

OUR IRISH LETTER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

DUBLIN, Nov. 6.—The sensation of the week in England has been the release of Miss Lanchester from the Bloomsbury Lunatic Asylum. This young lady held advanced views on the marriage question. She seems to have been all round a fairly New Woman. Last November she was a candidate for the London School Board, and for some time she has been known as an ardent Socialist. In private life she was employed in the Cardiff, New South Wales, Gold Mining Company's offices. She made no secret of being an ardent disciple of "The Woman Who Did." When she became engaged to a young man named Sullivan all the arguments of her relatives and friends, even the persuasion of her lover himself, failed to induce her to consent to go through the marriage ceremony. Finding that he could get her no other way Mr. Sullivan yielded to her wishes and made all preparations to start honeymooning without any of the old-fashioned preliminaries which usually herald the transition from maiden to wife. On Saturday, Oct. 10th, they were to have taken up their abode together as unconventionally as a husband and wife after years of matrimony might take possession of a new house; but her father and brothers, driven to desperation at the prospect of such a disgrace, carried her off by force from her lodgings at Battersea and shut her up in a lunatic asylum. Her lover made a great commotion over it, with the result that two of the Lunacy Commissioners were sent to examine her, and on examination they found that they could not honestly do so, as though she was "very foolish," she was "perfectly sane." She is free now to carry out her experiment to the bitter end.

Miss Lanchester is four and twenty. She is a well educated girl of good middle class family. Her father, Mr. Sullivan, who she has selected as her partner in her experiment of Free Love, is neither more nor less than a working man, and not even good looking at that. This looks a bad start. Even in wedlock she unaccountably yoked poor badly together, and one or other is apt to kick over the traces, and then—

It would be superfluous to comment on either the moral or religious aspect of Miss Lanchester's action, but when one reflects that she bases her objection to the marriage service on her determination to be no man's chattel! and when she could not help her own inconsistency go any farther. If a woman love a man sufficiently to give herself wholly to him, to become the mother of his children, and to allow her desire for his society to become the ruling passion of her life, she is not in very truth become absolutely his property? When a woman loves she is conscious of only one "right," and that is her prerogative of absolute dominion over the heart of the man she loves. To achieve this, she binds the bond which unites them has been annulled in either wedlock or Free Love, she will minister to him as the lowliest handmaid. Where genuine affection exists a woman never dreams of weighing in the scale whether her love belongs to her or to him; yet, even in the most ideally perfect union, where husband and wife are truly "two souls, one sympathy; two hearts that beat as one," the unconscious acceptance of "the weaker vessel," constitutes the wife's most potent charm. If the question of "chattel" be considered in regard to the relation of the sexes, most assuredly it is on the side of Free Love that it is in evidence. What will you claim as a right a mistress must have as a favor; the one reagent by right divine over a man's heart and home; the other depends solely on his honor or his humor whether she be an outcast or his chattel.

With a refinement of irony Grant Allen dedicated "The Woman Who Did" to his wife, and preface it with the declaration that he had enjoyed twenty years unclouded domestic felicity with her. The story has nothing to commend it but its supreme indifference. The heroine is a very poor type of woman; she does not possess even the redeeming virtue of constancy, nor has she the consistency to tell her daughter the story of her revolt against the immorality of her parents. The scene of the heroine's infatuation with matrimony is so illogical that it reads more like a revolting school girl's first essay than the work of a mature, painstaking student of the world we live in like Grant Allen.

Oliver Schreiner in "The Story of an African Farm" rhapsodizes with all a woman's fervid inconsequence over the restrictions which both the Commandments and the conventionalities have ordained shall be the heritage of the feminine heart. Mrs. Schreiner is a most devoted wife. She reveals heart and soul in the simple pleasures of rural life. The study of nature in all the untamed grandeur of South Africa also considers the health of her mind and the writing of novels; and the home life which she and her husband lead on an African farm might be epitomized as a matrimonial idyll. Yet, to read her book you would be forced to believe that she considers the best method of degeneration is that the heroine who revolts against marriage vows and prevails on her lover to accept her as his companion pending her change of mood is her ideal of womanhood. Perhaps these writers never expected to make their names so generally known. Up-to-date novelists seem to be utterly oblivious of their responsibility to their readers. Not one in every hundred who read novels over papers to analyze the absurdity or the originality of the tales they pronounced generalizations has a fatal attraction for women, and the whole trend of

modern literature and advanced journalism advocates that woman should abdicate her sovereignty of social purity and assimilate as much as possible man's grosser nature. The pity of it is that, while these upholders of unmanly license profess a scolding abhorrence in the Bible the keynote to their every page and every volume is the inevitableness of the awful curse which the Almighty has laid on Eve on the threshold of Paradise.

"We must be near the end of the world, people are becoming so bad," said a friend to me the other day. I do not agree with that proposition. People are no worse now than they were, only newspapers and fictionistic novels are on the increase.

