

is one of H M's Inspectors of Schools; the hon treasurer, Mr Daniel Mescal, formerly of the Inland Revenue Laboratory, Somerset House, is Assistant Examiner in the Patent Office; and even the veteran president, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, may be regarded as connected with the Civil Service, being at one time Prime Minister of Victoria. In the committee we notice the names of Mr F. A. Faby, of the Board of Trade; and Mr J. G. O'Keefe, of the War office. Other Civil servants who are members of the society are Messrs T. Lowry, Assistant Secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue, P. O'Hea Collector of Inland Revenue Rositer, P. Glasgow; J. J. M'Mabon, T. Lannin, J. Langan, E. Roche, J. Fox, C. E. Dillon, M.J. Harrady, J. D. Lynam, J. K. M'Mabon, etc, also the Misses Golden, Miss O'Brien, Miss Breen, Miss Lloyd, etc."

The committee of the Royal Humane Society, London, on Saturday announced its rewards to several persons in Ireland in cases of distinguished gallantry in saving life brought under its notice this month. Those entitled to and who will receive the rewards are—Murtagh Maginnis, 53, chief officer of coastguard, and James Costick, commissioned boatman, for saving Daniel Seagrave and Michael Dempsey, the latter, a lad of 16, having endangered his own life in attempting to save that of his companion. The two latter were bathing at Ringsend, Dublin, on June 14th, and Seagrave, being unable to swim, and having ventured out too far, was in imminent danger of drowning. One was rescued in three quarters of an hour, and the other after three hours' exertions, the Society method of resuscitation being adopted, eventually with success. Robert M'Keague, Isaac M'Keague, and Michael M'Geoghagan for, with the assistance of John Murray, saving John Keys, who bathing at Bundoran, County Tyrone, was carried out to sea by a heavy ground swell and reached with great difficulty; John Wellington, 41, fisherman, for saving three men whose boat was upset while under sail at Howth, County Dublin, June 9; John Quilter, 26, fisherman, for saving J. Fitzgerald, 50, whose boat was upset in the River Cashon, County Kerry, June 19; and John Hughes, 22, for saving a child named Hamilton in the canal basin, Coalisland, County Tyrone, June 22.

Clanricarde has a defender. The fitness of things is not greatly disturbed, however for the defender is an Irish judge. In an epistle to the *Times*, appropriately dated "Kildare street Club, July 30," Mr O'Connor Morris corrects Mr Healy's statement that Clanricarde has not been in Ireland for 20 years. "His lordship a very few years ago gave very important evidence before Chief Baron Pilles in the action which Mr Frank Joyce, his late agent brought against him." Judge O'Connor Morris thinks it "curious" that the fact should have escaped Mr Healy's memory. But Mr Healy was talking of landlords visiting Ireland to discharge their duties as landlords, not of their visiting Ireland under compulsion from a writ of libel. It is more "curious" that a panegyrist of Clanricarde should revive the memory of the trial, and that Judge Morris should have forgotten Mr ex-Attorney-General Atkinson's description of Clanricarde's work in Woodford. Judge Morris was lately also the panegyrist of Cromwell. He evidently inclines to heroes that do what Mr Atkinson called "the Devil's work." Meantime, Judge Morris' expression of opinion that Clanricarde, who has estates in England as well as Ireland, has "set an example to the landowners of both countries by the moderation of his rents" is interesting, coming from a judge one of whose duties it is to administer the Land Act. Heaven help the tenant that goes to Judge Morris to get relieved of a rackrent. Decency might have kept the judge from explaining his standard of "moderation."

Mr E. C. Houston, late of the late I.L.P.U., has published a pamphlet on the old subject of "Parne lism and Crime." So far as we can discover Mr Houston is more incensed against the *Times* than against the Irish members. The following extract is surely a little hard on the memory of the innocent Mr Macdonald:—"In the year 1886, unaided by any syndicate, or any combined support whatever, I set to work to make up a case for inquiry. The popular delusion heretofore has been that I had some wild and madly ambitious notion of getting sufficient evidence together to allow of Mr Parnell and his friends being placed in the dock on the capital charge of murder. Not at all. The idea has only to be mentioned to be scouted. I set about the matter as a politician, not as a policeman. What I wanted to prove was why Mr Parnell and his friends had escaped in 1883, and what I was anxious to discuss in 1887, if I had been allowed to work the matter in my own way, I am just as ready to discuss to-day. The *Times*, however, would make the attack in a certain fashion, and they lost. When I brought them the first batch of Pigott letters in 1886, withholding all information from them save that the documents came through a tainted source, I suggested certain methods of procedure based upon the knowledge I had. They adopted their own line of action, however, and instead of holding the letters as a force in reserve, they printed the famous Parnell one in *fac simile* in February, 1887. The letters, in my view, were only the basis of an investigation, and as such I handed them over to the *Times*. When on the eve of the publication of the first letter they discovered the source through which the documents had been procured, and seemed

upset at my not having informed them fully, I simply retorted that that was no part of our understanding; that the documents had been supplied as a sort of signpost to enquiry without any guarantee of proof on my part, and I asked for them back, as no consideration had passed between us, but they would not give them up. They adopted the policy which subsequently led to such a miserable fiasco."

