity. Where such things are "out of style," very few people will buy them, unless they are so cheap as to appeal to the "bargain hunter," which forces no large a portion of every woman's wardrobe.

Some stores make a specialty of a particular cheap line of goods, but, as a rule, they are made to sell at the price asked for them, and such price never varies because the demand is always good, the same as for "staples." The genuine purchaser of a "bargain stock" is about the only time when really genuine "bargains" can be obtained.

Large hats have "gone out" again, or rather, they have been ordered to disappear. There are quite as many of them about as there always has been. For one thing, it is not every woman who is rich enough to discard a useful article because fashion declares it "de trop," and I believe most women are too sensible to rush immediately after the latest style, when it involves the instant destruction of a possibly exceedingly becoming hat.

Large hats suit everyone, small ones suit only a few, comfort yourself, dear reader, and wear your "picture hat" down-town with a tranquil mind, nobody will care whether it is out of style or not, if it suits you. But if a small hat makes you look plain, everybody will think, "what a fright that woman looks!" The moral of which is, stick to what suits you, and never mind the fashion. But, for entertainments, concerts, &c., large hats are out of place, and, for once, I entirely concur with the dictation, nothing is more uncomfortable than to sit behind a sheaf of nodding plumes a foot and a half high, surrounded by a kind of black velvet halo, and obstructing one's view of the performance every moment.

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION. The Toronto City Council has magnificent ideas of loyalty, especially Ald. Hallam, whose motto seems to be, "Spare no expense." This gentleman has been disposing, theoretically, of the treasury spare cash, (what there is of it) in the most royal and festive fashion.

One of Ald. Hallam's remarks, scarcely complimentary to the city. He said, "special efforts will have to be made to make the city attractive. To do this, the committee will have considerable work on its hands." If the committee intends to carry out a title of Ald. Hallam's suggestions, not only will it have considerable work on its hands, but it will want considerable money in its pocket.

Firstly, a loyal welcome to be presented by the Mayor and corporation on behalf of the citizens. This address to be got up in the highest style of art, and conveyed in a silver casket (why not gold? there's plenty in British Columbia) of Canadian workmanship, &c., &c. We are not told to whom this work of art is to be presented, presumably, to the royal or noble dignitaries who happen to honour Toronto with a visit, provided they do not alter their minds between this and next June.

All the ministers of the different religious denominations to be asked to preach special sermons on Sunday June 20th asking for collections, and money thus raised to be equally divided between the Sick Children's Hospital, and the Home for Incurables, for the endowment of a number of beds.

All very well, Mr. Hallam, but if we Catholics are to be asked to raise subscriptions of this nature, why are our institutions, St. Michael's Hospital, and the House of Providence to be passed over? Come to the Catholics, if you like, but promise them a share and your subscriptions will increase a hundred fold. Our city fathers have "dreamt that they dwell in marble halls," for a very long time past, but it was only a dream, and though there seems some prospect of the dream being realized on the completion of the new Municipal Buildings, there is some fear of it being again rudely shattered, if the long-suffering ratepayers are expected to throw much more of their money into this bottomless abyss. The new buildings have already cost more than twice as much as the estimates called for, and now because Queen Victoria had reigned sixty years on the 20th of June last, Ald. Hallam wants another thousand dollars "for a frolic in some prominent part of the new city hall building, allegorical of Her Majesty's reign!"

They may just as well vote for gilt domo, marble pillars, and plate glass mirrors while they are about it. Pres coes! If Ald. Hallam had any sense he would see that if the council gets his frolic, it will be a standing evidence of useless extravagance, to be thrown in the teeth of the Mayor and aldermen every time ratepayers or the newspaper wants to make themselves extra disagreeable, which usually happens about the time of the municipal elections.

A large number of foreigners are expected in the city, but it would be as well for the citizens not to make too extensive preparations to receive them, in case they should not materialize. Visitors to the city hall will probably be deflected by the following notices posted about: "The Mayor and aldermen are politely requested not to tilt their chairs back, or lean their heads against the froscos."

Prominent Business Man of Peterboro' Cured of Eczema. Mr. Thos. Oldman, bookkeeper for Adam Hall, Esq., stove and tinware dealer, Peterboro', writes the following facts: "I have been troubled for nine years with Eczema on my leg, and at times the itching was so severe that I have tried many eminent doctors and was pronounced incurable. I had given up hopes of ever being cured when I was recommended by Mr. Madill, druggist, to try a box of Dr. Chas's Ointment, and I am happy to testify that after using two boxes I am completely cured."

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RATES OF PASSAGE - First Cabin - Portland or Halifax to Liverpool or London, \$50 to \$70 return, \$100 to \$120, according to steamer and berth. Second Cabin - \$24 and \$32; return, \$45 and \$59. Liverpool - Liverpool, London, Londonderry, Queenstown, Belfast or Glasgow, including outfit, \$24 50 and \$25 50. Ship's cabins, electric light, spacious promenade decks.

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DAVID TORRANCE & CO General Agents, Montreal, 17 St. Jacques street.

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JAMES S. FULLERTON, Esq., O.C., Corporation Counsel for the City of Toronto, W. B. NEWSOME, Esq., Merchant, Toronto; ALFRED ROBINSON, Esq., Secretary W. & A. Ontario Canada Cement & Lumber Association, London, Ont.; E. R. CAMERON, Esq., Barrister, London, Ont.; B. J. WILSON, Esq., M.D., Toronto; NELSON H. BLEMPER, Esq., M.D., Medical Superintendent Asylum for Insane, Toronto; Consulting Engineers - For Ontario, MR. W. H. CHEWETT; For British Columbia, J. K. CLARK and MR. H. STEVENSON.

