

**MONKS WHO RARELY SPEAK.**

**CATHOLIC TRAPPIST COMMUNITY TO LIVE ON LONG ISLAND.**

EUROPEAN disturbances are forcing many religious communities to seek homes in America, and the Trappists of Italy are the latest to arrive. They are about to found a house in the Brooklyn diocese under the direction of the Rev. Edmund Obrecht and with the approval of Bishop McDonnell. For the past year the former has been the guest of the Drumgoole Mission in Lafayette Place, while arranging the details of the new establishment. The generosity of a New Yorker now living on Long Island, Bernard Earle, has enabled the Trappist father to begin the work at his convenience. Mr Earle gave a house and twenty-seven acres of land at a place near Hicksville, known as Round Swamp, which is of a character to provide the monks with an opportunity to show their skill in improving land. It was an ordinary farm, and the house an ordinary farm building.

The monks will use the house as a monastery, after making such alterations as are needful. Besides following their own rule, they will keep a home for aged and infirm priests and a place of retreat for those who desire to spend a longer or shorter time apart from the world. This house will be supplied with members from the Trappist monastery in Rome, known as the Tre Fontane, where the monks turned a swamp into a habitable locality by planting groves of the eucalyptus tree, from which they make a medicine efficacious in malarial fevers. The Trappists have been slow to settle in other countries of late years outside of Europe.

They have a monastery in Dubuque founded by Irishmen from the Irish Mount Melleray, and the second in Kentucky founded by German monks. The severity of their rule has usually confined them to a moderate climate, but a few years ago the French Trappists started a monastery in the province of Quebec, and secured dispensations from some features of their rule. In spite of the climate they have managed to get along, and will probably remain in Canada. The principal features of their rule are perpetual silence unless in necessity, and then only in speech permitted in the presence of the Abbot; four hours of field work and four of prayer each day; six hours of sleep; study or indoor labour four hours; one meal a day at which meat is not allowed, and no fires in the monastery except for cooking.

The monks sleep on a mattress, without covering, never take off their habits except to take baths. In Canada, however, they are allowed to use fires, and to eat a slight breakfast on account of the severe winters. The sick may use meat. With all this strictness they do not want for members, and their average term of years is higher than that of other communities.—New York Tribune.

**KILLED HIM FOR PITY**

**STRANGE CRIME FOR WHICH AN ENGLISH WOMAN WILL HAVE TO SUFFER.**

THE trial of Mrs Urquhart last week at Durham for the murder of her husband raised a profound ethical question. The unfortunate woman's husband was beset by a great sufferer. The son who supported them was out of work, and could not provide for them, and they were face to face with starvation. Mrs Urquhart, in these circumstances, with her husband's knowledge and sanction, to put him out of pain, gave him some rat poison, which killed him in fifteen minutes. She then tried to poison herself, but was prevented. The jury found her guilty—and no doubt technically, as the law stands, she was. It was obviously impossible, however, to pronounce a verdict carrying with it the death sentence for the act she had committed. Of course, the sentence, when pronounced, would have been commuted, but the jury preferred not to allow the wretches to go so far. They found that the poor woman was not responsible for her actions, and she was accordingly ordered to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure. This may have done substantial justice, but it evades the difficulty, and does not meet it. It is quite evident that what the woman did had nothing in common with murder in the proper sense of the word. Some years ago there was a considerable discussion among the members of the medical profession on the subject of the so-called "authentic," that is, whether it should be made lawful for a doctor at the desire of a patient suffering from an agonising and incurable disease to put him out of his misery by a swift and painless poison. In the case of a dog or a horse we should call this an act of mercy, but we condemn a human being to linger in hopeless suffering. Clearly this is a problem in law and conduct that remains to be solved.—Birmingham Mail.

**THE DOG, THE MAN, AND THE MEAT.**

A FRIEND of mine and I were walking together the other day; a dog dashed past us after something he saw on the pavement. It was a big piece of meat. He pounced on it and swallowed it in two seconds. My companion looked at the dog with various admiration. "My humble friend," he said, "I'll give you \$5,000 for your appetite and your digestion. You are not afraid to eat; I am." But the dog knew what happiness is made of. He declined the offer and trotted away.

It is astonishing how many different people use this expression. "I am" or "I was" afraid to eat. As the writer pens these lines five letters lie on the table before him, everyone of them containing it. Yet the persons who wrote the letters are not known to one another. There was, therefore, no agreement among them. Why should there be, even if they were acquainted?

No, there is nothing in it to wonder at. They went through the same experience, and express it in the most natural way, that's all.

But what does it mean? Are people suspicious of poisoned food? No, no; that is not so. The food is not poisoned before it is eaten, but afterwards. An example will show what really occurs, and why so many are afraid to eat.

