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—BY—

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THE EDITOR OR TO THE "HERALD."

She Placed

the can of BAKING POWDER upon the stove, and AMMONIA in a few moments betrayed its presence.

She Now Uses

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER,

AND SO SHOULD YOU.

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INSURANCE COMPANY!

—OF—

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July 23, 1890.—tf

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Take no other, as these pills are the best on the market for the purposes for which they are intended.

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At 25 Cts. per Box.

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A. S. Johnson,

Corner Kent and Prince Streets,

CHARLOTTETOWN.

Charlottetown, April 1, 1891.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"*Civil Service Gazette.*"

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1890-91. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1890-91.

On and after Thursday, December 4th, 1890, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 3
	A.M.	P.M.
Ch'town ....dp	7 15	1 50
Royalty Junc.	7 30	2 12
N. Wiltshire	8 17	3 05
Hunter River	8 38	3 30
Bradalbane	9 00	3 57
Emerald Junc.	9 06	4 03
Freetown	9 22	4 22
Kensington	9 48	4 45
Summerside ar	10 10	5 20
Summerside dp	P.M. 12 40	
Miscouche	1 00	
Wellington	1 27	
Port Hill	2 00	
O'Leary	3 25	
Bloomfield	3 47	
Alberton	4 28	
Tignish ....ar	5 15	

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No.	No.
	A.M.	
Tignish ....dp	6 00	
Alberton	6 55	
Bloomfield	7 30	
O'Leary	7 55	
Port Hill	9 00	
Wellington	9 42	
Miscouche	10 15	
Summerside ar	10 35	A.M. 6 30
Summerside dp	11 35	7 05
	P.M.	
Kensington	12 05	7 28
Freetown	12 25	7 48
Emerald Junc.	12 38	7 43
Bradalbane	12 45	7 53
Hunter River	1 15	8 40
N. Wiltshire	1 29	8 45
Royalty Junc.	2 12	9 37
Charlottetown ....ar	2 30	10 00

STATIONS.	No. 5	No.
	P.M.	A.M.
Emerald Junc. ....dp	4 10	6 30
C. Traverse ....ar	5 00	7 20

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No 7	No 11
	P.M.	A.M.
Charlottetown ....dp	2 30	6 10
Royalty Junction	2 50	6 30
Bedford	3 22	02
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar	3 57	
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp		7 33
Cardigan	4 10	
Georgetown ....ar	5 22	
	5 45	
	No. 9	
	P.M.	A.M.
Mt. Stewart Junc. ....dp	4 05	7 40
Morell	4 43	8
St. Peter's	5 12	8 46
Bear River	5 57	9 32
Souris ....ar	6 40	10 10

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 8	No. 12
	A.M.	P.M.
Georgetown ....dp	7 10	
Cardigan	7 28	
Mt. Stewart Junc. ar	8 50	
Mt. Stewart Junc. dp	9 00	2 45
Bedford	9 32	3 23
Royalty Junction	10 05	3 52
Charlottetown ....ar	10 25	4 15
	No 10	
	A.M.	P.M.
Souris ....dp	6 20	12 10
Bear River	7 03	12 49
St. Peter's	7 48	1 32
Morell	8 17	2 04
Mt. Stewart Junc. ....ar	8 55	2 40

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Trains Nos. 11 & 12 will be discontinued after Dec. 31st, 1890.

J. UNSWORTH, Superintendent.

Railway Office, Ch'town, Dec. 31, 1890.—31

Mark Wright AND Co

(LIMITED,)

—ARE GIVING—

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

FURNITURE.

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Men's Suits, Youths' Suits, Boys' Suits, Childrens Suits, Dress Suits, Working Suits, Business Suits, and Wedding Suits.

Guaranteed all Good Honest Clothes for the very lowest possible prices, and you will always find PROWSE BROS., THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN, a Safe and Reliable place to buy Men's and Boys Clothing, Hats and all kinds of Gents Furnishing Goods. Trunks and Valises always in stock cheap.

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THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN,

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Special Sale.

We are offering a Special Lot Not 75 Suit Lengths of Tweed at from 20 to 40 per cent discount on Regular Prices. Call and examine stock and get prices.

☞ THE BEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED. ☜

☞ Soutane Goods always in Stock & Sutanes made to order ☜

JOHN MACLEOD & CO.