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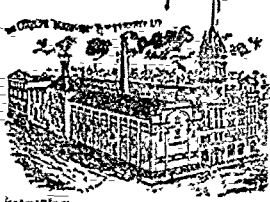
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Appended is a copy of analysis just taken: Toronto, Nov. 19, 1895. The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Ltd. Dear Sir, - I hereby certify that I have made an analysis of water taken from your filter and find it of first-class purity, being bright, clear and free from all suspended impurities.

Yours truly, THOMAS HEYS, Consulting Chemist. (Signed) THOMAS HEYS, Consulting Chemist.

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Postage Stamps bought.

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OF JOHN LABATT, LONDON, CAN. RECEIVED MEDAL and HIGHEST POINTS AWARDED ON THIS CONTINENT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893.

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The Catholic Register.

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The Catholic Register Co., 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Letter intended for the Editor should be so addressed, and not arrive later than Monday of the week to insure publication.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Feb. 11—St. Gilbert. 12—St. Renno, Bishop. 13—St. Catherine of Ricci. 14—St. Faustina and Jovita. 15—St. Juliana. 16—St. Eustach. 17—St. Simeon.

Pressure on our space compelled the shortening of the letter to The Tablet which appears on our front page.

While Dr. Langtry a Toronto Anglican is pitching into Catholics for honoring saints and erecting statues to them, the Anglicans of the United States are making new saints and giving them honor by statues and prayers.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's mission to Rome with the "settlement" was a blank failure. Mr. Fitzpatrick at once returned to London, where he appears to have won The Tablet over to Mr. Laurier's plans.

Some remarks made in a recent issue of this paper on the Indian famine have been more than justified by subsequent events. It has now come out, and the information is being used in a clamorous fashion by the English Socialists, that £17,000 is raised in India every year in the shape of extra taxation to provide against periodic famines.

In a letter to The Globe, and in a lecture at Kingston, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the leading man in Toronto Methodist missionary circles, denounces that he ever stigmatized the French Canadians as a half-civilized people.

There is some hope that the Salisbury Government intend to settle the long agitated demand of Ireland for the establishment of a Catholic University.

of the issues raised to the investigation of a new commission may have influenced the government to concede the university claim.

Mr. Blake's Alleged Opinion.

An Associated Press cable despatch, which appeared in all the newspapers of the Dominion on Saturday last, has, we are justified in saying, occasioned some surprise.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General of Canada, who has just returned here from a trip to the continent, and will sail for home on February 13, has taken the opinion of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., as regards the appeals of the Manitoba Government from the decision of the Privy Council (sic) in the matter of the Manitoba school dispute.

The same cable despatch proceeds to set out the opinion Mr. Blake is alleged to have given to Mr. Fitzpatrick: Mr. Blake expresses the opinion that it is a complete misapprehension to think that the Privy Council ordered the discontinued schools to be restored (sic) and is further of the opinion that the Federal Government have no power to deal with the taxes of Manitoba or to allocate any money to Catholic or Separate schools.

"It is certainly not essential that the statutes repealed by the Act of 1890 should be re-enacted, or that the precise provisions of those statutes should again be made law."

The Remedial Bill did not aim at the actual restoration of the discontinued schools. It would restore the constitutional right and sacred principle of Catholic separate schools, which is the main thing the Catholic minority have contended for.

said the Governor-General has the right to make removing the grievance the appeal was founded.

So that the decision of the Imperial Privy Council gave Mr. Blake everything he contended for.

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Spanish Catholic Colonisation.

Those Americans, including without any exception the editors of the American Catholic press, who are howling at and hounding on Uncle Sam to interfere in Spanish colonial affairs, have a great deal to learn concerning the Spanish colonies.

The chief interest which attaches to Mr. Barrett's description of the Philippines centres upon the characteristics of the inhabitants as a religious people. The Catholic religion is supreme in the Spanish Asian-Pacific colonies.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Philippines are the home of barbaric, uncivilized tribes. Manila was the seat of colleges, observatories and technical schools before Chicago was founded; roads to all points of the compass had been constructed by the friars in Luzon before there was a paved street in the vicinity of the site of Franklin Square in New York city; and devoted padres had carried the Gospel to the heart of the tropical jungle before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

ism, and by the more active natural terrors of frequent earthquakes and more frequent typhoons, Catholic civilization has made a complete conquest. Manila to-day, a city of 300,000 inhabitants, keeps pace with Chicago in all the advantages of the 19th century—railroads, street cars, telephones, electric light, boulevards, bicycles, parks and clubs.

School Board Amalgamation.

The anxiety of some of the members of the Toronto Public School Board for amalgamation with the High School Board may result in bringing this question to an issue in the not distant future.

Diagnose it as we may Mr. Laurier's plan introduces that system of mixed schools which has been repeatedly condemned by the Holy See. The Catholic schools already exist, are waiting to be used, and why, instead of periodically sorting out the children for religious instruction in separate rooms, should not the educational authorities let them assemble every day with their Catholic teacher in buildings which were erected for that purpose?

and one each by the Public and Separate school boards. In the history of the city of Toronto a Catholic has never been appointed on the High School Board by the City Council.

The Tablet on our School Question

The cable correspondent, in the despatch which appears on another page of this issue, represents Mr. Blake, Mr. J. Walton, Q.C., "the legal adviser of the leading Catholic bodies in England," and The Tablet as favoring the so-called "settlement" of the Manitoba school question.

The Late Mgr. Boucher.

It was the Orange Sovereign, Mr. Clarke Wallace, who, in conversation with Mr. Ives, made the statement that the Orangemen of Ontario would undertake (with bayonets) to keep the French Canadians quiet should the Protestant minority ever be troubled in Quebec.

