

slowly along, the Rev Father Devoy and attendant priests chanting prayers for the dead, and the vast multitude standing on every point of vantage with uncovered heads. A peculiar hush was in the air, and brilliant sunshine lit up the picturesque and solemn scene. Arrived at the grave, the Very Rev Father Devoy, who was immediately assisted by Father Goggan, officiated, the responses being intoned by a number of clergy and lay gentlemen. The pall-bearers were Sir Patrick Buckley, the Hon J. G. Ward, the Hon Dr Grace, Dr Cahill, Messrs J. Curbin, C. M. Crombie, M. Kennedy, N. Reid, R. P. Collins, J. O'Meara, J. J. Devine, P. S. Garvey, W. C. Garquoine, and W. M. Maekell. Father Carolan was laid to his rest with all the high honour which the Catholic Church knows so well how to bestow on such occasions.—*R.I.P.*

I notice that Lady Buckley, wife of the Colonial Secretary, is among the passengers of the R.M.S. Kaikoura, which left London for New Zealand on January 23. Sir Patrick has, I believe, abandoned his intention of visiting the Old Country for the present.

The Hon. J. G. Ward has been gazetted Minister of Industries. This is in addition to his portfolio as Postmaster-General.

The Rev Father Power, than whom no more popular gentleman and priest can be found in Wellington, has, after a stay of six years in the Empire City, during which time he laboured in the Cathedral parish as curate, been transferred to the important post of parish priest of Patea. The rev gentleman's many friends, with the characteristic zeal of good Catholics, have bestirred themselves, and the result can be nothing less than pleasing to Father Power and most creditable to his admirers. The pupils of the Marist Brothers' school took the initiative in the good work and on Wednesday afternoon presented their *soggarth arvon* with an address, a gold Albert and seal. The address, which was read by Master Casey, breathed the most genuine regret at parting with a tender Father, an affectionate friend, a true son of Erin and an exemplary priest. Father Power replied in suitable and feeling terms. Among the notables present on the occasion were the Very Rev Dr Watters, the Rev Fathers O'Meara and Goggan, Dr Cahill, and Mr Loughnan, editor of the *N.Z. Times*. Later in the evening the pupils of the convent, Hill street, presented Father Power with an address and a dinner service. And yet later, the crowning honour was conferred on the good priest by his receiving an address and a large purse of sovereigns of over £60 from the members of the Cathedral congregation. The address, which was read by Dr Cahill, spoke eloquently of the good work accomplished by the Rev Father during his six years' sojourn in the parish, expressed the highest feelings of regard and respect, and in conclusion wished him growing success and undiminished happiness. After Father Power had replied, the Rev Father Dawson, A.M., added a few warm words of eulogy and regret at parting from his colleague, and at the same time welcomed Father O'Meara who is to fill the place vacated by Father Power. As a finale, the health of the departing priest was drunk by the large gathering present.

In the late matriculation examinations that popular Catholic academy for young ladies, St Francis Xavier's, Igestre street, scored a big success—four of its pupils having matriculated, viz., Misses Whelan, Shewbridge, Stevens, and Zobrahr. This school commenced its career for 1894 with forty more pupils than it had on its roll last year. All this success has been attained to in a phenomenally short space of time.

The importance of the New Zealand trade by the great shipping companies of England, and its extent may be judged by the large number of fine steamers to and from London, which load and discharge in Wellington day after day, but all these grand vessels have been totally eclipsed by the White Star steamer Gothic, which arrived here on the 9th inst. on her maiden trip from London. The Gothic is 7,730 tons, and is a veritable floating palace. She was visited and inspected by the Duchess of Albany and suite on the 15th of December, and being thrown open to the public before she left London at one shilling per head, the sum of £400 was raised in one day to be devoted to an hospital for seamen. This wonder in marine architecture was altogether built in Ireland at the celebrated yards of Harland and Wolff.

The Committee of the Italian Parliament appointed to investigate the bank scandal, has reported that seven Cabinet Ministers, a large number of Deputies, prominent politicians including two sons of Garibaldi, and a number of other "patriots" were all involved in the crime of plundering the savings institutions of Rome, Naples and other cities. The Ministry has resigned as the Premier, Giolitti, was mentioned by name as among the most guilty of the thieves, blackmailers, and bribers, who have brought this shame on Italy. The party to which they belong has been smirched, and there is little for the monarchy between the devil and the deep sea except the Radicals, who only want the chance to overthrow the throne and set up a red republic in its place. The crown of Humbert rests unsteadily upon his head. A little while longer, and it will likely be shaken off for good. As the guns of Napoleon's soldiers dropped from our hands after his flight at the Pope, so the throne of the House of Savoy, built on sacrilege and spoliation of the Vicar of Christ could not endure. It was bound to rot and collapse!—*Catholic Review*

MY WATCH AND OTHER WATCHES.

