

## IS JEWELLERY FOR MEN GOING OUT OF FASHION.

THE head of one of the largest firms of jewellers in New York remarked the other day that the fashion of men wearing jewellery, which prevailed for a time, was brief and feeble.

"Anybody who now wants jewellery especially designed for men," he said, "can get great quantities of it at any of the big establishments at a very low cost. Jewellery for gentlemen has been steadily cheapened month after month in the hope of getting rid of it, but there seems to be no combating the fashion, and the tendency of things now is for men to wear little or no jewellery at all. It was thought when the big cravats came in vogue again that there would be a great demand for big scarf pins, and a great many of them were put on the market, but the swells who wears the biggest scarfs wear the smallest pins, and no man of position in the social or financial world would think of wearing diamond collar buttons, diamond finger rings, or any of the multifarious articles of personal adornment that were formerly so popular. Even the manufacture of jewellery for men, which was at one time a very remunerative branch of the business, has begun to fall off wonderfully. Men of any pretensions to fashion do not now wear watch chains. They either carry a cheap watch loose in their pocket or have it attached to a cheap silver key ring chain which is buttoned into the side of the trousers. The severity of fashion regarding jewellery is undoubtedly due to the abuse of the ring craze five or six years ago. A number of wealthy clubmen took up the fashion of wearing two or three rings, many of them decorated with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, and then the cheap dudes all over town began to imitate them. Every errand boy wore a silver or gold washed ring twisted around his finger four or five times, and the whole fashion reached such gaudy proportions that within less than a year men had given up jewellery wearing entirely. Occasionally a cad will be seen about town who is all blazing with diamonds or gaudy pins, but a gentleman is now distinguished by an entire absence of jewellery of every kind. It is a mighty bad thing for our business, too."

## THE ODDEST JOURNAL IN NEW YORK.

THE oddest journal in the metropolis is the so-called newspaper published by the Mongolians of Mott street. It is written with a camel's-hair pencil upon vermilion paper and is pasted upon the wall of No. 16 of that thoroughfare and on the two large telegraph poles which stand between Chatham square and Pell street. All day long it is read and studied by almond-eyed crowds. Even in the evenings, a belated laundryman can be seen running his eyes over the tea-chest characters. Yesterday I was one of the throng, and, thanks to a friend who is a good Chinese scholar, was enabled to get a fair knowledge of the day's issue. There was considerable similarity between it and our own dailies. There was the latest proclamation from the Emperor of China; a communication from the Embassy of Washington; a letter from the Consul; an account of an anti-Chinese outrage in Idaho; a news item of a flood in China; a dozen of "Want ads"; a few laundries for sale; a death notice, and a call for a meeting of some benevolent society. The editors are called scribes, and write at the order of their customers, charging a good figure for their skill with the brush. The favourite editor is said to make as high as 20dols. a day; but, beyond his editorial work, he writes cards, literary composition and prayer tickets for his customers.

One feature of this strange journal is worthy of imitation. If a member of a trades union is thrown out of employment, he puts up a notice to that effect, and thereupon every other member is bound to help him to a job. The result is that within 24 hours the applicant usually has a number of offers from every sort of business in which Mongolians engage. If he is sick, he or a friend announces it in a similar notice, and his society thereupon sends him a doctor and a committee to nurse and take care of him until he is well. If impecunious, they pay all his expenses, even going so far as to settle his rent.—Exchange.

The oldest inhabited town in the world is said to be Damascus. Fashionable girls are discarding the old-time gold and silver trinket for one of delicate porcelain.

"What is a bishop?" was the question put the other day by Mgr. Billard, Bishop of Carcassone, before an immense congregation assembled to witness the consecration of the new Bishop of Soissons in the Cathedral of Rouen. Mgr. Billard answered his own question by a splendid discourse which has been commented on in various quarters. Before defining the rôle of a bishop, he quoted St. John Chrysostom:—"Speak not to me of thrones or of diadems. Every phase of earthly greatness is infinitely surpassed by the greatness of the priesthood." "If," said the preacher "these words of St. John Chrysostom apply to the simple priest, does not their significance increase when we apply them to the bishop, the priest *par excellence*? Is he not a second Moses, and do we not see in him that sacred thing which the ages of faith called a 'second majesty,' the first being the adorable majesty of God? Woe to the seclaries who do the santonian work of snatching souls from God. With them the true bishop is no longer gentle as a lamb. He exerts rather the strength of the lion in endeavouring to rescue from the hands of their enemies the souls dear to God. He is ready to shed his blood for these souls. The cross which he wears on his breast is a perpetual exhortation to self-sacrifice. Were there a figure in marble symbolising the liberty of the Church it should be veiled at this hour to represent the sorrow of her bishops and of all her true children. To use the words of the great Fénelon at the consecration of the Elector of Cologne, 'O God, grant to Thy Church other Ambroses and other Augustines—pastors who do honour to their mission by their Apostolic courage.'"

## MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE RESPONDS TO "IRELAND A NATION."

At the National Banquet in London, in celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the chairman (T. P. O'Connor, M.P.) said he was glad to say that for the first time in his experience they had an Englishman to answer to the toast of "Ireland a Nation," and there was only one name which would occur first to every Irish lip in connection with the toast, and that was the name of Gladstone (loud cheers).

Mr. H. Gladstone, M.P., who was warmly cheered, in the course of his speech said he wished to recall to their minds one or two circumstances connected with the political situation ten years ago, which, to his mind, bore strictly upon the question the judges had to consider. Nine years ago he happened to be associated in a very humble degree with the Government of Mr. Forster, and he landed in Ireland on the very day that Mr. Parnell was arrested, and he had some experience, therefore, of what was going on in the Castle and out of it at that time. He said, and he said it deliberately, that many things were done by the Government of that day, by the officials of the day, which directly provoked crime, outrage, and disturbance (loud cheers). Mr. Forster acted with great single-mindedness and unselfishness, and was desirous of doing his best towards the Irish people, but the state of things in Ireland when Mr. Forster was Chief Secretary was the state of things in a civil war. When he (Mr. Gladstone) arrived in Dublin Castle, in the Upper Yard were two field guns commanding the gate. The Commander-in-chief had the troops and the police already organised for a rising in the city, and the town seemed as if it were in a state of siege. What was done at that time? There was a systematic straining of the law (hear, hear). Those responsible did not so much consider what the spirit, the intention, and the justice of an act was, but how far it could be used in carrying out the policy of the day (cheers). The state of things then existing completely justified the policy of the Land League and National League (cheers). But here was another point. In the first week in November a circular was sent round to the police instructing them to offer sums of money for information leading to convictions for outrages (shame). He did not remember that that circular ever saw daylight, but these things ought to be known. And what did it mean? It meant that a temptation was spread broadcast all over Ireland for people to come forward and give false evidence (cheers). Was not that another overwhelming justification of the policy of the League in defending prisoners? Of such kind were the acts of Dublin Castle, and for his part he believed a great deal more had to be revealed in regard to the methods of Dublin Castle, and he did not speak altogether without experience in the matter. He wished, with their chairman, that the Irish question could be settled on a broad national basis, but he had very little expectation of it. He was proud to speak to the toast. He was proud of the alliance with the Irish party. They were all proud of it. He was, for his part, confident that the historian of the future would write that it was an alliance which had great effects, and which tended for the honour, the glory, the greatness, and the power of the British Empire, and the undying happiness and freedom of Ireland.

## A POEM BY THE POPE.

THE *Tablet* publishes a translation of a poem by the Pope on his brother's death. It will be seen that the poem takes the form of a dialogue between Leo XIII. and his late brother, Cardinal Pecci:—

JOSEPH.

Justice has claimed her due, estranged my past,  
The starry-spangled skies have oped their gates;  
Thou who dost bear 't the world such heavy fates,  
Owest the more to God the more thou bear'st.  
Take heart, and steer thy skiff to the high seas,  
And 'neath the smiling Godhead nerve thy heart  
To work for virtue and religion's part.  
So thou mayest cool thine eyes in Heaven's breeze,  
Weep for thy sin and shun the flames of death,  
While, Joachim, thou draw thy life's fond breath.

JOACHIM.

Lo! while I live and in my tired frame  
The life-blood runs, with tears I will repent  
What wrong is done. But thou, to whom is lent  
The light that faileth not—I call thy name;  
Raise me, outworn with cares and dim with age,  
Slipping from life; and from the heights of Heaven  
Hold me in thought—me haplessly o'erdriven,  
And spent 't the waves by the strong whirlwind's rage.

We contend that at the present time there is, and for the last half century there has been evolving an altered relation between body and mind. The mind—the brain, in short—of the present generation is more generally and intensely active than was the mind of immediately preceding generations. This is not the same as saying that the average man of the present generation has more sense and judgment than his grandfather, or that the poets and philosophers of the present age are greater than Shakespeare or Goethe, than Descartes, or Newton. It is only affirming that the average man's mind is much more active and is subjected to much more wear and tear than was the average man's mind of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. It is, therefore, imperatively incumbent upon the practical physician that he constantly study, understand and practice the "medication of the mind." In the consideration of almost every individual case it is as necessary to take into the "brief" the state of the mind as it is to include the condition of the teeth, or the bowels, or any other primary organ or function of the body.—*Hospital.*