This observation is founded on a cable despatch that appeared in the newspapers two weeks ago, to the effect that the clergy of Ireland had denounced the popular representatives as hopeless quarrelers.

We have watched our Irish exchanges closely ever since the appearance of the despatch in question, and the only clerical manifesto we are able to discover is one signed by six priests and the editor of The Nation, "on behalf of the People's Rights Association"—to wit, Mr. Healy's faction.

Representative Catholics.

One of our Catholic young men who is unobtrusively doing a great deal of good work for education in Toronto is Mr. J. W. Mallon, Mr. F. A. Anglin's law partner.

Irish News by Cable.

Our esteemed contemporary, The Catholic Columbian, remarks: "The 'Irish National Party' must be a sorry misnomer if the statement be true that it has been denounced by the Catholic clergy of the Emerald Isle.

The enemy was defeated, vanquished and driven back in spite of their greatly superior force in numbers...

A New Settlement Mentioned.

Tuesday's news despatches from Montreal and Winnipeg foreshadowed a better basis of settlement of the Manitoba school question...

A Pleasant Gathering.

The "Dolls of Shandon"—as the name imports—is an Irish play, in which the rich humor of the race and its unselfish patriotism are well and faithfully portrayed...

Young Mothers should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk...

BOOK REVIEW.

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER AND HAIL MARY. By Rev. Richard Brennan, N.Y. Benziger Bros. 75c. The honor due and paid to the Mother of God in the Catholic Church is so much misunderstood by non-Catholics...

COOHEM'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

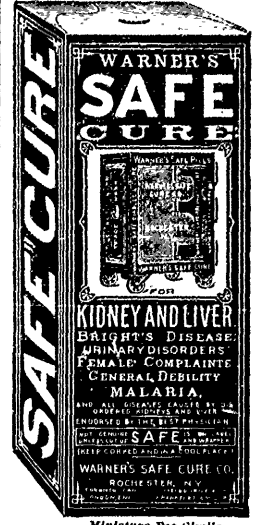
Such a book as this is an inestimable assistance to meditation on the life of our Lord. It is but an abridgement of the German Capuchin's work...

MAGAZINES.

The Catholic World. Rev. F. W. Howard contributes to The Catholic World Magazine for February a paper on sociology...

IMITATION OF THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN. After the model of the Imitation of Christ, from the French. By Mrs. A. B. Bennett-Gladstone...

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH



Dr. Johnson, is an inimitable work. Here we have an imitation of it, in so far as an 'imitation of Mary' is desired by devout Catholics...

Oh! how deceived those are who do not look upon youth as being the spring time of virtue. Charity has rights to which pious enjoyments ought to yield.

HOPE LONG DEFERRED.

We trust that the Government will lose no time in redeeming their pledges and passing and establishing a genuine Irish Catholic University...

Between the general plan of St. Alphonsus's work and the 'Explanation of the Our Father and Hail Mary' there is some resemblance.

Yet another book of poems, and one that promises much, if we may judge by the many exquisite things from the writer's pen that have from time to time appeared in the magazines...

Dividends! Dividends! Dividends!

The Rossland Gold Mining Development & Investment Co., 114 Yonge Street, Toronto, will pay for the month of January half a cent per share on all stock sold and on record.

Dividends. DIVIDEND NO. 1. ROSSLAND GOLD MINING DEVELOPMENT & INVESTMENT CO., LTD. Office—114 Yonge Street, Toronto.

The success of a development company depends much on its management, but large capital is absolutely necessary to deal with the properties we have now under contract.

Acadia. One wonders not that the soul of the poet was stirred to the creation of images of poetic beauty by the weird and mighty waters of the Bay of Fundy.

The Canadian Home Journal for February is of special interest to Catholics, containing among many other bright features a half-tone portrait and sketch of Mr. Alexander Muir...

THE HORSE—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion or sore, derives as much benefit, fit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

If You Ride Dunlop Tires. You don't need any tools but your hands—any one's hands—to speedily repair any possible puncture.

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DOMESTIC READING.

Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. We rail against fortune when we do not like the life we have made for ourselves. Modesty is bred in self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds. None are truly great without this ornament.

Duty has the virtue of making us feel the reality of a positive world while at the same time detaching us from it.—Henri Frederic Amiel

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us.

The heart will commonly govern the head, and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will always infatuate the wisest of men, therefore the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.

What greater thing is there for two human beings than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each in pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting.

If ninety nine hundredths of a man's character is the result of heredity and environment, we must never forget that for the residual fraction he, and he alone, will be held responsible. The steersman cannot control the wind and the waves, but the direction the ship takes is his, it is his hand that steers the ship on her way.

Mighty is the force of motherhood. It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet still all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done; and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

A child's eyes, those clear wells of undefiled thought—what an earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer how earnest; in joy how sparkling; in sympathy how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for someone you fear will not love in return. It will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engrave itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.—Hon. Mrs. Norton.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of osmosis, that a man knows what he is about in life, whether tending in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly and with as fresh a sympathy as when I was 20 years younger.—Dr. Arnold.

A FARMER IN TROUBLE.

A Gentle Country Man Speaks his Mind—Feels like a New Man—Cured by Four Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

CARDINAL, Feb. 8 (Special)—Mr. Robert McInerney, a farmer very widely known in this county, and living near this village, has been in a painful and dangerous condition as the result of kidney disease affecting the bladder. When called upon he said:

"During three years, until quite recently cured by using four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I have been an intense sufferer from kidney disease, which kept going from bad to worse though I was doctoring all the time. Under advice I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills at once realizing great help. I now feel like a new man and am perfectly cured of kidney trouble in any form."

FIRESIDE FUN.

