

For Our Lady Readers.

THE OULD AND THE NEW.

Oh! the Ould Wife, the Ould Wife,
She's flittin' from our gaze,
But still she brings back mimories
Of good ould anshint days;
The foud, kind smile, the simple grace,
The tindhier heart so thrue,
Are gone, Och Hone! an' in her place,
Begog! we've got the New.

Oh! the New Wife, the New Wife,
She cuts it mighty grand,
Her great ambition is to be
A ruler in the land.
She'll taich to you, she'll praich to you,
She'll shout, an' spout, an' blow,
But, like Sir Joseph Phorter, she
Mains well, but doesn't know.

Oh! the Ould Wife, the Ould Wife,
I see her clane, white shelf,
Her dhresser nate, an' quite compleate
With chaneey an' with delf;
Her spinnin' wheel, her rock an' reel,
Oh! murther, wirrasthru!
That she, our pride, must stand aside
To give place to the New.

Oh! the New Wife, the New Wife
Begog, she don't suit me,
She spinds her time in readin' up
Works on philosophee;
She niver cooks a mutton chop,
Or makes an Irish Stew,
She takes a laid in polyticks—
The devil take the New.

Oh! the Ould Wife, the Ould Wife,
She darns her husband's socks,
She patches up his breeches, and
She minds the childher's frocks.
She doesn't spout, she doesn't shout,
She wears no stockings blue;
But now, alas! they've let her pass,
To make room for the New.

Oh! the New Wife, the New Wife,
The Universe's "Hub"
She scorns the dirty scrubbin' brush,
An' hates the washin' tub.
She likes to prate about the State,
An' grate reforms mavrone,
She'll lecture you until you think
Yer sowl is not yer own.

Oh! the Ould Wife, the Ould Wife.
Is ever dear to me,
She kept her place, her homely grace
Brought happiness an' glee;
She couldn't spout, they drove her out,
An' lett her in the coud;
Let others rave about the New,
Give me, give me the Ould.

PADDY MURPHY in "Tom Bracken's Annual No. II."

PLAIN LUNCHES FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN that cannot go home for their noonday meal (says Gesine Lemcke in the *New York Journal*) should be provided with a suitable lunch to take with them to school. The custom to give children five or ten cents to buy their lunch is a great mistake, for they generally spend it in pickles, pie or candy, or in articles which contain not the least nutriment and which more often upset their organs of digestion. It is impossible for a child to obtain benefit from his studies unless he receives the right kind of nourishment. In study the brain is taxed to its utmost, and if the food is not equal to the waste the child's health is undermined.

Here are seven good, plain lunches:

- No. 1. Small chicken sandwiches, a piece of cake, an apple.
- No. 2. Biscuit sandwiches, a bunch of grapes, one cream cake.
- No. 3. Egg sandwiches, a banana, a slice of ginger bread.
- No. 4. Tongue sandwiches, an orange, three or four cookies.
- No. 5. Buttered brown and white bread, one boiled egg, a piece of cake, an apple.
- No. 6. Nut sandwiches, a piece of raisin bread, one banana.
- No. 7. Cheese and egg sandwiches, fruit crackers, one orange.

THE MEDDLESOME NEIGHBOUR.

One of the aggravations of life is the meddlesome neighbour. That person pries into the private affairs of every one in the neighbourhood, carries stories back and forth that set friends at enmity, turning frivolous remarks into deliberate statements, magnifying chance expressions, distorting sentiments, and altering the tones in which thoughtless things were said; knows everybody's business better than themselves, and insists on offering advice at every turn; tries even to come between husband and wife, to criticise one to the other, to bring disagreements between them. The meddlesome neighbour is a nuisance. Interference from that quarter must be summarily suppressed, at any and every cost of insult, breach of

friendliness and calumny. Far better an open foe out-doors, with peace at home, than a false friend sowing the seeds of discord and trouble in the family.

SAYINGS ABOUT WOMEN.

Remember woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.

All I am, or can be, I owe to my angel mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.—Moore.

The society of ladies is the school of politeness.—Monfort.

