

OUR IRISH LETTER.

FEDERAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

DUBLIN, Nov. 27. "Is Mr. Lecky a Christian?" is the burning question of the hour in Dublin. The raising of its late M.P., Mr. David Plunkett, to the peerage has created a vacancy in Trinity College. There are two candidates in the field, Mr. Wright and Mr. Lecky. Both are Unionists, so that politics have nothing to say to the contest. The point at issue is whether the University will be represented by an orthodox Protestant or by the author of the "History of European Morals." Mr. Wright's biography may be summed up in that he is a lawyer, and a clever one. Mr. Lecky is a man of letters and the most illustrious exponent of Renan's philosophy that old Trinity has produced in the present generation. One sentence will give you the keynote to his writings—books pregnant with deep thoughts, kindled into vivid words. Extolling Rationalism he says: "In its eyes the moral element of Christianity is as the sun in heaven, and dogmatic systems are as the clouds that intercept and temper the exceeding brightness of its rays." Mr. Lecky's religious views have furnished columns of correspondence in "The Irish Times." Many of his supporters maintain that not only is he a Christian but he is a Protestant, adducing from the fact of his going to church confirmation strong that he subscribes to the Thirty-Nine Articles. His opponents iterate that if his writings represent his conclusions on revealed religion the bishops, deans, fellows, and rectors, who, as a body, bulked up on Mr. Lecky's committee, re giving themselves away as a votive offering to literary genius." Mr. Lecky himself is letting them fight it out, and quite right too. It is rather an extension of the franchise for a man's constituents to demand from him a public confession of faith. How would it work in England, where many of the leading public men are avowed agnostics? Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is most eloquently expounded that "Nothing is but What is Not." Of the two Mr. Lecky's philosophy has more of a human body in it. Its drawback is that he makes thoroughly clear to you the drift of his ideas, while Mr. Balfour is most impressive when most unintelligible. It is to be hoped that this attempt to weld the Thirty-Nine Articles into a political platform will fail.

Grattan's coach is the latest addition to the Dublin Museum. It is a dreadfully ponderous vehicle, quite as heavy as a train-car. The body of the coach is not very big, but it sits very comfortably. In addition to the axles between the wheels, it has a long pole running from the valot's seat at the back to the shaft. The springs are cased with leather and furnished with big wheels, so that the coach is most impressive when most unmanageable. It is to be hoped that this attempt to weld the Thirty-Nine Articles into a political platform will fail.

Relics of the past generally do require a little imagination to brighten them up. Take for instance a pair of spurs found at the ford of the river Boyne. To look at them are just bits of rusty iron, and yet they could tell you the story of the bloodiest page in Irish history. They are a link between you and William of Orange, with all his faults a brave soldier. You can fancy their wearer risking life and liberty in the cause of the little good-for-nothing run-away Stuart; and you can see the gleam of the page to come on the whole record of Sardfield the Brilliant.

There are modern exhibits, too, in the Museum. Scarcely a department where you may not study some new love stories in the original edition. Ladies and lasses have a wonderful knack of finding out the quiet corners. We all put this experience over us some time or another, the sooner mayhap the better, as then we have more time afterwards to wonder how other people can be so foolish. The other evening I came on a young fellow whispering something in a girl's ear that made her blush most becomingly. They were supposed to be deeply interested in an Egyptian mummy with an attendant owl. Thousands of years ago the mummy was a woman, and no doubt listened eagerly to her chapter of the old, old story. Adam intoned the first lines of this eternal epic to Eve in Eden; and when this poor old earth comes to be finalized up, as Professor Pater says it is bound to be, very likely the last man will be found vowing life-long fidelity to the last woman, and she'll believe him.

It is not for want of Temperance Associations that Dublin is not the soberest city on the globe. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin is one of the most energetic promoters of total abstinence in Ireland. Thanks to the very practical interest he takes in this question, the rising generation promise to turn out a sober, enlightened race of men and women. We may be said to have these headquarters of Temperance, viz., Fisher Mathew's hall, solely Catholic,

George's hall, Protestant, and the Dublin Collect Palace, strictly undenominational. The motto of the Collect Palace is "To promote the social and moral well-being of the community without distinction of creed or politics." It is situated on one of the busiest centres of the city, between the Quays and Great Brunswick street. The majority of the committee are Protestants, but the matron and nine tenths of the working staff are Catholics. Mr. Thomas Wilson Fair, the secretary, has been for thirty years the hon. secretary, is about the most charming conversationalist in Ireland. When I called on him and asked for a few particulars about the organization he got me a chair and without even asking my name, proceeded to tell me all about the work they had in hand. He has a cosy little office in the hotel part of the Palace, where he devotes two evenings in each week to what is with him a labor of love. He is over sixty years of age, but looks within a dozen years of it. As he lay back in his chair the full light of an incandescent lamp fell on his face—it was the face of a man who had striven vainly after an ideal, and undaunted by disillusion still struggled onwards.

