

Another of Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures

With Apologies to the Rhone of Douglas Jerald

(Written for The Register.)

You have been eating onions again. Caudle, you don't know perfectly well that if there is anything I abominate it is the smell of an onion. It's a downright shame that a decent woman can't sleep in her own bed without being half suffocated by—what do you say? Not half as bad as the smell of watercress? Ho, indeed! I should be surprised if that's what you've been eating onions for. How can I say so when I know you've been out of the house all the evening? How do I know you haven't you might have sneaked out any time my back was turned, goodness knows you men are deceitful enough, as many a poor woman knows to her cost, and after the disgraceful way you hood winked me about the Sunday Car vote I begin to think you are capable of anything. What? You voted against 'em? How can you expect me to believe that, when here are the cars rumbling along the streets every Sunday.

Your vote wouldn't turn the scale? How do you know, Caudle? If you voted as you ought to have done—as the father of a family and—I was going to say, a Christian, but I'm very much afraid you're not a Christian, Caudle—I say, if you voted as you should have done, most likely the cars would have been defeated.

But of course you never will do anything to please me, I may talk myself hoarse and get no thanks for it. If I had wanted you to vote for Sunday cars, you—what? What did you say? Didn't Sunday cars? Nonsense, the word was not "either," it sounded exactly like "slam." Upon my word, Caudle, I'm downright ashamed of you! Here am I striving to bring your children up respectably, and here are you lying in your bed and swearing like a trooper, a nice example to set them! No, but their mother is, and—what are you growning at, Caudle? I shouldn't wonder but what you've gone and caught rheumatism again, walking home in the wet on Saturday instead of taking the car as I always beg and pray you to do it for me, even though it is only a short distance. But of course you never will do what I—what do you say? Sunday was the wet day, and you took the car? Of course! just because you knew it was the very thing I disapprove of, but it don't matter what I approve. Ho, dear no!

One thing is certain, Sunday cars will pretty soon have to speak not for their wheel when the Amigos pounce on them for their lawless; I'm certain there's been bribery all over the place, and I'm not sure but what you took a bribe yourself; you're quite capable of it—don't you know like that, or you'd break the springs—the gentleman who is collecting the funds asked here this morning and said they had several clear cases of bribery to produce. You hope I didn't give 'em anything? Certainly I did, Caudle; I gave them ten dollars—what are you growning about? Gave it to me for the children's shoes? Well, the poor darlings don't need any shoes now; they can't go to Sunday school. What are you muttering about? What on earth do I want to keep 'em home from Sunday school for? You don't suppose I'm going to have my poor children smothered underneath the cars of loggernaut, do you? What? They don't get smothered five days in the week, and you don't see why they should on Sunday? No, of course not, how should you? You never trouble your head about the ways of Providence, as I've told you scores of times if I've told you once. If we will persist in breaking the Sabbath day we may look for terrible punishments of a kind; but there, I might as well talk to the winds as try to make any impression on you. Ho, indeed! I'm so worried I don't believe I shall get a wink of sleep all night—what? I'm determined you shall not, either? Go on, Caudle, abuse your long suffering wife; you always were selfish and cautions, but you will be sorry for it one of these days when I'm cold in the grave.

I know what I'll do; I'll take care the very next Sunday and go and see Maria. I know there will be a dreadful accident, and then, when I'm brought home in a man's girdle, perhaps you and (sob) will be a satisfied—and poor Mrs. Caudle sobbed herself to sleep.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fatten the fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an earthly grave. In this country we have sudden changes and more expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickie's Anti-Cough Cure. Five Bypars, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

The faint of others is easily perceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive. A man winnows his neighbor's faults like chaff, but his own faults he blows, as a chest hides the false die from a gambler.

"STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE"

The Prince of Wales and the German Ambassador had in Visiting—Mr. Biegar Gets On With an Opponent.

Mr. W. H. Lucy in The North American Review re-tells one of the funniest scenes of the late Mr. J. G. Biegar. At one time, much more than of late years, His Royal Highness was a constant visitor to the House of Commons. His pleasant presence beaming from the centre seat of the Peers gallery, immediately over the clock. During the turbulent times that marked the birth of the Dominion party frequently dropped into the retort of the opposition. This habit gave the late Mr. Joseph G. Biegar an opportunity of distinguishing himself above his fellows. One Tuesday evening, in the early spring of 1875, Mr. Chapin, then a private member, secured first place for a motion relating to the credentials of the Prince of Wales, accompanied by a numerous suite of peers whose faces were familiar at Newmarket and Epsom, came down to hear the speech and the debate. It was a great opportunity for Mr. Chapin, and he was evidently prepared to rise to it. Unfortunately for him he had obtained some days earlier to offend Mr. Biegar. Joy B.,—the member for Cavan,—like the redoubtable Joe Bagotek, was sly, devilish sly. If Mr. Chapin saw his opportunity, Joe not only deserted it, but seized it first.

