

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Dec. 29, 1893.

Seldom has a week been so devoid of interesting news as the present Christmas one. Even the great festival passed over this year with unusual quietness. It was a green Christmas, green in every sense of the word. Bright and sunny, with the air mild and genial, the grass looking its greenest, the birds singing gaily, primroses in full bloom, in short such surroundings as one would look for not in that cold and gloom of an English winter, but amid the summer skies of Nice or Cannes.

To-day we have had our first taste this winter of a genuine, straightforward, yellow, London fog. Not one of your mere mists which clear off in a few hours and leave the atmosphere brighter than they found it, but a solid affair, which looks as though it could almost be cut into blocks with a knife. It gets into the eyes and makes them sore; into the throat and makes it irritable. One of the good old London fogs in short, which some thoroughbred cockneys profess to rather enjoy than otherwise.

Our Legislators have returned from their brief holiday weary and jaded. Their work since has in consequence been of the dullest and most monotonous description. At the present slow rate of progress the Bills they have before them bid fair to become law somewhere about the Greek Kalends. Feeling of impatience with the Government is gradually spreading amongst the people, and some of the Ministerial organs in the press are taking them severely to task over their listlessness in dealing with obstruction. A Cabinet Council is to be held to-day, when it is expected some decisive plan of future action will be adopted.

The late Mr. Edward Stanhope was a *persona grata* in the House of Commons, and it will be very difficult to fill his place. He was not a great statesman, but he was an excellent administrator, and his death will cause a serious gap in the front rank of the Conservative party. The end came with alarming suddenness. He had been absent from his post about a fortnight, but he had sent a communication to the Conservative Whips expressing the hope that he would be in his place after the holidays. A turn for the worse took place in his condition on Friday morning, and he died in a few hours. A vacancy is thus left in the Horncastle division of Lincolnshire which will give rise to an interesting and instructive bye-election.

A Scotch jury in a famous trial for murder has found a verdict which is puzzling to Englishmen. In this country if a man is not found guilty he is acquitted. There are many cases in which this conclusion is absurd, and the provision of the Scotch law is far superior to our own practice. A man might be indicted on a charge which was not established, and yet there might be no sufficient reason to declare him innocent. In such a case a Scotch jury returns a verdict of "Not proven." This was the verdict in the trial of Monson, and it leaves the question of innocence or guilty exactly where it stood originally. The evidence produced by the Crown has not been sufficient to convict the accused. As for the trial, it is likely to exercise all the spare ingenuity of the public for a long time to come. The career of Monson does not, at most, invest him with a halo of romance. He appears to have been a needy speculator driven at times to rather shady means of recouping himself for the losses he had sustained.

The misletoe this year has been particularly cheap and plentiful in the London markets. A great many an-

cient superstitions cluster round this mystic plant. At one time it was supposed to have great medicinal virtue. The Druidical worship of it is historical, and it is thought that its extreme rarity upon the oak had much to do with the peculiar veneration in which it was held. The apple tree is the favorite host of its parasitic growth. Then come the poplar, limes, maples, and mountain ash. On any of these trees it is easy enough to propagate a tuft of the misletoe, and March is the best month, for then the berries are ripe. The bark of a young shoot beaten two and three years old is best to place the berries on, and these should be crushed and placed under a tongue of bark.

I informed you some time ago that Father Anselmus of the Oratory had been appointed Bishop of Clifton. This, I have reason to know, was true. Since then, however, Rome has accepted his "*notens episcopari*," and in his stead, I learn, that the crudit and popular Monsignor, Provost Brownlow, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Plymouth, has been selected. This will prove acceptable news to his large and devoted circle of friends, especially the Irish amongst them who have found a home in England. In the south-west of England, the scene of his birth, conversion and obloquy and ridicule as an uncompromising champion of the rights of Ireland, and chiefly on the question of her inalienable prerogative to make laws for the government of her own citizens. It is by his sturdy advocacy, in season and out of season, of what he considers the honest and patriotic aspiration of the Irish people that he has endeared himself to such a degree in the hearts of those who, amongst so many good qualities, have none more conspicuous than that of gratitude. From many an Irish heart will, then, go up fervent prayers for the success in his episcopal career of one whom they have long known and loved as the learned and yet simple and sympathetic Sogaath Aroon.

