

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Dec 22, 1893.

This week the Parliamentary barometer, like its kinsman of the weather, has varied from set fair to stormy. In the early portion we had a full dress debate on the burning question of the Navy, then came the attack of the House of Lords, and finally last night a fierce discussion on the allowance to the Duke of Edinburgh, and Mr. Vesey Knox's breach of privilege. Anything that can do service for the purpose of obstruction is eagerly seized upon by the Opposition and made the most of.

Accrington has remained true to its traditions, and another encouraging impulse has been given to the Home Rule cause. Mr. Leese has been returned, to use his own words, "as a Home Ruler, who had no desire to shirk the question," and as an unequivocal opponent of the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. He has been consistent, which is more than can be said of his opponent, and the Accrington electors have shown that they prefer a man who does not shift his position at the bidding of every wind that blows to one who, in the expressive phraseology of Mr. Michael Davitt, has written himself down as the champion political weathercock of the age.

Mr. Sexton has resolved not to proceed with his resolution of censure on the Chairman of Committees for suspending him when he resented Mr. Broderick's allusion to the Irish as an "impunctious and garrulous race." It was believed from the moment that the Government declined to give a day for the discussion of the motion, that it would be dropped, and Mr. Sexton has acted wisely in removing it from the paper, where it has appeared regularly every week since it was put down in the summer.

The continued indisposition of Mr. Peel makes the customary Speaker's procession through the corridors of the lobbies a very ghostly affair. It is the play of "Hamlet" without the prince. And an additional spectral touch is imparted to the ceremony by the absence of the sergeant-at arms, who is also a victim to the prevailing malady. The procession is headed on ordinary occasions by one of the attendants, wearing a massive chain of office. Strangers generally take these officials to be Privy Councillors, so stately is their mien and so gorgeous their get-up. Then comes the sergeant-at-arms, carrying the mace, with the Speaker and the Chaplain (Archdeacon Farrar) following, and a few members bringing up the rear.

As soon as the lobby is reached the stentorian voice of Chief Inspector Horsley is heard, bidding strangers to take off their hats—the few strangers present are usually Pressmen on the lookout for lobby news—and the doorkeeper being thus made aware of the approach of the procession cries, "Mr. Speaker," as a signal for members in the House to be prepared for his arrival. One would think, judging by ordinary rules, that in the absence of the Speaker his deputy would take his place in the procession, but then, customs in the House of Commons are very different from those which obtain elsewhere. It is true that the Deputy Sergeant is allowed to bear the mace aloft in the absence of his chief, but Mr. Mellor, the Deputy-Speaker, does not appear until a later stage. The Speaker's procession, therefore, now daily consists of the Deputy Sergeant, the Chaplain and the minor officials, and when Inspector Horsley says, "Hats off, strangers," the doorkeeper does not respond with "Mr. Speaker," but with the equally magic word "Mace." The Deputy-Sergeant reverently deposits the "bauble" on the table, but the Chaplain remains standing at the bar,

while the clerk at the table informs the House that the Speaker is unable to attend through illness. This communication having been duly made, Mr. Mellor, who has been in convenient concealment somewhere in the dark recesses behind the chair, suddenly makes his appearance, clad in evening dress, and proceeds to the table. Simultaneously Archdeacon Farrar advances up the floor, members rise in their places, turn their faces to the wall, the usual prayers are read, and then Mr. Mellor takes the chair. Such are the preliminary proceedings before the House gets to the regular business.

We may here speculate as to what would happen if the Deputy Speaker were also to fall ill—and there has been a tremendous strain upon his physical energies this year. No one seems exactly to know. The Speaker has come in for a large share of sympathy on account of the exceptionally arduous nature of his duties, but I really think Mr. Mellor is entitled to the greatest compassion, as he had the enormous responsibility of conducting the business of the House when the Home Rule Bill was in committee, and the Speaker had, comparatively speaking, a free time. It was a most harassing task that he had to perform, and now he has not only to take the Speaker's place, but he has also to discharge the duty of presiding when the House is in committee on the Parish Council's Bill. It would not be a surprise if he were to break down at any time, and then it is generally believed the business of the House would be brought to a standstill. Happily that crisis has not yet arrived.

All admirers of the "Scapegoat," which won such high praise from the Premier, who declared in particular that the hero was a nobly conceived character, will be glad to learn that Mr. Hall Caine is at work on a fresh tale. It is to be published in one of the monthly magazines, and Mr. Caine is at present writing it at his fine residence in the Isle of Man. The Rev. Baring-Gould's new novel, which is now being inquired for at the London libraries, also furnishes a literary topic of interest. It is really a beautiful work of fiction, though perhaps not up to the level of some of his previous stories which depict with such strength and directness the life and scenery of Cornwall and Devonshire. Baring-Gould straying from the west of England seems almost as irregular as Bret Harte dropping the wild west of the American gold diggings, or Besant leaving the shadow of St. Paul's. But doubtless the author of "Mehalah," will presently turn westwards again like a giant refreshed.

A mild and unseasonable Christmas now seems almost certain so far as the Metropolis is concerned. Yesterday, when the rain cleared off, was as mild and pleasant as the awakening spring in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and to-day again it has been almost too warm for anything save the lightest of overcoats. The parks and gardens of London, by the way, are rarely more delightful than in mild weather and clear days in winter. The difference between the air in these "lungs of London" and in the crowded thoroughfares is remarkable. You seem to feel it almost directly you go through the gates of Hyde or Regent's Park. Keats might almost have written his sonnet

"To one who has been long in city pent
The very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven."

on the strength of a stroll in Kensington Gardens, had it not been for the "Notes of Philomel" to which he refers. I am afraid one would have to go quite as far as Devonshire nowadays to hear the nightingale in spring and summer, and even then it would be only by chance that your ear would be charmed with its dulcet note.

