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HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

Interesting Contribution From the Pen of Margaret F. Sullivan.

The Effects of a University on Women Outlined—Some Features of the Work They Have Achieved in Early Days—A Tribute to Members of Religious Orders.

The announcement made some time ago that work had been commenced in connection with the new Catholic college for women at Washington was followed by the suggestion that this was a "departure from the usual conservative methods of Roman Catholic education."

Margaret F. Sullivan, in referring to this statement, writes an interesting article for the New York Sun, in which she says: It is a common error to suppose that the comparatively recent opening of some universities to women is a nineteenth century innovation.

In the first century of life's chariot wheels we know not if the forests move or we. Some years ago I had the honor to write for The Catholic World magazine a sketch of the higher opportunities afforded women in earlier times in older countries than ours.

The life, education, aims and precepts of venerable Sophie Madeline Barat of France, foundress of the community of the Sacred Heart, refute the error that the new Trinity College, the woman's college at Washington, is "a departure" from conservative Catholic ideas.

Those ideas were superbly set forth by Sir Thomas More when he employed the eminent Dutch classical scholar Erasmus to teach in his household, the members thereof and some companions of both sexes receiving identical instruction.

That body has devoted itself hitherto with the co-operation of thousands of trained men and women, a heroic army of voluntary teachers, mainly to the indispensable—for the many—primary and secondary instruction, waiting in fortitude and hope for the messes and the time to arrive for higher education.

In affiliating a woman's college the Catholic University of America, founded by a woman, commits no "departure." It restores the too long suspended rights of Catholic women, according to the ancient ideals and the most conservative and authentic standard.

The new Trinity only emphasizes a friend approved of by experience and sanctioned by the most advanced thought in higher education in all advanced countries—that academic and collegiate training for youth should be co-ordinate, but, for greater convenience and prudence, in separate institutions, when so preferred by parents, and that university privileges, honors and emolument, direct and indirect, should be open, in secular culture, to men and women on equal conditions.

whose president, Dr. William B. Harper, has said to me that he will never consent to a rule discriminating prejudicially between men and women.

Yellow Journalism.

The Sacred Heart Review has an article on "Yellow Journalism," the latest development of sensational newspaperdom of New York. The evil of sensational stories of crimes is incalculable and spreads a moral leprosy on society.

"The evil developed by what is called 'yellow journalism' is incalculable and Catholic parents should carefully banish papers that may be classed under the above named term from the homes. In New York the other day, a girl of fourteen who had been addicted to reading these vile sheets and glancing over their atrocious illustrations, left a note addressed to her mother, in which she said she was going to Jersey City to drown herself.

What Marriage Has Come To.

Some males and females in Boston are working to establish a branch of the English Legitimation League. The object of the league is practically to abolish the Christian institution of marriage and substitute for it a contract dissoluble at will, by which a male and a female shall agree to live together as husband and wife and to recognize as legitimate any children born of the union.

The children of these temporary contracts, we are told, are to be declared the rightful heirs in the estates of both father and mother. Nothing is said of what is to become of those children whose parents have no estates and who separate at will and go to seek new temporary companions.

In the last analysis this proposed new marriage contract is nothing more than the old temporary contract between the rake and the prostitute, which is as old as history, and always considered criminal. Compared to the theory of these pestiferous cranks, Mormonism is respectable.

The family is the unit of society. Whatever tends to destroy the family is a menace to the very existence of society, and should be so treated. This league should be called a society for the enlargement of the privileges of the poor, down-trodden rake or blackguard whose aspirations to join the brute kingdom are hampered by present laws.

Myth of the Term El Dorado.

El Dorado is the term now heard on every side in connection with the placer mines of Canada. Its derivation is of interest. In the fifteenth century it was rumored that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth called Manoa, whose king, El Dorado, was periodically smeared with gold dust until his body had a gilded appearance.

It has been supposed that the originator of this fable arose from the yearly celebration of Indians near Bogota, whose chief was on these occasions gilded

with gold dust, but this ceremony was never witnessed by the Spaniards, and the story may simply be another version of the El Dorado myth.

The name El Dorado was commonly used to describe the city or country which was the object of the search, but a later usage of the term has been its figurative application to any region of more than common richness. El Dorado county, in California, was the scene of the famous gold finds of '49, and since then the expression has been used to describe many gold camps.

Blind Buyer for the Blind.

This is about a blind man who works for a man who is also blind and does work for which men who can see are well paid. The blind man who does the work does it as well as a man with eyes, and he never makes a mistake. He depends entirely on his sense of touch, which is extraordinarily well developed.

The man who was the buyer for Mr. Lockwood was and is J. Oechsley. He worked for Mr. Lockwood for many years and was one of the most important of his employees. But one day misfortune came to him. Oddly enough, it struck at his eyes.

His hands seemed to have been given an extra share of cunning, and in a measure to come his sight. His whole energy was thrown into the work he had put himself to do, and in a short time it was found that as a buyer of goods he was almost as good as before the calamity overtook him.

The ordinary citizen, who is not duly impressed with the treachery of the disloyal Papists, and who does not thoroughly realize the grave danger of Uncle Sam from the Pope of Rome, may deem it an ungracious act of this sizzling patriot and sanctimonious preacher that he should thus hastily depart, to the ineffable grief of all the patriots of the State of Washington.

The missing State President is "Rev." W. T. Ford, formerly pastor of the Madison street Methodist Episcopal Church of Seattle. Some years ago, in consequence of the shortness of grass in Idaho, he immigrated to Seattle.

Dr. Michael F. Cox, F.R.C.P., has just had produced from the press of Messrs. Sealy, Byers and Walker a very interesting little work entitled "Notes on the History of the Irish Horse."

"The Irish Horse."

Dr. Michael F. Cox, F.R.C.P., has just had produced from the press of Messrs. Sealy, Byers and Walker a very interesting little work entitled "Notes on the History of the Irish Horse." In the opening pages of his treatise, Dr. Cox reminds the reader that "Racing has ever been indigenous to the country; in the Brehon Laws, the King's Race Course is referred to—young nobles being the riders; and we find recorded in our Annals the death of a young Ulster Lord who was killed by a fall from his horse when riding a race.

In the course of his investigations Dr. Cox has made the curious discovery that more than four centuries ago Irish hoes were in high favour on the Continent. From the archives of Venice and Modena comes the evidence which shows that the fame of Irish horses had reached Italy, and taken the fancy of the Duke of Ferrara. Hercules, Duke of Ferrara, was made Knight of the Garter in 1480 by Edward IV. He was succeeded in 1505 by his son Alfonso, who was then on a visit with Henry VII. of England. Alfonso was married in 1502 to the famous Lucrezia Borgia. He was then twenty-five years of age, and a widower; Lucrezia, twenty-two. She had been twice married—first, to Giovanni Sforza in 1498, when she was only thirteen

years of age. She was divorced from him in 1497, and next year married Alfonso, Prince of Salerno, who was killed in 1500 by her brother, Cesar Borgia. Both Alfonso and Hercules were equally desirous of possessing Irish horses; or "hobbies," as they were then called, and Henry VII. did his best to gratify their wishes. Henry VIII., in his turn, exhibited the same good will, and as a consequence, during several years Irish horses were sent from this country to Italy.

One of the most useful portions of Dr. Cox's work is that in which he reproduces an essay upon the advancement of trade in Ireland, from the pen of Sir William Temple, in which that able writer in 1673 urged upon the then Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Essex, the advantages which would flow from the development of the breed of Irish horses. It is a curious fact that in the paper referred to, Temple proposed the holding of an annual display somewhat similar in design to the Horse Show of the present day. He pressed upon the Viceroy that there should "be set up both a horse fair and races to be held at a certain time every year for the space of a week; the first in the fairest green near the City of Dublin, the latter in that place designed by your Lordship in the park for some such purpose."

A PATRIOT PREACHER.

A. P. A. President in Washington has "Went."

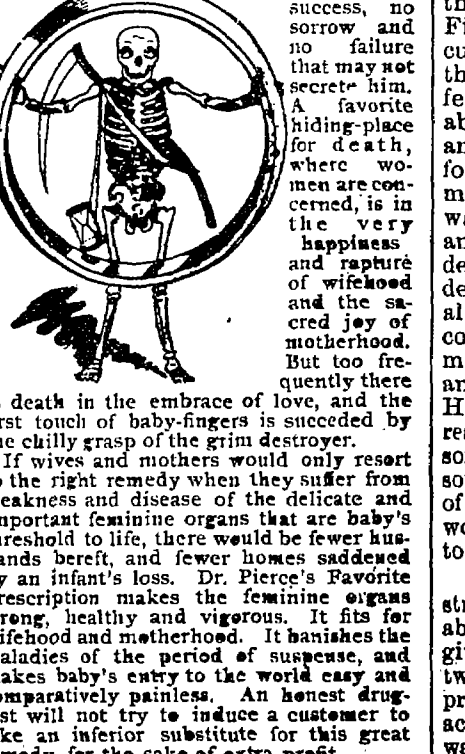
The "Rev." State President of the A. P. A. of Washington is numbered amongst the missing. In the phraseology peculiar to the orators of the beetle-browed, he has "went" and of his present whereabouts no one knows. Like the Arab, or like Donald Ross, he quietly folded his tent in the night and departed without bidding adieu to his brethren of the catacombs. The lodges are draped in mourning since his hasty flight and there is no comfort or peace for his bereaved followers—no, none.

The ordinary citizen, who is not duly impressed with the treachery of the disloyal Papists, and who does not thoroughly realize the grave danger of Uncle Sam from the Pope of Rome, may deem it an ungracious act of this sizzling patriot and sanctimonious preacher that he should thus hastily depart, to the ineffable grief of all the patriots of the State of Washington.

The missing State President is "Rev." W. T. Ford, formerly pastor of the Madison street Methodist Episcopal Church of Seattle. Some years ago, in consequence of the shortness of grass in Idaho, he immigrated to Seattle. There he did not discover very fat pastures. However it soon dawned on him that this country was going to be blunkey-blank and that the Pope of Rome and the Pope's hierarchy were the cause of all Uncle Sam's woes and troubles.

THE WEDDING RING.

Death lurks in every place in this "vale of tears." There is no happiness, no joy, no success, no sorrow and no failure that may not secretly him.



is death in the embrace of love, and the first touch of baby-fingers is succeeded by the chilly grasp of the grim destroyer. If wives and mothers would only resort to the right remedy when they suffer from weakness and disease of the delicate and important feminine organs that are baby's threshold to life, there would be fewer husbands bereft, and fewer homes saddened by an infant's loss. Dr. Pierce's Female Prescription makes the feminine organs strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the maladies of the period of suspense, and makes baby's entry to the world easy and comparatively painless. An honest druggist will not try to induce a customer to take an inferior substitute for this great remedy, for the sake of extra profit.

Montreal School of Elocution.

Y. M. C. A. Building, Dominion Sq. MR. STEPHEN is now at the rooms daily, to enroll new pupils and give information. Pupils may hereafter have MR. STEPHEN'S personal instruction exclusively or combined with MISS SIMPKIN'S. Telephone 3418. Y. M. C. A. Building.

nighted nation. After he had been duly installed a member of the A. P. A., he took up the cudgels against the enemy.