The bicycle rider may toil not, but he certainly does spin.

What is the difference between charity and a tailor? The first covers a multitude of sins, the second a multitude of sinners.

Prominence has its drawbacks. The man on the herbstone sees a good deal more of the procession than the drum major does.

Tom (gloomily): "I tell you, Charlie, this is a hard, hard world." Charlie (interestingly): "So you have bought a bicycle too, have you?"

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes, rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life." "Yes, but with anything of value. I mean."

Teacher: "It seems you are never able to answer any of my questions. How is this, my little boy?" Little Johnny: "If I knew the things you ask me, ma'am, dad wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me home."

Visitor (at lunatic asylum): "Who is that fine looking man making stars, crosses and things out of letters?" Attendant: "Oh, he was the editor of a children's column in some paper. On week he lost the answers to the puzzles, and tried to solve them himself."

Willy: "I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday." Mother: "H'm—what did you say to that?" Willy: "I said 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and walked off and left him."

A certain lady sat up till twelve o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with waiting, she went to her bedroom to retire, and found the missing husband there fast asleep. Instead of going down town he had gone to his room. She was so mad that she wouldn't speak to him for a week.

"Bobby is attending to his piano-forte lessons very faithfully of late," said the youth's uncle. "Yes," replied his mother. "I don't have any trouble with him about that now." "How did you manage it?" "Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practise."

J. L. Toole was once entertained by a party of Edinburgh gentlemen at dinner. After the cloth was removed, a little sociability was indulged in, and Mr. Toole was asked to give a recitation. This the veteran comedian sternly declined to do. A worthy ballad was somewhat primitive approached Toole, patting him on the back and said in a fatherly way: "Come awa, my son; dinna be bashful. We're no ill to please."

An Englishman once remarked in company that he had just been taken for the Prince of Wales, on account of his resemblance to that personage. "Oh," said a Scotchman present, "I was once taken for the Duke of Argyll." "I have been taken for a greater man than either of you," broke in Pat. "Who?" they asked. "Well," said he, "the other day, as I was walking down Sackville street, I met a friend whom I had not seen for many years, and the moment he saw me he shouted out: 'Oh, Holy Moses, is that you?'"

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter."

The End of "Dinna Vaughan."

The Commission named by the Anti-Masonic Congress to inquire into the case of the alleged Diana Vaughan has closed its sittings. The investigation was thorough, and the decision came forth spontaneously and unanimously. Of this I am informed on undisputed authority says a correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times. The decision has not been made public, for the Holy Office itself has taken up the matter, with a view, probably, to making a pronouncement. That the tenor of the judgment given by the Commission was negative it is hardly necessary now to state. All who followed up the matter at all closely were convinced that no other conclusion was possible. It seems that the purpose of the Holy Office in entering on the subject is to send out a condemnation in regard to the conduct of those who have been mystifying the public in this connection. These persons are now well known, and their publications of "revelations" will soon be smitten with that curse that will render them henceforth innocuous to Catholics.

Baby Eczema and Scald Head. Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

PARK AND GARDEN.

Uncoupled soils in late summer or autumn lose soluble nitrogen. A growing crop should, therefore, be kept on the fields. Green manuring enables the farmer to conserve soil nitrogen. It enables him to adopt a simple—to put the soluble nitrates, which his effective handmaids, warms, air and bacteria, have been producing, under lock and key, and to hold them there during the period—autumn, winter and early spring—when that active thief, heavy rain, is most likely to abscond with them. As an illustration, Indian corn finishes growing by September 15. While growing, the roots stand ready to absorb the nitrogen as fast as liberated, but these roots become inactive at the very time rains are the most frequent and nitrogen for two months is likely to be lost by leaching. As a preventive I have sown white mustard about August 1, and which grows until November 15 in the cornfield. Winter rye may be sown if the land is to be unused until May 20. Don't allow bare land after early potatoes or rye. It is bad practice. Plow or harrow and sow some cheap, quick-growing seed to cover the field, keeping down marauding weeds and preventing the theft of nitrates.

A pamphlet has been issued by the Ontario Government calling attention to the importance of thorough meat and milk inspection. The absence of inspection of cattle for export is causing the scheduling of Canadian cattle in the English market; while, owing to this, a distrust has been created in the London and Liverpool cattle-markets against Canadian as compared with United States cattle, as established by abundant available evidence. When it is remembered that the total value of live stock in Ontario in 1898 was \$110,070,902, and that 107,224 cattle were exported in that year from Canada, the economic loss resulting from any distrust as to the health of Ontario cattle abroad, apart from the dangers from second-rate meat at home, is obvious.

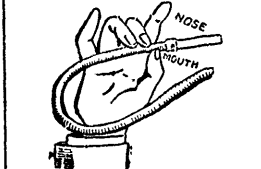
The consensus of opinion of all scientific authorities is that great and positive dangers exist in the use of meat and milk from animals suffering from consumption or tuberculosis; and that the two best methods of limiting these dangers are by the examination of the carcasses of slaughtered animals for tubercle and by the testing of milk cows with tuberculin. There is in Ontario a strong demand on the part of municipal authorities for assistance by legislation to overcome this danger.