We had a much wholsome conversation of the vocal union. The Atlantic Hall sang two concerts. The first was an afternoon performance, and the Leinster Hall was just comfortably filled. Dublin people, even when on music hosiery, are inclined to be frugal; and the tickets were prohibitive. It was a pity that the high treason to the music of music to him that people go to see Patti just as much as to hear her. Of course her singing is delightful, still her voice has nothing like the marvelous volume and freshness of Madame Malibran. Patti is not so much more fascinating personality. She tripped on the platform the other day like a sunbeam flashing through the murkiness of the hall. The Leinster Hall is a bare barrack of a place, totally devoid of ornamentation, ceiling, floor, all make grates, one dull neutral colour. It seems to me, whether I am in the stalls or on the balcony, that there is a perpetual haze over the stage. People who go to concerts to be delighted most carefully exclude all frivolities of dress. Patti in an opera wrap would bring a Dublin belle through a whole season of theatre-going. The dowdiness of the hats and gowns which turn up at matinees is simply appalling. Another thing that strikes me is the number of women who go to these museums without male escorts. The dress circle, whether at theatre or concert, often bears quite a family resemblance to a ladies' boarding school and is full of prim. One could imagine no greater contrast of the congenial plainness of Patti and the Puritanical primness of the people who came to hear her. She wore an exquisitely fitting gown of soft blue crepon, as delicately shaded as the heart of a forget-me-not. The bodice was cut low and square, frilled with chiffon to match and literally bedecked with diamonds. Two white and two deep red roses, with a white spray in the centre, nestled in her fluffy brown hair, and in her hand she held a loose spray of white flowers. She bowed her acknowledgments of the enthusiastic reception accorded her with the most bewitching nonchalance, and while she listened to the prelude of her song she threw radiant glances on every side. Her first air was "The Rose Tree" and just before the radiant touches that first note of her accompaniment she lifts her right hand, slips one finger under the shoulder of her bodice and gives a graceful little adjustment to the frill. She sang the rest of the evening, but, although she was down on the programme for only three songs, she sang seven in response to cheers. Her rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria" was exquisitely sympathetic. Madame Belle Gole roared her performance. Her voice is the clearest and the silvery vocalization I ever heard. Her singing reminds me of the tipping of a lily bud. You would go every day to hear her interpret Gounod's "Entr'acte No. 1" and "L'oiseau." She is a stout, motherly-looking woman, and her costume, black and blue, with a poking sort of hat, was quite as unbecoming as any in the hall.

Never have we had a more flagrant exhibition of snobbery in the Dublin press than that of the critics of the Patti concert. The Misses Eisler are accomplished musicians. Miss Marianne is a brilliant violinist, while Miss Clara plays the harp delightfully. Our Dublin critics professed their estimate of these artist performers by the time they were letters describing their reception by the Queen at Balmoral. No doubt it is a social distinction to be commanded to play before Her Majesty; still, when a journal undertakes to teach the public how to appreciate an artist's ability, and its representative ought to be competent of forming his own opinion. The sisters are slim, pretty blondes, so alike that you can scarcely tell one from the other. At the concert they were groomed most carefully, and their hair was done in green, but I met them next day strolling along St. Stephen's Green and they were dressed most sensibly. They wore bright brown woollen ulsters, so long that you could scarcely see their shoes, with capes that reached to the knees, and large gray straw hats, trimmed with gray feathers and velvet. Nothing but the freshness of their complexion and their beautifully coiffed fair hair saved them from looking dowdy.

When I mention that the other artists were Messrs. Hiram Jones, Douglas Powell, Frederick Dixon, and Miss Gaux, I need not add that every item on the programme was charmingly rendered, and that we enjoyed an exquisitely melodious afternoon.

As I began with matrimony I cannot do better than finish with an extract from a speech in which a happy parent proposed the health of his bride and bridegroom last September. It will give you an idea how we manage those things in Ireland. A lady of my acquaintance invited an heiress who had neither father nor mother to spend a few weeks with her. The invitation was gladly accepted, and during her stay the young lady fell in love with her hostess's brother. He is about three and twenty and has just taken out his profession. The lady's account is amiable; but it occurred to the young fellow's father that an older brother had better marry first. He had a chat with his would-be daughter-in-law, and the opening sentence of his congratulations on the fact that morning may tell the rest. "The newly-made man and wife," said he, "deserve all sorts of good luck. They are a most obedient, scabble pair

of children. Neither of them made the least objection to following my advice. They met for the first time a couple of weeks ago on the beautiful shores of Lough Derg." At this point the bride interrupted him with: "O, yes, indeed! And wasn't it a delightful evening?" The younger brother sat at the end of the table, a bright, debonnaire fellow, and what a merry, merry twinkle, was in his eyes as he looked at the bride and drank to the health of the bride. Though she be "fair as fair can be" I cannot say that I envy the bridegroom such a docile spouse. There ought to be a happy medium between the reckless obstinacy of "The Woman Who Did" and the facile compliance of a girl who could transfer her heart and her hand at a word of friendly advice.