Mr. Chapin had risen, fixed his eyes, blurted himself reassuringly on his poorly chest, had coughed in private to his opening sentence, when from below the gangway opposite a well-known shrill voice was heard exclaiming: "Mr. Speaker, sir, I believe there are strangers in the House."

For a moment the crowded chamber was hushed in dismayed silence. The Speaker broke it by enquiring whether the honorable member for Cavan presided in his intention of noticing strangers. "If you please, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Biegar, with encouraging nod towards the chair. Then the anger of the House found issue in a roar of contumacious, through which was heard the upsurging, almost unprecedented, sound of hissing. Honorable members might just as usefully have sat down by the river's brink and shouted "Siop" to the falls of Niagara. At that time there was in force the medieval order which required immediate and absolute withdrawal of strangers from every part of the House upon an individual member taking note of their presence. Mr. Biegar was master of the situation, and few human faces offered an opening for exceeding the breath of his smile as he surveyed it.

The speaker had no option. He must needs order strangers to withdraw. Thereupon the Prince of Wales, the German Ambassador who happened to be in the diplomatic gallery, and the crowd of peers, boasting the blood in England, were compelled to scuttle. Mr. Biegar had his fun, but the House of Commons reaped permanent benefit from the prank. He brought into broad daylight the absurdity of the ancient custom, which was thenceforward doomed. The privilege of spying strangers is no longer counted among possessions of individual members of the House of Commons. Strangers may to day be excluded, but only upon motion duly made and carried by a majority.

Corwall's New Catholic Hospital.

CORNWALL, June 11.—Any one who knew the Sandfield house of old, and especially if they had seen it in the evil days into which it had fallen of late years, must have been struck with the transformation that has been effected through the efforts of the Ladies of St. Joseph from Kingston who undertook to convert it into a hospital. It is only a few months since the premises were abandoned, and having been occupied by several batches of undesirable tenants, the place was little short of a wreck. But when the public were admitted on Monday evening and saw the wards with their clean, white beds, with well-appointed kitchen, the handsome little chapel, and all the provision for the care of the sick and distressed, the general expression was of delight and satisfaction that the town had been put in possession of what it had so long needed and which would soon be so thoroughly appreciated.

The grounds were brilliantly illuminated with electric lights and Chinese lanterns, and here and there were cosy little tables where ice cream and straw berries of superior flavor were dispensed to the crowds, whose appetites were seemingly insatiable, while in the centre was a flower table, where bouquets were dispensed by young ladies who were adept at their pleasant task. Fleets of bands played during the evening, and the hospital building being open, the visitors took ample opportunity to inspect and admire the arrangements.

The hospital will contain three wards—two for women, with 10 beds, and one for men, with eight beds—18 in all, with four private rooms for patients who wish to pay for treatment. The formal opening of the hospital will take place next week. On Wednesday evening at 7.30, there will be an instruction in St. Columban's church on hospital work by Father Domyne, a celebrated preacher, followed by the benediction of the Blessed

Sacrament, His Lordship Bishop Macdonald, and a number of persons being present. On Thursday the hospital will be formally opened with appropriate ceremonies.

Sixth Annual Excursion to St Anne de Beauspre.