Farmers have the greatest interest in the efforts being put forward to secure more strict legislation. They know that the assurance of protection given by a Government certificate enhances the value of the product by creating a demand for it which unscrupulous meat does not enjoy. It is apparent that inspection insures greater care on the farm of the health of the cattle, and, by so much better housing and feeding; more careful selection of animals shipped since they are subject to inspection; and therefore a higher quality of all the products which are exported.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is rest no other day nor night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Sassafras. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lyander, P. Q., writes: "I had Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

At a regular meeting of F. M. T. A. of Almonte held Jan. 31st the following officers were installed for the ensuing term: Rev. Director, Very Rev. Canon Foley; President, J. O'Rielly; 1st Vice President, J. P. O'Connor; 2nd Vice President, P. Frawley; Secretary, E. J. Kelly; Assistant Secretary, J. Frawley; Treasurer E. Letang; Committee of Management, W. (Hogan), J. Lynch, P. Daley, J. Sullivan, F. Johnston.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE



CURES cold in the head in ten minutes. CURES incipient catarrh in from one to three days. CURES chronic catarrh, hay fever and rose fever. Complete, with blower free.

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Chats With the Children.

A REMARKABLE FLAT. The following is an interesting paragraph in a letter from Florida: "To-day I had the good luck to see a curious sight, that of one snake killing and swallowing another. We came on the scene just as a 'king' snake was killing a blacksnake, each a little over three feet long. The king was tied and coiled round the black, and the latter's tail could just wiggle. After a few minutes, during which the king bit himself in the most curious knots and ran his head up and down his victim's writhing body, biting it here and there as if examining his supper, he turned the black's head, gave it a preliminary bite, and then slowly proceeded to take the black—'so into camp.' It seemed impossible that he could swallow a snake as long and as large as himself, but he did. This is how he did it. He would stretch his head as far as possible, get his teeth fixed in his victim's scales, then slip his body up till it was in wrinkles at his neck and for some way down, then loose his tooth hold and slide his head forward for another grip—just as if you were putting on a tight glove, in fact. It was the most interesting operation I think I ever witnessed, and the king swallowed all but three inches of the tail of the poor blacksnake, and, with that dangling from his mouth, glided off into the grass. We let him go, as he is a known enemy of the rattlesnakes, and often kills them."

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT GREW UP. She was sitting up straight in a straight-backed chair. There wasn't a snarl in her shining hair; There wasn't a speck on her dainty dress, And her rosy face was full of distress.

When I drew near to 'tis maiden fair, She suddenly rumbled her shining hair, And dropping down "in a heap" on the floor Uplifted her voice in a wail most sore.

"Now, what is the matter, my pretty maid?" "I'm all grown up," she dolefully said, "And I'm lonesome—as lonesome as lonesome can be—"

For Humpty Dumpty and Riddle me-ree. "There's Little Boy Blue, who used to creep Under our haystack and fall asleep, He isn't my friend since mother dear "Did up" my hair in this twist so queer.

"And the dog and the fiddle, they left me, too, When the baby into a woman grew. The dish has hidden away with the spoon, And the cow has staid at the back of the moon.

"The little old woman who swept the sky Is caught in her cobwebs high and dry, and Jack and his beanstalk I cannot find."

Since I began to improve my mind. "I wouldn't be scared—not a single mile— If the bugaboo I should meet to-night. The bogey man I'd be glad to see, But they'll never—no, never—come back to me.

"I washed in the garden last night at dark A fairy favor to find—but, hark! My mother is calling—don't you hear?— Young ladies don't sit on the floor, my dear."

WHY DOGS TURN AROUND. Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around when he jumps on his cushion or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now you are reminded, you can easily recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our same little doggies of the days long ago, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods. Their beds then were matted grass and leaves, and it was to trample enough grass and properly arrange the leaves that the dog always trod around a narrow circle before he would lie down. The dog of to-day keeps up the same old habit, although there is no longer, any need for it, and, of course, the animal has no notion why he does it.

PARTNERS. A sturdy little figure it was trudging bravely with a pail of water. So many times had it passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance. "You are a busy little girl to-day." "Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed and perspiring, but cherry withal. "Yes'm, it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?" "Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?" "Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

WELL, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well considered compliment, and the little water-carrier did not consider it one; but there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost eloquent tone in her voice as she answered: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her all the time she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n mo's part ner."

Little girls, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?"

HOW SMALL BIRDS CROSS THE SEA.

Every year, on the approach of winter, thousands and thousands of birds, little as well as big, have to leave their summer quarters in search of summer lands. How large birds of strong wing can cross such a wide stretch of water as the eastern part of the Mediterranean it is easy to understand, but how do the small ones, like wrens, titmice, finches, and the rest, manage it? Why, they ride first class on the backs of cranes! In autumn great flocks of cranes may be seen travelling southward flying low and giving forth a strange cry, as if of warning, as they sweep along southward. As soon as they have taken all kinds of little birds fly up to the cranes and settle on their backs, the twitter of those already snugly squatted thereon being audible at times. Then when spring revisits the North, and it is time for the little things to return to their old haunts, the cranes carry them back again—this time, however, flying high, as if they felt assured their tiny friends would easily reach the earth once the great sea was passed.

TAKE CARE OF THE CHEST.

"Take care of your chest," says a physical culture teacher. The chest is the chief thing to be remembered. Keep it well raised and your head, spine and shoulders will involuntarily assume their proper positions without any effort on your part. The cry from parents and teachers used to be, "Throw your shoulders back!" But this mistaken notion is now completely exploded. The shoulders have nothing to do with correct posture. It is all the chest, and its elevation or depression will regulate the rest of the body. The chest is the seat of all things bringing it into prominence and you bring into prominence the best qualities of your nature.

"It has been said that whatever psychological attribute is most marked in a human being is correspondingly most marked in his physical being. If he's a glutton, his stomach is most in evidence; if a scholar or brain worker, his head is surely thrust well forward; but if he perseveres a proper intellectual balance he walks with his chest in advance of the rest of his body.