He was the loudest and windiest of all the A. P. A. lecturers of Washington. His philippic against Rome made the atmosphere fairly sizzle. Honors came thick and fast upon him and at last he achieved the crowning distinction of being elected State President of the A. P. A. He was also a member of other secret societies and gathered in the nickels by soliciting insurance for the Knights of Pythias. But alas! his glory is dimmed, his name is "Mud," and his address an unknown quantity.

He was to have appeared before a committee of the Methodist preachers of Seattle on Wednesday, August 25th, but two weeks previously he skipped the town. The preachers had some charges to prefer against him. It was, of course, the old, old trouble. But there is a peculiar infamy in Ford's case. The girl who has sworn to the charges against him is only fifteen years of age; she has no mother and her father is absent from Seattle.

Down in Louisville, also, the A. P. A. is losing a good and loyal member. Before his election to be Governor of Kentucky, Bill Bradley was in good standing on the rolls of the beetle-browed. His dues were regularly paid up and he got into office through the support of the "patriots." But, alas for human gratitude! No sooner was he seated in the Governor's chair than he gave the marble heart to his supporters. For many moons the clink of his coin has not been heard in the catacombs, and there is a large and constantly increasing indebtedness recorded after his name. Now the lodges are about to take drastic measures against him, and the Governor of Kentucky has been summoned before them to answer for various charges of treason. Mayor Todd of Louisville is now the hero of the beetle-browed and he is after the scalp of the Governor. Politics is, of course, at the bottom of the quarrel.

The A. P. A.'s have, indeed, fallen on hard times. With their State President in Washington a fugitive from the "pains of civilization, and their leaders decorating the penitentiaries of the land, it is no wonder that they have given up all hope of saving the Republic from the Pope.

The Art of Longevity.

It seems to be true, as far as the histories of recorded cases enable us to judge, that great longevity has been attained under such various conditions of living as to render it impossible to attach much importance to any of them. If there be any single character common to long lives in general, or to the majority of them, it is probably the avoidance of excess—or rather the habitual practice of moderation—in eating. The old saying, "that men dig their graves with their teeth," has manifestly a basis of truth underlying it, and it is possible that the art of the dentist, extolled though it has been as a factor contributory to length of days, may sometimes, (especially in the moderately aged, exert an opposite influence by allowing the digging to be done more effectively. However this may be, it is at least certain that Sir Isaac Holden was a very moderate eater, and Cornaro, who also lived to a great age, carried frugality of diet to the brink of starvation. But it must probably be assumed that length of days in most cases is largely dependent upon some inherent peculiarity in the organism, by which it is enabled to exist for a period beyond the average. Long life is often hereditary in families, and may be a characteristic of them for many generations; but, apart from this, we should be inclined to say that one of its most constant factors is habitual tranquility of mind—a state which may be arrived at by very different paths.—London Hospital.

Queer Effects of a Fall.

From The Galveston (Texas) News.

Never was there a case to which more peculiar circumstances attached than that of Elmer Doolittle of Sherman, Texas. First he plunged head first from the cupola of the Diamond Mill elevator to the ground, a distance of sixty-seven feet, and escaped with a few bruises about the face and rupture of the nose and a slight fracture of the bones in one foot. Within a few days he began to mend rapidly, and he was soon out. He was able to remember distinctly scenes and even important utterances and incidents immediately preceding the accident, but from his mind was blotted out all remembrance of the accident. He could not remember having on that day met Walter Morris, who fell with him and died in the evening of the same day. He heard of the accident and the fatal results attending it as one would hear of something that had befallen a friend off somewhere. He was taken to the scene of the accident in the hope that this would clear away the hiatus that seemed to exist, but the effort was useless.

Lately he has recovered his physical strength rapidly, and is now able to go about easily, even the wound in the foot giving little trouble and pain. Once or twice his friends have become very apprehensive of ultimate results of the accident. At times his mind would wander, and he went off into statements foreign to the subject under discussion, and in a strain not natural with him. A word directly addressed to him brought him back to the original subject again, and he picked up the thread of conversation, even in the middle of an interrupted or broken sentence.

Now he is as bright and cheerful as ever and his mind as clear as a bell. He discussed his strange condition lucidly. With a sigh of relief, and a happy smile he turned to the News reporter: "Thank goodness I am myself again. I have realized that in some way I was dazed and out of line with myself at times."

suppose I must have known what I said when in one of those peculiar moods, but it was the outcome of some uncontrollable impulses. After a while my mind would shake off its load, and like a song of music from a phonograph, what I had said would come back to me. It was like the memory of a dream, yet with the conviction that I had said things I ought not to have said. My friends and acquaintances and even strangers have been very kind to me, and when I said what might offend them they have, it seems, been kind to me. I have never failed, I hope to go to them, and apologize for my words. They would take my hand and say: 'We know how it is; don't worry. You are getting better every day mentally as well as physically.' I think I am all right now; I know I am more guarded. If I am eccentric and abrupt at times, these moods are getting more uncommon. If my friends will just continue to be as kind and patient as they have been, it will be all right very soon for sure."

"Has the accident left any sense of dread in ascending high places?"

"I can't exactly tell you. It is not a dread, because I cannot remember the fall, and I have suffered no serious pain since I recovered consciousness. I think that the effect of the accident is more that of a desire to be more careful than of a dread. You might say that it has been more of an object lesson than an experience with me."

KIDNEY TROUBLE CURED.

A WELL KNOWN HOTEL-KEEPER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

HE SUFFERED GREATLY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE AND INDIGESTION—HE DOCTORED FOR A LONG TIME WITHOUT GETTING ANY RELIEF.

From The Standard, Cornwall.

The march of the world's progress is forced, protracted and continuous, the competition for supremacy is keen. The man of business must keep track if he would secure any covetable measure of success. The watchfulness, vigilance and thought involved in modern superintendency produces a severe strain on the physical and mental powers of modern business men, and exposes them to the attacks of certain diseases. Considering that much depends on health in this struggle, it behoves those who would be victorious, to guard against the first approach of disease. Neglect of early adjustment of digestive and kidney disorders is often fraught with dire results, added to this is the unpardonable trifling with health by experimenting with all manner of worthless concoctions. It is simply invaluable to make the acquaintance of a safe and effective remedy such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. James Macpherson, hotel-keeper in the village of Lancaster, Gleanery county, has done business for a number of years in Lancaster, and having successfully catered for the patronage of the travelling public, therefore is favorably known not only at home but also abroad. In conversation with a newspaper reporter he enumerated some of his ailments and how he was cured. About two years ago he said, my whole digestive apparatus seemed to become disordered. Some days I could move around, then again I would be obliged to go to bed. I tried several things but with indifferent success. Occasionally I felt relieved, but in a day or two the old symptoms would return with a more depressing effect. This kind of thing went on until I became troubled with my kidneys, which was a very annoying addition to my sufferings. I was restless, with a sensation of sickness at the stomach, with intermittent pain in the small of my back. I was miserable enough when I consulted the doctor who probably did me some good, because I felt relieved. The doctor's medicine was taken and his directions obeyed, but I did not improve. I had heard of the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My wife believed in them and urged me to try them. I am glad I did so for after taking one box I felt better, and I continued taking the pills until I was completely cured. This summer I had an attack of the same complaints and I found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as effective as before. I had this advantage my knowledge and belief in the pill, saved me from costly and tedious experimenting, such as I had undergone previously. I may further add that both myself and Mrs. Macpherson have derived much benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I can cordially recommend them to those who are suffering similarly."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Bismarck's brain, according to the estimate from external measurements made by Herr Ammon, an anthropologist, and the sculptor who made the iron Chancellor's bust, probably weighs 1,897 grammes, in which case it is the heaviest on record. Cuvier's brain weighed 1,880 grammes, Byron's 1,807, Kant's 1,630, and Schiller's 1,580. The average weight of the brain for an intelligent European is 1,380 grammes.

France must face the question whether women may practice law. While degrees have been conferred before on women, a woman doctor of laws now for the first time applies for admission to the bar at Paris.

Boils, pimples and eruptions, scrofula, salt rheum and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A TOUR THROUGH CANADA.

Some Remarks on Travel

And the Differences Between the Turbulent Outside World and the Repos of Sanctified Homes.

"To portray the haunts of busy men It needs the pencil, they defy the pen"

Enjoying, as I now do, the leisure interval between the laying down of one responsibility and the taking up of another, I have determined to see and report something of the busy outside world and to ascertain if the struggles and worries of life are shared alike by all the children of Adam of every race and every clime.

To be freed, as in my case, from the grosser sort of business as above alluded to, was in itself an emancipation, but to fall at once into the calm, well-regulated atmosphere of a priest's home made the contrast doubly impressive.

The descent from the Cross, "The Sacred Heart of Jesus" was nearby, and on my left hand was the painting depicting the Man of Sorrows bearing His crown of thorns.

The Virgin and Child, and on my right was placed the expressive picture of "the pierced heart of Mary" pierced by a sword.

Then around about stood photographic likenesses of many venerated priests who had made fraternal calls upon the popular pastor, and in the same room were many mementoes speaking the love and devotion of many parishioners, and in the cabinet in the far corner reposed "speaking pictures" of innocent childhood flanked by those of young maidens in their first communion robes.

All these things spoke with irresistible force to the heart, and no contamination of the sordid world outside could withstand the appeal. To become impregnated with the conception of what the figures represented and taught, meant an inward movement and elevation of the soul above the mean things of life.

While this was quite true of the effect produced by what I saw in the pastoral abode, it must not be supposed that the pastor himself was always left in undisturbed possession of this refined and pleasant surrounding, for the inevitable "sick call" will come, and the ten or perhaps fifteen miles of a journey to the sick person will have to be undertaken no matter whether it rains or shines or hurricanes blow fast and furious.

Add to this imperative pastoral duty the equally laborious duties of the confessional, and sometimes, the adjustment of family disputes or the contentions of neighboring parishioners. Aside from the sacrifices named, and inseparable from priestly duty, others have to be undergone. My Rev. host tells me that within a few days burglars entered his house and disturbed his nightly repose, and this same unpleasantness has happened him before.

These vicious night-prowlers often take undue liberties with the clerical mansions, probably thinking that priests always have money about them, and knowing that their sacred calling forbids the use of the six shooter, thieves make very frequent incursions upon them. But a continuance of this moralizing would lead me away from the main work in hand. A man professing to make an extended tour should not, perhaps, linger too much on the way, nor should he be too critical in his views. Against that plea I may be permitted to urge the defects of hastily formed opinions, for unless the scrutinizer takes time to weigh and consider, his conclusions may be worthless. It is only by close intimacy with the family or the community that the observer can tell if peace and harmony reign therein, or if this blissful condition arises from a state of prosperity that has its base in the observance of moral and virtuous precepts, or if the inquisitor finds the reverse of this it will be his business to see if the moral and the material decadence do not flow from an utter disregard of all the fundamental laws of virtue and honor.

This method of scrutiny pertains to the duty of a searcher after truth. I can hardly expect to be so fortunate all the way throughout my tour, as I have been in its first stage. If I have met sunshine to-day, my progress to-morrow may be obscured by shadows, and to make the picture true both sides of humanity's struggle should be considered.

While I to-day rest in peace and calmness under the placid roof of my reverend friend, my next stopping place may be amidst the hurry and bustle of a community who in their everyday life taste of the bitter experience of the dark side of human nature, and this doleful tale the faithful recorder is bound to tell even in its nakedness and deformity, else his report will be partial and unreliable.