We quote from one of the letters: "One night, early in 1892," says the writer, "I was seized with dreadful pains in the pit of the stomach, and a choking sensation in the throat. I feared I was going to die. My wife called in a neighbour. They applied hot flannels and turpentine, but I got no relief. Then a doctor came and gave me medicine. He said he never saw anyone's tongue in such a condition. It was of a yellow colour, and covered with a slimy phlegm, so thick I could have scraped it with a knife. I had a foul, bitter taste in the mouth, and my eyes were so dull I could scarcely see. I had a heavy pain in the side, and felt so dejected and miserable I didn't know what to do with myself. What little food I took gave me so much pain I was afraid to eat. The doctor put me on starvation diet, and injected morphine to ease the pain.

"Getting no real benefit from the first doctor I saw another, who said I had enlargement of the liver. He gave me medicines, but I got no better. In August I went to Exmouth to see what my native air would do for me, but came back worse than ever. I had lost over three stone in weight, and being too weak to move about I used to lie on the couch most of the time. I never expected to get well, and didn't care much what became of me.

"One day in October my wife said, "It appears the doctors can do nothing for you, so I am going to doctor you myself." She went to the Northern Drug Stores, in Camberwell Road, and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine for a few days the pain in my stomach left me, my appetite improved, and I gained some strength. Soon afterwards I was back at my work. The people in the office, seeing how well I looked, asked what had cured me, and I answered Mother Seigel's Syrup. I shall be glad to reply to any inquiries about my case. (Signed) Charles Harris, 74, Bedford-street, Camberwell, London, December 1st, 1892.

Mr Harris' statement goes straight to the point. Why was he afraid to eat? Because his food gave him pain without giving him strength. This was dead wrong. It was exactly the reverse of what it should have been. When a man is in the proper form he gets vigour and power from his meals, and eats them with enjoyment and relish. If he doesn't there is something the matter with him. What is it?

Now let your thoughts expand a bit, so as to take in a broad principle. One man's meat is another man's poison, they say. That's so, but it's only half the truth. Any man's meat is any man's poison, under certain conditions. It grain never got any further than the mill hopper we should never have bread, and if bread (or other food) never got further than the stomach we should never have strength. See? Well, when the stomach is torpid, inflamed and "ON STRIKE," what happens? Why, your food lies in it and rots. The fermentations produce poison which gets into the blood and kicks up the worst sort of mischief all over the body. This is indigestion and dyspepsia, though the doctors call each and every trick of it by a separate name. Yet they don't cure it, which is the main thing after all.

But Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup does, as Mr Harris says, and as thousands of others say.

"What makes you think they are so madly in love?" He has been three weeks trying to teach her to play whist.

"You seem to be cultivating old Kajones. What do you see about him to admire?" His daughter Liza.

In a small town in the North of Scotland lives Joe C., an old shoemaker. For years Joe served the local commissioners faithfully as clerk, during which period he had the misfortune to lose his right leg in a railway accident. As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long service, the Commissioners unanimously agreed to replace his want with an artificial limb, and acted accordingly. Joe, being an unfortunate individual, was thrown from a trap quite recently, and had his left leg broken. Of course, this was food for gossip, and one old woman, in discussing the matter, was overheard saying, "It's a grey bad job for Joe, purr sowl; but it's his ain leg or the yin that belongs tae the toon that's broken."

Physician: And you have felt this way for several days? H'm. Let me see your tongue. Patient: It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer.

"What is the name of that man?" signalled one deal mate to another. "It's queer, but I can't recall it," was the reply; "though it is right as my finger ends."

City Boarder: Didn't you advertise that you had plenty of fruit? Jerseyman: That's right. The old woman got over a hundred cans of it!

He: "Mrs Swelltop certainly is a beautiful woman. She carries all before her." She (spitefully): "Force of habit, I suppose. I hear she was a waitress before Swelltop married her."

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"My daughter had for a long time been troubled with violent headaches and sleeplessness. She was pale, had no appetite, and was losing flesh rapidly. She took various remedies for her trouble, but received no benefit until she commenced using



Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking half a bottle she began to feel better. By a continued use of this medicine, her appetite returned, her cheeks began to fill out, she showed color, she gained in strength, her headaches disappeared, she slept better, and now says she feels like a new person."—F. P. COGGSWELL, 6 Lyon St., Lowell.

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**MERCHANTS IN NEW ZEALAND**

WRITING TO CEYLON TO OBTAIN

SURATURA TEA.

THE following copy of a letter was written by the exporters of Suratura Tea to the Wellington agents:—

"Colombo, 2nd Sept, 1895.

"Dear Sirs,—There seems to be a great deal of correspondence between dealers in your Colony and merchants here re Suratura Teas, and we have on more than one occasion heard them highly spoken of in Colombo. We mention this as we think it will be as well for you in self-protection to register the mark (if you have not already done so) as early as possible, as we ourselves have known the labels of other well-known brands very closely, if not almost, copied, and we feel sure were this to happen to Suratura, and inferior teas sold under a similar, or perhaps the same name, it would be very detrimental to all parties concerned. Of course, we refuse to ship the teas (Suratura) to any firm but your good selves, and shall always endeavour to protect you at this end as far as is in our power.—Yours, etc.,"

The endeavour made to obtain this wonderful Tea is proof of its public appreciation and quality.

The duty on Suratura is charged at 4d per lb, the old rate being 6d.