Heaven will be no heaven to me, if I do not meet my wife there.—Andrew Johnston.

Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill, woman's fond affection glows.—Sand.

Women need not look to those dear to them to know their moods.—Howells.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile, and pure as bright Aurora's ray.—Morris.

He who takes a wife finds a master.

A woman unemployed is busy in mischief.

A woman conceals what she does not know.

He that has a wife is always sure of strife.

A foolish woman is known by her finery.

DR. LAMONT'S STRONG FINGERS.

"I was afraid you were going to slip through my fingers," said good old Dr. Lamont.

The writer was a boy of about seventeen, then. While a student at school, more than 300 miles from home, I was taken down with pneumonia. I had a tough time, and for two or three weeks my life was despaired of. But youth and good care won the fight, and one bright morning I was ready to go home with my dear father who had come for me. I was weak still, but well and happy clear up to the brim. Oh, what a ride! Oh, what sweet air! Oh, what a glorious world I had got back into! and what a reception from mother and sisters at the familiar house, Oh, life! Oh, health! Oh, *dulce, dulce domum!*

Such an illness, if one survives it, only makes the sense of existence and its blessings more keen and delightful. It is good rather than bad. Lucky boy, not to have slipped through the doctor's fingers.

But when a man with most of his days behind him has to write a line like this "*All my life I have suffered more or less from disease*"—why that is another and sadder story. It is the odds against an occasional thunderstorm and a sky always covered with clouds.

We quote what he says, reminding the reader that in this matter Mr. William Hodgkinson voices the experience of millions. He says: "I always had a bad taste in the mouth, no proper relish for food, and after eating had pain and fullness at the chest."

These sensations are symptoms of acute indigestion. In the stomach there is marked loss of power. The food is neither rolled over as it should be so that the whole of it in turn may be presented to the digestive fluid, nor is it duly moved on towards the outlet into the bowels. As a result it ferments and gives off irritating acids and gasses, hence the patient complains of pain, weight, distension, acidity, and flatulence in that region. Thence the poisons proceed to every other part of the body, and headache, vertigo, gout, rheumatism, depressed spirits, and a score more of evils follow; among them, possibly, nervous prostration, progressive anæmia, locomotor ataxia, and more or less complete paralysis.

"Frequently," continues Mr. Hodgkinson, "I was sick, and as time went on I became very weak and feeble. I consulted one doctor after another, and took various medicines, but obtained no real or lasting relief from any of them. This describes my general condition until the fortunate day when I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I was impressed by the statements others had made concerning it and proceeded to try it. After taking one bottle I found relief, and was soon entirely free from my old complaint. Since that time (now eight years ago) I have enjoyed good health. Knowing personally of its virtues, I have recommended this remedy to hundreds, and have never heard of its having failed to give relief. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in my grave years ago. (Signed) William Hodgkinson. Hollington, near Uttoxeter Staffordshire, August 11th, 1893."

Mr. Hodgkinson is well known and highly respected. He is a local preacher in the Methodist church, and by employment a quarry master. Had he gone into the grave, as he feared he should, he would have been missed and lamented by the community in which he has long been useful, and will live to be useful, we hope, for years to come.

Now let us repeat our leading thought. Short illnesses, even though sharp and dangerous, may result in good rather than harm. But a disease that drags its victim through decades of lingering distress—what shall we say of it? The trouble and suffering it inflicts is beyond estimate, and its name is indigestion and dyspepsia.

And the name of the medicine that cures it, Mr. Hodgkinson has done you the favour to mention with clearness and emphasis.

Mr. Gawne, of Dunedin (says the *Southland Times* of April 13, 1891), has just been on a visit to Invercargill to push business a little. Not that it wants much canvassing, for since he commenced the manufacture of his Worcestershire Sauce, the demand has kept pace with his capacity to supply it. He makes a really good thing, indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrin's, which he places upon one's table at a much lower price, and trusts to that to secure a steadily growing trade. Those who have not yet tried the colonial article should put their prejudice aside for a time and test the question with a bottle or two.—ADVT.