Charlottetown, April 8.

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health." —Wm. H. DeLamett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took." — Mrs. B. C. Gubbs, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Welmar, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

Cut This Out

And return to me with twenty cents silver or stamps and receive post paid 100 old and popular songs, 115 latest popular songs, 1000 quotations from popular authors, 1 piece full size sheet music, 1 number Seaside Library, 1 number Leisure Hour Library, each containing a complete story or other work. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Address,

R. F. MADDIGAN,

P. O. Box 298, Charlottetown

Feb. 11—3m

Burdock Blood Bitters

CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA.

PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Mr. Neil McNeil, of Lelth, Dear Sirs,—For years also years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B., which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION.

ACTS ON THE BOWELS.

Rapid Recovery.

Dear Sirs,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me over so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.

Miss F. Williams, 165 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.

REGULATES THE LIVER.

Direct Proof.

Sirs,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.

Mary A. E. Deacon, Hawkstone, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.

REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.

A Prompt Cure.

Dear Sirs,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B.B.B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.

Annie Burgess, Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B. by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

All kinds of Job work executed with neatness and despatch, at the Herald Office.

The Beneficent Influences of the Catholic Religion.

Well does the poet represent them (men of delicate and susceptible minds,) in describing Tasso:—

* * * * from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And reeds, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I lay me down, within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours
Though I were chid for wandering, and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me and said,
Of such material wretched men are made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow.

They judged rightly; for they took not into account the resources of faith, and they saw, that, in a world of incurable disorder, so intense a love of what is beautiful and perfect must needs, of natural necessity, bring with it dissapointment and the keen bitter sense of discord, and the cruel pangs of having to witness, and perhaps endure the triumph and wrong. Had they, indeed, looked upwards, and conceived the charm of that substance of things not seen; had they remembered the offers of Eternal Truth, to give rest to the wearied spirits that would follow Him who was meek and lowly of Heart, that end of woe would not have seemed inevitably awaiting the object of their solicitude. For oh! what a balm has the Catholic religion provided for these eagle spirits, when confined in the net of earthly calamity! Its effects may be witnessed by referring to the words which the same poet ascribes to Tasso, where he represents him afterwards in the dungeon saying,—

I once was quick in feeling,—that is over;
My scars are callous, or I should have dashed
My brains against these bars, as the sun flashed
In mockery through them.

He once was quick in feeling. How much is expressed in these few words! what wounds would it display, recent and old, as if it fiercely begun to prey upon it; tormented, as if by demons, whose instruments are very brief and vile contingency! "But," he adds, "that is over." In fact, all is changed, all is reversed; he is no longer what he was. No one can tear the impatient answer from his tongue; no indication of neglect, no cruel injustice, no merciless wrong, can any more trouble that heart, for it has found rest and peace unutterable, peace everlasting. That rest has been found by entering upon the way of the holy cross; he has been taught how to endure, how to sanctify sorrow. Objects have been made familiar to him, before which he loves to kneel and weep in lowly reverence. The passion of his Saviour, the crown of thorns, the drink of vinegar and gall,—these have taught him that he could never have gained from all the consolations of philosophy,—these

Have from the sea of ill-love saved his bark,
And on the coast secured it of the right,

teaching him to estimate the value of being condemned to suffer bitterness, and yeilding him in return, for that proud and lofty spirit which he renounced, the power of preserving his peace while beholding man's unkindness; the power of reducing to a sweet calm that restless and troubled sea of the heart, swollen and agitated with a thousand passions; nay, even the faculty of converting pain and misfortune, and the dire events of a calamitous life, into images of quiet beauty, on which the memory and imagination may dwell, almost with a poetic fondness; for now he can say with Lovelace, that