Whether the reporter relates the world's weal or woe, he should sketch it exactly as it goes. This theory involves a weighing and balancing of the griefs and ills that be-

fall humanity as against the sum total of the bliss and joys that fall to the lot of mankind.

Those who are conversant with both sides of the great human problem know well that grief and affliction far outweigh all the real joys and gladness that mankind can claim to its credit. If this gruesome fact be a real truth, will it not provoke the serious-minded moral thinker to a deep study of its primary cause? And will not that deep study of the vital problem lead to the inevitable conclusion that mankind in general is greatly to blame for a large part of its own misfortune and distress?

The moral leprosy that eats the deep into the heart of man is the selfish greed and lust for wealth. It is on record that the late Col. James Fisk said of his own father, "he would not lie for nothing but he would tell many lies for a gain of ten cents."

If free from this degrading vice of the dishonest hoarding of money, millions of men to-day would be better Christians, and they would have a higher idea of the end and purpose for which they have been born. It is useless to speculate as to their probable amendment of life, for so long as the thirst for gold continues the fell monster of greed and avarice will always have his sway, and during the continuance of that state of moral dislocation the great Law-Giver will not be obeyed, nor will His precepts and Commandments get their just fulfillment.

There is a great moral power and visible agency—the Catholic Church—working with all her might to stem the rising tide of corruption and she is striving with all her force to Christianize and to make men honest and virtuous, but the task before her is appalling and only by her supernatural strength can she make headway against the onward flow of dishonesty, error and deceit.

It would be sheer blasphemy to say that the degradation of the bulk of mankind is due to the withdrawal of the protecting hand of Providence over His creatures, for the blind-led mortals have spurned the tender helping hand, and in following their own erroneous ways they have fallen into a moral abyss, that hardly admits a ray of honest truth or light.

I hope this hurried sketch will interest the readers. At a later date I may cross the boundary line or it may be that I will cross the Atlantic, and shall strive to tell them what I think of the happiness and moral status of the peoples in these other lands.

WM. ELLISON.

BRITISH DEFEAT.

London Newspapers Regard it as a Severe Blow.

CAMP ANAYAT, via Panjkora, September 17, 8 p.m.—Severe fighting has taken place between the second brigade of General Sir Bindon Blood's division and the Mohmands. The British loss was 140 killed and wounded. The brigade had moved out to attack the Mohmands in the valley north of the camp, to punish them for the assault of Thursday night upon the force of General Jeffrey at the foot of Pawat Pass. The Bengal Lancers found the enemy entrenched on the hills about eight miles distant.

The 35th Sikhs was ordered to make the attack. The regiment was supported by four guns of a mountain battery and by six companies of Buffs. The Sikhs drove the enemy into the hills but eventually fell back upon the Buffs before superior numbers. The enemy then advanced against the left flank drove back the cavalry and surrounded a company of Sikhs. The cavalry charged brilliantly and relieved the Sikhs, and the Guides coming up, swept the enemy back. The force halted for some time, destroying the enemy's towers, and then retired.

A company of Sikhs, on the hills to the extreme right, was hard pressed and was running short of ammunition, when the general officer commanding moved the Guides forward to their relief, which was gallantly accomplished. The Guides carried the wounded Sikhs back and executed the withdrawal in good order, though the enemy pressed them hard.

Darkness came on before the force reached the camp, and the Guides with General Jeffrey's and his escort of Buffs, became separated from the column, which passed them in the gloom. General Jeffrey remained with the guns and took up a position in the village.

The enemy had occupied a part of the village, and the escort not being strong enough to expel them, they had inflicted considerable loss on the little party before Major Wortledge, with two companies, each composed of Sikhs and Guides, came up and compelled them to retire. A large body of cavalry and 38 Dogras left the camp and brought in the whole detachment.

Captain Birch and Lieut. Watson behaved with great gallantry. Lieut. Hughes and Lieut. Crawford were killed. Lieut. Watson, Lieut. Gunning and Lieut. Winter were severely wounded. Captain Birch slightly wounded. The Buffs lost one killed and seven wounded; the Sikhs, twenty-one killed and forty-two wounded; the Guides, two killed and ten wounded; the gunners, seven killed and twenty-one wounded, and the sappers three killed and sixteen wounded. Two Bengal Lancers were wounded. Many horses and mules were killed.

LONDON, September 18—All the morning papers comment upon the British reverse north of Camp Anayat. The Daily Telegraph says: "Whether it was due to rashness or to some not yet explained cause, it will be a matter of unfeigned sorrow. When we read of the loss of so many valuable lives, we can only deplore a casualty which, though it will doubtless be speedily avenged, casts a gloom upon the happier intelligence received from Fort Gualistan."

The Standard says: "The interruption of the advance is in every way deplorable. It is absolutely necessary to retrieve the reverse and, meanwhile, the enemy who were said to be disheartened and disinclined to fight will be encouraged to organize a determined resistance. Probably the third brigade, which has reached Nawagai, will retrace its steps in order to support General Jeffrey."

"It is impossible to offer an explanation of the mishap. We must remember, however, that it occurred in a country never before traversed by European troops and very little known, the country of the Mohmands, who also know very little of the strength ultimately to be employed against them. But there is reason to fear once again, that a lack of complete intelligence as to the disposition of the enemy's strength has led our commanders to undertake an operation that cannot be pushed through. Further details are awaited with anxiety. It must be hoped that the Indian Government will give Sir William Lockhart a perfectly free hand to choose his own men. He must not be bound by red-tape regulations. Much has yet to be done before peace and order will be restored."

LONDON, September 18.—The Daily News says: "It is very serious news, and gives great importance to the appointment of Sir George White as commander in India on the latter's retirement, which has just been officially announced. There is little doubt that his name will be heard with dread by the insurgent tribesmen."

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UNANIMOUS TESTIMONY.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland on the Famine Prospects.

Earl Cadogan Does Not Believe It—He is Afraid to Offend His Political Leaders.

The winter outlook in Ireland is attracting attention over the entire continent of America, and from present reports the gravest situation may be feared. Below will be found the opinions of the most eminent prelates in Ireland on the subject, obtained through the instrumentality of the World of New York. One of the prominent people who have answered the World's query is Earl Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It will be noticed that he takes an entirely opposite view of the situation from all the others. Under the circumstances it is safe to assume that Earl Cadogan is as one who is blind and does not want to see. It is impossible to believe that he of all is telling the truth and that the distinguished men who have also answered the query have, to put it mildly, been misinformed. Perhaps the worthy Lord Lieutenant has been so busy looking after the Duke and Duchess of York that he has had no time to attend to the welfare of Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE ON THE SITUATION. Palace of Thurles, Tipperary, Sept. 9.

From all parts of the archdiocese of Cashel and Emly the harvest news is most disquieting. The crops had been everywhere abundant and our hopes were high, but the terrible rains of last month have dashed those hopes.

The potatoes are even now to a very large extent unfit for human food. They are rotting in the wet ground. The very early hay crop was saved fairly well but on the later meadows bearing most of the crop in this district it was impossible to save the hay. One of the most industrious farmers in the archdiocese writes:—

"My hay has been cut four weeks, but I have not had two consecutive fine days since. The rest of the crop will have to be taken, not to the hay shed, but to the dung pit."

The barley and the oats are ruined by the wet. Much of this plentiful crop is unsalable, and with a serious rise in the price of bread I have the gravest apprehension for the coming winter.

T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM. His Grace of Tuam writes:—

ST. JARLATH COLLEGE, TUAM, Sept. 8. From all the accounts that reach me from all parts of the diocese of Tuam, embracing nearly half the counties of Mayo and Galway, I am sorry to say that hardly could things be worse, owing to the unceasing downpour of rain. The potato, staple food of our people, has suffered severely, even where not totally destroyed by blight.

I therefore, regard it as unquestionably certain that a great famine in the diocese of Tuam is sure to overtake us before long. Unfortunately, our people have hardly any money with which to purchase meal, be it ever so cheap.

It is most humiliating to be eternally sending round the hat, but what can be done? Hunger pierces stone walls. The oats crop, too, is greatly damaged, while the turf is in a bad way, and it may be said that a fuel famine is as bad as a food famine.

On the whole, I look on the coming time as boding misery. I give you a gloomy picture, but I am sorry to say a true one.

JOHN McEVILLY, Archbishop of Tuam.

FAMINE EXPECTED IN GALWAY. This is from the Bishop of Galway: Mount St. Mary's, Galway, Sept. 9.

The harvest prospects in this diocese are really disheartening. In the Spring the seeds were got into the soil at a late period in the season, owing to continued rains and the consequent moisture of the land; and now the produce of that late

large portion of the population constantly live on the verge of destitution. If, as you inform me, the enhanced price of corn is attended by the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, a situation will arise which will demand the anxious attention of the Government.

W. V. HARCOURT.

THE FAMOUS EARL CADOGAN. The above names speak for themselves. Here we have Earl Cadogan and he has set himself up against the most venerated names in Ireland. Earl Cadogan is to be in the ascendant in Ireland in the next year. God help it if the present Lord Lieutenant holds the reins of power. The position is a plain one. On one side we have the testimony of men whose word is not called in question, and on the other the cold snout of Earl Cadogan. The following is the text of the Cadogan reply to the query:—

Dublin Castle, Sept. 8. In reply to your telegram the Lord Lieutenant desires to say that he is not in a position to give any opinion on the subject, and that he is not in a position to give any opinion on the subject.

DAVID HARKER, Under Secretary, Dublin Castle.

Method Soothing Syrup is the best soothing remedy for colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, and all the ailments of the throat and chest.

Method Soothing Syrup is on sale every where at 25¢ per bottle.

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New Checked Cloth, one of the very best. Paris new styles for Street Costumes. \$4.00.

New Blue and White Cloth with raised pattern on reversible side. \$4.00.

THE S. CARSLY Co., Limited.

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New Fancy Sarah Silks in all the latest combinations and newest designs. \$4.00.

New Organza Tulle. Silks just received, a full range of all the leading colors. \$5.00.

New Tulle Silks in black ground with narrow, bright colored stripes. The latest for suit waists, \$5.00.

New Black and Colored Velours Silks in beautiful effects and rich colorings. Latest London and Paris styles. \$13.00.

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WEDNESDAY...SEPTEMBER 22 1897

THE LAST LACROSSE MATCH.

The great lacrosse match of Saturday last, even if it was a disappointment in the Shamrocks not achieving a victory, was still a memorable contest, and one that will go down in the annals of the national game and be pointed out as a wonder in future years. It was not only a splendid exhibition of play, but its very style marked a new epoch in the methods of the game. It was no more like the game of twenty years ago than was a Columbian caravel to a big Canadian. It was fast, brilliant to a startling degree, never was interest permitted to flag except during the rests; the systems of attack and defence were new in so far that they were reached by different and more scientific methods than have hitherto been utilized. And in these ways the Capitals showed in some respects their superiority. It is doing no injustice to the Shamrocks to say that they were beaten by a team which was equal to the strain at a critical moment. False hopes may have been raised in the hearts of their friends by the fact of their being able to defeat the Capitals in Ottawa in the previous match; but a little thought will soon dispel that. Those who saw that match will remember that even then the Capitals had somewhat the better of the play.

