The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

—IS ISSUED—

EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY—

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The Herald Printing Company, Charlottetown.

Calendar for May, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 2nd day, 7h., 34.6m., p. m., N.
New Moon 10th day, 9h., 11.0m., p. m., N.W.
First Quarter 16th day, 7h., 32.0m., p.m., S.
Full Moon 25th day, 6h., 27.6m., a. m., N. W.

D M	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h. m.	h. m.			
1	Tues	4 50	7 2	0 16	9 32	2 26
2	Wed	49	4	1 3	10 34	3 42
3	Thur	48	6	1 47	11 34	4 55
4	Fri	47	7	2 14	aft 42	6 12
5	Sat	45	8	2 42	1 47	7 18
6	Sun	44	9	3 7	2 47	8 9
7	Mon	43	11	3 26	3 51	8 51
8	Tues	41	12	3 53	4 57	9 27
9	Wed	39	13	4 47	5 60	10 1
10	Thur	38	14	4 52	6 60	10 34
11	Fri	37	15	5 5	7 55	11 8
12	Sat	35	16	5 41	8 50	11 49
13	Sun	34	18	6 19	9 45	morn
14	Mon	33	20	7 7	10 43	0 15
15	Tues	32	21	7 58	11 34	0 52
16	Wed	31	21	8 50	m'rn	1 35
17	Thur	30	22	9 51	0 18	2 19
18	Fri	29	24	11 0	0 58	3 12
19	Sat	28	25	aft 10	1 36	4 20
20	Sun	26	26	1 23	2 8	5 32
21	Mon	25	26	2 37	2 35	6 37
22	Tues	24	27	3 54	3 3	8 3
23	Wed	23	28	5 13	3 32	8 56
24	Thur	22	29	6 32	4 6	9 43
25	Fri	21	31	7 49	4 44	10 28
26	Sat	21	32	9 0	5 26	11 12
27	Sun	20	33	10 4	6 17	11 59
28	Mon	19	34	10 57	7 15	aft 42
29	Tues	19	35	11 42	8 18	1 28
30	Wed	18	36	morn	9 22	2 17
31	Thur	18	37	9 16	10 40	3 3

DR. KELLY,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office: Upper Queen Street,

Four doors above Apothecaries Hall,

Charlottetown, March 28, 1888—3m

ROBERT BRIDGES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

In Fresh & Salt Meats,

PORK PACKER.

Cash paid for Pork, Live Stock, &c.

OLD STAND, HILLSBOROUGH STREET.

February 29, 1888—3m

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the HERALD Printing Company are hereby required to pay the amounts so due by them forthwith, otherwise legal proceedings will be immediately instituted to recover the same.

January 19, 1887.

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien

LOANS on Mortgage for periods not exceeding 10 years without sinking fund, and from 10 to 50 years with sinking fund.

The borrower is privileged to pay off his loan in whole or in part at any time.

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W. W. SULLIVAN, Agent for the Company.

Jan. 2 1885

Fruit and Confectionery.

B. BALDERSTON has a full supply of the purest and best

CONFECTIONERY.

Manufactured on the premises every day. Customers can rely on their Candies being fresh and pure.

We want every country dealer to call on us and see if he cannot save money by getting his Confectionery from us.

Choice Fruits in their Season.

Best GROCERIES at Low Prices.

Colgate's Soaps & Perfumery.

B. BALDERSTON.

Charlottetown, July 27, 1887.

SULLIVAN & McNEILL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building Great George Street, Charlottetown.

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Jan. 17, 1884

CARSLAKE'S

GRAND DERBY SWEEP

$25,000.00

1st horse (in duplicate) $2,000 each prize, $2,000
2nd " " 1,000 " 2,000
3rd " " 1,000 " 2,000
Other starters (divided equally) $2,000 $4,000
Non-starters (divided equally) $4,500 in duplicate $9,000

5,000 Tickets at $5 each.

Drawing May 25th. Race May 30th, 1888.

Ten per cent. deducted from all prizes.

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Masonic Hall, Montreal.

Jan. 30, 1888—3m

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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HAS obtained a widespread popularity as a cure for COUGHS, INFLUENZA, CATARRH,

EMULSION

SCROFULA, SKIN DISEASE, NERVOUS, PROSTRATION, CONSUMPTION, IMPOVERISHED BLOOD,

OF COD LIVER OIL

And the many diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Blood and Brain.

WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Puttner's Emulsion

Is made from the purest material, is very palatable, and can be taken and retained by the most delicate.

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March 21, 1888. Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS,

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Winter Goods,

Such as Ulster Cloths, Dress Goods, Tweeds, Overcoatings, Shawls, Scarfs, Gents' Underwear, Cardigans, Jersey Jackets, Skirts, Gloves and Mitts, Fur and Cloth Caps, Overshoes, Millinery, &c., &c.,

At PRICES TO CLEAR.

Come & Get Bargains.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

Kensington, Feb. 29, 1888.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1887-8. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1887-8.