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage:
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

or apply to himself what Richard Plantagenet says of Mortimer:—

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Abandoned to nature, the man who is endowed with a delicate and sentimental soul is found to breathe only the vague desires of the modern poet, whose ideal may be seen in that Burns, of whom we read that "he has no religion; his heart indeed is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding; he lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt; his religion, at best, is an anxious wish, like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps." The error of the modern poets consists in their not viewing the visible world in union with the mysteries of faith, and in supposing that a mere description of its external form can satisfy even the thirst after poetic beauty, which is inherent in our nature. Dante is blamed by them for mixing scholastic theology with his song; but it is precisely their very mixture which gives that charm to it which attracts and captivates the thoughtful heart. The same error is committed with regard to life; and while spirituality and faith, with all their beauteous expressions and sublime affecting symbols, have been effaced instead of increasing, proud and sensual men have forfeited the possession of the present good. The earth is infected by its inhabitants, and its joy has passed away. Observe the characters of those cantons of Switzerland where the Catholic religion is unfelt, and men are left in the presence of nature alone without an object or a sound to recall the images of faith. What overpowering melancholy reigns in those valleys, notwithstanding all that dressing, fattening, harrowing, and distillation of the earth, in hopes of gain! What a silence is there, excepting when interrupted by the fall of the avalanches, the roar of the torrents, and the eternal sighing of the winds! What a moral blight has attended the political demarcation of the territory! There are indeed, here and there, some immense enterprises for the sake of profit and pleasure; some unsightly buildings the fruit of careful speculations to afford luxury and ease to the distempered inhabitants of licentious cities, who come here in the summer season, in hopes of enjoying some vague dream of Arcadian life, united with the solid advantages of the Epicurean form; but nowhere do we see the beutiful chapel or the venerable cross; nowhere anything to realize a tender or sublime idea; no sacred sentences, no devout image, to exalt men to the spiritual life. You pass as on the borders of those Berne Lakes, whole villages without a church; and upon the sloping lawns you can only hope to find some ruins of a convent, or the tower of some ancient church, which you will find converted into a barn or a magazine. Yet even amidst the devastated valley, covered with sand and rocks and bare trunks of broken pines, ploughed up with rains, and burnt by the fire of summer's day, which now present that pale and horrid aspect of a fearful nakedness the Catholic religion would have planted her peaceful and her bounteous trophies. That religion has left the stamp of genius and the imperishable monument of her faith in the deserts of the East, and on the wildest rocks of the Alps of Pyrenees; amidst the lions under the fire of the tropic, as well as amidst the bears and icebergs of the pole. Where is there a garden of more rich and beautious variety, than in the very valleys surrounding the tracks over which heresy has passed. Even to the mere poetic soul, what a delightful accompaniment to the silent hymn of nature is that chiming of angelic bells which rises at evening and at noon, and at the sweet hour of prime, from all sides of a Catholic valley?—bells that well may be hung in the convents, that are now no more, through love of sordid gain to celebrate some occasion of sensual joy, temporal and vain, soon to change to mourning as vain;—but by pious hands, though the devout intention of inspiring men with thoughts of prayer. How inspiring it is to hear the great bells of the abbey of Engleberg, at the fourth hour of the morning, awakening the echoes, amidst the rocks and eternal snows of Titlis, and piercing the vast forests of the surrounding Alp! What consolation to the weary pilgrim, when, stopping to shelter from the storm under some covered bank which charity has errected by the mountain's side, he beholds, even there, some poor prints, representing, in successive stages, the sacred passion of our Lord, and dictating some seraphic aspiration! How sweet and cheering,—and, in a philosophic point of view, how important,—is all this, and how it cherishes and strengthens our young affections! But as the swimmer in the blue flood of the farrowy Rhyne sees the pale line of snowfed waters issuing from the devastated bed of the Arve, and no sooner plies his right arm to be borne up that new channel, and enters its sullen wave, then instantly a sudden cold ann deathlike chill strikes through his whole body: so is the full glow of youthful devotion checked and chilled, when we pass from Sarnen to the Scheidek, or from Soleure and Freyburg to the shore of Leman Lake.

KENELM H. DIGBY.

The English Benedictines.