The sixth annual excursion over the C. P. R. to St. Anne de Beauspre, 21 miles below Quebec, under the patronage of His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, O. T., and direction of Rev. M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls, Ont., assisted by Rev. T. Davis, Madoc, Ont.; Rev. J. P. O'Connor, Stanleyville, Ont.; and Rev. W. McDonogh, Prescott, Ont., will take place on Tuesday, 20th July next. The very lowest rates have been secured. Fare for adults from Montreal, Ont., near Toronto, to St. Anne de Beauspre and return is only \$1.00. Children half fare. Refreshments and excursion will accompany the special excursion train, where first-class meals will be served at moderate rates. For class of rates and tourist cars, and for rates, can be secured at very reasonable rates. These special trains run direct through without change of train, reaching St. Anne's early Wednesday morning. Tickets valid to go and return by any regular train, thus enabling excursionists to visit the historic city of Quebec, and Montreal, the Canadian Commercial Metropolis. Everything will be done to contribute to convenience and comfort of excursionists. Passengers from Toronto and points west can take the C. P. R. regular train to Union station, Toronto, Tuesday July 20th, at 11.15 a. m. and connect with special at Smith's Falls, Ont., or proceed direct on regular train to Montreal, Quebec and St. Anne de Beauspre. For further particulars apply to Rev. T. P. O'Connor, Stanleyville, Ont.; Rev. W. McDonogh, Prescott, Ont.; or Rev. M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls, Ont. Remember date of excursion, Tuesday, 20th July next. Tickets good for eight days.

Death of Dr. Hanavan.

On Tuesday morning, June 1st, the friends of Dr. Hanavan, of London, were surprised to hear that he was taken seriously ill, and on the afternoon of the same day the announcement was made that he was dead. He had been ailing for only a short time, and the cause of his death was blood poisoning.

The doctor was born on the 5th June, 1842, and at the time of his death was approaching his fifty-fifth year. His father, James Hanavan, was a native of county Monaghan, Ireland, and came to the country about the year 1825, settling upon a farm shortly after his arrival. Being the youngest of seven children, the deceased spent his early life on his father's farm and in attending school. Desiring to enter upon a professional life, he later on, commenced a course of study, and applied himself so perseveringly and energetically that in 1868 he graduated with honors at the Queen's University. Shortly after he commenced his medical practice, he accepted the position of contract surgeon in the American Army during the latter part of the Civil War, after which he attended the New York hospital for a season. He then came to Ontario and settled at Stratford, where, after a short stay, he opened a medical practice, he accepted the position of surgeon to the Infantry School in London, and removed thither in November, 1888. Previous to this he passed a military examination at Toronto, and was for several years surgeon of the 28th (Parth) Battalion of Infantry. Stratford he was tendered a banquet by the officers at the 28th Battalion and their friends, and presented with a valuable watch and complimentary address by the citizens, and with a flattering address and ovation by Branch 18, C. M. B. A., of which branch he had been for many years the medical supervisor. Deceased while a resident of Stratford filled the offices of Alderman and School Trustee, and always took an active part in everything which tended to benefit his adopted home. The doctor was married in 1875 to Miss Mary Kidd, of Dublin, Ontario, and a family of seven children was born to them—five sons and two daughters.

He was a Graduate of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, London; a student at the Colligate Institute; Louis Adolp and Matthew. The daughters are: Misses Marie and Irene, pupils of the Sacred Heart Academy in London.

It is with peculiar feelings of sadness that we pen these lines chronicling the death of Dr. Hanavan. For twelve years he was a member of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. For about eight years he held the position of secretary. Every member of that body, it were impossible to know Dr. Hanavan without holding him in special admiration because of his thorough conscientiousness, his honesty of purpose and high-mindedness. But his highest and noblest characteristics were his loyal and noble Catholic life, his true Catholic instincts, his great Catholic charity and his ardent love of Holy Church, together with his remarkable piety and his strict fulfillment of every duty imposed upon him by the Church, which he ever performed as a loving and tender mother. And this love was returned in plenty.

What a consolation it must be to Dr. Hanavan's family to feel that he has left a precious remembrance in the hearts of his well-remembered children. To Mrs. Hanavan and her children we offer our heartfelt condolences. May our merciful Lord comfort and sustain them in their bereavement, which should be assuaged by the knowledge that he whom they and we mourn will be reunited in glory. Rest in peace, because he ever sought to follow the true, gentle and unassuming manner

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the pathway marked out by the Divine Master.

Never was St. Peter's cathedral more crowded—even the aisles of the spacious edifice being filled—than on Friday, June 4, when solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Dr. Hanavan. As the doctor was Surgeon Major in the London Infantry Corps, the funeral was conducted under military auspices. The celebrant of the Mass was Very Rev. Dr. Kirby, P. P. of Stratford, assisted by Revs. M. J. Tierney, as deacon, and Louis Noonan sub-deacon. Rev. Father McCune and P. M. K. O'Connell acted as altar servers. The choir consisted of the following: Quarter-master Sergt. Kennedy, Bugle-Sergt. Walsh, Sergt. Copeland, Sergt. Burke, and Sergt. Major Moore—conveyed the coffin on their shoulders to the gun carriage, the soldiers lined up, and the cortege moved off to the beat of muffled drums. The interment took place in St. Peter's cemetery.