In the face of all this there have been a few people thoughtless enough to say that the Shamrocks did not do their best. Such statement, even though made from mere thoughtlessness, would be exceedingly malicious, and would be a poor return for the untiring self-sacrificing which has marked the working of the Shamrock team all through the season. Few people really know what almost insuperable difficulties the boys in green have had to contend with, and in the face of them their patriotic instinct and indomitable pluck have brought the Irish-Canadian colors to the front, if not first, a more than creditable second.

A little consideration will show how well they deserve of their compatriots. At the beginning of the season they seemed constantly pursued by ill fortune, until it looked almost an impossibility that they should reach a position of honor in the race; but they stuck to their work with grim tenacity, time and again snatched victory out of the very jaws of defeat, and earned for themselves at the hands of the press and public the title of "the greatest finishers on earth."

It would be unfair to expect that the Shamrocks should be continuous world-beaters. If one team should ever become so conspicuously superior to all others, there would be comparatively little interest in our grand game; for after all it is the delight of combat with a possibility of winning that spurs the athlete on to do his best. A race against time never carries the interest of a real race, for time never has a chance of going faster or slower than usual. Of course the system of handicapping might be introduced, but that would be a bad thing for any national game. It is a grand contest such as that of Saturday which keeps alive the real interest in the game, and everybody will readily appreciate that only one of the teams could win.

The pernicious system of betting carries most of the responsibility for the feeling of disappointment expressed by some so-called friends of the club. It would be a good thing all round if betting could be abolished, and then instead of hard words we should hear, "Well done, boys; you did nobly; you cannot always win, and you will have better luck next time."

In another column we suggest that a mortuary chapel on the site where the victims of 1847 lie buried would be a suitable monument for the long buried dead. However, opinions may differ on

this subject and we would be glad to receive suggestions on the subject of what style of monument would be a more fitting memorial.

THE SUPPRESSION OF SMALL-POX.

The local Board of Health is to be congratulated on its successful battle with the smallpox outbreak and the people of Montreal for so ably seconding it. All classes of citizens here vied with each other in seeing that their families were vaccinated, and this change in public opinion is more particularly noticeable in the French sections of the city.

THE LATIMER MASSACRE.

The sheriff and deputies who murdered the unarmed miners at Latimer, Pa., have been placed under arrest for the terrible crime they have committed and it will be interesting to note the result of the trials. It goes without saying that the whole capitalistic interest of the United States, and the press which is subservient to them, will use every endeavor to prevent the just vengeance of the outraged laws being visited on the wholesale murderers. However, the quiet among the friends of the victims after the crime looks ominous, and it may well be expected that should the laws of the United States prove inadequate to the occasion, and that justice be prostituted to protect the guilty, then the indignation of the people will sweep everything before it and administer its own code of punishment. Vox populi vox Dei.

THE BIG LIBEL SUIT.

Just now Montreal politicians form what may be called a point of interrogation. The query is directed towards the great Tarte-Grenier battle, and both Liberals and Conservatives are feeling uneasy over the results of a battle which cannot but be big with momentous issues. The Tarte-Grenier case has long been coming to a point where the truth or the falsity of the charges against the present Minister of Public Works could be proven or refuted, but now there is every probability that the sensation will be thoroughly exploited. There are to be distinguished witnesses too, such as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. Mr. Marchand and a score of other lesser political lights. At present, while these gentlemen are still out of the witness box, the air is full of rumors as to what they can or cannot prove. Charges of bouillie are flashing across the sky and the whole atmosphere is filled with political thunderclouds. Whether any one of them will evolve a thunderbolt is the great mystery.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

Prince George and Princess May have concluded their reluctant visit to Ireland, the Queen and the Lord Lieutenant have exchanged congratulations on the loyalty of the Castle party, and the question remains to be answered, "What good has it done?" It is true that a few Dublin shopkeepers have been blessed with a few more orders and that in the country seats honored by the visits of the royal pair a few more chickens have been killed than was demanded by the usual table d'hôte. The Irish constabulary and the army of occupation have had to work double shifts, and the different messengers, etc., connected with the Castle Government have been run off their feet.

There have been no stable results, and neither will there. The Irish people knew that the visit was one not of inclination but of duty, not to use a stronger word, and the Royal visitors knew that the people knew it. That, therefore, there was a lack of enthusiasm is not to be wondered at, and neither, we are convinced, did the Duke and Duchess feel disappointed. To an unprejudiced observer watching the tone of the Irish press the conviction is forced that both parties were glad to get rid of each other.

Ireland is no place for English royalty. The time is past when these periodical sojourns can calm the indignation of a people. The fan fare of bands, the glittering procession of troops and gold lace bekecked generals, no more charm the multitude. The people of Ireland have been brought face to face with the stern fact that to prosper something more is required than empty and hollow compliments. The Irish people are quite content that the Queen stick to Scotland as a summer resort, or when tired of that take her family to a German Spa. Just now they are engaged in building up the commercial prosperity of their nation and are too busy to devote their time to Dublin Castle guests.

As the old saying is, "the smell of winter is in the air," and the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will soon commence. It is to be hoped that the coming season will not press upon their resources more heavily than those of the past, but if the signs of the times are correct there will be not a little destitution and suffering among the deserving

poor. In view of this probable state of things it behooves all good Catholics to strengthen the hands of this great charitable organization. Silent in its work it goes from house to house among those in want, helping them to meet the necessities which the busy money grabbing world denies them. Individually few of us can do but together we can do much. The aggregate will well to no inconsiderable sum. It is therefore our duty to see that the great Apostle of Charity, the one grand saint who so faithfully followed his Master's words, "and the greatest of all is Charity," is not made to blush for his children of Montreal. Rally around the St. Vincent de Paul Society. When it asks for help it asks in the name of God. "The poor we have always with us," and they are the children of Mother Church. St. Vincent de Paul Society is not of yesterday. Its work for good has made itself felt over all Montreal, yes, and over all Canada for more than half a century. Its efforts are not blazoned forth in capital letters, nor has it patrons with high sounding names. It is of the people, for the people, and its silent hands soothe many a sick pillow and warm and feeds many a starving child. Help the Society by every means in your power. In doing so you are following the footsteps of the Saviour in his favorite path.

We are trading one of those Alpine passes of history where the slightest disturbance of the atmosphere is fatal. One incautious word may precipitate the avalanche.—Catholic Standard.

The above is a quotation from an editorial discussing the Hazelton murders. It is horrible to reflect that twenty-two human beings should have been so foully murdered, but the avenging of their innocent blood is in the hands of God. Never were truer words penned than those of the Catholic Standard. In deed and in truth the United States is at present on the upper crust of a volcano which at any moment may burst forth and engulf all in a sea of anarchy and ruin. The neighboring republic is feeling, like France, the results of that contempt of God's Word which cannot but have one result. In France it is anarchy, in the United States it is plutocracy. Both are about to immerse the respective countries in ruin. And what is the cause? Irreligious education of youth. Religion has been taken away from the schools and the devil has taken its place. "Thou shalt not kill," is no more on the black boards facing the little ones who in a few years have to face the world. They are taught nothing of moral responsibilities. The rule of three, reading, writing and a smattering of the sciences, are ground into the pupils, but the knowledge of God's laws is rigorously excluded. This is what makes so many men murderers in the great Republic. No faith, no responsibility. Human life is as nothing, and the man who takes it is applauded.

The Lutheran denomination of all Protestant sects is the most hostile to the Catholic Church. This may be accounted for to a great extent by the phlegmatic temperament of the German who is slow to receive and slow to acknowledge himself wrong even when thoroughly convinced that such is a fact. There are no truer followers of the Church than those composing the Catholic States of Germany and in no country do so much bitter hatred of things Catholic exist as in those Protestant States. Having once accepted the heretical tenets of Luther these people are too dull of comprehension to see the error of their ways and join the true Church. It would appear, however, that the German Kaiser, disciple of Bismarck as he is, sees enough good in the Church to copy many of its practices. He has but now issued an order that all the Lutheran churches in Germany will be kept open all days of the week. He has shown more wisdom in following a Catholic custom than he has in some of his other proceedings. It is to be hoped that his latest movement will make his Protestant subjects more devout than they have been for some time past.

There have been all kinds of so-called marriages, up in a balloon, bicycle ceremonies, salvation army wind-ups and engine and tender tie-ups, but the latest comes from the Pacific Coast, where "tug boat marriages" have become quite the rage. Imagine for a moment the respect the man and woman must have for each other who will agree to such a travesty on one of God's most holy sacraments. The man is bad enough but what can the world think of the woman. One of the greatest evils the United States has to contend against is its lax divorce laws. No religion in the schools, no sanctity in marriage; these two alone sap the very foundations of morality.

The banquet to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Windsor the other evening was a fitting tribute to the Premier, who has so well upheld the dignity of Canada in the old lands. The speeches on the occasion were thoughtful and forceful, but none had a truer ring of patriotism or touched more closely the vein of popular feeling than that of Mr. M. J. O'Riordan.

M.P. His burning words roused a sentiment of delight in the hearts of all his hearers and even won an expression of approval from the great Laurier himself.

The Daily Witness calls the attention of the authorities to the disgraceful state of affairs on Notre Dame street east west of Papineau Square, every recurring Sunday. The point is well taken and the police could do some good work if they were to turn their attention to this section of the city for a couple of hours of a Sunday afternoon.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Mar. in Luther, in the eyes of a vast number of Protestants, is in large measure the founder of the new dispensation, and a reformer and preacher of renown.

In the eyes of the Catholic world, he is simply a historical monster, an apostate to the faith, and a breaker of vows. Judging by the result of his work, his success was phenomenal, and by the number of his adherents, his power was marvellous. But that is not a safe criterion to go by, for others have had similar success, as witness the prestige and power of Mahomet.

And the devil himself has been a conspicuous example in enforcing his precepts on the souls and bodies of men.

We do not propose to enter upon a critical analysis of Luther's character, nor upon a polemical discussion of the merits or demerits of his institution of Protestantism; but, taking the original Latin and German text of his own writings, we lay down three propositions therefrom:—

1st. That his work was not based primarily on any clearly defined principle, but on motives of policy, governed by environment.

2nd. That his teaching was directly opposed, as a code of morals, to the teaching of Christ, and likewise opposed to the teaching of Protestants, as they now obtain.

3rd. That his doctrines, more especially in one particular, would be repudiated by sturdy, old-fashioned Protestants of to-day.

We have striven to be historically correct, and if any of the statements presented as facts can be questioned, or have been weakened or altered in the translation, or if the deductions or conclusions therefrom are unfair or illogical, we will be glad to make due reparation.

No famous man's word can be entirely unmixered evil, and to be blinded by bigotry and prejudice indicates an abnormal state of mind, from which every candid and thoughtful man should pray to be preserved. We go further, and willingly say that we believe the coarseness of Luther's language was due largely to the rude speech and manners of his time, and that he was so permeated with Catholic doctrine that he could never quite shake himself clear of it, as when he silenced the Reform Council in their objection to Transubstantiation by saying: "Hoc enim merum corpus."

Taking up the propositions in order—

On 30th May, 1578, Luther wrote Pope Leo the Tenth, the then reigning Pontiff, as follows:— "Most Holy Father,—Prostrate at the feet of your Holiness I offer myself with all that I am and have; vivify, kill, call, so-call, approve, condemn, as you please, I will acknowledge thy voice as the voice of Christ who presides and speaks in thee. If I have deserved death I will not refuse to die. For the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; Who is blessed forever, Amen. May He also preserve thee forever, Amen."

