

was the son of a linen-draper. Canova was the son of a stone-cutter. Captain Cook began his career as a cabin-boy. Falconer was the son of a barber. Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright. Pizarro was never taught to read when young, but was sent to keep hogs. Kirke White was the son of a butcher. Shakespeare began his career as a menial.—*Ace Maria*.

DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER.

The *Catholic Guardian* tells a pretty story about Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden. With royal generosity she had disposed of her diamonds in order to raise funds to complete a hospital, in which she took a deep interest. When visiting the institution on one occasion after its completion, a patient wept tears of gratitude as she stood by her side, which forced the Princess to exclaim: "Ah! now I see my diamonds again!"

For Our Lady Readers.

MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

How easy it is to spoil a day—

The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a life—

And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home-light darkened by sin and strife,
Or the downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till the health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain—

Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high;
And life is too short to be spoiled like this.
If only a prelude it may be sweet;
Let us bind together its threads of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

TO DRESS WOUNDS.

Three useful things to have in the house as a provision in case of wound is a spool of adhesive plaster, iodoform gauze and a package of carbolated absorbent cotton. Cleanse and dry as nearly as may be the cut surface with a wad of the cotton, using moderate pressure and elevating the part if necessary to check the flow of blood. Do not apply any water. Bring the cut surface together as accurately as possible and retain them there with as few and as narrow strips of the plaster as will suffice, cutting them of a good length. Then cover the wound with a dozen or so thicknesses of the iodoform gauze, which should extend an inch beyond the wound. Over the gauze apply a liberal layer of the absorbent cotton, allowing it to extend beyond the gauze. The cotton may be kept in place by a bandage of cheese cloth, or a part of a leg of a stocking may be drawn over it. Moderate pressure, if evenly distributed, is helpful. The pressure of a string is hurtful.

THE COLOUR OF THE EYES.

"Which is the prettiest colour?" The colour of the eyes we love best. Here's what an authority says of the different colours.—Hazel-eyed people are rarely shallow, and you must be prepared for surprises when you have to deal with them.

Blue eyes take care of their friends, brown of their enemies, gray of their countries, black of their pleasures, and green of themselves.

The violet eye is a woman's eye, of which the main characteristics are affection and purity, chivalric belief and limited or deficient intellectuality.

Speaking popularly, it may be said that eyes are brown, blue, gray, hazel, green, or of no colour at all. The last three varieties, however, are based on misnomer.

Blue-gray eyes, radiated from within with brown and bronze streaks, are chiefly found among the mixed races, and especially the English and Americans. They always suggest a good deal of strength of character, generally a sense of mischief and trickiness, and sometimes that humorous cruelty which belongs to the Anglo-Saxon race.

The blue is certainly the type with the greatest number of varieties. It is a colour that illustrates pre-eminently the feminine qualities—tenderness, affection, a yielding to the wishes of others, a sympathy with small sufferings, that measure of vanity without which no woman can be entirely attractive.

MYERS AND Co., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous-oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read [ADVT.]

NATURE SLOWLY MAKES READY.

You have probably never seen a volcano in eruption. It is a magnificent spectacle. Where do all those torrents of red-hot lava come from? Nobody can tell, except that they come from somewhere down deep in the earth. But one thing we know, namely, that eruptions of any one volcano are far apart. Between whiles Nature is getting ready for them; she is preparing for the tremendous demonstration.

Just so it is with all her processes. In the cold of winter she is arranging the forces which are to make the heat and the harvests of the following summer, and so on.

From May, 1890, to February 1892, is a period of twenty-one months. The two dates will long remain clear in the mind of Mrs. Martha Bowles, of 182, Llangyfelach Road, Morriston, near Swansea. For the first was the beginning, and the second the ending of an experience which was bad enough in itself, yet only the introduction to something vastly worse. It was like the time of getting ready for a great trouble to come.

Her first sense of this was indefinite and vague, like the low muttering of thunder below the horizon while the skies are yet clear. She expresses it thus, in the very words most of us use on similar occasions, "I felt that something was wrong with me—something hanging over me."