FOUNTAINS IN PLAY.

Who doesn't enjoy looking at a fountain in play? The bright water leaps into the air as though it were a living conscious thing. Then at the summit of its arch it is shattered into spray by the wind, or wafted to and fro like the skirts of a dancing girl. And all the while the roar of its rush and the tinkling melody of its fall fill the air. This is water having a good time—water in high spirits. What makes it jump, sing, and laugh in that fashion? Wait a bit. If you please, we will have the explanation later on. Perhaps you know already; perhaps not. It isn't so easy to know things from the bottom.

Under date of March 16th, 1782, a lady writes that for twenty years she always felt low-spirited. Now, what is meant by "spirits" in this sense is a condition of the mind in respect of our being cheerful, happy, enjoying our surroundings, taking delight in all sorts of minor matters, and, in a word, making the most of life ourselves and helping others to make the most of it. Well, then, it is both a glorious and a profitable thing to be always in good spirits; I wish I could be myself.

But I can't; anyhow I'm not. Neither is anybody. Yet why not? What makes our hearts sink down like plummet, and then rise like a cork?

Before we answer let us read the rest of the letter. The writer says: "For twenty years I have suffered from liver complaint and indigestion. I was constantly tired, weak, and languid. My skin was a sallow colour, and I had great pain at the back and shoulders.

"My appetite was poor, I had a bad taste in the mouth, and much pain and weight at the chest after eating. I was also frequently sick, throwing up a sour, frothy fluid. I took different kinds of medicine, but none of them gave me relief, and I got weaker and weaker.

"In March, 1884, I became so bad that I called a doctor, who attended me off and on for twelve months. He gave me medicines but I grew no better, as nothing he prescribed seemed to reach my complaint. About this time I heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and commenced taking it. In less than a month all my pain and distress ceased, and I have since been in good health. I keep a bottle of the Syrup in the house as a family medicine, and by taking an occasional dose have needed no doctor.

I may mention that my aunt, who lives at West Wycombe, Bucks, was afflicted with indigestion and dyspepsia. She states that in her opinion Mother Seigel's Syrup has been the means of saving her life. You are at liberty to use this statement as you may see fit. Yours truly (Signed) Mrs Harriett Cutler, Burton House, 33, Kenmare road, Hackney, London.

No philosopher has yet been able to say what is the exact relation of the mind to the body. This much, however experience constantly assures us of; that it is very intimate and that the condition of the mental faculties depends upon that of the body. As birds sing when the sun shines, and are dumb in the dark, so the spirits and mental powers rise and express themselves when we are in health, and are dull and torpid when the body is under the weight of pain and disease. And to know that is to know all we require to act upon.

Everything, money, influence, and every form of success, depends so largely upon health that by universal consent we don't expect good service from those who are ill.

And illness, nine times in ten, means precisely what Mrs Cutler suffered from for such a long and weary period—indigestion and dyspepsia—the ailment cured (when the doctors are done with their fruitless experiments) by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

The fountains play only when the water is forced powerfully through their pipes by gravity or by machinery. So the spirits are free and elastic only when the organs within us act without hindrance or obstruction.

The *Journal des Debats* in contradicting the report of Cardinal Ledochowski's death, recalled the fact that a similar report was published about two years ago, and asked what could have been the object of those who started these *canards*. The *Moniteur de Rome* thinks Freemasons were the culprits.

Lord Russell, of Killowen, is already winning golden opinions as Lord Chief Justice at the Law Courts, both from the members of the Bar and the parties to the various causes. He is declared, indeed, by counsel, to be a pattern of all judges in his quick and effective methods of dealing with the short-cause list in trials without juries.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read—[ADVT.]

SILKSTONE SOAP,

Manufactured by The New Zealand Provision & Produce Co., CHRISTCHURCH, has the largest sale of any. Ask your Grocer for it, and insist upon having it, and see that SILKSTONE is on every bar. For Purity and Cheapness it has no equal.