ONE evening last summer I had some writing to do at my house. The weather was very hot, and I took off my coat and waistcoat. My new gold watch (that I had paid £30 for) I laid before me on the table, where I could keep an eye on it. So far so good. I wrote on and papers accumulated on the table, one of them covering my watch. Reaching out for something I wanted, my arm accidentally swept it to the floor. Oh, heavens, what luck! I picked it up—tenderly as one picks up a child who has had a bad tumble. Was it still running? Yes faintly; but as I put it to my ear it ticked a few times, feebly and slowly, and then stopped—a dead watch. A minute ago it was a vital thing—now merely a lot of motionless wheels in a case. What was broken? I couldn't say. The watchmaker must repair it and return it, with his bill. So much for my stupid carelessness.

Yet nobody is so poor as not to carry a more valuable watch than that; one that will run many years without winding. But when it stops, ah! then, who is able to set it going again?

Speaking about the one he owns, Mr Geo. W. Burton, of Kirton Holme, Boston, says "my heart fluttered in a way to alarm me. Sometimes it was so bad I fancied I could hear it stop beating."

What ailed Mr Burton's heart? Perhaps his letter will help us to find out. He says:—"In October, 1887, I began to feel weary and languid, I had a bad taste in the month, and in the morning my teeth and gums were covered with a thick bloody slime. My appetite failed, and after eating I had great pain in the chest and stomach. All the time I had a craving for food, but dare not take solids. It seemed sometimes that my head would burst with pain and I was so dizzy I could hardly see. After a while a cough set in and I spat up great quantities of phlegm. Later on my breathing became very bad, and I would break out into a cold sweat. I kept on growing weaker until it was all I could do to get about, and in this condition I continued for four years. During this time I consulted doctors and used all the different medicines I heard of, but none of them did any good."

Now, let's think a minute. Mr Burton says his heart fluttered and palpitated, he had a hacking cough, and difficulty in breathing—three frightful things. A man might die of any one of them, as we all know. Yet he recovered from all of them—and all at the same time. He says:—

"In February, 1891, I heard of what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done in similar cases, and I determined to try it, and got a bottle from Messrs Grimble and Kent, chemists, Boston. The first few doses gave relief, and by continuing to use it in a short time I was perfectly cured. I make this statement in order that others may know where to look for a remedy in an illness like mine."

(Signed) "GEO. W. BURTON."

We rejoice at his restoration to health, but what, after all, ailed him? Did he have three diseases—viz, heart complaint, consumption, and asthma? And, if so, how on earth could Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup have cured them—each affecting different organs? The answer is, he had but *one* disease, indigestion and dyspepsia, of which the feeble heart, the irritated throat, and the burdened lungs were tell-tales and symptoms. The poisoned blood—filled with deadly acids from the stomach, half paralysed the nerves and thus disordered the heart's action; it also infected the delicate membrane lining of the lungs and air passages, producing asthma and the cough that seemed to threaten consumption. One disease, many misleading symptoms—that is the truth; deluding physicians, and frightening patients into thinking there is no hope.

When life's timepiece runs down no power on earth can wind it up again, but Mr Burton's case, and thousands more, prove that it is often good for many a year after you thought the works would soon be motionless in the case.

General News.

The Irish Village sales at the World's Fair, Chicago, realized 85,000 dollars.

Lord Aberdeen is an associate and Miss Ada Behan is an honorary member of the Irish Literary Society of London.

The Ulster Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children offer twenty prizes for essays to be competed for by boys and girls under fifteen years of age attending schools in the Province of Ulster.

Miss Annie Corless, an Irish vocalist, has secured third place in a competition recently held in the Conservatoire of Music in Milan, Italy.

Thomas A. Edison was once asked whether it was home influence that made him a total abstainer, and he replied: "No; I think it was because I always felt that I had better use for my head."

The English House of Commons for the first time in its history sat on New Year's Day. Mr Gladstone, whom the Tories would like to relegate to oblivion in Parliamentary affairs, was at his post.

The London police authorities have decided to permit policemen on night duty in the metropolis to carry revolvers during the winter. Weapons of the "Bulldog" pattern will be issued. Hitherto the London constables have made their rounds unarmed.

Bosa Bonheur is still painting in her quaint study near Fontainebleau. She is now an old woman, small, sunburnt and wrinkled as a peasant. The grey hair is cut short and is still thick. As she wears a blouse, she dons a cloth cap.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, daughter of a Mohawk chief, attired in a red woollen, sleeveless short dress, over which was a fringed tunic of buckskin, recited several of her own poems at a meeting held in Boston the other night.