The London Daily Telegraph says in a leading article:—After an exile of three centuries an old English Benedtetine Community is returning to our shores. There was a time in England when "in every rich valley, by the side of every clear and deep stream," arose a Benedictine Abbey, representing not only the organized charity of the period, but serving as a refuge for art and letters in ages of feudal outrage or widespread civil war. At the end of the sixteenth century the expelled Benedictines of England gathered their scattered forces at St. Edmund's, Douai, whence they issued the English translation of the Holy Scriptures known, chiefly in Ireland, as "the Douai Bible." They have now secured a large building and handsome grounds at Great Malvern and there is something appropriate in the selection, for the land once belonged to a Benedictine Priory. This is by no means the first re-establishment of the Order in England since the relaxation of the Penal laws. There are eight or nine monasteries already in the United Kingdom, including the one picturesquely situated at Fort Augustus, in Scotland, and noticeable by all who pass through the lovely scenery along the route of the Caledonian Canal. These, however, are, so to speak, fresh starts. The St. Edmund's Community of Douai is the return of an exiled body to its old country. If there were any Rip Van Winkle amongst them who had gone to sleep for over three hundred years, he would note amazing changes. Before the Reformation the Benedictines were a great power in England. They occupied 113 Abbeys and Cathedrals, including some of the greatest in the land. In Scotland their musterroll included Iona, Dumfermline, Melrose, and Lindores. The new monastery at Fort Augustus represents, like the Malvern enterprise, the return of an exiled body, for the Scottish Abbey at Ratisbon kept alive in times of persecution at home the traditions of Caledonian Romanism, and in 1878 revived the Benedictine rule in the old country. It is still more remarkable that the Benedictines have spread to the United States, where there are eight large Abbeys and many minor establishments. The mother Abbey of St. Vincent's, Pennsylvania numbers 130 monks. In Australia and New Zealand Benedictine monasteries are also to be found. There is something striking in this extension at the end of the nineteenth century of the influence of a man who may be said to be the founder of the monasticism of the West.

Before St. Benedict drew up the famous rules of his Order, monasticism in the West can hardly be said to have existed. There were holy men who had retired from the world—some alone, others in groups: but there was no discipline, no scheme of manners, no vows for life. The anchorite of to-day might return to the world to-morrow. St. Benedict laid down the principle of stability; he insisted on the idea 'Once a monk, always a monk.' A monastery was to consist of men pledged until death to a holy career, and to strive after perfection of life, renouncing not only society, but all property, and bound to chastity, labor, and obedience. Of course, a large amount of public and private ceremonies and prayers was included in their duties: but a Benedictine monastery then, and for many centuries after, was by no means a place exclusively devoted to religion and meditation. The monks were really the men of science, the students, the scholars, and the schoolmasters of the time. They were the educated few amongst an uneducated majority. Many epochs of foreign and civil war destroyed the cottages of the poor and the castles of the nobility, but spared the monasteries and convents. Pictures and manuscripts found in the homes of vanquished laymen were confiscated, and finally scattered or destroyed; but the libraries of the monasteries, protected by a religious halo, were safe from the ruthless victors of the time. It is hardly too much to say that but for the monks of the West, many treasures of classic literature, the delights of students to this day, would have perished in the middle ages had not it

not only for haunted men, but for the manuscript treasures of the past. The sacred lamp of literature was kept alive within the walls while outside their walls the world was given up to license, rapine, and internecine strife. Many of the monks devoted themselves to secular learning, and the Benedictines can boast a great roll of illustrious names. The first Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Augustine, belonged to the Order. St. Boniface, another English Benedictine, founded the great Abbey of Fulda in Germany. The Order reckons Ansgar in Denmark, Willibrord amongst the Dutch, Adalbert, a missionary to the Bohemians, and Casimir, whose memory is still powerful in Poland. St. Bernard in France and Bede and Anslem in England, are also amongst its glories. In the fourteenth century it was, perhaps, at its height. It had then given twenty-four Popes and two hundred Cardinals to the Church; It had seen seven thousand Archbishops of its rule and double the number of occupants of ordinary sees, and it boasted in the other world of over 1,500 Saints. It counted 15,000 monasteries before the Reformation; it lost two-thirds of the number through the spoiling hand of princes, and at the present time its houses throughout the world do not exceed eight hundred. This is not entirely due to the decline of Roman influence in the countries that embraced the reformation; it is also attributable to the starting of many rival Orders—the Franciscan, the Jesuits, and many much more modern groups of Religious men banded together as auxiliaries to the Church. There is a fashion in these things, as in plays, novels, costumes, and cookery. The rules of devotion and life which seemed quite sufficient for good people in the middle Ages are not fervid or severe enough for the devotees of later times; and St. Benedict is no longer looked up to as the exclusive leader of all those who separate themselves from the world. St. Benedict's monks taught the poor children around them, copied again and again priceless manuscripts on sacred and secular subjects, cultivated letters when the age was barbarous, and lived lives of honest industry, happily safe from the robber barons of the day.