On 11th December, 1518, six and a half months later, Luther wrote his friend, Wencelaus Link, as follows:—

"I will send you my playful remarks so that you may see whether I am right in guessing that the true Antichrist, according to Paul, reigns in the Roman Court; I think I am able to prove that the Pope is now worse than the Turks."

Three months later, on 3rd March, 1519, Luther again writes the Pope, above described as Antichrist, as follows:— "Now, Most Holy Father, before God and every creature of His, I declare that I have not intended, and that to-day also I do not intend, in any way to touch, or by any artifice (versutia) to destroy the power of the Roman Church and of your Holiness; on the contrary, I most fully confess that the power of this Church is above all, and that nothing either in heaven or on earth is to be preferred to it, except only Jesus Christ the Lord God."

Thoroughly familiar with all the claims of the Pope, and with all the Papal decrees, for Luther was a trained theologian and professor, he wrote, ten days later, 13th March, 1519, to Spalatin:—

"I am also looking over the decrees of the Popes for my disputation (with Dr. Eck), and (I say it into your ear) I do not know whether the Pope is Antichrist himself or his Apostle; so miserably is Christ (that is truth) corrupted and crucified by him in the decrees."

These four extracts prove diplomatic hypocrisy—that Luther was simply drifting and kindling a fire he was unable to quench.

On 10th December, 1520, he openly trampled on the Bull of Excommunication just outside Wittenberg, only one year and nine months after he had acknowledged that only "Jesus Christ the Lord of all" was to be preferred to the divine authority centred in the Roman Church.

To anyone who has a taste for Satanic filth we commend his book against the Pope, of 157 printed pages, written only one year before his death.

In a letter to Chancellor Bruck, dated January, 1524, Luther wrote: "I confess that I cannot forbid a per-

son to marry several wives, nor is it contrary to the Holy Scriptures, but I should not like to see this kind of thing now for the first time introduced among Christians."

In 1530 Luther permitted Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, to have two wives at the same time. We quote from the original document in Latin written by Melancthon, the first signature attached being Martinus Lutherus:—

"Finally, if your Highness has altogether made up your mind to marry another wife, we declare under an oath, that it ought to be done secretly. No contradictions or scandals of any importance will be the consequence of this, for it is nothing unusual for princes to have concubines; and although the reason could not be understood by ordinary people, nevertheless, more prudent persons would understand it. And this modest way of living, (tell it not in Gath) would please more than adultery, nor are the sayings of others to be cared for, if our conscience is in order. Thus and thus only do we approve of it."

If anyone will peruse Luther's sermon on Marriage preached at Wittenberg in 1522, he will find that, with all the new power conferred upon him by his new position, he very distinctly and clearly sanctioned adultery. Or if anyone wishes to avoid wading through a sermon, although Luther was an able and eloquent man, they will find the substance of the sermon referred to in Kostlin, Luther's great German champion.

We submit that these quotations speak for themselves and prove our second proposition.

Luther, in his book "About the Jews and their lies," written three years before his death, says "Burn their synagogues. Force them to work, and treat them with every kind of severity, as Moses did in the desert and slew three thousand. If this is of no use, we must drive them away like mad dogs." Luther's mantle must have fallen on Alwardt, the German Jew baiter, who recently visited these shores.

Here are some choice sayings about Catholics. We again quote: "Nobody can be a Papist, without being at least a murderer, a robber, a persecutor: It is clear enough they are the Christians of the Devil." What a lot of unconvicted murderers there must be at large in these United States! Again, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, etc., "the Rhine would be scarcely large enough to drown all the scoundrels." Thank Goodness, our great lakes and the ocean surrounding our Republic would be ample for Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and many prelates of similar stamp.

Here are a few gems thrown to our Protestant friends. We quote: "I have been obliged to despair of the salvation of his soul (Zwingli, the Reformer of Switzerland) if he died in such sentiments, although his disciples and followers make a saint and martyr out of him. Oh, Lord God, what a saint and martyr!"

Again: "I look upon them all as forming one portion who will not believe that the bread of the Lord in the Last Supper is His true, natural body, which the wicked man or Judas receives into his mouth quite as much as St. Peter and all the Saints. Whoever, I say, will not believe that, he must not trouble me with letters, writings or words. And he must not hope for any communion with me."

Again: "They (Zwingli and others, decent Protestants, who thought they had left the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament behind them) have been found out and proved to be manifest blasphemers and liars. First, when in the beginning they taught, there was nothing but merely bread and wine in the Last Supper."

Again, and lastly: "Thus it will be of no use to the enthusiasts that they talk very big about the Sacraments, about the spiritual eating and drinking of the body and blood of Christ, and about the love and union of Christians. For these are merely the leaves of the fig tree, with which Adam and Eve wished to cover and adorn themselves, that their sin might not be seen by God. Their great labors, their teaching and writing, their earnest, chaste lives will be of still less avail to them. All that is mere heathenism. Moreover, their belief in God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and in Christ the Saviour, is lost. All, I say, is lost, with all the articles, however truly and correctly they may mention or utter them, because they deny this one article, and give the lie to what Christ says in the Sacrament: 'Take (the bread) and eat; this is my body, which shall be delivered for you,' etc., which doctrine we also retain, and still teach, as the true, Ancient Christian Church has taught for 1500 years."

The Holy Scriptures had been preserved with great and loving care throughout all ages by the Church, but Luther, in defiance of the command in the Apocalypse, expunged several whole books from the Old Testament and was disposed to tamper in like manner with the new. Of the Epistle of St. James, Luther says: "The Epistle of St. James is really a strange Epistle." And also: "I do not look upon it as the writing of any Apostle." Of Hebrews he says: "That this Epistle of the Hebrews is neither St. Paul's nor that of any other Apostle, can be proved, etc."

Of the Apocalypse or Book of Revelation, he says: "I find many things defective in this book, so that I look upon it as neither apostolic nor prophetic." Luther says, when mild objections are raised against his daring and ruthless work, to make this reply: "Luther will have it so, and he is a Doctor above all Doctors in the whole of Popery." Truly a modest man of gentle manners!

We end here for the present, simply remarking, that if Mr. Martin Luther were alive to-day, while he would undoubtedly be a very bad Catholic, we question if he would not also be considered a very bad Protestant.

To his own Master he'll stand or fall B. M.

Mrs. Louise LeVelle is a candidate for chief of police at Denver. She is at present a police matron. The members of Denver's "Finnest" are quaking at the prospect of her appointment. They are afraid that she will put them into bloomers.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia has these beautiful words to say about religion: "I have always regarded it as a great misfortune to religion that some men have associated it with unnatural gloom that it became unamiable in the eyes of men, especially of youth. Religion is bright and beautiful, and sanctifies our legitimate recreation, as well as the performance of our most serious acts. I have no sympathy with those who make it a moral strait-jacket, and try to crush out the joy of the young heart. No; enjoy life while you remain within the domain, and it is a very extensive and lovely one, on the confines of which the angels of conscience and religion stand and say: 'Thus far, and no farther.'"

The death is announced of Mgr. Duval, Bishop of Soissons and Laon since 1869, who died after a very painful illness, during which his reason was occasionally clouded. While ill in bed he suddenly rose one day, dressed himself in full episcopal garb, and went into his drawing-room, where he stated to an attendant ecclesiastic that he was awaiting the arrival of the Sovereign Pontiff, who was to accept his resignation. He was 73 years old, and many years had been cure of Notre Dame at Havre, where he was born.

In the Parliamentary election in the Third district of Brest recently the Abbe Bayraud, Christian Socialist and Republican, whose previous return was invalidated by the Chamber of Deputies on the ground of clerical influence, was re-elected Deputy by a large majority.

The Midland Review has the following:—Two years ago Col. Robert G. Ingersoll astonished the world by boldly advocating suicide. As a result quite a number of believers in his Gospel of self-destruction forthwith plunged into the dark by the revolver route. The latest revelation put forth by the prophet of agnosticism is a plea for adultery. Perhaps he wishes to make good the loss occasioned by his former lecture. It is difficult to measure the height and depth of infamy which characterizes the soul of this degenerate man.

Notwithstanding the immense amount of money expended by Protestantism in seeking to convert Catholic Italy, it is now conceded that the most flourishing missions are failures. Bishop Fitzgerald's American Methodist establishment has almost fallen into disuse.

The London Spectator has just discovered that the most ancient blood flowing in Queen Victoria's veins is Irish, that it dates back to Heremon, an ancient pagan Irish king. The mention of this will have a depressing effect in many Orange lodges.

Rev. Wm. McMahon, in the Universe, says of the Catholic population of Cleveland: "We have only 34 churches, but we have a church membership of 100,000. It may be asked how can we accommodate 100,000 members in 34 churches. Our churches as a rule are very large and we multiply the services. There are 15,000 children attending school in our city. The Catholic population of the Cleveland diocese according to our last directory is 250,000."

Capt. Charles Underwood O'Connell, a grandnephew of the Liberator, well known in New York, is on a visit to Ireland. Capt. O'Connell played a great part in the stirring times leading up to '67, and, being arrested on landing at Queenstown after a visit to America, he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and suffered in Chatham and other English prisons. He was amnestied in '71, along with Mr. John O'Leary, and has since resided in New York. He was in charge of a company during the civil war.

General Longstreet was married Wednesday at the Executive Mansion, at Atlanta, Ga., to Miss Ellen Dortch, State Librarian of Georgia. The groom was eighty years old and the bride twenty-five.

William Smith O'Brien was tried and sentenced in 1848 to be hanged, drawn and quartered for making war against the British Government in Ireland. The other day his son, Canon O'Brien, Protestant rector of Adare, County Limerick, was conspicuous at a reception given to the British royal Duke and Duchess of York. Those O'Briens claim to be directly descended from the great Irish king, Brian Boroihme, who "smote down the Danes" at the battle of Clontarf, more than eight centuries ago. But blood does not always tell.—Irish World.

An Austrian priest, Father Gentilini, claims to have discovered a certain cure for cancer by means of eating lizards, says a despatch from Vienna, under date of September 7. By this extraordinary remedy he is said to have already cured thirty patients afflicted with cancer. Recent investigation has resulted in the discovery that both toads and lizards possess beneath the surface of their skins certain secretions, which constitute an extremely powerful chemical agent, so that the use of these reptiles for medicinal purposes in China and in other parts of the Orient is not so ridiculous as was at first imagined.

CHICAGO must be a terrible sink of vice, if the following statement of the police department of the Windy City is correct:—

The superintendent of police matron work reports that 10,130 last year had been arrested during 1896; 1,121 lost children had been cared for and returned to parents; 574 destitute women cared for; and 218 destitute children. She gives it as her opinion that liquor is the major cause of all this pity-exciting woe.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE FASHIONS.

Some of the very smart for garments says a writer in the N. Y. Post, for the coming season have a frilling of rich lace arranged inside of the collar, with ruffles to match at the edge of the flaring sleeve-cuffs.

