

# MR. T. J. COLLINS,

DENTAL SURGEON,

(Ten Years' London Experience.)

Has removed his Offices to

NO. 41 PRINCES STREET,

Over Burton Bros., Photographers. Entrance from Moray Place.

famous deaf-mute instructor, Rev Dr Thomas Gaullandet, he began spiritual labour among the deaf mutes. He became an adept in the sign language and other methods of communication with the deaf-mutes, and laboured successfully among them for eight years. Two years ago he recovered the use of his speech, and was assigned to the little Mission of St David's, still continuing his office of religious instructor of deaf mutes of the Episcopal faith. There is great grief among these; while they and all who know the earnest young convert, are constrained to admire the self-sacrificing spirit in which he has followed his convictions.

The annual distribution of Christmas presents to the poor in connection with the Anglo-American Conference of St Vincent de Paul took place at the Church of the English Passionists, Avenue Hoche. The gathering was a pleasant and a merry one. The priests of the mission were present, and all the active members of the conference, including the energetic secretary, M. de Souza. Upwards of a hundred persons went away laden with more than enough for a Christmas dinner. They entered one after the other with an original bow or courtesy, and were introduced by name. More than one was ready with a word or a joke to exchange with the genial Father Mathew, who knew each of these sheep of the flock. He is their providence, as certain rich people are his providence. He is the mysterious channel through which money flows from a few well-filled purses into the funds of the Society. The other priests present connected with the mission were—the Very Rev Father Wilfrid, first Prior-Consultor; the Very Rev Father Osmund, Superior; the Rev Father Bernard and the Rev Father Leo.

Some interesting statistics relating to the Catholic Church, both at home and abroad, have just been published. It appears that the clergy in England and Wales at the present time number 18 bishops (including three coadjutors or assistant bishops) and 2,613 priests, and that Scotland has 6 bishops, with 366 priests. The churches and chapels in England and Wales (including those in private houses) are 1,404, and in Scotland 340. These figures, as compared with those of 1891, three years back, show an increase of about 10 per cent., and are more than double of those of the year when the hierarchy was introduced into this country. Turning to the city of Rome, we find that there are now 62 cardinals, and as the full number is 70 there are eight vacancies in the Sacred College. Out of the whole body of cardinals 34 are Italians, 10 are Austrians, Germans, or Hungarians, 4 are Spanish, 1 Portuguese, 1 Belgian, 1 of the United States, and 3 are British subjects. These last-named are Cardinals Vaughan, Logue, and Moran, Archbishops respectively of Westminster, Armagh, and Sydney. There are throughout the world 10 patriarchates, with 13 patriarchal sees, 8 of the Latin and 5 of the Oriental rite; and the total of the archbishops and bishops in communion with the Pope and See of Rome appears to be as nearly as possible 956. One bishopric in England—that of Clifton—is now vacant; and it would seem that there are 42 Catholic peers of England, Scotland, and Ireland and also 53 baronets. Nine Catholics in all are members of the Privy Council in England or Ireland; four are members for English and one for Scotch, and 66 for Irish constituencies.

At the Coroner's inquest, a tale of heroism on the part of the Dominican Sisters was told in connection with the story of the burning of Edgewood Academy at Madison, Wis. Sister Bertha was the first one to discover the fire, and after giving the alarm she hastened up the stairs to the third story, where the little girls were sleeping. The fire originated in a closet about six feet from the door of the dormitory in which the little girls slept, and this room was filled with dense smoke when the Sister reached it. Notwithstanding she had been ill, she entered the room, and seizing one of the little girls, reached the door with her and laid her upon the stairs for others to take down. Then she went down one flight to get a breath of fresh air, being almost overcome with smoke. Realising that she must work quickly, if at all, she returned to the room before she had scarcely recovered. Reaching the second child, she succeeded in getting her off the bed, when she fell with the little girl to the floor in a swoon, and knew no more until she found herself outside the building. Sister Marcelline found Sister Bertha, and took the first child rescued down stairs. Begging two young men who came up the stairs just then to save the Sister, she undertook the rescue of the other three children alone. Groping her way through the stifling

smoke, she succeeded in finding their unconscious bodies, the last being that of Margie Stark. With this she started to the door, and was met by one of the young men who had rescued Sister Bertha. He took the child and assisted the Sister to a place of safety. In a few minutes more the entire floor was ablaze.

## AN ALTERED CASE.

(From an American paper.)

WHEN Miss Winifred Driscoll left the Western seminary where her education had been completed, she realised that she hardly had learned what she wished to know. The acquisition of this knowledge was to be the purpose of her future life. Among the many well-fixed ideas in her very clever little mind, best fixed was her ability to care for and direct herself. She was independent of intellect, which she worshipped, and of body, which she affected to despise.

True, there was her guardian, Amos Grantley—it was to his home in the metropolis whither she was now bound—but so long as she did not exceed her allowance he would never interfere with her plans. As for his wife and daughter, they treated her with that diffident affection which a prodigy intuitively demands.

Miss Driscoll's itinerary took her over a little-travelled road, through a sparsely-inhabited country.

There were few passengers in the car with her; indeed, there seemed but few on the train, judging from the leisure which the negro porters found for card playing and revelling in a rear section. For some reason they were unruly and bolsterous, but Winnie didn't mind their conduct, for she ignored it. She bore with her a folio on philosophy, and it was an aegis against distraction. As for the lack of society, she was vastly pleased. People who had never written surely could not compare with those who had. Coquetry was beyond her litany, she needed no deliverance from it. The modern young man she condemned as the shadow of an ideal.

There was a young man on her very car, an unobjectionable, unassuming young man apparently, since he kept his seat, and also read. That was right. It would be hypocritical to blame him for being where he doubtless had a right to be; therefore, let him go into oblivion with the porters. Winnie did not even trouble herself, for it would have been a trouble, to scan his face. For one thing, she was near-sighted—a defect which gave a dreamy charm to her eyes—for another, she was quite too interested to risk losing her place.

One day, in the loneliest part of this lonely journey, there was much jolting and stopping and backing of train and shrieking of engine.

Any ordinary young women would have put her head out of the window to the detriment of her hat; but Winnie considered neither the commotion nor the bonnet. If there had been a collision ahead, and all running on time was disarranged, she presumed that the train hands knew their business. She certainly did hers, which was to improve her mind.

However, towards evening, when they reached an isolated hut called the "junction," and the car in which they rode were shunted on a siding, and the train went on without it, and there were no sights nor sounds of the train on the bisecting road, which was to annex and draw it, then Winnie deigned to make enquiries, for she had not planned to camp out. She learned that the connection had been missed, and that the car must remain there for twenty-four hours. She perceived that her informant, the porter, was insolent and intoxicated, and that several of his associates, in a similar condition, too, had contrived to be left with him. But Winnie had the stout heart of inexperience. Her personal dignity had always sustained her in the crisis of school life.

When the porter roughly announced that "those who wanted to eat had better stump up lively to the hotel, a mile distant down the cross road," she shrugged her shoulders and said she wasn't hungry, thus proving her allegiance to the state of pupillage, and resumed her reading.

The rest of the company, two fat and selfish middle-aged men, intent on cock aile; an old couple with an irritable grandchild, and the modest young man departed. None of them heeded her except