

An outside line of dairy heifers coming to calves sold for L5 10s and L5 15s.

Horses—We held our weekly horse sale on Saturday. There was again a small entry. A fair demand exists for good young express and light harness horses, but not for high priced draughts. We sold aged draughts, at L13 to L14; three-year-old colts, half-draughts, L11 10s; hacks, L6 15s and L5; good light harness horses L12 10s to L14.

Sheepskins—Plenty off ring, but buyers are shy, and have to be coaxed to give anything like value. Prices remain firm.

Tallow—Best, 18s to 20s; medium, 15s to 16s.

Wheat—Milling, no business; fowl wheat, 2s 6d to 2s 8d.

Oats—Quiet. Best, 1s 9d to 1s 10½d.

Potatoes—Plentiful supply. Table, 50s; seed, L3 10s to L5 according to kind.

Chaff—Plenty offering, 65s to 70s.

Property—No sales to report. Still an enquiry, particularly from the south, for moderate improved farms.

Town Property—Plenty of enquiries for 4 and 5 roomed handy and convenient cottages, also 7 and 9 roomed houses.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

(From the Catholic Times)

THE French Senate agreed, by 146 votes to 100, to hold an annual national festival in honour of Joan of Arc during the second week in May.

The *Anzeiger* of Einsiedeln announces that Madame Rees, of Batsibonne, has been cured of paralysis, after having gone on a pilgrimage to that ancient and famous Swiss shrine.

The first Caravan of White Sisters set out on Tuesday, June 12, from Paris for the great lakes in Equatorial Africa, where Mgr. Livinhac's Congregation of Brothers have founded missions for the liberation of slaves.

The health of the Holy Father continues remarkably good. A special correspondent who was very close to him at the reception of the pilgrims who have been visiting Rome to commemorate the Pius IX. Centenary, says his Holiness appeared to be full of life and animation.

The celebration of the Centenary of Pius IX has so far proved extraordinarily successful. The members of the deputations received by the Holy Father, Leo XIII, numbered five thousand. Half of them were from Italy; the rest from various countries. About two hundred dioceses were represented.

By a decree of Propaganda, the missions of Basutoland have been detached from the Vicariate of the Orange Free State and made a Prefecture Apostolic. The first Prefect Apostolic of Basutoland is the Very Rev Father Monginoux, O.M.I.

Mgr. Korum, Bishop of Treves, has published a book recording "the miracles and extraordinary graces" made manifest during the exhibition of the Holy Coat in 1891. The Bishop gives documents and data, and allows facts to speak for themselves.

The solemnities at Argenteuil, in honour of the Holy Tunic of our Lord, which since Whitsun week has been drawing pilgrims from all parts, were brought to a close on Sunday, June 10. Mgr. Bourret, Archbishop of Rodez, had returned from Rome just in time to preside at the closing ceremonies. For the last time, perhaps, for years to come the sacred memorial of our Lord's Passion was exposed to the reverent gaze of many thousands. The crowds assembled to venerate this relic have been compared in effect to the crowds that assemble at Lourdes. An association called a guard of honour and consisting of Pontifical Guards has lately been founded in honour of the Holy Tunic of Argenteuil. Mgr. Bourret, in going to Rome to receive the Cardinal's bat, took with him some gifts to Leo XIII. One was the trifling present of two francs, given him by a little mountain-bred lad expressly for the Holy Father, and which the child had collected sou by sou. Another was the sum of 250 francs given by a poor servant-woman of Rouergue.

The address of the English Hierarchy to the Holy Father in acknowledgment of the encyclical on the Holy Scriptures, the official text of which reached us too late for publication last week, very appropriately lays stress on the zeal for the study of the Bible displayed from the earliest times by the Catholic Church in this land. This zeal was manifested in many ways and at various epochs. The Council of Cleveshoe, which was held in 747, following out the commands and admonitions of the Blessed Pope Zachary, ordained that in all the schools of the country the youth should be "urged and exercised" in the love of Holy Scripture. The growth and progress of Oriental and Biblical studies at Oxford were in the first instance due to the encouragement of Popes Clement V and John XXII, and Archbishop Reynolds of Canterbury and his suffragans. In fact, the two specially prominent characteristics of Catholicism in England in pre-"Reformation" days, were devotion to the See of Peter, and soundness of Biblical knowledge. The Encyclical of Leo XIII was therefore, thoroughly in harmony not only with the policy of his predecessors on the Papal throne, but also with English Catholic tradition.