Impertinent Curiosity.

An American statesman long dead, whose name will have a place in the history of his country as a sincere patriot, had a petty trait of character which often blinded his intimate friends to his real greatness. This was a persistent and annoying curiosity.

He had a gnawing desire to know the private affairs of his family, his servants, and even of strangers.

His name was once suggested as a member of the President's Cabinet. There was no question of his ability or integrity. He was requested to call at the White House. Arriving there, he was shown into a private room, across a recess of which hung a red curtain.

To know what was behind that curtain was too much of a temptation for the curiosity of the statesman. The President, entering the room quietly by another door, was amazed to see the eminent senator tiptoeing softly across the floor, and poking his head between the curtains. He drew back and announced his coming by a cough. The interview was a pleasant one, but no tender of a Cabinet position was made to the visitor.

"I cannot have a Paul Pry in my Cabinet," the President said, afterwards.

Napoleon tormented his court by a paltry curiosity. He was not satisfied with seeing kingdoms at his back, he must also master the petty concerns of his officers, and know the secrets of the women of the court, even opening their letters to discover them. Hence the English ambassador pronounced him "a mighty genius, but not a gentleman."

The old code of gentility held that the personality of each man was sacred. In theory it protected him as effectually as chain armor. Only the coarse, vulgar fellow would pry into his neighbor's affairs, or read his letters; even to touch his person with rude familiarity was a sin against good breeding.

The present age has little or no reverence for the reserve that is the right of a neighbor. There may have been some excuse for gossip and curiosity among our forefathers, when communities were isolated and knowledge was scanty. Yet now, when the affairs of the Antipodes are known to us in an hour, and art and science offer to the world their stores of knowledge, our newspapers insist on prying into every personal detail of the private lives of people about us.

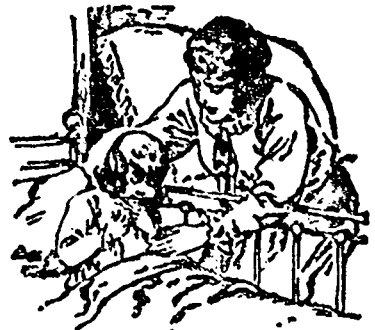
The verdict upon this age, we fear, like that upon Napoleon will be, "Eminent in genius, but not gentle."

Triduum at St. Patrick's.

It is the rule amongst the Redemptorist Fathers that when one of their departed brethren has been canonized each house has a triduum in the morning to God and in honor of His favored servant. In accordance with this rule a solemn Triduum will be celebrated at St. Patrick's Church in this city, beginning on Sunday next at High Mass (10.30, a. m.) when His Grace the Archbishop will preach. Solemn vespers will be sung at half-past seven, and a sermon preached by the Rev. Father Teefy. The Very Rev. Father McCann, V. G., will preach on Monday evening at vespers; and Rev. Father Ryan on Tuesday evening, who will close the Triduum.

High Mass will be celebrated on Monday and Tuesday morning at 9.00. The Blessed Gerard Majella in whose honor these services will take place, was beatified, the 19th of January last. As any lengthy notice of this chosen servant of God might forestall the ceremonies and sermons of the triduum we postpone till next week, a notice of this holy lay brother who is known as the Thaumaturgus of his community. He was born in 1726, began his religious life in 1749, and died at the early age of twenty nine years and six months.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes, this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used, it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adult like it because it relieves and cures the disease.



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. Wootton, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure

CANDLEMAS DAY.

Pure Beeswax Candles.

The manufacturers have, after 25 years' experience, succeeded in producing a perfectly pure moulded Beeswax Candle, which for evenness, finish and extraordinary burning qualities defy competition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, being made from selected Beeswax, clear and unadulterated.

The Candles are symmetrical and burn with a bright, steady flame, while our Ornamented Candles cannot be excelled for beauty. Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb., neatly packed in 6 lb. paper boxes, and 30 lb. wooden boxes.

Moulded Beeswax Candles.

Second Quality. Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb. Wax Slices, Unbleached.

Twelve to the lb. Fifteen to the lb.

Stearic Acid Wax Candles.

Made of pure Stearic Wax only, and exceed all others in hardness, whiteness, beauty of finish and brilliancy of light.

Four to the lb. 13 inches long.

Six to the lb. 10 1/2 inches long.

Paraffine Wax Candles.

Six to the lb. 9 inches long.

Large Candles, 30 inches long.

Sanctuary Oil.

Quality guaranteed.

Incense for Churches.

Extra Fine Incense. Incense, 75 cents.

Artificial Charcoal.

For Censers.

Great saving of time and trouble. This charcoal is lighted at the four ends. It lightens as easily as punk and never extinguishes unless completely shut off from the air. Keep dry. Box containing 50 Tablets Gas Lighters, Floats, etc.

D. & J. SADLIER,

TORONTO, MONTREAL, No. 123 Church street, No. 1609 Notre Dame st.

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, Fussell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, 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.

TEACHER WANTED,

FEMALE, for Separate School No. 3, Glenelg, Hoiland and Sullivan. Must hold a second or third class certificate. One who is willing to teach a choir and play the organ in the church. Must come well recommended. State salary. Address, TIMOTHY McKENNA, Dornoch P.O., Ont.