"It is curious, too, how one may really influence his own mental condition in his way. Just try and see how impossible it is to say 'Oh, how happy I am!' with unkenched chest and spent breath. One involuntarily lifts his chest and takes a good long breath when he says anything optimistic and brave, for if he doesn't he might just as well say 'Have mercy on us, miserable sinners.' The effect is the same. There is no surer cure for the 'blues' or like maladies than merely lifting the chest and taking a good, long breath. It scares away all the bugaboos of pessimism.—New York Sun.

RULES FOR DOLLS.

"A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's, lest she should hurt her. A doll should keep away from the rocking chairs, as the rockers may crush her. A wax doll should avoid the fire, if she wishes to preserve her complexion. Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face. It's a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people are apt to tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline."

Marjory was reading those rules to her dolly with a very sober face. "I'm she laughed. 'Dolly,' said she, 'it's funny; but I really believe these are more for me than they are for you.'"

THE CAT AND THE CLOCKWORK MOUSE.

The cat did then all sabbishly Her wosome tail repeat; This world is full of meekishness And also of deceit.

For why? This morn at dawnitude A mouse I did esp; 'Twas running whirriglissly Beneath my very eye.

And feeling somewhat breakfastish I straightway gave a spring, And landed right upon the back Of that actitious thing.

To my surprise it did not squeak, And neither did it squeal; And as 'twas rather littleish, I ate it at one meal.

I much regret my hastiness, For soon to my dismay, 'Twas acting most unamously, In an eccentric way.

'Twas what they termed a clockwork mouse,

And governed by a spring, Her wits behaved revolvingly, And hurt like anything. Oh! tell me, is life livable When things go on like that? When clockwork mice and feathered shams Impose upon a cat?

THIS CANADA OF OURS.—A DISPOSITION.

Canada was discovered by Jacques Cartier a great Catholic navigator of St. Malo, France, who, because of his numerous and successful explorations, was employed by the monarch and master of his country, Francis I., to make a trip across the unknown Atlantic to find a French colony in the New World. In the year 1534 he passed through the straits of Belle Isle, and in the 10th of May landed on Gaspe peninsula, where he was kindly treated by the Indians. Cartier having sailed up the St. Lawrence stopped at the Indian village of Tadoussac and Hochelaga. In 1603 Champlain founded Quebec, the oldest city in Canada. At this time the country was nothing but a wilderness inhabited by Indians and wild-bearing animals such as the wolf, mink, beaver, otter, ermine and seals in the northern lakes. Shortly after founding Quebec Champlain proceeded to explore the wilderness of the westward. What were his sentiments as his bark, for the first time, broke the tide of the laughing Ottawa or skinned the dark waters of Lake Nipissing? But enough of the grand historic story of Canada. We shall now visit some of the interesting and picturesque scenes which are at present presented by this fair land.

Starting at Nova Scotia we shall see at Halifax large ocean steamers of her Majesty's navy. A few hours' journey from Halifax brings us to the great Nova Scotia coal mines, which are situated in the Obequid Mountains. Here we see the roughly dressed miners running the coal cars in and out of the shafts. We shall now leave Nova Scotia for the beautiful apple orchards of New Brunswick, from which many thousands of barrels are shipped to Europe. Now westward—our parliament buildings are situated in the beautiful little city of Ottawa. Ad tower majestically over the river which flows deep and silent beneath. They are the council halls of our young Dominion. We shall not visit the wheat fields of Manitoba or climb the cliffs of the eternal Rockies. Suffice to say that, whether we loiter in the fruit gardens of southern Ontario or start the timid deer from his retreat by the lonely Lac Seul, at every turn fresh beauties are unfolded to the view. "The population of Canada is filtered and the dirt of Europe is not allowed to enter. Canada has had a glorious past, we live in her sunlit present, and hope that she may see a splendid future. In our far northern forests to day, the shrieking of the wild north-wind seems to hoarsely sing the praises of our young Dominion. Our land is now covered with a mantle of stainless white, which is but concealing the beauty of the ground until the coming spring when nature will once more don the robes of green.

"God save our Queen and heaven bless the Maple Leaf forever."

HUGH ROBT. LEVON PARNELL LYMAN. Age 11 years. St. Afischell's School.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

My little girl is nestled Within her tiny bed, With amber ringlets crossed Around her dainty head; She lies so calm and stilly, She breathes so soft and low, She calls to mind a lily, Half hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal Has gone to slumberland; The Pinks at the portal Have caught her by the hand; She dreams her broken dolly Will soon be mended there, That looks so melancholy Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses, My drowsy little queen, I know you have carresses From floating forms unseem; O angels, let me keep her, To kiss away my cares, This darling little sleeper Who has my love and prayers.

J. M. PAW.

Large Sales of Stock.

The manager of the Ontario Gold Fields Mining and Development Company wishes to return thanks to the public for the liberal support which it received for its first issue of stock. There are several reasons for the generous support accorded this company. The management is in the hands of practical mining men, the Board of Directors are business men who take an active part in the promotion of the company's affairs, and what is particularly attractive, the company is operating under a charter issued by the Ontario Government. The management has been busy the last two weeks attending altogether to the sale of stock. Now that there are ample funds in the treasury, they will proceed as soon as possible to the examination of the numerous properties which they have under consideration.

Clouds of Even.

From the heights... Above me, far above, across the silent sea. Those fleets of beauty fast do move before the wintry wind they flee...

—ALPHA.

THE MASTER OF THE CHRYSOLITE.

Captain Anderson stood alone in the world. But he was one who could stand alone, for his will was strong and his affections were weak. Those who thought they knew him best said he was hard, his heart a stone...

So as the mate's back was turned, John Anderson took a revolver from a locker and charged it; then, ascending the companion ladder, he walked to the break of the poop, with his hands buried in the pockets of a pea jacket.

"I did!" roared he. There was a loud report. The boatswain dropped shot in the leg. And the crew shivered under a gleaming eye and a gleaming weapon.

