

The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA"

Everyone is rejoicing at the near advent of spring, and the gradual disappearance of the snow and all the dis...

the over now blouse waist, suggestive of windows to come, and comfortable loose garments.

Premier an emphatic contradiction to the statement emanating from Ottawa respecting the alleged concession to the United States in the matter of the Alaska boundary dispute.

President McKinley's Family Tree.

A young woman arrived from Ireland a few days ago, and called on President McKinley last Monday to present to him the genealogical tree of the McKinleys...

The young woman is Miss Martha Craig. She comes to America to tell Americans the picturesque of Ireland and the habits of the Irish people.

It was by mere chance that she ran across the history of President McKinley's ancestors. Always interested in America, she had learned the name of McKinley when he was elected President.

Miss Craig discovered that a large family of McKinleys had once lived on a farm near the graveyard. So interested did she become in her genealogical research that she went into it very deeply...

Miss Craig knew no one in this country, but she had been born near Conagher, and so had the President's forefathers.

The McKinleys of Conagher appear to have been respectable farmers, Presbyterians in religion. In the ancient but neglected burying-ground of Derrykeighan, their history is found.

The remark of the Daily Telegraph recently, upon the increase of the habit of smoking among Englishmen is a sad comment upon the tendency of the day.

That a lady of title may be seen at any of the great mansions and palaces is a public right with a briarwood pipe in her mouth is, perhaps, less surprising than the fact that the much abused title of "lady" should still continue to be conferred upon a woman so lost to all sense of decency and propriety.

What is the matter with the old fashioned term "woman" anyway? We are constantly meeting with advertisements for "salesladies" and "salesmen," (why not salesgentlemen?)

Several of my respected contemporaries, and I ourselves, describe themselves as "newspaper women;" I use the term occasionally, myself. This will never do, ladies of the press!

FAREWELL.—None but those who have become engaged can know what a strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for.

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Domestic Reading

The chief philanthropies of civilized nations, the State books of government, the constitution of society, are the outcome of Jesus' spirit.

For one to be a Christian it is only necessary that he be loyal; but to be a Christian of the first order he must be just.

The circumstances of our life are not unmeaning, but infinitely otherwise; but this we very often do not see for want of vision.

We should hold ourselves ready to be something or nothing to society, as may seem possible, but at all events, to be something and much to ourselves.

A good conscience is the profoundest source of this delightful calm. We shall attempt in vain to veil our faults from ourselves without it, or to listen only to the voice of adulation.

There are few men who do not want to do some good. Maybe there is often more of selfishness in their desire than love of good; for must we not be civil and respectable?

"Thank Heaven that a little illusion is left to us to enable us to be useful and agreeable—that we don't know exactly what our friends think of us—that the world is not made of looking-glasses to show us just the figure we are making and what is going on behind our backs!

Land Grabbing in the Far East. Pekin, March 11.—The British Minister Sir Claude MacDonnell visited the Chinese Foreign Office on Tuesday and lodged a strong protest against the cession of Port Arthur to Russia.

It has generally been thought that President McKinley is the grandson of Francis McKinley, who was hanged. Miss Craig's investigation proves that this could not have been the case, and that the uncle of Francis McKinley, who came to America before any of the other McKinleys had left Ireland, was the grandfather of the President.

While at the old McKinley farm, Miss Craig took many photographs. These she is now having developed and will present the President with a set of them.

