

ye Body of Christopher Emmet, who departed this Life ye 26th of August, Anno Aniz 1743, in ye 41st year of his age.'

**TYRONE.—Lord Ranfurly's Estate.**—The Ranfurly Mining Company, a small syndicate formed last year to prospect for coal on Lord Ranfurly's estate, near Dunganon, has struck a valuable seam of canal coal three feet, three inches in thickness.

**Supposed Relic of the Rebellion.**—When digging the foundation for a new laundry at Omagh, there was found a collection of old firearms and bayonets. No inscription could be traced on any of the articles, but some believe they might date as far back as the Irish Rebellion. The building had formerly been a police barrack, and it is surmised the arms may have been seized during the time referred to and hidden at the place where they were found.

**WESTMEATH.—A Railway Accident.**—As the goods train which leaves Mullingar Station about 5.30 o'clock was on its way to Cavan, on May 12, it suddenly broke down, and practically the whole train was reduced to matchwood and the wagons jerked off the line on the slopes and generally flung over the line. About twenty wagons formed the train, together with the engine, and of these only three remained sound. The rails were twisted and the permanent way ploughed up to a fearful extent. One man was injured somewhat seriously by falling off a wagon and getting his leg broken above the knee while at work on the wreckage.

### GENERAL.

**The Bishop of Waterford and the Christian Brothers.**—One of the most notable and impressive events of the year in Waterford is the annual procession of the members of the Sodality of Mary Immaculate, connected with the Christian Brothers' Schools, on historic Mount Zion. This year's celebration was attended by thousands of people. Mass was said at a temporary altar, and a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Waterford. Subsequently the renovated and enlarged school of Mount Zion was filled to overflowing by a representative gathering to witness the presentation of an illuminated address to the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan. After a few words from the Rev. Superior Nugent, and the presentation of the address, his Lordship, in returning thanks, said that when apprised of this presentation he could not understand how he deserved it, and as regards his connection with those schools he believed it was the traditional duty of the Bishop of Waterford to watch lovingly over them. The first recognition of the Christian Brothers came from a Bishop of Waterford, who was, he believed, their first friend, and if now, when they were approaching the centenary of those schools, a Bishop of Waterford would be found taking an interest in them he believed it was only what he was bound to do if he wished to do his duty in accordance with the great past and if he wished to do his duty at the present time (applause). These schools were established at a time when they were very sorely needed, when it was difficult for a Catholic boy to receive a Catholic education. The Christian Brothers, who sprang up in the dark and evil days, did their work in a manner such as they who lived in happier days could form little idea of, and now that better times had come around, though not by any means what they should wish for, the Christian Brothers were still the standard-bearers of Catholic education in that Catholic land. His Lordship then went on to refer to what he said he looked up to with feelings of admiration and gratitude, and that was the hold, the strong hold, the Christian Brothers had on their pupils when they had left the schools and grew into manhood.

**Almost Incredible.**—We in these favoured lands where want is sometimes heard of, but rarely seen, can scarcely conceive the state of affairs in the poverty-stricken parts of Ireland. A distressing feature of the famine is the hardship endured by the poor children who attend school without food, and in many cases half naked. The Dublin Relief Committee has arranged that these unfortunate little ones shall each receive a pennyworth of bread per day from their teachers.

**Cardinal Logue and the Distress.**—The following letter has been sent by Cardinal Logue to the *Daily Nation*:—Kindly permit me to acknowledge in your columns the receipt of £200, which Mr. Patrick Ford, of the New York *Irish World*, has placed at my disposal for the relief of distress. I have received this large remittance with sincere gratitude, a feeling which, I am sure, will be shared by all who sympathise with our suffering people. No ordinary gratitude is due to Mr. Ford and to others who, like him, act so generously on the impulse of charity, while those upon whom responsibility more immediately falls turn a deaf ear to the cry of distress. I have allocated Mr. Ford's munificent remittance according to the best judgment I could form as to the districts where need is the sorest. I have also placed it in the hands of those who will see that every farthing shall be turned to the best account. Though those who now rule the destinies of the country and some of our Irish representatives think the clergy of Ireland are unfit for positions of trust, a very different judgment is formed by those who wish to make sure that the full benefits of their charity will reach the poor and suffering.