The cry is being raised by the Abbé Garnier and his party for the return of the Sisters of Charity to the hospitals. It is a pity the

cars of the French people cannot be defeated by the cry until the religious garb again has its place by the bedside of the sick and dying. Vital interests are at stake, and numbers of baptized Catholics die daily, denied religious help in their last moments. But apart from the purely religious side of the question, since the Sister of Charity as a ministering angel has been replaced by the irreligious hireling, cases of cruelty and of culpable neglect sometimes occur in the French hospitals which are an outrage on the instincts of humanity. One such has just occurred. It is worthy of notice that lay nurses and infirmarians of both sexes are now chosen oftener than otherwise from the scum of society. The case in point is a proof of this. One, Redureau, guardian of the Bicêtre Hospital, has just been condemned to six months imprisonment for having literally boiled to death a patient in a hot bath. This man's antecedents were that he had been five times condemned for theft and other offences before being raised to a post of trust and responsibility in one of the principal Paris hospitals. The unhappy victim of his culpable negligence, which negligence in this case amounted to revolting cruelty, was a madman who had to be kept in the bath by an appliance called the *tablier de force*. This appliance was laid on, leaving the man's head alone free. The guardian then turned on the hot-water tap by mistake, and instead of remaining by the patient as his duty was, left the room. Some time after, the sufferer's shrieks drew to the spot another guardian, whose evidence was that on taking the man out of the bath, the skin peeled from his body, and the water was red with blood. Well may the Abbé Garnier and others with him plead with accents that come from the heart for the return of the Sisters of Charity to the hospitals.

"YOUR LIFE IS NOT WORTH A STRAW."

Not worth a straw, eh? Then it was worth just nothing—nothing at all. Who has not used that comparison a thousand times to express absolute worthlessness? A straw? The wind blows it away, fire burns it up, cattle tread it in the mud, it rots by the roadside. What of it? Who cares for a straw?

Yet this is exactly what a doctor recently said to one of his patients, "Your life is not worth a straw." How much is a doctor worth who will speak so to one that trusts him, and has no hope but in his skill? For my part, if he were up for sale at auction, I would bid one straw for him—no more. Even if what he said was true, he had no right to say it. Such a doctor is more likely to kill with his tongue than to cure with his drugs.

A woman tells the story, and she tells it well. If it doesn't sound like the truth, then I don't know what ever does. The dates and the facts are all there, plain and orderly.

"In the summer of 1878," she says, "I found myself feeling tired languid, low-spirited, and weak. I felt as if some evil were about to happen. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had excruciating pain at my loins and sides. There was a horrible gnawing pain at the pit of my stomach, and a rising in the throat as if I should choke. My head felt as though I had a ton weight on it. Gradually I got worse, and for months could take only liquid food. At night I lay awake for hours together.

"Later on I suffered greatly from nervous prostration. My legs trembled and shook so I feared to fall. If a knock came to the door I trembled from head to foot. I had frequent attacks which began with palpitation of the heart and sudden stoppage of the breath. At these times I was speechless and helpless. They say I looked like a corpse, cold and bloodless, my finger-nails and lips having turned black. After a while this would pass off, leaving me weak and prostrate. I got so emaciated and thin that I was only a bag of bones, and so weak I had to take hold of the furniture to steady myself as I crossed the room. As time went on the nervousness and forebodings of evil so increased that I feared I should go out of my mind. The neighbours said it would be a mercy if the Lord would release me from my sufferings.

"In this condition I continued for over four years, during which time I consulted five doctors, but nothing they gave me did any good. They all said my ailment was heart disease, and one said, 'Your life is not worth a straw.'

"In despair I gave up taking physic, as I felt that nothing would save me. In May, 1882, ten years ago, a lady (Mrs Richardson) called at my house, told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and strongly advised me to try it. I did so, and felt somewhat better after the first bottle; and by the time I had taken three bottles I was completely cured. From that to this I have had no return of the attacks, and am so strong I can do any kind of work. But for Seigel's Syrup I should have been in my grave long ago. I wish others to know this, and will answer any who call or write." (Signed) EMMA WICKENDEN (wife of William Wickenden, gardener), Pembroke Villas, 123 Moffat Road, Thornton Heath, March 17th 1892.

So it turned out that her life was not only worth a straw, but worth a whole golden harvest of health and better days. Yet no thanks to the doctors. Her complicated symptoms puzzled and alarmed them, to be sure, but why? Is it not the doctors' duty to understand such things? Most assuredly. Just as a lawyer should know the law, or a pilot the rocks, tides, and lights of a coast. Had some of these medical men known that Mrs Wickenden's malady was indigestion and dyspepsia, and not heart disease, they might possibly have relieved her. But, confounded by the symptoms, they were blind to the cause. We may well wonder if there are many such doctors in England.

Cases like this show that the clear sight belonged to Mother Seigel; and to her remedy hosts of people in this country are indebted for physical salvation when, in very truth, their lives seemed as straws.

Remember this was ten years ago, and the malady has not returned, showing that the cure was a permanent one.

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