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The Child Spy

By ALPHONSE DAUBET

His name was Stenne; little Stenne they called him. He was a gamain of Paris, pale and thin, who might have been ten years old, perhaps fifteen; one can never tell the age of these children. His mother was dead; his father, an old soldier, patrolled a square in the neighborhood of the Temple. Babies, nurses, old women, all those helpless persons who ran the risk of being trampled on in the crowded street, knew Pere Stenne, and loved him, too. They knew that that fierce mustache, the terror of dogs and pick-pockets, concealed lips that could smile, and that to provoke that smile one had only to say: "How is your little boy to-day?" And how he loved that little boy! How proud he was when in the evening the little fellow came to join him and the two made the rounds together, greeting every one they met. With the sieges, everything was changed. Pere Stenne's square was closed to the public. He was compelled to keep a constant lookout, without his pipe or his son. When he spoke of the Prussians, his mustache was a sight to see! Little Stenne did not find the new life so disagreeable, however. A siegel! That meant fun for gamins. No school, no duties; vacation all the time, and the streets as lively as on gala days. The boy stayed out of doors, running about until night. He followed the detachments of troops to the fortifications, choosing those which had good music; he was very particular on that point. At other times he watched them at their drill. The most interesting of all, though, were the games of chance the Breton troops made popular at this time. When little Stenne was not at the ramparts or at the shops, you would be sure to find him watching a crowd play galoche at the Place du Chateau d'Eau. He never played; it took too much money. He contented himself with watching the others, and with such an expression! One in particular, a great fellow with a blue coat, who staked only hundred-sous pieces, excited his admiration. When this boy ran, one could hear the coins rattle in his pocket. One day, as little Stenne was stooping down to pick up a piece which had rolled under his feet, the fellow said in a low tone: "That makes you squint, hey? Well, if you want me to, I will tell you where to get plenty of them." The offer was accepted, and, leading Stenne aside, he asked the boy to go with him to sell French newspapers to the Prussians, adding that they could make thirty francs a trip. Stenne indignantly refused, and for three days he remained away from the Place. Three dreadful days! He could neither eat nor sleep. At night he seemed to see the pile of galoches at the foot of his bed, and the hundred-sous pieces gleaming in the faint light. The temptation proved too strong. The fourth day he returned to the gaming-place, saw the big fellow, and agreed to go with him. They set out one snowy morning with socks on their shoulders, and the papers hidden under their jackets. When they reached the Flanders gate it was scarcely daylight. The large boy took little Stenne's hand, and, approaching the guard, who had a red nose and a kindly manner, he said, in a whispering tone: "Please let us pass, kind sir. Our mother is sick and our father is dead. We are going to see if we can find some potatoes in the fields outside." He even shed tears. Stenne, much ashamed, hung his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, then, glancing at the dreary white road, he said, "Pass on quickly," and there they were on the way to Aubervilliers. How the big fellow laughed! Confusedly, as in a dream, little Stenne saw the factories transformed into barracks, the tall chimneys, piercing the fog, partially broken off. From time to time they came upon sentinels, officers who were scouring the horizon with field-glasses, and little tents, wet with snow, standing before dying fires. The large boy knew the way and went across the fields, being careful to avoid the military outposts. Notwithstanding his precautions, they suddenly came upon a squad of riflemen. The troops were partly hidden in a ditch which bordered the Boissons railroad. This time they were not allowed to pass so readily, though the large boy told his story in the most pathetic manner. While he was weeping, an old white-haired Sergeant came out of one of the little tents and said: "Don't cry, little fellow; we will let you go to hunt your potatoes. But come in first and warm yourselves a bit; the little one looks frozen." Alas! It was not the cold that made little Stenne shiver so; it was fear and shame. Inside the tent they found soldiers huddled together around a little fire, baking biscuits on the points of their bayonets. They made room for the children, and gave them a drop of their warm coffee; while they were drinking it, an officer appeared at the door, called the sergeant, and, after a few words with him in a low tone, went quickly away. "Boys," said the sergeant, on re-entering, "there will be fun to-night. We have found out the Prussian