Mr. Fair does not think that they are making much progress. Statistics show that there is as much drink consumed as ever. He was not always a teetotaler, but the day he was elected one he had to be. Of course they had a lot of good. Many of the most successful men in the city owed their success to the strenuous efforts of the Society to reclaim them. There generally comes a period in a man's life when it is a toss up whether he goes to devil, or becomes a respectable, law-abiding member of the community. Mr. Fair believes in a house to house visitation, as if when it comes to that pinch a man like there is one friend not ashamed to take hold by the hand, and has better chance of pulling himself together and making a bold stroke for respectability. For many years he devoted his Sundays to this good work and he was happy to say with the best results. It grieved him sorely to read many a word of this rescued, and who afterwards became men of influence and position, were ashamed to acknowledge their benefactors and would not now so much as patronize the Collect Palace concerts.

For a long time Mr. Fair had a hobby. He wanted the committee to appoint and pay a lady visitor who would call on poor people in their own houses, teach them to be neat and orderly, keep the house clean, mend the children's clothes, and so on. He knows from personal observation what an ignorant, improvident, half-civilized lot are the Dublin poor, and it has been the ambition of his life to ameliorate their condition. Only lately has he been able to do this, and he has been able to do this because of the organization. The lady appointed is a Catholic, because the committee recognize that the people who are likely to profit by her mission are Catholics. The Protestant poor are very few, and somehow they never seem to sink into the same state of abject destitution of brutal ignorance. The denizens of some Dublin slums have practically no claim to be classed as Catholics except that they were baptized. I never can understand how they ever got to the missions to China for when we have so many heathens at home.

Mr. Fair's opinion, that it is almost impossible to reclaim women who drink, corroborates the experience of several temperance reformers. He thinks woman possesses so much a finer nature than man, her organization is so much more delicate—in a word she is so angelic, that like the angels, when she falls she becomes a devil. For my own part, I am a narrow minded enough to think drunkenness an unpardonable sin in a woman. Dr. Martin of Harcourt street, who is one of our greatest living authorities on the brain and nerves, told me that the brain and nerves of those women who drink are so accountable for the terrible increase in insanity and nervous exhaustion which marks the end of the century. When such women become mothers their unfortunate offspring, even when they do not become insane, are born with an inherent weakness of will which predisposes them to crime and vice. Woman ought to be the brightest, and most attractive link in the chain of God's mercies which draws man's exalted soul to heaven, but when she drinks she devil himself a poor scholar to her as a source of evil.

Dr. Edward Molony Gleeson J.P. who died in August last at his residence Bencroft, Athlone, has bequeathed to his wife and children property to the amount of £107,501 14s. 6d. on which £6,625 14s. 6d. extra duty has been paid. Dr. Gleeson was the senior partner in the Athlone Woolen Mills. This looks as if Irish manufacture must be flourishing. The Athlone tweeds are widely celebrated. They rank amongst the best turned out in Ireland. Dr. Gleeson was a member of a very old, and highly respected Tipperary family, the Gleasons of Killcolman. Nenagh. He was a man of cultured literary tastes who in his youth studied medicine and took out his M. D. After a few years he gave up his practice, and purchased the Athlone Woolen Mills. He was most popular on the bench, and very sincere sympathy was felt for his family in the bereavement.

Sudden Death of Cardinal Bonaparte. A Rome despatch says: Cardinal Bonaparte's death appears to have been very sudden. On Monday morning he rose according to his usual habit at six o'clock, and was setting to work in the apartment which he occupied in the Palazzo Gabrielli, when he was seized with faintness. Dr. Masciarelli, promptly summoned, saw at once that his Eminence was suffering from an evidently hopeless attack of hemiplegia. His relatives, the Marchese Luigi Belmont and Albert and Lucien del Gallo hastened to his bedside and were present when he expired at midday. Cardinal Ledochowski arrived too late to see him alive. The German Emperor will go to Kiel, about the middle of December, to be present at the swearing in of the naval recruits. Swearing, oh! It will, in the words of the old song, be a Kiel row."

