

General News.

The morning of the 8th September the parish-priest of Our Lady of Lourdes, Mgr. Dominic Mary Peyramale, died, leaving his memory dear to all who have visited the sanctuary at Lourdes as of a perfect model of a pastor of souls and an indefatigable promoter of the glory of Our Lady.

It is a melancholy fact that along the whole course of the Rhine there is at this moment not a single Bishop from Constance to Rotterdam. There are in fact but two Bishops left in the whole Prussian dominions, the Bishops of Hildeshcim and Ermland, and upon them also the arm of the civil power is expected soon to fall.

"SOME donkey at a meeting of the Social Science Association, held a few months since, asserted that the ratio of crime to population was greater in Massachusetts than in Ireland."—Rev. A. D. Mayo, Editor of the *New England Journal of Education*.—We don't know who the "donkey" was who made this assertion; but we see that he knew what he was talking about. Two weeks ago *The Pilot* said the same, and proved it, from the official statistics of both countries. The real "donkey" is he who brays and says nothing.

To what has Protestantism reduced religion in this country? A good idea of the sort of Christianity which prevails among a vast portion of the Protestant community may be formed from the nature of the advertisements which find regular publication in their so-called religious newspapers. Here is a specimen: "Walter Penrose, formerly a costermonger, is open for the Lord's work, indoors or open-air, accompanied by his chromatic concertina. Address Costermongers Cottage Mission, Vinegar Ground, City Road, E.C." The "converted costermonger" sounds well to Protestant ears. And his chromatic concertina, too. Fine! No doubt the advertisement of Mr. Penrose will prove successful, and that the next we shall hear of him is as an eloquent "light of the Church" in Exeter Hall, and soon after that as a person so distinguished as to be presented to the queen. If Josiah Henson, why not the Rev. Costermonger Penrose?—*Catholic Universe*.

The *Daily Telegraph* received a despatch from Paris the night of the 20th September, which seems to refer to some ungentlemanly, though official conduct at Vienna, on the part of certain members of the Berlin and Roman embassies there; the despatch is headed the "Vienna Arsenal Scandal":—"From motives of delicacy which you will certainly appreciate, I have hitherto refrained from mentioning the case known here as the Vienna Arsenal Scandal, but it has just entered upon a new phase which compels me to refer to it. The sudden departure of the German military *attaché* this morning has given rise to further rumours as to the part taken in the matter by the German Government. It is true that the Germans have had the secret of the Uchatius steel bronze for some time; but nevertheless, certain details in the manufacture of the gun were, according to Austrian accounts, still the secret of the Vienna Arsenal. A full investigation into this affair is about to be made, and, until the result is known, it is hardly fair to accept as true the reports current against two gentlemen of hitherto unimpeachable character. The fact remains, however, that the Italian military *attaché* has returned to Rome, and that the German, too, has left Vienna, ostensibly on leave of absence."

THERE is something fiendish in Bismarck's hatred of the Catholic Church, that will not allow him to stop in his persecution until he has hurried into destruction. Those who have seen the man, and observed the natural expression of his face when at rest—when undisturbed by his habitual desire to please and deceive—will have instinctively felt that he is capable of anything. We have not heard the last of him yet.—*Catholic Times*.

A LETTER from Rome has appeared in the *Monde* mentioning the fact of a miraculous image of Our Blessed Lady at the village of Boscoreale, in the province of Naples. The image is known as the *Madonna dei Flagelli*; in the left hand she holds the scourges of heaven, and in the right is the Child Jesus, who, resting on his victorious Cross, crushes the head of the infernal serpent. This image used to be venerated in the old church of the Jesuits, which church has since been turned into a stable, and there miracles are reported to be taking place. With July last the wonders began to be observed, the blind, the lame, the sick and, what is more wonderful than all, hardened sinners feeling the benefit of the patronage of Mary. The details of these wonders having been published, crowds of people are hastening to the spot from all the country round, offerings are given for rebuilding the church and the Bishop has appointed a commission for authenticating the rumoured miracles.

THE news from Ireland, regarding the strike of the milersmen on the Great Southern and Western Railway, is momentous. The Directors have found it necessary to stop their quick night passenger trains, as well as the whole of their excursion traffic. It will be seen from the words uttered by Major O'Gorman, M.P., at the Home Rule meeting on the day after the strike began, what has been the prime mover by which steady, hardworking, and long service men have been driven to an act of rebellion. Supposing Major O'Gorman to have been well informed, it is hard to believe that kindly feelings such as ought to exist between the employer and the employed, will be easily restored on the line on which disaffection has so openly declared itself. The ugly events that resulted only a few weeks ago in bloodshed and wanton damage of property at Chicago and along the railway to New York, throw a very gloomy light on what has just occurred in Ireland.

