

loans made by former Treasurer Waggaman. The president, the Right Rev. Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, D.D., is to be congratulated on the great work which he is accomplishing, quietly but effectively, for his great charge.

GENERAL

Another Father Damien

The Low Countries have produced a second Father Damien. The American papers announce the death of Father Lemmens, after twenty years of service to the lepers of Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. Born at Maestricht, Holland, in 1860, Father Lemmens, when still a very young man, entered the Dutch army as an officer. In that capacity he went to the Dutch colony named in 1878. Four years later, at the age of thirty-two, he gave up the military life and became a Redemptorist Father, being ordained in 1886. He immediately devoted himself to the work of attending to the spiritual and physical well-being of a community of lepers. In the course of some time the inevitable took place, and he became a leper himself. Thereupon he voluntarily isolated himself, and became chaplain to the leper hospital at Paramaribo, the capital of the Dutch settlement. Here he lived on for four years, cut off from all but those who, like himself, had contracted the awful disease, but his patience and his heroism stood the test of the terrible disease, and he passed away to his reward, a martyr to duty and charity.

The Power of the Press

'Mr. Dooley,' F. P. Dunne, never wrote a better 'Dooley' article than the one he publishes in the October number of the 'American Magazine.' This new 'Dooley' article is on 'The Power of the Press.' It is the splendid sane brain of the great American philosopher at its best. After showing what 'th' press can do for them it loves' and 'what it can hand to them it don't love,' after amusing references to his colleagues, and to Winston Churchill and Roosevelt and others, 'Mr. Dooley' says: 'No, sir, as Hogan says, I care not who makes th' laws or th' money in a country so long as I run th' presses. Father Kelly was talkin' about it th' other day. "There ain't anything like it an' there niver was," says he. "All th' priests in this diocese together preach to about a hundred thousand people wancet a week an'," he says, "all th' papers preach to three millyon wancet a day, aye, twenty times a day," he says. "We give ye hell on Sundays, an' they give ye hell all th' time," he says. "'Tis a wonderful thing," he says. "I see a bar'l iv printer's ink goin' into a newspaper office and it looks common enough. A bar'l iv printer's ink, a bar'l iv linseed oil an' lamblack, with a smell to it that's half stink an' half perfume. But I tell ye if all th' dynamite, lyddite, cordite, an' gun cotton in th' wurru'd wuz hid behind thim hoops there wudden't be as much disturbance in that bar'l as there is in th' messy stuff that looks like so much tar," he says. "'Printer' ink! A drop iv it on wan little wurru'd in type," he says, "will blacken th' fairest name in Christendom or," he says, "make a star to shine on th' lowliest brow," he says. "It will find its way into hearts an' memories, an' will go through iron dures an' stone walls, an' will carry some message that may turn th' current iv ivy life it meets from the imperor iv Chiny to th' baby in th' cradle in Hannigan's flat," he says. "It may undo a thousand prayers or start a millyon. It can't be escaped. It could dhrag me out iv me parish house tomorra an' make me as well known in Peking as I am in Halstead-street, an' not as fav'rably. To-day th' Pope may give me no more thought thin he gives Kelly th' Rowling Mill Man. To-morra he may be readin' about how great or bad I am in th' 'Popvy Romano.' It's got Death beat a mile in levellin' ranks." "Yes, sir," says he, "th' hand that rocks th' fountain pens is the hand that rules th' wurru'd. Th' press is fr' th' whole univarse what Mulligan was fr' his beat. He was th' best polishman an' th' worst I iver knew. He was a terror to evil doers when he was sober, an' a terror to iverbody when he was dhrunk. Martin, I drink to th' la-ads all over th' wurru'd who use th' printer's ink. May they not put too much iv th' r-red stuff in it, an' may it niver go to their heads."

A destructive fire occurred at the meal and flour mills of Messrs. Stewart and Sons, Coakland, County Tyrone, early in November, when damage to the amount of £20,000 was done.

Domestic

By 'Maureen'

A Simple Remedy for Sick Headache.

A most efficacious cure for sick headache is to mix two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal with half a tumbler of water. In less than half an hour it will give relief to a sick headache, when caused, as it generally is, by acidity of the stomach.

Preserving Parasols.

A silk parasol can be preserved from cracking between the ribs if, while the parasol is held partly opened in the hand, the upper part inside the ribs is stuffed full of crumbled tissue paper. The parasol should then be suspended from a hook in the centre of a wardrobe, and paper laid all over the outside to collect the dust. This treatment has preserved a delicate parasol for years in a perfect condition.

Nasturtium Seed Pickle.

The nasturtium that grows so easily is both useful and ornamental, for a very good pickle may be made from its seeds. Gather the seeds and put them into a paper tray, and leave for a few days to dry. Place them in pickle bottles, and pour over boiling vinegar. When cool, tie down closely. After six months they will be ready for use, and are a useful substitute for capers.

About Salt.

Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is very efficacious. A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes after by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. A pinch of salt in a glass of water is good to steady a palpitating heart. Salt hardens the gums, makes the teeth white, and sweetens the breath. Salt water and alcohol in solution should be used for rubbing weak ankles. Salt in warm water, if used for bathing tired eyes, will be found very refreshing.

How to Make Beef-Tea.

Every home nurse is supposed to know how to make beef-tea, yet it is surprising how many failures are to be recorded in this simple operation. The principal thing to remember is that the whole of the nutriment of the beef is to be extracted. The following method will secure this result:—Remove all fat and skin from lb of gray beef, cut it up in small pieces, and put it into a stone jar, with a pint of water and a little salt. Replace the lid of the jar, and let it stand all night. The next morning place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and let it simmer gently, but never boil, for five hours. Strain the fluid through a colander, but instead of throwing away the residue of the meat, pound into a pulp, pass it through a wire sieve, and add it to the beef-tea. Beef-tea made according to this recipe contains all the fibre and albumen of the meat, and is consequently much more nourishing and invigorating than the ordinary beef-tea made in a hurry.

Windfall Jelly.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess a few apple trees need not let any of the windfalls go to waste, for a good table jelly may be obtained from them. Wipe and stalk, but do not peel or core, any small apples blown down before fully grown or ripe, and cut out any bruised or decayed parts. Three parts fill a stew jar with them, fill up with cold water, and cook to a pulp. Now turn the contents into the jelly bag and let drain for twelve hours, or till the juice is all extracted. It is then measured, and for every quart of juice add one pound of loaf sugar, a saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, the grated rind of half a lemon, a large dessertspoonful of lemon juice, and then a bit of stick cinnamon, and five or six cloves tied up all together in a little muslin bag, which is lifted out when the jelly is cooked. These are boiled altogether till the mixture is thick, when it is potted and tied down as usual. It should be a stiff, solid jelly when cold, which is turned out of its mould before coming to table.

Maureen

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