

MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

BY INDIA FOR THE REGISTER.

To return to the Art Palace.

FRANCE has among paintings in oil "The Dead Conversing in the Other World," by Ronot. It is most magnetic, a study to the lover of history, and fascinating as a work of art. In "The Last Days of Pompeii" Lytton epitomizes the history of three great eras of civilization in one sentence, when he tells us by the mouth of the Egyptian priest Arbaces that Egypt gave the arts and sciences to Greece, and Greece in turn to Rome. By sublime inspiration and conception, and a magic brush, the artist has given us the history of those three eras with the following fourth, bringing us down to the present time. On the extreme right of the canvas is a majestic personage in garb not to be mistaken, and with coiled serpent head dress which tells him to be a descendant of the Sun God Ra, one of the Pharaohs of Ancient Egypt. In an abandon of grief, with one hand covering his face, and with the other raised to put from him the multiplied evil tidings, he will hear no more from earth. His beloved Egypt! the cradle of letters, of the arts and the sciences, gave her best to the conquering and desecrating Persians and Greeks. All the vigor and magic of the picture centres in this personage.

The next figure on the canvas in tunic, sandals and laurel wreath, we recognize as a type of the classic Greeks. He turns towards the newly-arrived representative of the fourth era. True, Ancient Greece has fallen; but hers are living ruins, and her literature and language are the heaven of our schools. And their Roman conquerors openly complimented the Greeks in affecting their customs, and in ascribing to them the erudition that had originated with the Egyptians.

The third personage, seated, represents the staid majesty of ancient Rome, the mistress of the world; though humbled, never annihilated, but merged into all other nations. He turns to receive the new comer, the fourth and last, or first if you will, who brings fourth era and nineteenth century news. This picture, like the Bible when subjected to individual treatment, affords wonderful and varied interpretations, some of which might startle the artist. It is well worth a day's study and contemplation.

The "Portrait of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.," by Chartan, is magnificent. The gorgeous coloring of the pontifical robes brings out in strong relief the almost divine sweetness of that venerable and paled face.

"The Interrupted Fishing," by Chigot, is pathetic. As the boat is being hurried homewards, one of the sorrowful fishermen supports in his arms a dead or dying comrade.

"Our Lady of the Angels" and "The Women at the Tomb," by Bon-generau, are fine.

"Breton Wheat Fields" and "Sun set over the Marshes of Tremblevif," by Damoye, would tell us that the artist knows where in the far-away all is sunshine and peaceful repose.

"The Virgin's House," by Dubufe, is a subject to which the light, neutral and easily harmonizing colors of the new school are fittingly adapted. The artist shows that fascinating home furnished in a cleanly simplicity and sunshine.

"A Fortunate One," by Courtois, and "Happy They who Die in the Lord," by Girardot, portray death robbed of terror; the sealed lips, if permitted, would tell us "Sin, not Death, is to be feared."

"Washington and his Mother," by Fournier, recalls the deep, filial affection evinced by that great and good man. By his side, her arm in his, walks the frail and feeble old mother. He bends towards her, and we feel

that we see Washington at his greatest. Back come those lines from "the Blind Mother":

"Learn on me, mother, plant thy staff before thee,
For he who loves the most, is watching o'er thee."

A "Mater Dolorosa" by Valadon, his only painting there, suffices to establish his claims to fame.

"Fishers Setting Out, Concarneau" by Deyrolle, and "The Boats do not Return," by Thirion, recall that fine, honest old Scotch song, "Call'er Morrin'."

"Ye may call them vulgar fa'ins,
We're and in them mair despairin,
As them lasses' men."

"The Fairies' Car," by Lemaire, is a dream of fantastic beauty.

"Marat, Friend of the People," by Saubies, is powerful. Its title gains our sympathy; but as we behold the face of a frenzied man, seated writing burning denunciations of oppression and tyranny, we see as well the extremist whose flat shied torrents of innocent blood, which at length cried for vengeance at the white hands of Charlotte Corday.

"Sixteenth Century Chasseurs," by Laminais, in splendid dash and coloring, suggests reminiscences of Claude Duval.

"Carnot at Wattignies," by Moreau, is magnificent, and now possesses additional interest from the importance given that depicted event, when quite recently President Carnot celebrated its anniversary by unveiling on the spot a monument to his patriotic and valorous grandfather.

"Duval d'Espremonil Mobbed by the Populace, 1793," is vivid portrayal of the horrors of the French Revolution. Scherrer is the artist.

"A Daughter of the Rajahs," by Sinibaldi, is a poem of girlish loveliness, dignity of rank, and splendor of apparel—a veritable Lalla Rookh, but for a slightly implied bauteur. We do not like to associate anything of haughtiness with the sweetness of Moore's amiable heroine.

"The Death of William the Conqueror," by Maignan, is a sort of artistic licence with William's historical corpulence. The dead conqueror is represented with attenuated body left in any but a restful posture, and robbed of fine raiment and jewels. His attendants could not have made off with his avoidupois. It is not easy to forgive the artist when we consider that the war which resulted in his speedy death was brought about by William's fatness and what the French king said about it, and what William thought of that king's impertinence. William was a martyr to the cause, and why not make the most of it?

"Photograph of a Mummy," by Michel, suggests lack of other subject. However, the artist did justice to what came his way, and doubtless the gentle man's friends think the photograph very good.

Rosa Bonheur sends "The King of the Forest and The Overthrow."

"A Bite After the Bath," by Delobbe, shows a young girl and a child beside a stream. The latter, true to child's nature, sees no time in bringing from a basket some delicious looking cherries, which are temptingly held up to the smiling face of the former, who is more dilatory with her toilet.

In "The Return Home," by Marais, a young girl, assisted by her faithful dog, guides homewards a herd of cows and sheep. Sweet home and rest are near.

"Christ Healing the Blind," by Leroy, is feelingly treated.

"Entrance of Old Chetma, Oasis near Biskra," by Bompra, compels our sympathies towards the traveller o'er the arid wastes and hot sands of the eastern deserts; but the artist has brought them to a haven of rest.

"Contemplation," by Gorquet, represents the Blessed Virgin watching beside her sleeping Babe.

"My Little Brother," by Guillon, well depicts the loving pride of the

little sister as she holds up her baby brother. She rests her cheek on his little head, and her eyes plainly say: "Please look at the Darling!"

Among the engravings is "Portrait of Raphael's Mother," which we find exactly reproduced in her son as to feature and expression. There are the rounded forehead, the sweetness and meekness of expression common to both.

There is "The Children of Charles I." Our hearts ache for them when we think of the execution of their fond and dearly beloved father, but we do not lose sentiment here. We go farther and wish that Charles and James had died with the little heart-broken Elizabeth.

"The Portrait of Anne of Cleves," by Didier, holds one spell-bound. Here is the shadow that captivated the susceptible Henry VIII. We sigh over poor Henry's disenchantment when Anne's honest Dutch face proved less pretty than a picture. There is a decided gravity about face and form that of course accounts for the fact that she never lost her head.

In sculpture applied to architecture France affords the perfection of Christian art. In casts of cathedral, cloister and tomb, sculptures are reproduced ranging from the eleventh to the nineteenth century. In French sculpture and painting, in any country's sculpture and painting, where Christianity does not guide inspiration the work of the artist degenerates into mere triumphs of heathendom. The Catholic Church beholds the sad spectacle of Christianized nations trying to educate themselves back to the ideals of pagan art—the pagan of the pagan—which were abominated by the old masters of the Christian School.

C. M. B. A.

Branch No. 111, is contemplating giving a concert for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Helen's Parish.

BRANCH No 49

Branch 49, C. M. B. A., has elected the following officers for 1894:

Spiritual Adviser, R. Rev. Monsignor Rooney; Chancellor, Wm. Moran; President, B. J. Cronin; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Barry; 2nd Vice-President, John Walsh; Rec. Secretary, W. M. Vale, 17 Carr street; Treasurer, M. Clancy; Asst. Secretary, N. Kilroy; Fin. Secretary, Percy Kirwan; Marshal, T. E. Kelly; Guard, M. Nick; Trustees, M. Clancy, Wm. Moran, John Walsh, Geo. Clarke, W. J. Smith; Representative to Grand Council, M. Clancy; Alternate, Wm. Moran.

BRANCH No 31.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 31, C. M. B. A., Guelph, held in their hall Dec. 11, the following named officers were duly elected for the ensuing year:

Geo. Urquhart, President; Frank X. Frank, 1st Vice-Prest.; Theodora Heeg, 2nd Vice-Prest.; James Kennedy, Recording Secretary; John Killian, Assistant Secretary; C. C. Collins, Financial Secretary; M. J. Duignan, Treasurer; Felix O'Donnell, Marshal; Hugh Johnston, Guard; M. J. Doran, Frank X. Frank, Michael Porcell, Trustees for two years; M. J. Doran, Representative to Grand Council; S. A. H. Her nan, Alternate.

BRANCH No. 15

The following are the names of the officers elected by St. Patrick's Branch No. 15, C. M. B. A., for the year 1894. Chancellor, P. J. Costello; President, C. A. Gormally; First Vice-President, F. Ebach; Second Vice-President, Jas. Callaghan; Recording Secretary, Chas. M. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ahearn; Assistant Recording Secretary, T. J. O'Leary; Financial Secretary, A. S. Gormally; Marshal, T. O'Grady; Guard, R. Alyward; Trustees, P. J. Rooney, Jas. Callaghan, and T. O'Grady; Representative to Grand Council, P. J. Costello; Alternate, P. J. Rooney. The membership of Branch 15 has steadily increased during the year about to close, and the prospects for the ensuing year are much brighter than they were a year ago. The meetings of the Branch are held in Bacon Hall, corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets on the second and fourth Monday of each month.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts. In stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith



Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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HOME RULE!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Boach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

P. MUNGOVEN.

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