MR. C. BUYS, Zwager's Hock, told us that he had been so lucky as to kill five tigers within a month. Mr. Buys says this was done by means of a new kind of a trap brought from Grahamstown which he calls Leppan's traps. He says that lately Mr. Rorke, Groot Vlakte, got up twelve of these traps, that all are disposed of, and that they have given the greatest satisfaction to all who have used them. The five tigers Mr. Buys killed, measured one nine feet, one eight feet, one seven feet and a half, and two cubs seven feet each. Mr. Buys is quite a young man, but he has in his time killed nineteen tigers and five wolves. We wish him luck with his traps. If every

man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a benefactor to his kind, what must be said of the man who has rid Zwager's Hock of so many of these destructive and dangerous animals.—*Somerset East Courant*.

INSPECTOR-GENERAL HILLIER has just issued the Regulations under which gentlemen are to be admitted as Cadets of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The physical requirements are not severe. The candidate must be five feet five inches in height; in good health and free from blemish; unmarried; and between 21 and 26. When he has been nominated—the system prevails in this branch of the Queen's Service still—he will present himself for examination when required. The successful candidate must be provided with £50 yearly until he is appointed Sub-Inspector; that is to say, while he stays at the Depot, Phenix Park. While in this probationary position he will be allowed to occupy the quarters and to wear the undress uniform of an officer; but his appointment depends on his seniority, his proficiency, his conduct, and the approval of the Lord Lieutenant. He may be sent away without notice without appeal, without cause stated, and without compensation. The subjects of examination are few and simple, and apparently the test is very light indeed. Three hours reading a day for six months would certainly qualify any man not an absolute fool for the examination; and even now it is a little stiffer than heretofore. A couple of pleasant books touching criminal law and the law of evidence are now in the course. Roughly speaking, any man who can read, write, spell, tot, who knows a little geography, a little Latin, and a little law, may be a Sub-Inspector of Constabulary *Weekly Freeman*.

SEDAN DAY, which Bismarck and his National Liberals want, *a tout prix*, to raise to the dignity of a national feast day, has again proved an utter failure everywhere. Had it not been for the flags hoisted by order of the Government on all official buildings, and the dinners given to soldiers and employes, the "great holy feast day," as a German paper called it, might have passed entirely unnoticed by the people. The Jews, however,—these noble patriots—kept the day at least on paper; not less than twelve synagogues of Berlin advertised that they would celebrate the day by solemn worship and sermons! Jews are now ruling powers in Germany. Here is an instance of it. The Leipzig leather fair begins this year on Monday, the 17th of September, a Jewish feast day. A great many of the leather merchants are orthodox Jews, and do not like to work on that day. How do your readers think they got out of their difficulty. They published a notice in which they advised all leather dealers to arrange their stores for Sunday, the 16th, so as to enable Jews to transact their business on that day, so many would like to attend at their synagogues on the Monday. In other words: Christians you must desecrate your Sunday that we may keep our Jewish feast!—*Catholic Times*.

IMPORTANT USES OF THE LEMON.

As a writer in the *London Lancet* remarks, few people know the value of lemon juice. A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days; it should be renewed, night and morning. A free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. Most people feel poorly in the spring, but if they would eat a lemon before breakfast every day for a week—with or without sugar, as they like—they would find it better than any medicine. Lemon juice used according to this recipe will sometimes cure consumption: Put a dozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil; boil slowly until the lemons are soft, but not too soft, then squeeze until all the juice is extracted, and sugar to your taste, and drink. In this way use one dozen lemons a day. If they cause pain, or loosen the bowels too much, lessen the quantity, and use only five or six a day until you are better, and then begin again with a dozen a day. After using five or six dozen, the patient will begin to gain flesh and enjoy food. Hold on to the lemons, and still use them very freely several weeks more. Another use of lemons is for a refreshing drink in summer, or in sickness at any time. Prepare as directed above, and add water and sugar. But in order to have this keep well, after boiling the lemons, squeeze them and strain carefully; then to every half pint of juice add one pound of loaf or crushed sugar, boil and stir a few minutes more until the sugar is dissolved, skim carefully, and bottle. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling them, and the preparation keeps better.

SACREDNESS OF A PROMISE.

AN eminent British statesman is said to have traced his own sense of the sacredness of a promise to a curious lesson he got from his father when he was a boy. When home for the holidays, and walking with his father in the garden, his father pointed to a wall which he intended to have pulled down.

"Oh," said the boy, "I should so like to see a wall pulled down."

"Well, my boy, you shall," said his father.

The thing, however, escaped his memory, and during the boy's absence a number of improvements were being made, and among them this wall was torn down and a new one built up in its place. When the boy came home and saw it, he said—

"Oh, father, you promised to let me see that wall pulled down."

Instantly the father remembered his promise, and was deeply pained to think that he had seemed careless about his plighted word.

"My boy," he said, "you are right. I did promise, and I ought not to have forgotten. It is too late now to do just what I said I would, but you wanted to see a wall pulled down, and so you shall."

And he actually ordered the masons up, and made them pull down and rebuild the new wall, that as nearly as possible his promise might be made good.

"It cost me twenty pounds," he said to a friend who was bantering him about it, "but," he said, "if it had cost a hundred, I should have thought it a cheap way of impressing on my boy's mind as long as he lives the importance that a man of honour should attach to his plighted word."—*Exchange*.