How will the English people receive the return and revival of the Benedictines? From the religious point of view there will probably be no opposition. Public opinion has grown wisely tolerant. The greatest laymen agree with the greatest divines that "God fulfils Himself in many ways," and that humanity in divers countries and times has found comfort, use, and beauty in rites as various as its races, and in modes and methods that differ widely. Nobody will throw a stone at any monk robed in black or white or grey. Honest men will wish them God speed, as they desire success for the Salvation Army, or any other agency for social or spiritual elevation. Is not English opinion, however, opposed to communistic life? Does it not detest anything like vows of obedience of rigid discipline? These questions could have been answered in the affirmative fifty years ago. The reply is not so conclusive now. It is believed by many Englishmen that isolated men and women working for good cannot achieve the same results as a body under strict orders and sharing the comforts of fellowship. The Salvation Army is as strictly based on obedience as the Order of St. Benedict. There is also a growing belief that there are many men and women who find complete rest for body and mind in giving themselves up for life to seclusion, obedience, prayer, and complete devotion to appointed tasks. To some sensitive hearts the unrest of the world is torture they know not what may come next, what may happen or what they may lose. Within "narrowing nunnery walls" they lead lives marked out by lines that do not bend; they are content with "the daily pacings to and fro, the grey set life," and they look forward to the inevitable end without apprehension. They are safe from social cares, society scandals, the tedium of amusements, the gradual decrease of interest, and the pangs and peril of those who have in wife or children "given hostages to fortune." It may seem nobler and braver to look life courageously in the face; to confront its cares, not to evade them. But it is no wonder that in all ages and all lands there should be found women and men who, as nuns or monks, find refuge for soul and mind and body in a seclusion that prepares them for the grave. When, like the Benedictines, they add works of charity and utility, it would be the height of bigotry not to admit their full right to pursue their own paths of activity and zeal—especially to-day, when General Booth, with his "farm colonies," will practically reproduce in some of our rural districts the Benedictine industry animated by religion and fortified by discipline that centuries ago made many waste lands in England to blossom like the rose.

A beautiful, illustrated prayer-book has been prepared by Rev. Father Casimir, O. S. F., of Duluth, for the Chippewa Catholic Indian. It contains a fine selection of hymns with music.

Amongst the acts of generosity which are worthy of record must be ranked that of a zealous Catholic lady, Mrs. Moss, of St. Louis, who has contributed $50,000 toward the building of a new church in that city.

Among the modes in which the fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus will be celebrated, there will be a Catholic social and scientific congress at Genoa in 1892. Columbus was born in that city.

In the sixteenth century—more than three hundred years ago—the Jesuits had flourishing missions in the Congo regions in Africa. Now after this long interval, they are about to open an educational establishment at Leopoldville, on the Upper Congo.

Dr. Desprez, one of the leading Paris physicians, and a freethinker has addressed another letter to the administration of the Paris hospitals demanding the recall of the nuns, who formerly acted as nurses, and setting forth the abuses that have arisen under the present system of laicization.

On being consulted by the Pope, the majority of South American Bishops were found to be in favor of a grand South American Council for the reorganization of South American churches, and it has been decided that the Council for this purpose shall be soon convoked.

Efforts are being made to turn the tide of French-Canadian emigration so that they may settle in Manitoba instead of the United States. Recently the Abbey Beaudry brought a large contingent of well-to do settlers to Winnipeg, and many more are preparing to follow immediately.

One of Chicago's first citizens recently died. He was Augustine D. Taylor. He built the first Catholic church ever erected in that city. That was in 1833. The lumber was taken accross the lake from St. Joseph, Mich., where there was a mill. The building cost $400, and Catholic Indians assisted at the first Mass celebrated in it. Mr. Taylor became a convert from Presbyterianism. Peace to his memory.

A special cable despatch to the Montreal Star gives the following evidence to the courage of the Holy Father: "The Pope during the on Thursday which followed the explosion at Pozzo Pantaleo preserved the greatest serenity. His Holiness' own chamber was not touched by the force of the concussion, though all the windows around it were broken. Shortly after the sound of the explosion had died away the Pope, addressed his secretary said, "perhaps it was a bomb destined for me."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE