

ARRIVAL OF THE CESAREWITCH IN INDIA.

(Times of India, December 24.)

His Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovich, styled the Cesarewitch, or son of the Czar, began his eventful tour in India yesterday morning under the best possible auspices. The formal reception was, of course, organised according to the strictest etiquette, and the glitter of gold-lace and steel and brilliant uniforms beneath the glowing Indian sun formed a spectacle it would be difficult to match. The crowds, however, of citizens of every cast and creed and in varied turbans and many-coloured garments that lined the streets and thronged the approaches to the Apollo Bunder, gave a spontaneous and quite unofficial welcome to an illustrious guest who appeals to them not so much as the heir of a vast Empire as the close relative of our Royal Family. The welcome so warmly accorded in Bombay will, we may be sure, accompany the Imperial party throughout their long and very skillfully planned Indian journey. . . . His tour, as we have said, is most skillfully planned. On this side of India he will see in a few days such historical and antiquarian monuments as few of us resident here have ever the opportunity to view at all. After leaving Bombay and Hyderabad he will see something of our other Native States, and the great Moghul cities and the famous shrines sacred to English valour. He will have glimpses of the Afghan frontier on the one side, and the Himalayan snows on the other. He will be the guest of the Viceroy in Calcutta, just when the Viceroy's court is at its best and the Calcutta season in "full swing," while in Madras, as in Western India, amid "the palms and temples of the south," he will have the chance of contrasting the remains of bygone powers and past magnificence with the flourishing actualities of the present. It would be easy to moralise on the presence of the future Emperor of all the Russias amid the ruined cities of Hindustan and the grand relics of Moslem prowess and in the very strongholds of British India, and to draw parallels and contrasts between the civilising methods of Brahma and Mahomet on the one hand and Russia and England on the other. But these things are obvious enough to be left unsaid; and it will be perhaps more courteous and more to the point to wish his Imperial Highness a pleasant journey and good health and God-speed. From Madras the Cesarewitch proceeds to Ceylon about the 5th February, and thence to China, from which he returns home through Siberia. It is expected, we are told, that he will visit all the chief seats of Government in the Asiatic dominions of the Russian Empire, and will announce to the Siberians the Imperial decision to construct the great Siberian Pacific Railway as soon as possible. The journey will in all occupy many months, but his sojourn in India is limited to about six weeks. It may interest some of our readers as are not learned in the *Almanach de Gotha* to know that his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Cesarewitch born at St. Petersburg, May 18, 1868, is the eldest child of the present Emperor Alexander III., who was then Cesarewitch, and of the Empress Maria Feodorovna, who was then Dagmar of Denmark, so that he is now in his twenty-third year. His brother, who accompanies him in this extended journey, is the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch, and was born May 9, 1871. He is also accompanied by his cousin, Prince George of Greece.

His Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie is one of those grand old men whose zeal never slackens, and whose work is never done. The other day the Cardinal started with six missionaries from Algiers for Biskra, where he is about to organise a body which is to be known as the Pioneers or Brothers of the Sahara, the object in view being the penetration of the great desert. A house has been erected at Biskra, and here the task of founding a permanent establishment for the Pioneers is to be commenced. As a beginning fifty men are required; already 150 have offered themselves to the Cardinal's committee in Paris. There is something which smacks of ancient Catholic heroism in the spectacle of this venerable prelate heading a band of desert explorers.

Cardinal Gibbons has been recently interviewed by the New York *Sun* on the subject of Sunday observance. His Eminence said:—I think that Sunday should be, first of all, a day devoted to religious worship, and second, to innocent and healthful recreation, as being the only day in which the great masses of the people have time to seek relaxation from their work. The danger is in the excess either way, and I deprecate the closing of our art galleries and libraries. Presupposing that a certain portion of the day is set apart for religious exercises, I think that any recreation that will contribute to the physical, mental, and moral benefit and enjoyment of the masses should be encouraged. I think that baseball is a game that is in conflict with the quiet decorum and tranquillity that should characterise the observance of the Lord's Day, and is too violent an exercise to be conducive to such harmony. But whatever may be the abuses arising from Sunday baseball, I regard the baseball players and observers of the game as far less reprehensible than those who would utter from the pulpit on the Lord's Day unjust and uncharitable statements about their neighbour. The Christian religion prescribes the golden mean between rigid Sabbatarianism on the one hand and lax indulgence on the other. There is little doubt that the revulsions in public sentiment from a rigorous to a loose observance of the Lord's Day can be ascribed to the sincere, but misguided, zeal of the Puritans, who confounded the Christian Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath, and imposed restraints on the people which were repulsive to Christian freedom, and which were not warranted by the Gospel dispensation. The Lord's Day to the Christian heart is always a day of joy. The Church desires us on that day to be cheerful without dissipation, grave and religious without sadness and melancholy. She forbids, indeed, all unnecessary servile work on that day; but as the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath she allows such work wherever charity or necessity may demand it. As it is a day consecrated not only to religion, but to relaxation of mind and body, she permits us to spend a portion of it in innocent recreation.