Valuable Pointers on Life Insurance.

"P. maps you think you can afford to wait before applying for a policy on your life. While sickness and death put your door bell you will have to go to the door. And they will come in, too, in spite of you. Neither can 'afford to wait.' Think this matter over before you sleep.

"A woman always needs a friend upon whom she can rely, and there is no friend on earth to a family woman so pleasant to think of as a goodly policy of life insurance. Upon the one she would certainly have with her than she could have with her. If she should precede her, however, there stands the policy like a stone wall between her and poverty.

"You do not need to bother about the fuss your heirs will be making over your will if you are thoroughly insured. Nobody can get that money away from your wife in the first instance. Have you made the provision?

"There is a great deal better thing than digging gold. It is to be found in doing good to all the good you can. You are getting in a way toward it when you insure your life in favor of the girl you may leave behind you.

"Life insurance has been described by some thoughtful man as a 'step toward the abolition of poverty,' and that it often serves as a check to hazardous speculation." As our Celtic friends would say: "True for you!"

"Are you the man who is so healthy that you have just put of getting your life insured? Do you think you have a cinch on life? Healthier man than you, maybe, have died very suddenly—uninsured.

"You may aver your love as much as you like. If you show none in your actions, you have none. Insure your life. Act. Do it now."

"In purchasing a life insurance policy—remember the best is certainly the cheapest—you want to contract giving your privileges and advantages, so that it may be considered about the best policy obtainable.

"Communicate with the North American Life Assurance Company, Head Office, 23 to 28 King Street West Toronto, and can certainly obtain just what you want.

Come Back Again.

New York, Dec. 5.—Mgr. Bouland, the Roman prelate, over whose conversion to the Anglican Church the Protestant world went into such a spasm in 1888, has reported of his error and now he professes of faith in New York last Sunday. In explanation of his conduct he simply says he did wrong.

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—removes rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

Shodeman: "Ain't that boy's fiddling elegant, professor? Strikes you dumb, don't it?" Prof. Grander: "No, it is not. If it would only strike me deaf it would be perfect happiness."

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vanderwoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For Delicate and Perturbed Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tonic and vigor.

Always at Hand.—Husband (rummaging through a drawer): "Well, it's a strange; I can never find anything." Wife: "You can always find fault, it seems to me." Aunt Alice (to her ragged nephew): "Why, Robert, I never saw you look so dilapidated before. Is your mother sick?" Robert: "No, she is not. My ladies' aid society last month, and she has been sewing for the heathen ever since."

Doctors' Mistakes.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

How large bills are run up without benefit to the sufferer.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from nervous disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves the same miserable, indolent, or over-busy doctors, separate and distinct diseases, for which they prescribe their pills and their prescriptions. It is not such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disease. The physician's treatment of suffering, and encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured." Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It cures all derangement arising from irregularities and weaknesses of the womanly organs. It is purely vegetable in its composition, and contains no harmful or injurious ingredients in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, due to pregnancy, weak woman, and kindred ailments, its use, will prove very beneficial. It also makes childbirth easy by preparing the system for the passage of the child. Nature and shortening "labor." The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and satisfied, and abundant rest and nourishment for the child promoted. Sold by all dealers.

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M. McCABE, UNDERTAKER, 345 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

J. YOUNG, (ALEX. MILLARD,) The Leading Undertaker, 647 YONGE STREET, TELEPHONE 478.

MONUMENTS.

D. McINTOSH & SONS, Granite and Marble Monuments, 524 Yonge st., opposite Maitland st.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of December, 1895, mails close and are due as follows: Table with columns for City, U.S. West'n States, and various times.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LTD.) PURE WATER.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LTD.) PURE WATER. Advertisement describing the benefits of their water filter.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LTD.) PURE WATER. Advertisement for their water filter with a testimonial from Thomas Heys.

30 DAYS SURE. SEND your name and address and I will show you how to get rid of your troubles absolutely sure!

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RIGHT NOW. In the midst of the season we are selling for \$5.95 your choice of about 200 Men's Overcoats, usually sold from \$7 to \$10. For \$3.95 Youths, age 10 to 17, can get their choice of Overcoats which ordinarily sell for \$5, \$6, \$7 and \$8.

OAK HALL, One Price Clothiers, 115 to 121 King Street East.

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