"All hands 'bout ship!" cried the master. The wounded boatswain, raising himself for a moment on one hand, piped faintly and fell back unconscious.

Such incidents as these gave John Anderson an unenviable reputation among sailors. It was seldom that some crew served him twice. Two times under him were more than enough to be stood, and from his subordinates, therefore, he gained nothing but hatred and fear.

It was very difficult, then, to find a man who was Captain Anderson's weak point. Everybody of course had his weakness. But this man appeared to be all strength. His whole life seemed like a rod of burnished steel—a passion proof life, a fire-proof rod.

Messrs. Ruin & Ruin, of Billiter street, plighted themselves on knowing his tender point. He was avaricious, thought they; he would do anything for money, and they would some day try him in the furnace. It was true, indeed, that the old sailor had amassed considerable wealth during his frequent voyages to the East.

Now before you judge, hear me captain, I feel sure you could find the man if you chose. See, the 'Chrysolite' is insured in the Jupiter Insurance Company for £9,000. Here is the policy. And the man that carries her from the axle, and makes a picturesque wreck of her will care the gratitude of Messrs. Ruin and Ruin, and £9,000 besides.

But the world was wrong. The Captain himself was sometimes given to metaphysical speculation, and even he was puzzled to know if his heart had a whit more feeling than any other pumping engine. Women he looked upon as frivolities of vanity to which he could not reconcile his stern nature; and men he regarded as instruments to be rigorously disciplined, not falling at the same time to discipline himself.

Now it happened that a new firm trading to the East, in competition with Messrs Ruin & Ruin, had made advances to Captain Anderson with a view to engaging him in their service. And as they offered liberal terms, including a handsome percentage, it was not long before the old seaman was won over. Here is a chance, thought he, of heaping up my mountain so much the more quickly, and I am determined that my actions shall not be hampered by sentiment.

It is curious how fond real old salts are of dress when ashore. Here was John Anderson in a top hat and kid gloves, looking anything but at home in them. The glossy hat was mockery to his bald, sea worn face, and his big knuckles were almost bursting through the soft kid with indignation at the affront put upon them.

He resolved the chambers in which the firm of Messrs Ruin & Ruin was established, ascended the staircase—for the office was on the second floor. The senior partner was within, and the captain was admitted into his room without delay.

"Glad to see you, Captain Anderson," said Mr. Ruin in an unusually cordial tone, at the same time shaking hands. "You've made a capital passage, and freighted the 'Chrysolite' well."

Mr. Ruin was a big fat man, who spoke oilyly. His clean-shaven face was never without the remnants of a smile—a smile, though, which was not remarkable for its sincerity. Still it had its value—in the market—for it was a commercial smile.

"Yes, I brought her a quick passage," replied Anderson. "Then, looking straight at the owner, "and it's the last she'll make under me."

"I can't accept it, Mr. Anderson; I can't indeed," replied the owner, picking up the parchment. "And I'll tell you why. My brother and I have been thinking matters over and we've really been obliged to confess, for conscientious sake, that the 'Chrysolite' is getting old."

"Well, now I think of it again, I believe my brother did say she was devilish old—a strange coincidence. Still, she was a fine model of a boat. What'd'ye think yourself?"

"The very remark I made myself only yesterday. Yes, we agreed she was a pretty boat; and I admit, from sheer sentiment, I cannot bear to think of her being chopped up for firewood. So inharmonious, don't you think?"

"My brother told me he should not mind seeing her end her days as a picturesque wreck, but to sell her for matchwood was barbarous. I was really of the same opinion. And—and—couldn't it be managed for her, Captain Anderson?"

"The two looked at each other narrowly. "If you can get any one to do it, of course it can be done. But I would sooner—"

"Now before you judge, hear me captain, I feel sure you could find the man if you chose. See, the 'Chrysolite' is insured in the Jupiter Insurance Company for £9,000. Here is the policy. And the man that carries her from the axle, and makes a picturesque wreck of her will care the gratitude of Messrs. Ruin and Ruin, and £9,000 besides.

For once even the remnants of a smile had disappeared from the senior partner's face, and he stood confessed—the type of cool financial sounder. The sailor, on the other hand, was agitated as no one had ever seen him before. The veins stood out on his brawny throat like rope. His eyelids were purple. For a few moments his head swam. Then he righted himself as suddenly, with an emphatic refusal ready on his lips. But the wily partner had left the room. This gave Anderson time to think, and the more he thought the more that pile of gold forced itself before him, until forsooth he fell to thinking how such an end could be compassed—by another commander. He saw clearly that a skillful seaman might achieve this thing with slight danger to himself and his crew. And all his time the three thousand pounds shone as lustreously that his moral vision was dimmed, and the huge iniquity of the whole affair was rapidly vanishing from sight.

"Well, captain, can I help you to a conclusion?" came from the oily lips. "It's this way," replied the old man, turning round, but keeping his eyes fixed on the carpet. "I can't do it. No, I can't."

Anderson only took up his hat and walked slowly out of the room. He had not descended many steps, when he turned back and re-opened the door.

"No, sir," he said, "it can't be done. I must think it over, and—no—it can't be done." With that he went his way, miserable.

The same night he received a letter by post. It contained his old commission, reinstating him in the command of the 'Chrysolite'.

Four months later the 'Chrysolite' was unloading a general cargo in Mauritius Harbour. Captain Anderson had thought it over.

The quay was quickly covered with Manchester bales and Birmingham cases, and it was not long before the tackle at the main yard arm was set a creaking as the baskets and sand-ballast were hoisted up to be poured into the empty hold. No such luxuries were there as steam winches; not any of those modern appliances for light labour. Instead, five or six hands plied the ponderous work at the winch handles, the labor being substantially aggravated by the heat of a vertical sun.