A TRUE BILL.

DR. MORGAN T. WILLIS, a recognised American authority on cerebral disease and insanity, writes: "It is well for us to know that the emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than any other function of the brain. Human beings are governed by their emotions and it is well that they should be, though it is emotions that wear away the brain. It is the emotions such as anxiety, fear, sorrow, and love. I consider that eight hours are sufficient for a man to use his brains, because if he exceeds that time he becomes nervous and fretful, and an exhausted brain is an irritable brain. You may not feel the evil effects of the stress of brain work at the time, but you will sooner or later, when it will be too late. The men that work at night with their brains are the ones that expose themselves to danger and death, which will surely come unless the great strain on the mind is lightened.

Any man that neglects the first warning of a brain or nervous system that is becoming exhausted, overtaxed or about to break down is not only a fool but a criminal. These signs are not many, but they tell the story of coming dangers only too plainly. Headache, sleeplessness, irritability of temper, neuralgic pains about the head and heart, unrefreshing sleep, nervous dyspepsia, dull eyes, heaviness of the head, and stupid feeling after meals, worry about trifles, unreasonable anger, tingling and numbness in the limbs, cold feet and hands, flushed face and burning ears, palpitation of the heart, and irregular, weak and unsteady pulse. When you note these symptoms beware; the brain and nerves are about to break down, and it may be insanity, perhaps death."

For all such troubles we recommend Clements Tonic. This is a scientific specific, brain and nerve food, and positively repairs the ravages of overwork, time, disease, etc.

If Clements Tonic was not genuine, would the *Kiama Reporter* call it "The remedy of the day," or the *Lamworth News* say it was "A specific for all diseases of debility," or the *Goulburn Post* say it was "a Radical Cure," or the *Newton Chronicle* say it was "A Remedy of approved efficacy," or the *Nepean Times* call it "A really first class Tonic," or the *Macleay Argus* say "It is a reliable article," or the *Bulletin* say "It is a remedy of the highest value," or the *Grafton Grip* say "Praise is superfluous," or the *Bingera Telegraph* designate it "A valuable medicine," or the *Presbyterian* say, "It can be confidently prescribed." Yet all these papers have printed these words in connection with Clements Tonic. The Press is far too conservative to endorse an unproved article, but we can show hundreds of similarly eulogistic comments from the Press similar to the above. We don't need to guarantee when we can get disinterested parties to speak of Clements Tonic as the journalists do.

Seldom is an Irish name found among those deliberate and stupendous rogues who are becoming too familiar in America's financial world. Here is a little story from Albion, N.Y., which illustrates the inherent honesty of the Celt. Twenty years ago Owen McCarthy, a leading merchant of this place, suddenly disappeared. He was in debt to different parties over 15,000 dolrs. Nothing was ever heard from him until a few days ago, when he reappeared in town. He hunted up his creditors and paid each one in full, with interest for twenty years, which amounted to 3,000 dolrs. more than the principal. He had been struggling with ill fortune ever since he left Albion until a year ago, when he made a lucky stroke in natural gas in western Pennsylvania, by which he cleared over 100,000 dolrs.—*New York Freeman*.

Mr. Arnold Koch, president of the Redheffer and Koch Art Company of St. Louis, is a younger brother of Dr. Robert Koch of Berlin, and is naturally proud of the fame of the great specialist. "Robert," he says, "is the third of thirteen children; the first nine of whom were boys. While the rest of us spent our time fishing and hunting, Robert devoted his hours to study and observation. One of his favourite pastimes was to study lichens and mosses under the microscope. At seventeen he had completed his course in the High School at Clansthal, Hanover, but was unable to enter the University of Göttingen until he was eighteen. At the university he wrote a prize essay in his second year, taking it away from hundreds of students. His course as a physician at Posen, where he first began the study of bacteria, his service during the French Prussian war, his investigation and establishment of the cholera germ, are all matters of record."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 23, commenting on the annual report of the Registrar of Births for 1889 just published, says:—In Ireland 107,841 children were born in 1889. Of these 3,049, or 28 per 1,000, were illegitimate—Ulster, 44 per 1,000; Leinster, 25; Munster, 22; and Connaught, only 7. But the most interesting feature is the discovery that in Ireland there is a clear connection between domestic virtue and political soundness. In Connaught, Munster, and Leinster, where the rates are probably the lowest known to the world, Home Rule Members are returned to the House of Commons mostly without a contest. In Ulster, where most of the seats were contested, the relation of morality to Nationalism was as shown below:—

	Con. and Lib. U.	Nationalists.	Illegitimate births per 1,000.
Antrim ...	4	—	60
Armagh ...	2	—	45
Belfast ...	3	1	48
Derry ...	2	—	41
Down ...	3	1	45
Tyrone ...	2	2	37
Cavan ...	—	2	20
Donegal ...	—	4	10
Fermanagh ...	—	2	54
Londonderry City ...	—	1	24
Monaghan ...	—	2	34
Newry Town ...	—	1	35