CHARLES DALTON.

The Atlantic Monthly.

No recent series of papers in the Atlantic has attracted more wide attention than George Hinkhcock's "Talk Over Antagonism." The series consists of the series appears in this issue. Lafcadio Hoar's contribution bears the suggestive title "After the War," and is quite as readable as his other delightful studies of Japan.

A feature of importance is a paper by Walter Mitchell on "The Future of Naval Warfare," which is a timely discussion of the future usefulness of the world's perfected navies.

With the autumn season we find that Mr. Hoar, in his "An Architect's Vacation," journeys to Italy, and discusses the Italian Renaissance. Woodrow Wilson writes of Walter Bagot, and contributes a readable paper under the title "A Literary Politician."

The educational master of the issue is "At the Parting of the Ways," a timely article upon the physical education of women in college. During 1894 the Atlantic will publish a number of papers upon the "Race Elements in American Antiquity." They will treat of such things as the Scotch-Irish, Irish, Scandinavian, English, and others.

Free and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from any and all 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 Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and whoever used it will know it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

She rushed to meet her husband on the lawn and fell weeping in his arms. "William," she sobbed, "you don't know what that hired girl has put me out to-day." "Tell me," with difficulty he contrived, her emotion sufficiently to inform him that it was through the skylight. The day before it had been through the parlor window.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles, and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but ELECTRIC OIL cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases. I can neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

There are natures in which, if they bind us, we are conscious of having a sort of heat and oppression. They bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our sins become that worst kind of sacrifice which tears down the invisible altar of trust. If you are not good, none is good. If you are not honest, none is honest. If you are not virtuous, none holds a virtuous intensity for remorse.—George Eliot.

OUR DOCTORS.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indigestion. These symptoms, neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take two or three of Farnham's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," soliloquized the receiver as he pocketed sixty-five per cent. of the bankrup's costs.

Music Teacher: (to pupil): "Now lower your voice, please." Father (who had been singing): "No, don't lower it; drop it and step on it."

Man is a good deal like a fish. You know the fish would never get into serious trouble if it kept its mouth shut.

ALL RIGHT IS A DAY OR TWO, SET THE DAY NEAR.

"All right is a day or two" is the thought that consoles every one who is suffering from this insidious ailment that does not prostrate him. In the case of a person bed-ridden for months with disease of Kidneys being asked, "Did you not have any warning of this condition you are now in?" Yes, I was bothed by a slight headache, and occasional headaches, but did not consider myself sick or the necessity of medicine further than a plaster on my back or rubbing with my favorite liniment. It was months before I began to realize that it was necessary to either force myself to ignore my condition. The headache had become a pain in the back and sides, weak and tired feeling, high-colored urine with obstructions and stoppage, pain in the bladder, palpitation of the heart, poor appetite, indigestion, and a dull, languid feeling, with entire lack of energy." Had the first signal of distress from the Kidneys—Back-ache—received the assistance of Chase's Kidney Pills, this later state of misery and suffering would have been avoided. A few doses dispel first symptoms; delay results in liver, heart and stomach becoming affected. It is useless to expect to overcome this complication without persistent and regular use of Chase's Kidney Pills. 25c. Sold by all druggists. Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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66th Half-Yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 6 per cent. on the year ending on the 31st of December, 1894, has been declared on the paid-up capital stock, and that the same will be payable at the office of the company, No. 100, Queen Street, Toronto, on and after Wednesday, the 8th day of January, 1895. Transfer books will be closed from the 25th to the 31st day of December, inclusive.

PSYCHINE
Pharmaceutical Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.
Will cure CONSUMPTION, Lung and Throat Disease, Cough, Hoarse and Free in Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25c. per bottle.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of November, 1894, mailing close and are due as follows:

Cross.	Due.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	5.00	7.45	7.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.45	8.00	7.30
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25	12.40
N. and W. Y.	7.30	4.15	10.15
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55
Midland	6.00	3.35	12.55
C. V. E.	6.30	3.00	12.55
	15.10	9.00	9.00
	2.00	7.00	7.00
G. W. E.	9.30	10.45	8.30
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
	6.30	12.10	9.00
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	10.45	10.00
	4.30	12.10	9.00
U.S. West & N. B.	4.00	8.30	8.30

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 1.30 p.m. on the 1st and 4th of the month. Mails for Montreal and Quebec close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 11 a.m. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of November: 1st, 4th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 21st, 24th, 27th, 29th.

There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should be sure to direct their letters and money orders business at the local office and to their residences, least the delay in notifying their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post-offices.

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JAMES O'KEEFE, Secretary-Treasurer.

Freehold Loan & Savings Co.
DIVIDEND NO. 72.
NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 3 per cent. on the paid-up stock of the company, as declared for the current half year, payable on and after the 1st day of December, 1894, at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 20th, November, inclusive.
By order of the Board,
S. O. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 28th October, 1895.