perhaps, proper sustenance during his last illness, has had to be 'buried dacent' at all hazards. And did not the well-meant but mistaken hospitality of the Irish 'wake' develop at last into such an abuse that the ecclesiastical authorities had to intervene in order to save the bereaved from their friends? It was the case of the sick stag in the fable. The beasts of the forest came to condole with him, ate up all the grass, and the antlered patient died of starvation. In these countries the undertaker gets most of the 'grass.' Yes, we need funeral reform, on the lines of Christian simplicity, penitence, and charity. Some of our present funeral modes are neither common-sense nor Christian.

The Gambling Hell

The cable-man has sent over the submarine wires a story which runs substantially thus: A little Frenchman tried to become, like another 'Jubilee Juggins,' 'the man who burst the bank at Monte Cah-ahr-lo.' He staked a goodly bundle of notes on the trembling chances of rouge-et-noir. He lost. The croupier was about to rake the notes into the treasury, when the Frenchman exclaimed dramatically, 'The bread of my wife and children,' suddenly grabbed the roll, bolted, and got clean away before the officials of the Casino could recover from their surprise. The gambling tables of Monte Carlo have many ways of shearing the innocents abroad who make sheep of themselves. The little Frenchman discovered one way by which broken gamblers may draw lost money from the maelstrom of the treasury of the bank at Monte Carlo.

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Another and more normal way is to dip into the fund 'for the prevention of suicides'—some thirty to forty of which take place at the great gambling hell every year. Many years ago (so the story runneth) a 'broth of a boy' from the Green Isle contrived to lose his last shilling in the gilded halls of the Casino at Monte Carlo. With despair in his eye, he strode into the Casino gardens, drew a revolver, presented it towards his face, fired, and fell. There was a hasty patter of feet. Two figures were promptly on the spot. They swiftly thrust their hands into the pockets of the prostrate form, and as quickly dashed out of sight into the adjoining shrubbery. They had scarcely gone when the 'dead corpse' arose, stuffed his hands into his pockets, found them comfortably lined with bank-notes, and went his way rejoicing. The suicide was a mere ruse—the broken gambler having fired over, not into, his head. The two dark figures were officials of the Casino Company, who have a special fund for dealing with 'dead-brokes' and self-murderers, and who are keen to lead the public to believe that the frequent suicides which disgrace Monte Carlo are not occasioned by losses at the gambling tables. The story bears repetition. And we give it as we got it. 'Vero' or 'trovato'—true or imagined—it emphasises the moral that holds good for every kind of Monte Carlo, the race-course specially included: 'There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate—when he can't afford it, and when he can.'

Seals of Office

We have recently heard much of the Seals of Office in connection with the change of Government in Great Britain. These Seals (says the Dublin 'Freeman') 'are small metal discs, each engraved with an image or device more or less appropriate to the office of which it is a symbol. The new Minister receives the Seals of his office, which consist of a set of these Seals, from the King, in a velvet case. The Seals are known as the Signet which is affixed to Treaties, the smaller Seal used for Royal Warrants countersigned by the Secretary, and the Cachet used for the purpose of sealing letters addressed by the King to Foreign Powers on matters of business. At the Foreign Office each of the three Seals is in use, at the Colonial Office the Signet and the smaller Seal, and at the Home Office and the War Office the smaller Seal alone. Constitutionally there is but one Secretary of State; for the five Ministers, who divide amongst them departmentally the functions of the heads of the Foreign, Home, Colonial, War, and Indian Offices are all of co-equal and co-ordinate authority, all fully authorised to transact, if need be, each other's business.'

The Man of Klondike

The mythical Jason was a sorry hero compared with many a one of the nameless units of humanity who undertake the fearful journey per mare, per terras, to reach the ice-beleagured gold-fields of Klondike. Jason, in his search for the Golden Fleece of Colchis, had only to tame a few bulls that breathed fire (like a 'Glorious Twelfth' orator), kill off a few armed men, and circumvent a stage dragon that kept a sleepless watch upon the prize. And the black magic of his ladye-love, Medea, made his expedition a picnic long drawn out. But the adventurous modern Jason who sets out to win the golden fleece from the modern Colchis, Klondike, has, without the aid of magic, black or white, to face much fiercer enemies in the shape of hunger, scurvy, perpetual ice and snow, and savage cold.

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In the December number of 'Donahoe's Magazine,' a non-Catholic journalist, Mr. Arnold F. George, describes the hardships of a journey made by him some years ago over the Chilcoot Pass—through the Valley of Death, as we may call it—to the great El Dorado of the Arctic Circle. It was in the early days of the wild rush of gold-seeking adventurers to the wintry shores of far Alaska. The Jesuit missionaries were already on the spot, seeking to save, not gold, but the more precious souls of men. The name of Father Judge was already one to conjure with in Klondike. Yet, the journalist had been an hour in the city of canvas tents and had not yet heard of Father Judge. 'Well,' said a surprised friend and twelve-months' resident of the place, 'all I've got to say is that you are forgetting your newspaper business, if you've been here an hour and haven't learnt of Father Judge. I guess he's a priest. Don't know much about those things anyhow. But I do know as he's saved I don't know how many lives this winter. I reckon he was the only one of us as had time, or wasn't crazy about gold. Saved more'n a thousand. Doctors all mining, and the bummest lot you ever saw. Charged two ounces a visit, and the sick fellows mostly broke, or they wouldn't a'been sick. Any way! You just ought to know Father Judge. He's the biggest jollier—the merriest fellow you ever met. When he runs out of medicine, he goes and gets a lot of bark and spruce boughs, and he's kept a whole lot of 'em alive up there, waiting for medicine to come in.'

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The visitor went to Father Judge's hospital to greet and cheer a sick friend who had been down with scurvy for six months.

'So you've seen Father Judge!' said the patient. Then, with the confident smile of a man who knows the inevitable answer: 'What d'ye think of him?'

The journalist agreed that the big-hearted Jesuit missionary was 'sort of popular' about there.

'Popular!' echoed the patient in protest. 'Don't use the word "popular" here. He's the finest man that God ever put a soul into. Where'd we all have been this winter without him, I'd like to know? He's just killing himself trying to take care of everybody.'

'I'm sure he's a good man,' said the journalist, sympathetically. After a pause, he queried: 'You're not a Catholic?'

'Oh,' said the patient, 'that doesn't cut any figure here. Why, God bless me, here's a bunch of sixteen of us here now in the room, and not a blessed Catholic in the lot—unless it's Jack, over there. But Father Judge is making Catholics fast. Never preaches or talks doc-

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