Gray gowns and gray skirts of handsome material, with pretty silk fancy waist in suite, will be worn all the season by both matron and maiden. Many of these gray gowns are relieved by trimmings of white or soft daffodil yellow but little deeper than cream color. Canvas, Henrietta cloth, tannin, drap d'ete, and similar light flexible woollens in these neutral tones are made use of, and gimps, narrow frills, braiding, and rows of ribbon, either satin, faille, or velvet, are the chosen trimmings.

French coats of smooth finished satin cloth, to wear with various dresses, come in dark shades of russet brown, Russian green, several handsome shades of blue, many tints in light neutral colors, and the always fashionable black. Among the models is one of Russian-green cloth, with the upper portion trimmed with velvet and richly jetted applique ornaments. A broad bias band of black velvet encircles the waist. Another detail of many of the new coats is the oddly shaped revers collar, and also the fastening of the garment up the left side from neck to jacket-edge, with narrow fur bands as a finish, with braiding or passementerie beyond the fur, and sometimes this trimming is repeated on the opposite side, but more frequently one side is left undecorated.

Very pretty models for small shoulder capes are brought out, some of which have the long graceful stole ends on the front that fall low on the dress skirt. Velvet, corded silk, and moire are used for these little wraps, but fabrics matching the street gown are likewise very fashionable. It all depends on the uses to which the garment is to be put, in making the selection. Of course, it is always necessary to have at least one utility costume—cape, short jacket, or longer coat included—which will prove suitable when a silk or velvet one would look most inappropriate.

Parisian designers seem to be taking special delight just now in ribbon trimmings of all kinds, and among other patterns bright tartans are made use of on gowns of cerise and flax-colored cashmeres and etamines, and gray and fawn-colored serges, mohairs, and silk and wool reps. Paquin, Doucet, and Sara Meyer have also sent out some black canvas gowns for elegant autumn wear, made over coquely tartan taffetas, with elegant bead garnitures on the bodice in colors reproducing those in the plaided underdress. These passementeries are wrought on net, and there are special neck, girdle, and sleeve designs.

A number of cloth capes for early autumn lap across the front like a double-breasted coat, and fasten with two or three large handsome buttons. This style of cape has small revers also, and is slightly pointed front and back, and rather short on the sides.

A very pretty toilet of soft dove-gray repped silk trimmed with current red velvet and accented pleatings of gray mousseline de soie was worn recently by a very lovely young girl with brown hair and eyes and a lily-and-rose complexion. The sleeve puffs were of the velvet, with frills of the gray silk muslin falling above them. There was also a full front and a neck ruche of the same, with a cluster of pink roses at one side.

To accompany the new very hand some black velvet bonnets and hats, decorated with sable plumes, are black velvet jackets, capes, peleries with long scarf fronts, and costume cloaks made much like a princess dress, but with elegant shoulder trimmings that give it a street air. In all the endless category of fabrics, there is none so universally becoming as velvet. Women—and their name is legion—who cannot wear other blacks successfully, choose black velvet without hesitation for either wraps, gowns, or accessories. The dresses of velvet they relieve with rich creamy laces if the complexion is florid or pallid, or to either of these types unrelieved lustrous black is far from being complimentary.

The first autumn hats and bonnets in colors are darker tones of the oddly braided gay-hued styles that have been so popular all summer. The iris, violet, and periwinkle shades are repeated, the various dyes in green and brown straw, and these and other showy colors will rival the black models that are to usurp no small portion of the domain of autumn fashions in millinery, and wholly black trimmings will rule very largely to the exclusion of the mass of color that has so predominated for seasons past. There will be great use of large, broad, fluffy ostrich plumes, with little or no use on hats of real elegance of the little stark, stiff, stuffed, tri-colored effigies with dyed beaks and legs, bead eyes, and wired wings that have so long been looked upon as an essential decoration of all fashionable hats.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

There is danger to the health in the use of tea to preserve the heat of the afternoon teapot. The menace lies in the ill-effects of the overdrawn tea. It should be made fresh often with freshly boiled water and poured off into a second, previously heated, teapot. A thorough stir with a silver spoon should be given when the tea is first made. Two small, teaspoons of some scented tea may be

added, if liked, as it usually is, to four of that generally used. The addition does not lend much strength, but it varies the flavor and imparts a pleasant perfume.

A quarter of a century ago most provincial dining-rooms of the better sort were more or less adorned by sundry "fruit-dishes," as they were called, of white china, bearing a stiffly arranged and gorgeous floral device on the centre of each plate. It is curious to see precisely such dishes with exactly such ornamentation among the novelties in tableware now offered for sale. Whoever has preserved, for the sake of association, her mother's fruit-dish has "the latest thing" upon her sideboard.

Once upon a time to hear of a bead lamp-shade would have aroused a smile. But we have changed all that nowadays. We understand that from the most unpromising materials may be evolved enchanting results. Bead shades are a fad of the hour, and very curiously are they wrought, of the palest colors, in quaint, overlapping, palm-leaf designs. The empire shade is another new design. This is made of soft-tinted China silk, painted with medallions of Napoleon's head, of Josephine's, of Maria Louise's, and with the Bonaparte crest, each one surrounded by a laurel wreath. An odd shape is seen in still another shade. It looks much like an enormous poke-bonnet, of shirred silk, the scoop projecting to throw the light where it is needed in one spot, while the correspondingly short opposite side leaves a shadow. The light and shade may, of course, be varied, as is wished, by the turning about of the metal frame underneath.

Helen Campbell says that poor food, untidy homes, and lack of proper sanitation are the principal causes of the drink habit among the lower classes. She contends that temperance workers may most effectively gain their point by teaching the poor how to buy and prepare food, and how to keep their homes in decency and order. After her years of work among them, Mrs. Campbell should certainly know the people of whom she speaks. Another authority says that men have often told him that a plentiful supply of ice-water, during the hot months, had kept them away from saloons.

For the preservation of worm-eaten furniture a slight painting over the surface is recommended with either the best copal or carriage varnish which is colorless. Care must be exercised that the material used penetrates every tiniest hole.

A spider-leg oval table, with drop flaps, is admirable for use in a small dining room, as in that of a little apartment, where every inch of space must be considered. The table will occupy very limited room when the sides are lowered, and will look far less cumbersome and more in keeping with the other furniture than one of the ordinary size and form. Six persons generally may be seated at it very comfortably when spread.

A variety of knives is an absolute necessity by no means always to be found, even in very well-appointed kitchens. Quite different sorts of blades are required for the trimming of fillets, cutlets, etc., or for peeling vegetables, while for slicing cucumbers, for instance, a small knife is best which has a blade so constructed that it determines the thickness of the slice. A full set of working knives should be at hand for every cook, of whom the best work can scarcely, in fairness, be asked, if perfection in utensils be not provided.

For the library table or for the desk blotting-paper should be secured either in white or in gray. These are the prettiest tints, and, moreover, serve the purpose most perfectly. Pink blotters, for example, spread the ink and are spongy, so experience has proven.

Copper and other shining metals should never be allowed to remain in a dimmed and grimy condition, but should be promptly dealt with as soon as soiled. A mixture of bran, salt, and vinegar is excellent for brightening copper. For brass there is nothing so good as constant rubbing, or, as our Anglican sisters call the operation, "leathering." Whiteness, made to a paste with vinegar, is a good polish for brass, but it is said that all polishes remove the lacquer, and when this is done the metal is sure to tarnish.

WHAT TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS.

Self-reliance.
To make bread.
To add up bills.
To wear thick, warm shoes.
To wash and iron clothes.
To make their own dresses.
To cook a good meal.
To darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Every day, dry, hard common sense.
To say "No," and mean it, or "Yes," and stick to it.
To wear calico dresses and do it like Queens.
A good, substantial, common school education.
That a good, rosy romp is worth fifty convulsives.
To regard the morals and not the money of their beaux.
All the mysteries of the kitchen, dining room and parlor.
That the more one lives within his income the more he will save.

OVERCOMING THE STOOP.

Many growing girls, especially those tall for their age, are inclined to stoop, and well-meaning persons often advo-

cate the use of braces or shoulder straps as a means of correcting this. The braces may force an upright carriage, but they do not give the wearer any means of maintaining it, since they prevent the exercise of those muscles which should be trained to produce an erect figure. Any exercise which strengthens the muscles of back and shoulders will aid in correcting this defect. Tennis, handball, shuttlecock and battledore or even a vigorous game with bean bags are all excellent for this purpose. Old-fashioned mothers used to drill their stooping daughters in walking with a plate carried on the head, and this is really a good practice. High pillows and very soft mattresses are blamed as an aid in producing this defect, and without doubt a flat, rather hard bed, with low pillow, is preferable for growing children. A stooping, awkward walk detracts so much from the appearance that there is every reason to avoid it, apart from the bad effect it exercises on the physical condition.

NO OLD MAIDS AT FORTY.

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

In the court of Judge Hulsey Misses Annie and Lillie Cunningham made application several days ago for a homestead. Their property, it was claimed, had been mortgaged and the opposition said a judgment was about to be levied on the property, which the plaintiffs exempted. The basis upon which the application was made for a homestead consisted of several grounds. The ladies stated to the court in their petition that they were aged. They said they are forty-two and forty-three years old respectively; that they are dependent upon their own efforts for a support, and they claimed they were entitled to have the portion of their property exempted under the Homestead law. In his argument Mr. Everett quoted the definition of the word "aged" as given by Noah Webster. The definition is as follows: "Aged—Old; having lived long; having lived almost the usual time allotted that species of being; applied to animals or plants; as an aged man or an aged oak."

Mr. Everett stated that if a man's allotted time on earth was threecore and ten, he was not aged until he was almost through his years, and until he was at least sixty-five or seventy years of age. He took the position that neither of the ladies was aged because she had reached the age of forty years.

The decision of Judge Hulsey sustained the demurrers upon three grounds. He decided that they were not aged, as they so stated in their petition; he said they were neither dependent upon themselves under the statutes of the code. If they were dependent, he said, all other ladies were dependent as well, which could not be true. His last ground for sustaining the demurrers was that no schedule of personal property was filed as the law requires. The decision is most assuredly unique in its nature, and it is probably the first time that this particular question has ever been decided.

BACHELOR POLITICIANS.

How the Woman's Rescue League Retaliation Strikes a Gotham Woman.

Between the plots of designing tax gatherers and woman's leagues, the poor bachelors are having a lively time in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The following letter addressed to the Times, coming, as it does, from a woman, is worthy of some consideration:—
We were greatly edified but somewhat startled to read in the issue of the Times for Sept. 6 a resolution passed by the Woman's Rescue League (appalling name) of Boston, on the "American Bachelor Politician." We had no idea two such unique evils existed. Our sympathies, we confess, are all with the bachelor politician. To be taken in hand by one typical Boston woman is alarming, but a league of them? We shudder at the idea.
The American bachelor politician, we are told, "shirks his duty to the human family when he fails to provide a home for some good woman before he engages in the profession of politics." This is a trifle ambiguous to the Gotham mind, but Boston, we dare say, understands.
What does the Woman's Rescue League mean by a good woman? There is such a variety of the species. Is it a religious or an amiable woman? (the two are by no means synonymous.) A club-woman or one who discreetly stays at home—the type St. Paul approved. Must she know her Ibsen and Browning, or will the Pilgrim Father ancestry be sufficient? A bachelor politician one can see, now that one's mind is enlightened, requires such a different good woman from the ordinary man. Must she be his wife, we wonder? The Rescue League does not say, or would it answer to "provide a home" for some good mother or sister or maiden aunt even?
"The bachelor politician is not to be trusted after he has entered the political arena, in which temptations surround him on all sides. Modern society has given him too much latitude by ignoring his private life."
We suppose in our ignorance that the essential thing in a politician was to be blameless in his public career; that his personal affairs did not belong to the community in general. We were mistaken, it appears, if not actually criminal, in holding such lax views. The ordinary bachelor's private life is of no account apparently, but the political Benedict must be careful how he stands.
We think the position of the good woman no insecure. She is to shield the politician from the numerous pitfalls that strew his path, but who, pray, is to protect her, since the politician "cannot

be trusted"? If it were a Boston good woman, we know she would be amply capable of looking after the politician and herself besides, but for some hidden reason the New York State bachelor politician, as those of Massachusetts, are to be included in the category of those "ineligible to hold public office" by the Woman's Rescue League. The remaining States appear to have a good record, so far as their unmarried politicians are concerned, and are exempt from the purifying efforts of the Rescue League and the good woman.