Ah! dear me. How often we think such feelings are a warning sent to the spirit, when in fact they are caused entirely by the condition of our bodies. She felt heavy, languid and tired, and mentally depressed. This was not only melancholy to her but new, as she had always been strong and healthy. Then came the discomforts which there could be no mistake about. They are common enough to be sure. Oh, yes. But isn't that all the more a reason why we should understand what they mean? "Certainly," you will say.

Well, then, there was that bad, offensive taste in the mouth, that so many of us have had; the failure of the appetite, the pain in the chest and sides after eating. The worst pain was in the right side, where it was very heavy. That pointed to the liver, which is located on that side; and when anything ails the liver it is as though the big water-wheel of a mill had got fixed so as not to turn round. For the liver does half a dozen kinds of work, and when it strikes work the rest of the organs take a sort of rainy holiday.

Presently her skin and the white of her eyes turned yellow as autumn leaves. That meant bile in the blood; the liver was off its duty; that is a sure sign. The kidney secretion was the colour of blood instead of a clear amber, which meant that the trouble had already reached those important organs. Then the stomach was upset and refused to take kindly to food—as though the miller sent your grain back, declining to grind it. She vomited a sour, bitter fluid, which was acid bile, away out of its proper track. On and on along this line, constantly getting further and further from the happy land of health; this was the history of those twenty-one months—all bad enough, yet all preparatory for worse ones.

"One day in February, 1892," she says in her letter of August 18th, 1893, "I began to have dreadful pain and cramp. It began in the right side, and extended across the stomach. For hours together I was in the greatest agony. What I suffered is past description. When the pain eased a little I was cold as death and shivered until the bed shook under me. I had hot iron plates applied to my feet, and held hot irons in my hands, but nothing gave much relief. My stomach was so irritable that I could keep no food on it. I was now confined to my bed, and the doctor attending me said I was passing gall stones. He wanted me to go to Swansea Hospital and be operated upon, but I was afraid I might not live through it."

"I next had two other doctors at Morriston and also three from Swansea, who all gave me medicines, and said nothing more could be done for me. For six months I lay in bed undergoing the greatest agony; never free from pain more than two or three hours at a time. During the whole of this time I was fit on nothing but milk and water. I had scarcely any life or strength left in me. All who saw me said I never could by any chance get better in this world."

"I lingered on like this until August, 1892, when my daughter brought me a book telling of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. In this book she read of a case like mine having been cured by this medicine. My husband got a bottle from Mr. Bevan, the chemist, and after taking a few doses I felt a little relief. I kept on with it and soon the pains left me, my appetite returned, and my food agreed with me. After taking the Syrup for three months I was a new creature and strong as ever. I can now eat anything, and nothing disagrees with me. After I was well our minister one day said: 'Mrs. Bowles, I never thought to see you alive.' I said, 'Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life.' You may publish my case, and I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Martha Bowles."

This case—one of acute indigestion and dyspepsia, with liver and kidney complaints—is well known in the district. The lady's husband is a gardener, well known and respected.

Do we need to point out the moral of this wonderful cure? No. You can see it for yourself.

Advice to Gold-seekers.—To the young man who wants to know how to fit himself for going to the Klondyke:—Acquire habits of industry and self-control, be prepared to meet with firmness whatever discouragements may arise, scrape together two or three times as much money for the journey as the best estimates render necessary, —and don't go.

The way in which journalists and others drop in upon Dr. Ilsen in Norway with the object of interviewing him is very amusing. The grim old playwright must laugh a little at his sleeve sometimes at the way in which he nonplusses would-be interviewers by his adroit manoeuvres. One of his methods is to find out what language or languages his enemy is versed in and then avow himself unable to speak it to them.

"BLUE BELL" OATMEAL

Is again in the Market, and may be obtained from all Grocers.

WHOLESALE FROM

J. H. HANCOCK & CO'S (Late Hood & Davidson) CALEDONIAN MILLS DUNEDIN