

Magazine" writes:—Sunday Sickness (Extract).—The disease, "Morbus Sabbaticus," or Sunday sickness, is a disease peculiar to churchgoers. The peculiar features are:—(1) It always attacks members of the Church; (2) it never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath; (3) the symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite; (4) it never lasts more than twenty-four hours; (5) no physician is ever called; (6) it always proves fatal in the end—to the soul.

A DEAD LEVEL.

Modern centralization is the death of provincial talent. The emporium with its octopus-like branches in every country town strangles any attempt at local originality, says the "Academy." This mechanical standardisation of taste naturally results in an insufferable monotony. At any given moment you may be certain that, in no matter what town you alight, you will find the people of the place all wearing white beads or aquascutum, and talking about the last machine-made novel, by the author of "When all was blue." What a disturbing contrast to the fresh and endless variety of a hundred years back, when every country town worthy of the name was a little independent world of light and leading. We can quite imagine this from reading over the columns of the "Limerick Chronicle" of a century ago. The town certainly was then independent, and a centre of light and leading, even for such places as far away on the one side as Kildare and Killarney, and on the other the Cove of Cork, and Skibbereen. But now our "light and leading" is seen in the frequent reference we get "as others see us." Alas that it should be so.

STRANGE—BUT TRUE.

It is stated to-day that Clacton, with a population of nearly 10,000, does not possess one pawnbroker. —A herd of six elephants stampeded at Cincinnati, entered a church, and wrecked the building. —Fourteen would-be parents have offered to adopt a baby that just became chargeable to the Lambeth guardians. —According to a circular issued there are 919,713 members of the Ancient Order of Foresters, and the accumulated funds amount to £8,332,456.

CHIPS OF SENSE AND SATIRE.

Those who yield to temptation are generally looking for a chance.
To succeed in literature requires much ability—and many postage stamps.
Even prayer may be selfish. No man prays for rain when his roof leaks.
The novelty has generally worn off the things we covet by the time we get them.
A friend in need—will keep you "broke."
Kisses cannot be copyrighted—which is fortunate for those who print them.
Some women reign—some positively storm.
You don't have to "pump" the organ to find out all the Church gossip.

INSTALLATION AT ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL

At this morning's Service, the Rev. John A. Haydn, M.A., LL.D., T.O.D., was on the Bishop's mandate, formerly installed Treasurer and Dignitary of the Cathedral, by the Very Rev. Lucius H. O'Brien, M.A., Dean of Limerick. The service was conducted by Proctor Archdall, the Lesson being read by the newly installed Treasurer.

CORPORATION SUBCHARGES.

of the gross value of £10,513 8s. 8d., including personality of the net value of £10,369 12s. 4d. Dr. Cornelius O'Doherty, of Manchester, a native of Clonadrum, Miltown Malbay, left estate valued at £6,531 15s. 5d.

The Newcastle West Cattle Fair, which was held on Monday, showed but little improvement in demand or price from previous fairs. Many intelligent persons assert that the present "slump" in the cattle trade results from hesitation on the part of shippers to make large investments in consequence of the threatened importation of Canadian cattle.

THE COURRIERES DISASTER.

ANOTHER MINER RESCUED.

A Renter's Lens telegram says:—Another miner a man named Berton, was brought up alive this morning from No. 4 pit. It is believed there are others still alive. Berton's legs were covered with slight wounds. When Dr. Legat prepared to dress them, Berton said, "Don't trouble; they will get all right alone, with their covering of coal dust." He is under the impression he only spent a week in the mine. During his incarceration he drank coffee and Bistonille, a mixture of coffee and brandy, which he found in the flasks of those already dead.

THE CORBALLY DROWNING

ACTION FOR COMPENSATION.

At the Quarter Sessions to-day, before His Honor Judge Adams, Mary Tyrrell, Crosbie Row, sought to recover compensation, under the Employer's Liability Act, from Michael Shaughnessy, stevedore, for the loss of her husband, Matthew Tyrrell, who was drowned while angling with defendant on the 4th February last. Mr. Gaffney, solr., who appeared for the plaintiff, by direction of the judge read the section of the Act of Parliament under which he sought to make O'Shaughnessy liable. The plaintiff stated that her husband had previous experience of fishing, and had been thus engaged with defendant previous to the day of the fatality. She was aware that Mr. O'Shaughnessy told him on the night of the 3rd to be down the following day to go fishing. The payment he generally received was 1s 6d for the day and increased to 4s when they caught a salmon.

Michael Doran, who was also a member of the fishing party, said to his knowledge a contract was never entered into between defendant and Tyrrell. The latter used to get the price of a drink at the conclusion of the day's outing. The boat was not taken to "the boil" on the day in question by directions of O'Shaughnessy. Mr. Phelps, who appeared for the defendant, submitted that there was no responsibility on the part of his client, and if there was grounds for an action it might come under Lord Campbell's Act.

The defendant was examined, and denied the existence of a contract. The deceased generally worked for him as a quay hand at the boats. On the evening prior to the drowning he came to him and asked him if he was going fishing next day, and he said provided the day was fine he would.

His Honor said the plaintiff had failed on every ground. There was no contract, and what was given was given as a gratuity. Defendant had not the supervision of the boat, and on every phase of the case he should dismiss the action.

KILLALOE SLATE QUARRIES COMPANY.

Yesterday an extraordinary general meeting of the directors and shareholders of the Killaloe Slate Company, Ltd., was held in No. 36 College Green, for the purpose of receiving a report from the Committee of shareholders appointed at the

ports caused the ROMAN CENTURION to give his confession—"This man is no deceiver; truly this was the Son of God." And from that time on death has come to the Christian with the dismal tenors that accompanied it in the heathen world. One of our great artists depicts death, not in the aspect of an old man with a sickle, but in a form young and fair, the beautiful service of our Church, the chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians take the same view. In the case of our departed brother we think of death, not as an end but as an event in life. The same av kind, amiable character that attracted our here we believe to be continued and magnified the lasting and unending life on which he entered. The esteem and affection of all grades and classes who knew him are his accompaniments to the grave. We may well repeat him the words of the epitaph in St. M. Cathedral to Bishop Averil:—

The Christian character is life expressed. It is stamped indelibly in every breast.

He has been my dear friend and parishioner twenty years, a constant attendant in church. Many of you have known him much longer period, and are witnesses of sterling integrity and worth. Many who do worship at the same altar crept in silent the hospital stairs to take a last look, to utter fervent prayer, to kiss, perhaps, the face of death that they had loved in life. Our Irish people are very keen discerners of all that is true and sincere, and they were not misled in their estimate. Better than the grand requiem, or the most pompous pageant a heartfelt uttering of those who mourn with to-day. "He is not lost but gone." "Till the day dawn and the shadows flee: Let us who remain number our days that we apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The turret strikes the dying chime
We stand upon the verge of time,
Eternity is drawing nigh.

Subsequently hymn 542, "Peace, Peace," was intoned, and as the coffin was removed from the edifice the beautiful solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul forth from the organ.

At the graveside the Right Rev. Dr. B read the burial service.

The chief mourners were—J. S. Matthews, William Matterson, Leo Maheu, Matterson, Victor Matterson (son Henry Russell).

The clergy present were—Right Rev. Bunbury, Dean O'Brien, Rev. E. Ross, Rev. J. T. Waller, Rev. G. M. Luther.

Amongst the general public who attended carriages were—A. W. Shaw, J.P.; Barry, D.L.; R. Lunham, Cork; Sir Theobald, D.L.; Sir Vincent Nash, D.L. Cleave, D.L.; George Bennett, B. Bannell O'Brien, Captain Verechoyle, J. N. Russel Archibald Murray, W. L. Stokes, J.P.; March, Earl of Limerick, J. J. Sherrill, Jos. H. Wright, S. Cunr J. H. Shine, F. Atkinson, Belt Holliday, T. Brinn, J. Cooper, Murray, C. Croker, D.L.; F. C. Cleave, J. F. Power, A. J. Barnett, Mrs. G. Hayes, T.C.; the City High Sheriff, A. O'Mara, T. Ryan, T.C.; S. E. Lee, J. Lynch, C.E.; R. Lee, G. Ryan, C.E.; W. R.F.A.; M. D. Shaw, B. Gubbins, Goodbody, W. McDonnell, J.P.; E. G. L. Stewart, J. Stack, James Perry G. Mrs. Enright, Castleconnell, and Mr. W. R. Brabazon, — O'Connor, — Clells Hassett, E. F. Hickson, R.M.; G. G. L. Morley, F. J. Cleave, T. F. de Ros Rose, J.P.; W. Hunt, J.P. Hunt, solicitor; R. Gibson, E. Kidd, 1 house, Dr. Laird, Dr. W. Fogarty, 1 bins, Dr. Ryan, Castleconnell; J. J. H. Sullivan, H. Hassett, B. Leonard, J. well, F. G. M. Kennedy, J.P.; G. O'Connell, Hamilton, Waterford; E. Holliday, Cunningham, C. Cunningham, P. Hamilton, W. H. Gullen, W. Gull H. Brisbane, W. Frye, solicitor, D. Wilson, Liverpool; — Sunner, Cork; M. A. Hall, J.P.; E. H. P. Hoarford, J.P. Jones, R. Hookby, M. Quaide, — M. Grubb, — Bayliss, Cork; Thomas J. T. Day, George Ledger, B. Harri Dav. B. K. Lucas, R. Plummer, J. E.