The congratulations to a Boston Mayor on his approaching marriage must leave him grateful to the league, but why, when he has made himself fit for the "political arena," should the Rescue League "recommend a two years' vacation for him from political life"? Can it be, after all, that politics and the good woman may not agree? Must the political aspirant run away from one or the other of them? In that case, we know which he would choose.

The Only English Pope.

The "Old Pretender," the "Young Pretender," and the Cardinal Duke of York—James III., Charles, Edward and Henry, the last scions of the hapless Stuart race, whose beautiful marble monument is in the church above, lies here in peace at last. Rome was kind indeed to these royal exiles, for she gave them a shelter here in life when all things earthly failed them, and in death a sepulchre close to the Prince of the Apostles.

"Sic transit gloria mundi" is our reflection as we turn away from the ashes of those whose lives, despite their exalted station, were one long struggle against the adverse fate which pursued them even to the confines of eternity. Passing still more rows of massive sepulchres, where the remains of many a Pope and Emperor repose, we come to a halt before the sarcophagus which once contained the body of the famous Borgia Pope, Alexander VI. It is a huge stone sarcophagus, with a full length recumbent statue of the Pontiff upon it, clad in pontifical vestments; and we gaze with interest on the strong, clear-cut features of the man upon whom posterity has heaped such obloquy—let us hope much of it undeserved and exaggerated by the bitter hate of enemies and the lapse of time! During the Pontificate of Pope Sixtus V. and Paul V. the body of Alexander VI. was removed from its sepulchre in St. Peter's, and buried first in the Spanish Church of St. Giacomo, then transferred to Santa Maria in Monserrato, where it still rests.

A little further on we see the sarcophagus of a queen and royal convert, Christina of Sweden, daughter of King Gustavus Adolphus, who died in Rome in the year 1689.

Our attention is brimming over with importance now as he pauses beside an enormous sarcophagus of red granite to say with the utmost triumph: "Il unico Papa Inglese" (the only English Pope) "Break his Spear." And we recognize that it is the tomb which we have often looked forward to seeing—that of Pope Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear) who occupied the chair of St. Peter in the twelfth century for five years, being the only Englishman upon whom this dignity has ever been conferred. We look with particular interest on the colossal granite tomb which contains the remains of the only English Pope, and it seems strange to think that one who had been Bishop of St. Albans, the see of the first English martyr, should in after years be the first English Pontiff and ruler of the Universal Church.—Catholic World.

TIRED, NERVOUS, SLEEPLESS.

Men and women—how gratefully they write about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Once helpless and discouraged, having lost all faith in medicines, now in good health and "able to do my own work," because Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to enrich and purify the blood and make the weak strong—this is the experience of a host of people.

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AN INVETERATE SMOKER.

Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover, could not endure the scent of tobacco, and his private secretary, General Von Doring, who was a slave to the weed, as most military men in Germany are, was hard put to it to indulge himself and yet not offend the King. This was his method of fumigating:—

Half-past nine was the General's hour of morning attendance. Five minutes before that time three servants stood in the passage leading to the ante-room. One held an old horse soldier's cloak with a slit behind; one held a red-hot shovel with a long handle like a warming pan; and one was there to hold the papers and take the pipe which the General smoked down the passage to the very last moment. Number one then covered the old secretary's shoulders with the threadbare and stained cloak, which had gone through the Peninsula War, and which was now buckled tight round his neck. Number two poured some incense into the hot shovel, and inserted it between the General's legs through the slit in the cloak behind. The process was continued for a minute or two till the old man was nearly stifled. Then he threw off his cloak, seized his papers and letters from number three, and rushed steaming into the King's presence as the various clocks struck the half-hour.

A western paper tells the story of a mixed brood of children which reveals the confusion liable to exist in certain families.

A widower and a widow, each having children, married, and children were subsequently born to them. The parents agreed much better than the children did. One day a neighbor going past their place heard a commotion within, out of which rose the voice of the wife, screaming to the husband:—
"Jim! Jim! Hurry out in the yard! Your children and my children are beating the lives out of our children!"

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IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"What course should a lawyer pursue when called on to defend a man whom he knows to be guilty?" asked the examiner of the New Lexington applicant. The examiner scratched his head a moment and answered:—
"Charge him double, of course."

Statistical.—"Before a man is 30 he falls in love with every pretty girl he looks at."
"Yes."
"And after he is 30 he falls in love with every pretty girl who looks at him."

The Proper Background.—"Your new clergyman is so doleful in the pulpit."
"Yes; but he looks perfectly lovely at a funeral."

A lawyer who makes a specialty of patent business, no matter just where his office is located, was called to the further West in a case involving a mortgage on a farm. The preliminary hearing was before an old-fashioned justice of the peace, who had no high regard for the ways of men from the city. At some point in the case the magistrate put in a few remarks and the visiting lawyer collided with him. The discussion grew warm, and at last the magistrate, forgetting his dignity and position, became personal.

"Who are you, anyway?" he blurted out.

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I'm an attorney."
"I'm a patent attorney."
The magistrate rubbed his chin for a moment.

"Well, all I've got to say is," he said slowly, "that when the patent expires I don't believe you can ever get it renewed again."

One day recently in a Dundee school the teacher was examining the class in history, and asked one of the boys, "How did Charles I. die?" The boy paused for a moment, and one of the other lads, by way of prompting him, put his hand up to his collar to signify decapitation. Boy No. 1 at once grasped, as he thought, his friend's meaning, and exclaimed to the great amusement of the class: "Please, sir, he died of cholera!"

Rats on Ships.

Some years ago, an east coast collier was going up the Thames a bargeman gave a warning shout, and on looking over the side sailors saw a rat with its head out of a small hole which it had gnawed in the side of the ship. It was lapping the water like a dog. The collier was beached at once to avoid swamping. It is probable that the bursting of one of these sipping places accounts for the strange stampedes of rats from doomed ships which forms a fixed tradition of the sea. Quite recently an old man died in a Yorkshire seacoast town, who, when a lad in his teens, was the sole survivor from the miseries of a water-logged ship. For more than two weeks the crew lived on the tops in huts of sails, with no water to drink but the dew they lapped from the masts and yards. As they were unmooring from New York on their fatal voyage, the rats with which the ship swarmed began to troop out in such numbers that they stopped hauling in the cable to let them pass. Stampedes, of course, take place for reasons known only to the rats themselves. As a Clyde schooner lay moored in a West Indian harbour next to a brig infested with rats, the crew was startled one day by a shout from the captain of the brig, "See what a brood I am sending you," and, looking over the side, they saw a stream of rats swimming their way in Indian file from the brig to the schooner. The sailors immediately pulled up all the loose ropes hanging over the sides, and stationed themselves with sticks and belaying pins in the fore and main chains, while two of the apprentices got into the boat and attacked the rats in the water—the rats with wonderful instinct and skill diving to avoid the blows.

"And now," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "is the time of year when the college graduate gets on the rostrum and utters great thoughts—thoughts, in fact, that have been thought by the greatest thinkers."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Experience.—"When I start out to buy a \$2 shoe," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "I generally find I get the best bargain by paying \$2 for the other shoe also."—Chicago Tribune.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East-India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having derived this wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who write to this office, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, with address, with stamp, naming this paper, directed to W. A. Noves, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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THE PRAYERS THAT SAVE.

[BY C. H. GALLAGHER.]

It was six o'clock on a cold, raw evening in December. Business was over for the day in the offices of Weston, Davis & Co., and Mary Russell, the little typewriter employed by the firm, left the Equitable Building and started on a rapid walk up Calvert Street. Her right hand, which was hidden in the pocket of her coat, clasped a rosary, and as she hurried along, her mind was filled with thoughts of the morrow and the happiness it would bring, for to-morrow would be the First Friday of the month, that holy, happy day, so full of joy and peace. How dearly she loved it all!—the Communion of Reparation, made in the solemn stillness of the early morning, when the Divine Guest came to her in love and mercy, filling her soul with such a heavenly sweetness that at times she felt her heart could not contain its joy; at noon also, when she had her hour off for luncheon, what happiness it was to slip into the church (for St. Ignatius' was not far from her office) and spend a quarter of an hour before the Blessed Sacrament, pouring out the inmost thoughts of her heart to the loving Heart of Jesus, and gaining such comfort and peace as the world cannot give; then at night the devotion of the League of the Sacred Heart, the prayers, and best of all, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Ah, how beautiful all this was! As she thought of it she quickened her steps, for she wanted to get to the church as soon as possible so that she might have time to go to confession before returning home to supper, and also to think over the special intention for which she would offer her Communion the following morning.

Just at that moment she came to a brilliantly lighted saloon, and as she was passing the door, a man approached from the opposite direction with an unsteady gait and an unmistakable air of dissipation. As they met, he accidentally brushed clumsily against her, pushing her roughly out towards the curbstone, and then disappeared behind the swinging door of the saloon. Mary, much alarmed, grasped her beads tighter and hurried on, murmuring a prayer for the poor creature, who was evidently a slave of the demon of intemperance. She soon reached the church, and, after examining her conscience, was fortunate enough to find her own confessor disengaged.

Her confession ended, she knelt again in the quiet church, and after saying her penance her thoughts returned to the encounter she had just experienced. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the inspiration came to her, "I will offer my Communion to-morrow for that poor soul," and then, offering a short but fervent prayer for the conversion of the wretched wanderer, she left the church. Friday was a cold, dreary day. A heavy snow had fallen during the night, and now, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a biting wind blowing fiercely over the frozen ground cut the faces of the pedestrians like whips of fine steel wires.

Arthur Everson, the man who had so frightened Mary Russell on the previous night, was battling against the fierce wind as he walked slowly up Calvert street. His shabby, dilapidated hat was pulled low on his forehead, and his threadbare coat was fastened together over his chest as closely as the few remaining buttons would allow. He was ragged, miserable, and disreputable, and no one who met him would ever dream that this forlorn object was a college graduate, and had been in days gone by one of the most brilliant and popular fellows in his class.

He was a sad story, but one, alas, only too common. Coming into possession of a considerable fortune at the death of his father a few years ago, he at once decided to "see the world" and enjoy himself to the utmost. A bright, genial temperament, combined with his ample means, soon attracted to him a circle of congenial spirits, many of them his recent college mates, and soon the cup of pleasure was quaffed to its dregs. Always generous and open-handed, his purse was often called into requisition to assist his friends out of their many difficulties, "debts of honor," etc., and these demands, together with his own lavish expenditures, soon wasted his inheritance, and at the end of three years he was almost penniless.