The honorary pall-bearers were Col. Smead (deceased), Major Wadmore, Capt. Henning, Capt. Pearce, of the Royal Dragoon, Toronto, and Capt. Watt. The firing party consisted of No. 1 Company, R. R. C. I., and was in command of Capt. Carpenter, of the Infantry School. They were followed by the Seventh Battalion Band. Band-leaders of the battery was in command of Major D. Wilson. Following the gun carriage was the late surgeon-major's horse, led by his orderlies, while in the stridgers were the reversed bows.

An open casket displayed the magnificent floral offerings, amongst which were large gifts from the officers of the V. R. I., a wreath from the non-commissioned officers and an acclor from the men of the V. R. I. A floral wreath was sent by the officers of the 28th Battalion, Stratford, and the members of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association in which a pillow.

Dr. Hanavan was a member of Branch 125, C. M. B. A., London. A number of members of Branch 18 came from Stratford to attend the funeral of the late brother.

May his soul rest in peace!

Song of the Milkman: "Let us gather at the river." The bicycle ride may toil not, but he certainly does not. "I never heard anything that's said against me," remarked the deaf man. A man or car for the clerk of the weather, so can we. A boy once said to a lecturer: "You'd make a good martyr. You'd burn well, wouldn't you?" A man being asked why he talked to himself, replied: "Because I like to converse with a man of sense." A celebrated wit was asked if he knew Theodore H. He replied: "Yes," replied he: "Hook said H. He's old acquaintance."

Arrives: "How did Jayemith get the reputation of being such a liar?" Diner: "He used to be a weather forecaster here." He: "What do you suppose would happen if I had to live by my wit?" Diner: "My dear boy, you would never have been born."

Stratford Items.

Miss Lavinia Hergott, of Waterloo, is in the city visiting friends. The different societies of this city, headed by the 28th Batt. Band, will parade to the cemetery some time next month to decorate the graves of their deceased brethren.

Mr. Charles R. Wainland, of Buffalo, N. Y., a former resident of this city, was here for a few days last week taking in the races and looking up old friends. Charlie is conducting a meat business in the above city and reports to do well.

We had the pleasure of a shake hands with Ex. Ald. Youngs, who has been absent from the city for the past year on a business tour. Ben has always been one of our very best citizens, and we are glad to see him back again and to stay.

Mr. W. C. McCarter, proprietor Duluth (Minn.) Business College, is in the city renewing acquaintances. Mr. McCarter has also recently been appointed by the U. S. Government as superintendent of schools at a salary of \$8,000 per annum.

Branch No. 18 C. M. B. A., Stratford, is a progressive institution, having initiated during the past three months nearly sixty new members. Applications are still coming in, and there is no telling when Branch 18 will take first place in the largest membership in Canada.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 18 C. M. B. A., a resolution of condolence was extended to the widow and family of the late Bro. Dr. Hanavan, a former resident of this city and until his removal to London a member of this branch. Dr. Hanavan was a charter member of Branch No. 18, and an energetic worker in the cause.

The city council of Stratford have made a grant of \$800 towards defraying the expenses of decorating, etc., the "Diamond Jubilee" celebration. The societies of this city will take part in the celebration by forming in procession and parading through the principal streets and thence to the Queen's Park, where all kinds of games and sports will be indulged in by them and all who may feel so inclined.

Your correspondent has lately seen some good work done with the new road roller, which was purchased mainly through the efforts of our energetic and progressive Major John O'Donoghue. If we continue in the same direction by purchasing up-to-date machinery for road improvements in a short time we will have some of the finest roads in Canada. The stone crusher which has recently been purchased will likely be in operation next week.

Johnnie's Teacher: "And now, Johnnie, tell me what the last Commandment is." Johnnie (a street-car tourist): "Please don't spit on the floor." Teacher: "Can you tell me what the first we breathe is composed of?" Little Willie Winklemeyer: "It's three parts wind and seven parts smoke."

Byron used a great deal of hair-dressing, but was very particular to have only the best to be found in the market. If Ayer's Hair Vigor had been obtainable there, doubtless he would have bought it, as so many distinguished and fashionable people are doing now-a-days.

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