The Hospital Dog.

Pete is the name of an unusually intelligent dog of what is commonly called the "board-yard breed," belonging to one of the nurses at the Pennsylvania Hospital. Pete sleeps on the steps of the receiving ward, but instead of sleeping with one eye open, he sleeps with his ears open. He can hear the sound of a patrol or ambulance several blocks away and never fails to bark as the sound is borne on the night air. During the warm nights the nurses attached to the receiving ward sleep with doors open, and as soon as Pete hears the familiar sound of the gong he springs to his feet, and, rushing through the ward, jumps on his master's cot, and doesn't stop barking until everybody is thoroughly awake and prepared to receive the coming patient. Everybody thinks well of Pete about the hospital, and although potted as dogs seldom are he is far from being spoiled.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the Hospital of St. Hedwige, which is served by the Sisters of Charity. Its report for 1892 just issued, shows that during last year 5,640 persons were admitted to the hospital. The majority of these were non-Catholics; the exact numbers being 2,248 Catholics, 3,311 Protestants, and 59 Jews.

Advice to Invalids.

Almozia Wine is the best wine for invalids ever before offered to the public, and is highly recommended by all the Medical profession all over the world, is the only wine known to contain natural Salts of Iron produced by nature. On account of the ferrous soil in which the vines are cultivated. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

You will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

Home Manners.

If people would only realize how very easy it is to teach children good manners when they were little, it seems to me they never would neglect to attend to it. The youngster is always to go his own way, to violate every rule of civility, sometimes of decency, until his habits are to an extent forced. Then there is a great breaking up of established notions, and the child is punished and nagged and worried for doing that which it has heretofore been permitted to do without criticism. It becomes angered, sullen, unsettled and irritable, and if it has a strong sense of justice—which, by the way, is more common in children than people, as a man, give them credit for—it feels outraged and roused, and becomes unmanageable and rebellious. The best school of manners for a child is the parent's example and some training.

Company manners are, by all odds, the worst element that ever entered into a family. Just why people should indulge themselves in all sorts of carelessness, indifference and ill-bred manners when they are alone at home and put on a veneer of courtesy, amiability and polish when somebody comes, is one of the many mysteries of this very mysterious thing we call life. How much easier it would be to maintain the steady, uniform deportment, to follow out the same theories and hold to the same principles Sunday and week days, storm or shine, alone or in society.

Music the Kernel of Welsh Nature.

Music is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the national birthright. Every Welsh preacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abating from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the *hwy!*, and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears.

A remarkable and subtle fact which will be interesting to English readers and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear is that it is positive discord to many amongst the Welsh congregations if the minister, in "giving out" the first verse of the hymn, does not so pitch his voice that it shall be in harmony with the key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalist.

Laugh Heartily.

Encourage your child to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good hearty laugh expands his chest and makes his blood bound merrily along. Command me to a good laugh—not to a little sniggering laugh, but to one that will sound through the house; it will not only do your child good, but will be a benefit to all who hear, and be an important means of driving the blues away from a dwelling. Merriment is very catching, and spreads in a remarkable manner, few being able to resist the contagion. A hearty laugh is delightful harmony; indeed it is the beat of all music.—*Charasse.*

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's *SOOTHING SYRUP* has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for *MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.*

Slander, like mud, dries and falls off. To wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

All are not princes who ride with the emperor.

Correction is good when administered in seasons.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.

Mr. Cardinal Wislman will write the "Life of Cardinal Wislman," from materials collected by the late Father Morris, S. J.



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

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 O. M. candles cannot be equalled 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, and 8 to the lb.
Wax Scones.
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 Cancers.
Great saving of time and trouble. This charcoal is lighted at the four ends. It ignites as easily as punk and never extinguishes unless completely shut off from the air. Keep dry. Box containing 50 Tablets Gas Lighters, Flasks, etc.

D. & J. SADLER,

TORONTO, MONTREAL,
No. 123 Church Street, No. 1600 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, Russell, 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,

REMAINE for Separate School No. 3, Glendale, Holland 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 McKEENA, Dornoch P.O., Ont.