countersign. I believe at last we are to capture that cursed Bourget!" Then followed an explosion of bravos and shouts. The soldiers danced and flourished their bayonets. Taking advantage of the tumult, the boys slipped away. On leaving the trench, they saw before them a plain bordered on one side by a long white wall, defaced by bullets. It was towards this that they directed their footsteps, stopping often as if picking up potatoes. "Let us go back when we get to the wall," said Stenne. The other boy only shrugged his shoulders and went steadily forward. All at once they heard a click, and saw a gun pointed at him. "Crouch down!" whispered the large boy, throwing himself on the ground. One down, he whistled; another whistled answered. They then rose and went up to the fortification. Over the wall they saw two yellow mustaches under dirty military caps. The large boy jumped down beside the Prussian. "This is my brother," he said, pointing to his companion. Stenne was so little that on seeing him the Prussian began to laugh; he was obliged to take him by the arm to help him over the rampart. Behind the wall were earthworks, fallen trees, and great black ditches. In each ditch were the same yellow mustaches, which laughed as the little fellow went past. In one corner was a house, protected by trunks of trees. The lower story was filled with soldiers, playing cards, while soup was cooking over a roaring fire. How good it smelled, and what a contrast to the camp of the French riflemen! In the upper story were the officers. They had champagne to drink, and a piano to play on. When the little Parisians entered, they were greeted with shouts of joy. They delivered their papers to the enemy. They were given wine to drink, their tongues might be loosened. The large boy amused them by his odd language and his low wit. They laughed boisterously, repeating his expressions, fairly rolling in the Parisian mire that was thus brought to them. Little Stenne would have liked to talk, too, to show that he was not stupid; but something seemed to choke him. In front of him, standing apart from the others, was an old Prussian, who seemed to be trying to read his thoughts, as the soldier's eyes never left his face. There was tenderness and reproach in the gaze, as if the man had a boy about Stenne's age, and as if he would have said: "I would rather die than see my son in such business!" The poor boy felt as if a hand clutched his heart so that it could no longer beat. To escape from his torture, he drank a great deal of wine. Soon everything seemed to be going round and round. In the distance he heard his companions ridiculing the National Guard, mimicking their drill and going through other drollery. At last the boy lowered his voice, the officers clustered around him, and their faces became serious. The wretch was about to forewarn them of the attack to be made that night. Stenne suddenly realized what was going on, and called out: "Not that! Not that!" The large boy replied with a loud laugh, and went on. Before he had finished, all the officers were on their feet. One of them showed the door to the boys and exclaimed: "Leave at once!" Then they began talking rapidly among themselves in German, while the large boy walked out as proudly as a Doge, juggling his money in his pocket. Stenne followed with bent head, and as he passed the old Prussian whose glance had hurt him so, he heard a sad voice say: "A bad business this; a bad business!" Once outside, the boys began to run to get back as soon as possible. Their socks were filled with potatoes which the Prussians had given them; they passed the French post without being molested. There everything was being got in readiness for the night attack. Troops arrived silently and massed themselves behind the bank. How happy the old Sergeant seemed as he placed his men! When the boys passed he recognized them and smiled kindly at them. Oh, how that smile hurt little Stenne! He wanted to cry out: "Don't go down there; you have been betrayed!" The older boy had said, "If you tell me we will be shot; so he was afraid. On reaching the city, they went into a deserted house to divide their money. This was honestly done, and when little Stenne heard his gold pieces rattling in his blouse and thought of the games of galoche in store for him his crime did not seem so very serious. But when he was alone, poor child! when the large boy had left him outside his door, then his pockets began to feel heavy, and the hand which held his heart tightened its grasp. Paris no longer seemed the same place. People passing looked hard at him, as if they knew where they had been. He heard the word "spy" in the noises of the street, in the beating of the drums along the canal. He entered the house, and was glad that his father had not yet returned. He went at once to his room and hid the

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crowns, which were so heavy, under their pillow.

His father had never seemed so kind and so cheerful as on this particular evening. Encouraging news from the provinces had been received; things looked brighter. While eating his supper, the old soldier looked at his gun hanging on the wall, and said to Stenne, with his honest laugh: "Hey, my boy, how you would fight the Prussians if you were only big enough!" About eight o'clock they were startled by the sound of cannon. "That is at Aubervilliers; they are fighting at Bourget," said the good man, who knew the names of all the forts. Little Stenne grew pale, and, pretending to be tired, went to bed, but not to sleep. The canonade continued. The boy pictured to himself the French soldiers going at night to surprise the Prussians and falling into an ambush. He thought of the sergeant who had smiled upon him, and saw him stretched out dead in the snow, and many, many others with him. The price of all this blood was hidden there under his pillow, and it was he, the son of a soldier, who... He heard his father walking a "out in the next room, and at last, open a window. Down below in the Square the call to arms was being sounded, and a regiment was forming to march to the scene of the firing. It was a battle, then; the miserable boy could no longer restrain his sobs. "What is the matter?" asked Pere Stenne, going into the room. The child slid out of bed and threw himself at his father's feet. At the motion the crown rolled out on the floor. "What is this? Have you been stealing?" said the old man, in a trembling voice. Then, in a breath, little Stenne told him that he had been to the Prussian camp, and that they had given him the money. As he talked, his heart grew lighter and he felt comforted. His father listened with an expression of terror. When the boy had finished, the old man hid his face in his hands and wept aloud. "Father! father!" exclaimed the child. The old man pushed the boy aside and picked up the gold. "Is this all?" he asked. Little Stenne nodded his head. His father then took down his gun, and, putting the money in his pocket, said: "I am going to return it to the giver." Without another word, without even a look behind, he went out and joined the troops who were marching past. He was never seen again!