**An Interesting Discovery.**—A discovery of great archaeological and religious interest has recently been made in Dublin, says the *Tablet*, where some workmen, engaged in laying the conduit pipes for an electric tramway, came upon the brickwork covering of an ancient well. Its examination by antiquaries has led to the conclusion that it is the actual well used by St. Patrick in baptising his converts, the site of which, though long lost sight of, was known to have existed close to the spot, and to have given Nassau street its old name of St. Patrick's Well Lane. The grounds of the monastery which formerly occupied the site of Trinity College, extended over a great part of the modern street. The well appears to be of great depth, and the brickwork, despite its antiquity, is perfect, except where the workmen have just broken a hole, which it is intended to repair. Access is obtained to it under

the wall of Trinity College into which it is built, by a double doorway communicating with a flight of stone steps leading to the well below the level of the street, which is here considerably higher than the grounds outside. It is stated that the existence of the well has always been known to the authorities of the University, but that it has been kept secret, probably from dread of the intrusion of sight-seers on the privacy of the College Park.

### NO BUILDING BIG ENOUGH.

PROBABLY the two women whose names we are about to mention (by their good will and consent) never saw or even heard of each other. A broad bit of sea-water rolls between the places where they severally live. Still, the world is getting smaller every day, and it is quite possible they may meet; if they do they will have a common subject for a talk. Without waiting for that, however, we will let the reader into the secret (so far as it is a secret) right on the spot.

The first lady to be named resides at Bishop's Norton, near Kirton, Lindsey, Lincolnshire, and in a letter dated the 16th of the blustering month of March, 1893, she says, 'I trembled from head to foot.'

This would scarcely be worth mentioning if it had been simply the result of a fright and therefore bound to pass off in a few minutes. But it lasted for a long time and did not arise from a fright or any other form of excitement. It meant sheer weakness and a wholesale upsetting of the nerves. 'I was constantly sick and dizzy,' she says, 'and had a dull pain between the shoulders. I had no appetite, and the effect of what little I did eat was so bad and gave me so much distress that after a time I hardly dared touch any food or drink. During this period I may just mention that I was terribly constipated, intervals of ten days sometimes elapsing between the actions of the bowels. No laxatives or enemata availed to relieve this condition, and I became more feeble and prostrated day by day. My illness began in August, 1892, and after four months' suffering I was completely cured in December by your remedy. Indeed, it was not necessary for me to take quite a bottle. If anyone who reads this little statement of mine wishes to know more about my case, I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Mrs. M. G. Walsham.'

The second lady writes from her home, No. 12, Horgan's Buildings, College-road, Cork, dating her letter the 27th of the sunny month of June, 1893. She says, 'Everything was a trouble and a burden. For nights together I got no sleep. I couldn't bear the noise of the children. I had no desire for company; I wanted to be alone in my misery. I often thought I was going to die. I was in this way for nearly twelve months.'

Now, this was bad; very, very bad. When a woman cannot bear the noise of her own children—which of all noises is least observed by a mother's ear—why, her nerves are, as we might say, all gone to pieces. And, inasmuch as the nerves are only a part of the body, it follows that the whole system is badly out of order. And so it was. 'The complaint,' she says, 'came on in October, 1890.' It was marked by failure of the appetite, pain and weight in the chest after eating, a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach, biliousness, flatulency, and other signs with which the readers of these articles are so sadly familiar.

Of the progress of the malady and how low it reduced her she has already spoken. The end of it all—a happy end, thank Mercy—was like this: 'In September, 1891,' she adds, 'my husband persuaded me to try a medi cine he had heard and read so much about. I did so, and soon found relief'—a relief that none of the other medicines I had used were able to give me. My lost appetite came back, and my food digested easily and strengthened me. You hardly need be told that I continued taking the medicine, and soon I was well as ever I was in my life, and have ailed nothing since. Yours truly (Signed) Mrs. Lucy Carroll.'

Women, like men, never agree on all the topics which come up in conversation. It would be a dull world if they did. But these two will agree that they were afflicted with the same complaint—indigestion and dyspepsia; and that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which restored them both to health, is one of the very best friends in time of trouble that their sex ever had.

And what is more, if all the women in this kingdom who think the same were collected in one meeting, no building could be found big enough to accommodate them. \* \*

In the kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law that a person convicted of slander must walk on all fours through the streets of the town, accompanied by the beadle, as a sign that he was disgraced. At the next public festival the delinquent had to crawl on hands and knees under the banquet table and bark like a dog. Each guest was at liberty to give him as many kicks as he chose, and he who had been slandered was obliged at the end of the banquet to throw a picked bone at the culprit, who, picking it up in his mouth, would leave the room on all fours.

Mr. F. LONDON, Phoenix Chambers, Wanganui, is still busy putting people on the soil. He has also hotels in town and country For Sale and To Lease. Write to him.—\* \*