With the loss of his money came naturally the loss of his so-called friends, and the practice of heavy drinking, which he had at first taken up in a merely convivial spirit, now became a

fixed habit which daily and hourly fastened itself more firmly upon him. His downward career was sure and rapid; each month, nay, each week, each day, found him lower than the preceding one; and, at the time of our story, he had almost reached the lowest stage of degradation. For several days he had scarcely tasted food, but had spent his last dollar (won at the gambling table) in drink at the saloon into which Mary Russell had seen him going the night before.

And now, his money all gone, his friends faithless, and his once magnificent constitution almost wrecked, Arthur Everson was indeed a pitiable sight. A deep depression had settled upon him, and as he struggled along in the face of the wintry gale, his mind was filled with sad and bitter thoughts. His past seemed to rise before his mental vision with a painful clearness. He remembered as though it were yesterday his graduation day and the many honors it brought him—the congratulations of the professors, the bright predictions of his friends, his own high hopes and aims and resolutions. Next came his father's death, and the acquisition of (what was to him) an ample fortune, bringing with it so many possibilities of pleasure to be tasted before the real burden of life should be taken up. Then began a wild and reckless career; a career which, at first, gave him a false and fictitious enjoyment, but which in time pallid upon him. Still, he endeavored to get what amusement he could out of it, but almost before he was aware of it himself, his money was squandered and his friends gone. Disgusted with the world and with himself, he resorted more and more to strong drink, in which he vainly strove to drown the thoughts of his folly and wrongdoing.

At the present time Arthur Everson had reached a state of desperate nervous depression. As he walked along the street with his head bent and his eyes on the ground, his mind was filled with gloomy, reckless thoughts. What was left to make life even bearable to him. Disgraced and impoverished as he was, was not death to be welcomed, nay, courted by such a miserable wretch as he? Well, it could not, should not, last much longer. A doctor had warned him a year ago that his heart was seriously affected, and that unless he changed his whole course of life, the end might come at any moment. The end! What did that mean? Was it really the end? Might it not be only the beginning of suffering even greater than he was enduring now? For years he had neglected every religious duty, putting from him as far as possible every thought of God, his own soul, and the necessary consequences of sin. The voice of conscience was stifled, and the man sank deeper and deeper into the mire of his evil habits. This afternoon, however, the doctor's words haunted him, and rang in his ears like a refrain—the end! the end! the end!

Just as he reached the corner of Calvert and Madison streets, the wind seemed to become almost a hurricane, and in his weakened condition he was unable to advance another step. Muttering to himself, "I can't stand this," he instinctively turned to the nearest refuge, the open door of St. Ignatius' Church, and before he had time to realize what he was doing, he was standing in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. He sank into a pew near the door, panting and breathless after his struggle with the wind. But in a few moments every thought of cold and storm had vanished. Where was he, and what was going on? An intense stillness reigned in the church, although many worshippers were present, but all were absorbed in their devotions. The altar was brightly lighted; in the air was a faint, lingering perfume; and in a niche high above the tabernacle he saw a golden monstrance around which clustered countless burning candles.

For several moments Arthur Everson gazed wonderingly; but slowly there stole over his bewildered mind recollections of his earlier days, his happy past, of the college altar lighted and adorned as this one was, and to do honor to the same; of a long line of boys kneeling at the railing to receive the Bread of Angels; and of one boy who knelt in the chapel long after the others had left, offering up his pure young heart to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He fell on his knees and hid his face in his hands.

How long he knelt there he never remembered. Moments passed into hours, the twilight deepened, the lights burned more brightly in the gathering gloom, and still that bowed figure remained motionless. A mighty tempest raged within him; thoughts crowded thick and fast upon him like the billows of a great sea, flooding his inmost soul; but at last, just as the waves seemed closing over him, he lifted his head with a shivering gasp, as though struggling for breath, and his eyes rested on the monstrance.

In that glance the faith of his boyhood returned. Yes, there was the Good Shepherd from whom he had strayed so far, and yet who was calling him now to return to the safe shelter of the fold; there was the Sacred Heart, wounded so deeply by his sins and yet "burning with love" for him. As he gazed, his eyes filled with tears, tears of deep and true contrition. Every earthly friend had deserted him; those to whom he had shown the greatest kindness had treated him with basest ingratitude; and yet here was one Friend whom he had neglected, scorned and grieved, still waiting and watching for him, drawing him back with love and tenderness. Arthur Everson bowed his head on his folded arms and sobbed like a child.

Knelling in that far-away corner of the church he was suddenly aroused from his thoughts by a slight noise just behind him, and on looking round he saw a woman just leaving one of the confessionals. Not waiting for a moment he rose, left the pew, and presently was kneeling beside a priest. There in that solemn hour the man's very soul was laid before God's minister, and when at last the words of absolution fell from the lips of the priest, the burden of years rolled from the heart of Arthur Everson and fell into the mighty abyss of God's love and mercy.

When he lifted the little red curtain of the confessional and stepped out into the church again, he could scarcely realize that he was the same man who had entered that church only a few short

hours ago. The grace of the Sacrament of Penance was upon him, the sins of his whole life had been washed away in the precious blood of his Divine Redeemer, and hope and courage filled his heart. After kneeling again before the Blessed Sacrament to offer his thanksgiving to that dear Saviour who had guided his footsteps that day in such a wonderful manner, he turned to leave the church.

Just at the threshold a young girl who was entering dropped her rosary, and Arthur Everson involuntarily stooped, picked it up, and handed it to her. As she took it her eyes rested upon him, and with a start she recognized the man who had so frightened her on the previous night, and for whose reformation she had offered her Communion that morning. But, ah, what a change had taken place in his expression! Still shabby and forlorn in appearance, there was upon his face a look of one who had gone through a great mental struggle, but who had come out victorious. Astonished and amazed, Mary Russell could hardly believe the evidence of her eyes; but when she saw him, just before leaving the church, turn one long, earnest, grateful look towards the Blessed Sacrament, she felt instinctively that God had answered her prayer, and had touched with His grace the soul of the man before her.

During the beautiful service that followed, Mary Russell's heart was filled with a holy joy, and as the bell rang out clearly at the solemn moment of Benediction, she bowed her head low in the presence of God, and joined her thanksgiving with those of the angels over the "one sinner done penance."—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

The Bloodhound.

Probably no species of the dog family is so little understood as the bloodhound. While many traits are held by dogs in common, the bloodhound alone can perform the duties of a detective police by his scent. It is difficult to trace the finest specimens of this remarkable dog are to be found in England, as they are taught to excel all others in swiftness, spirit and endurance. A well formed bloodhound is usually about two feet high, with regular limbs, round feet of a moderate size, a wide breast, deep chest, a broad back and bushy tail. The head is rather small than otherwise, and the pepper colour a reddish tan.

In the old wars between England and Scotland—the days of Wallace and Bruce—these dogs were much used. It is said that Bruce was repeatedly tracked by bloodhounds, and only escaped on one occasion by wading the distance of a bow shot down a brook, thus breaking the scent.

A sure way to stop a dog was to spill blood on his track. Wallace, with 16 followers, was once hotly pursued by the English with bloodhounds. One of his men refusing to go further, Wallace in anger struck off his head. The dogs came up and stopped where the bleeding body had fallen, and Wallace thus escaped capture.

The scent of these animals is very keen. As a recorded instance it is stated that their unerring instinct was once tested by allowing a man an hour's start, when, after a chase of one and a half hours, the hound ran up to a tree where the man was, 15 miles distant from the place of starting.

The Cuban bloodhound is very ferocious, and it is this breed that the southern planter probably used in pursuing his slaves. We are told that in the year 1795, when an insurrection was fiercely raging in Jamaica, 100 of these dogs were sent from Havana to quell it, and so terrific was their action at the sound of a gun that the maroons, or fugitive slaves, against whom they were to act, capitulated at once.

While we shudder at these stories let us not forget that the natural disposition of these dogs is very gentle; that they are faithful and attached to their masters, making excellent watchdogs and never showing the ferocity of their nature unless irritated. To man, then, we must attribute all the sorrows which these dogs have occasioned, and learn that the brute is only a brute when his lowest passions are brought out and exercised.

In the case of Keshbalkar, the editor, and Harmlaker, the proprietor and publisher of the "Maharani" newspaper printed and published at Islamabad, in the Satara district, India, who were charged with publishing a seditious article on May 17th last, headed "Preparations for Becoming Independent," the judge, disagreeing with the assessors, found the prisoners guilty, sentencing the editor to transportation for life, and the publisher to seven years. There is an appeal to a superior court.

The London Tablet has the following story of the late King Victor Emanuel regarding the quality of the Irish hunter: "The description of the jumping of the Irish hunters at the Dublin Horse Show recalls the expression of admiration uttered by Victor Emanuel at a similar performance of one of the same stock. He had, strangely enough, entrusted to an Irish lady who, despite her sex, was one of the best living judges of a horse, the confidential commission of purchasing six horses for him in Ireland, and bringing them to Italy. So great was his im-

patience for their arrival, that after they had crossed the Alps he hurried, on the train from Turin to Florence by repeated telegrams to such an extent that the axles of the carriages caught fire, and the precious animals had a narrow escape of being cremated. When they safely arrived, and were produced for his inspection, his grand equerry described his amazement and admiration at the way they cleared the jumps by saying, 'He remained with his mouth open,' and exclaimed, 'It is not a horse, it is a bird.'"

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A. M. CONGREGATION OF THE ASSUMPTION, Southbridge, Mass., March 17, 1893. Messrs. Roy Boire Drug Co.:—It is with pleasure that I certify having used Menthol Cough Syrup for loss of voice during three days. With two doses only it was found sufficient to completely restore the voice to its normal state. I cannot do otherwise than to offer you my felicitations.

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SAT UPON.

On one occasion, when a public reception was given to Daniel Webster at a hotel in Boston, a particularly obnoxious old office-seeker was introduced. The man flattered Webster until the great man was tired of him, and, hiding him good-bay, settled down heavily into the nearest chair. But the man, instead of passing on, lingered near, and seemed to have something still on his mind, though he looked very blissful. Webster observed this, and said, not very good-naturedly, "May I ask you, sir, if you want anything more of me?" "Oh—oh, no," said the man, smirking; "—only, perhaps, I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is having the inimitable honor to occupy the same chair with Daniel Webster."

Webster had, as a matter of fact, sat down on the man's tail heaver hat, and crushed it out of shape.

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REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Women seem to think a bachelor has no business to know anything about them.

Most girls treat a man about the way they do a ribbon. When they take him off their necks they wind him around their fingers.

You can always tell how old a woman is by finding out whether she thinks a man is fascinating because he is wicked, or wicked because he is fascinating.

If Enoch Arden had come back and found that his wife hadn't got married, he would probably have gone to sea again.

The average old bachelor can never understand why, when their babies cry, the women don't throw them out into the alleys.

After Lady Godiva made her ride through Coventry, the people who saved most on the taxes were the first ones to count her dead.—N.Y. Press.

Menthol Soothing Syrup does not contain laudanum or paregoric, which is used in numerous other soothing syrups. Menthol Syrup is safe and efficacious for children.

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