FRENCH TEXT BOOKS. The Attorney-General of Manitoba and the Secretary of the Advisory Board on the Subject. Hon. J. D. Cameron, Attorney-General, was seen at Winnipeg by a Nor' Western reporter, in reference to the following Ottawa dispatch: "Col. McMillan and Dr. Bryce had a conference with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other members of the Government yesterday regarding text books for the French section of the Manitoba schools. Archbishop Langevin has selected a series of French text books, which have been approved by the other bishops. At yesterday's conference Mr. McMillan and Dr. Bryce agreed to adopt these books for use in the French schools." After showing the dispatch to Mr. Cameron the reporter asked him if the contents were correct. "They could not be, as neither the Provincial Treasurer (Col. McMillan) nor Dr. Bryce had authority to act." "What schools are meant by the French schools?" "There are no such things as French schools in Manitoba. I suppose what is meant by French schools, are the public schools in French districts." "Was Dr. Bryce commissioned to act in the matter either by the Advisory Board, or by the Government?" was next asked. "Certainly not by the Government and not by the Advisory Board, so far

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The Late Mr. John Sullivan, of Lockton.

The Caldwell Sentinel of Feb. 24, contains the following: "It is our mournful privilege to chronicle the death of Mr. John Sullivan, 9rd...

Oh Death where is thy sting? Oh Grave where is thy victory?

The deceased, we can truly say, was an exemplary christian and was faithful and loyal to the teachings of his church.

American Catholic and the Crisis.

Chicago, March 11.—"No true American Catholic will talk of espousing the cause of Spain against that of the United States because the former is a Catholic nation," said Archbishop Ireland in an interview here to-day.

"It is an infamous suggestion," he continued, "and it would seem as if it could only emanate from a bitter enemy of the faith, for it is directly opposed in every way to the spirit and teachings of Catholicism."

His attention was also called to a suggestion which has been the subject of some discussion to the effect that the Pope's sympathies in the present controversy with Spain were strongly enlisted on the side of that nation, because of his religious affiliations.

In so far as his official aid to the Pope was in question, as well as the country against this country, the suggestion is as infamous as the first mentioned. Whatever action he may take in this matter will be with the single idea of averting, if possible, war between two Christian nations.

Home Rule all Round.

LONDON, March 15.—The House of Commons was occupied for some time to-day in an academic discussion of the proposal to grant home rule all around, put forward by Mr. John Herbert Roberts, Radical member for West

Denbigh, and supported by the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and a few other Radicals. The proposal was opposed by Mr. John Dillon, anti-Parnellite member for East Mayo; Mr. Michael Davitt, anti-Parnellite member for East Clare, all of whom claimed priority for Irish home rule.

Literary Note.

Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, will soon have ready a new story by Ella Lorraine Dorsey, with the pungent and acidulous name of 'Frolic and Pepper.'

The scene is laid at the national capital, and we get a very realistic glimpse of that city. Mount Vernon, too, is visited, and the reader is introduced to all the points of interest associated with that historic spot.

It is not all fun, however, for there is a very pretty and touching scene where the family are welcomed to their ancestral home by their neighbors and old friends.

The Pope's Active Influence for Peace.

LONDON, March 15.—The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon publishes a despatch from Rome which says there has been a recent exchange of communications between the Vatican and Spain in regard to Cuba and the relations with the United States.

St. Patrick's Day Celebrations.

According to the custom adopted several years ago, there was held on Sunday last—the Sunday nearest the feast of the patron saint of Ireland—a very creditable procession of the Catholic societies of the city.

C. M. E. A.

At the regular meeting of Branch 15, the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, held on Tuesday night in their new hall at the corner of Queen and McColl streets, there was a large attendance of members.

Concert and Lecture.

The congregation of St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto Junction, will celebrate the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint by a concert and lecture in Kilburn Hall, Dundas street, this (Thursday) evening.

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A NEIGHBOR'S ADVICE.

THE MEANS OF RESTORING A LITTLE GIRL TO HEALTH.

She Was Gradually Fading Away and Her Parents Doubted Her Recovery to Health From the Examiner, Charlottesville.

Perhaps the most remarkable cure that has ever been recorded is that of little Minnie Woodside, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Woodside, of Baltic, P.E.I. Mr. and Mrs. Woodside are members of the Princeton Presbyterian church, and are well and favorably known in the settlement where they reside.

The Holy Father and the French Episcopate.

A considerable movement of French prelates to Rome has lately been observed. The large number and the long audiences which have been accorded them by the Holy Father seem to give confirmation to the assertion that they have come to receive advice and instructions regarding the approaching political elections in France.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, for four years I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

On the curb in Chicago at the opening to-day July what was quoted at \$67; at the close July what quoted: \$62 1/2 puts on July what \$48; calls \$70, puts on May what \$10 1/2; calls \$1 05; puts on May what 30; calls 31c.

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