Anderson put the glass into his pocket. He was sullen and determined. He stood motionless for full half an hour, trying to repress the workings of an aroused conscience, but his thoughts would not let him alone. There was something behind them, some new sensations, which set them buzzing in his mind. These sensations were his finest feelings, ennobling emotions which had been cramped in the grip of discipline for fifty years. He could not comprehend it, but he found himself pursuing a train of thought of finer sensibility than he had ever experienced, and in which the great brute had no place.

He foresaw in his mind's eye the tragic events over which he was presiding. He foresaw the danger to life and limb with a fresh clearness of vision. He pictured to himself the possible agonies of his fellow creatures (never one thinking of his own) with a sentiment much akin to pity—strong, too, but not sufficiently strong to overcome that unbending pride which forbade him for honor's sake to go back upon his promise. Then there was the doom of the ship itself.

The man is not angry, much less fearful; but his lips are quivering and his nostrils widening with a passion hitherto unknown. He sees the picture vividly—a majestic, gallant ship gone to destruction—a rich ruined seaman wandering on earth with a broken heart in a dishonored bosom. Not only a gallant ship, but a lifelong pride and the fulness of a heart's desire swept recklessly into limbo. Here, at last, had his love revealed itself.

"No, by God, she shall not perish!" With a rapid movement he gains the fo'c'st'le, and roars into it: "All hands 'bout ship! Quick now, for your very lives!"

There is no mistaking his tone. It is not one of driving tyranny, but of urgent agony, and it goes right home to every man.

Up they tumble in a ready crowd, many in their shirts alone. They are all sleepy, but the business on hand will soon cure them of this.

They stand by. The helm is put down, and quickly the Chrysolite veers round in process of reeling the other tack. Will she do it? No! She trembles almost in the teeth of the wind, misses, stays and falls off again on to the old tack.

Anderson cannot understand it, old sailor as he is, puts the helm down once more: once more she misses. "Back the mainyard! Sliver the foreyard!"

Soon every stitch of canvas on the mainmast is swung about to face the breeze, while that on the foremast is hauled in. Although she be going at eight knots, that should check her.

But it does not. "Mizen-topmast braces, then!" Quick as thought the lee braces are slack off, and those on the weather side made taut. Still she is not checked. Strange, too, for the breeze is stiff. Anderson feels she is in the stream of a strong current.

"There had been no need to say what was the cause of danger. The heavy boom of breakers rose above the tread of feet, the clashing of spars, and the chorus of curses.

Meanwhile, Mr. Grant had finished his calculations below. He has found for a result that the ship is among the Maldive reefs. He is certain there must be some error in his work, and he sets himself to reverse his figures. But the breeze sweeps into the cabin with a faint command from the upper air—"Back the mainyard!"—and he shrewdly guesses that his calculations are correct.

The captain is everywhere at once urging and aiding. He sees the whole canvas aback, and yet the "Chrysolite" drifts on. He cannot "bout his ship nor back her.

The reef is quite within appreciable distance now. The hands can do nothing more, so they gaze at the dancing line of phosphorescent atoms—a curve tremendously—though these may be their last moments.

"All hands wear ship!" comes sharply from Anderson. "—you and your orders, 'cries some one 'To the boats, to the boats!'"

Although the "Chrysolite" carried five boats, no less than four of them were unusable. In those days the examination of an outward bound ship was slurred over, with the natural consequence that the marine law was more frequently broken than observed. The only boat on board the "Chrysolite" worth launching was the lifeboat, which stood bottom upwards between main and mizen masts. At the cry "To the boats!" there was a rush for her. But Anderson is first. He carries in his hand a small axe, meant for clearing away light wreckage. With a vigorous blow the lifeboat is stove in. The men stop short, daunted. He turns about and faces them, looking like an angry Titan.

"Now then, wear the ship or sink!" They see he means to be master to the end.

It is too late even for impression. The men literally spring to their work with an alacrity begot of desperation. Every moment is of the utmost value, for the reef is very close and the horrible breakers are in all ears.

Anderson himself holds the wheel. He has put the helm up, and soon the great ship with swelling sails breaks out of the current. He feels the change in an instant; the hands know it too. But the danger is not past. Leaving the wheel to another, he runs quickly forward to lean over the weather rail. As he passes through the crowd of the fo'c'st'le, the poor fellows cheer him rapturously. The fine old seaman doffs his cap and makes them a grand, manly bow.

He glances at the reef and then mutters quietly to himself, "She will never clear it, and God forgive me!" Then, wheeling around, he gives a command.

"Let go both anchors! It is our only chance!"

Many hearts sink at the order, but in as few moments as possible, the cables are smothered through the hawse pipes. The anchors touch bottom, and hold. All hands clutch the stanchions or shrouds in anticipation of the shock. It comes. The ship, racing on, is brought up with a round turn of such sudden force as to shake every nail in her timbers. Aloft there is crash upon crash, and the lighter spars come showering on to the deck, bringing along with them ragged remnants of canvas. One man is struck down. The hawsers hum with strenuous vibration. The timbers at the bluff of the low crack almost vertically, until the ship's nose is well nigh torn out. The sensation is too great and the port cable snaps. The starboard one is tougher. But were it ever so tough it would not save the ship, for its anchor is dragging. Back she eags, "tattered into her doom by the whitecap waters; until

Ticklish Things. Coughs are ticklish things. Nowhere does the extravagant saying: "I was tickled to death," come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickle in the throat, that you writhle under and fight against, until at last you break out in a profuse sweat of shame? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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scrofula Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says: "It is hardly necessary to state that the best oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable." He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.