On and after Thursday, December 1st, 1887, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown ....dp.	7 15	1 50
Royalty Junction	7 34	2 12
North Wiltshire	8 17	3 00
Hunter River	8 30	3 20
Bradalbane	9 00	3 57
Emerald Junction	9 09	4 07
Freetown	9 23	4 22
Kensington	9 40	4 45
	10 10	5 20
Summerside ..... {ar.	P. M.	
{dp.	12 40	
Miscouche	1 00	
Wellington	1 27	
Port Hill	1 56	
O'Leary	2 22	
Bloomfield	2 45	
Alberton	3 20	
Tignish ....ar.	5 15	

STATIONS.	No. 9.
	P. M.
Emerald Junction....dp.	4 10
Cape Traverse....ar.	5 00

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2	No. 4.
	A. M.	
Tignish ....dp.	6 00	6 20
Alberton	6 55	7 05
Bloomfield	7 20	7 28
O'Leary	7 54	7 43
Port Hill	8 07	7 52
Wellington	9 02	8 30
Miscouche	10 12	9 27
	10 35	9 37
Summerside ..... {ar.	11 35	10 00
{dp.	P. M.	
Kensington	12 05	7 05
Freetown	12 28	7 28
Emerald Junction	12 38	7 43
Bradalbane	12 46	7 52
Hunter River	1 15	8 30
North Wiltshire	1 29	8 45
Royalty Junction	2 12	9 27
Charlottetown ....ar.	2 30	10 00

STATIONS.	No. 10.
	A. M.
Cape Traverse....dp.	6 42
Emerald Junction....ar.	7 22

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
	P. M.	
Charlottetown ....dp	2 00	
Royalty Junct'n	2 50	
Bedford	3 23	
Mt. Stewart Junc. {ar	3 55	
{dp	4 10	
Cardigan	5 22	
Georgetown ....ar	5 45	
		P. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc ....dp		4 05
Morell		4 42
St. Peter's		5 12
Bear River		5 37
Souris ....ar		6 40

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
		A. M.
Georgetown ....dp	7 15	
Cardigan	7 52	
Mount Stewart Jun {ar	8 50	
{dp	9 00	
Bedford	9 32	
Royalty Junct'n	10 05	
Charlottetown ....ar	10 25	
		A. M.
Souris ....dp		6 20
Bear River		7 05
St. Peter's		7 42
Morell		8 17
Mount Stewart Junc. ar		8 55

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

JAMES COLEMAN, Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, Nov. 29, 1887—tf

Executors' Notice.

THE undersigned, Executors of the L. last Will and Testament of OWEN CONNOLLY, late of Charlottetown, Merchant, deceased, hereby notify all parties indebted to the said Estate of the said Owen Connolly to make immediate payment of their respective debts to them at the premises on Queen Street, in Charlottetown, formerly occupied by the said Owen Connolly; and all persons having accounts or claims against the said Owen Connolly, or his Estate, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned at the said premises, on Queen Street, within Twelve Months from this date.

Dated at Charlottetown this Seventh day of January, 1888.

ANDREW A. McDONALD,
WILLIAM W. SULLIVAN,
FREDERICK PETERS, } Executors

January 4, 1888—tf

ROYAL YEAST

Is Canada's Favorite Bread-maker. 20 years in the market without a competitor of any kind. The only yeast which has stood the test of time and never made sour bread, or otherwise failed to do its work. All others are imitations.

B. W. GILBERT, ST. JOHN, N.B., Agent for Canada, Chicago, Ill.

JOHN A. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Keenan's Building, Opposite New Post Office.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

Spring-Time in Rural Portugal.

The part of Portugal with which I am now concerned is that region which extends some thirty miles to either side of the great river Douro and back landwards to the frontier mountains of Spain. In this district I have now lived many long years, and, using something of a poetical license, though without any great wrench of the veracities, I may say of it that—

"I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell."

This corner of the continent is in a way unique in Europe. There is absolutely nothing else quite like it. If the reader will look at the map of Europe, he will see that it is the only strip of land in the latitude of mild winters which is protected east and north by lofty mountains, which is well supplied by stream and river, and which is within full influence of the gulf-stream. Only some of these conditions apply to Galician Spain, which for the most part is a cluster of bare granitic mountains, a sea-exposed and rain-tormented country; or to Southern Portugal, where the rainfall is too scanty, much of the country sterile sandy plain, and whose heat and dryness make the climate nearer to an African than a European one.

The climate of Northern Portugal is, perhaps, not wholly desirable, but it is endurable, and after considerable experience of health resorts on the continent, I cannot name a better one. It may, perhaps, be doubted, if any Mediterranean climate whatever can be quite so good for human beings as any isothermal Atlantic one. The vicinity of an almost tideless land-locked sea may bring drier weather, and therefore may be comfortable to the invalid, but to him who is not one the breezes from the great ocean must surely be more purifying, healthier, and more invigorating. Certainly these breezes bring rain, and the rainfall at Oporto is above that of Devonshire, but there are far fewer wet days here than there. When it rains here it mostly pours.

He who writes of spring-time in Europe and says nothing of the East wind, does wrong. Here it is less the cold; biting, and exasperating wind of England than a dry and bracing one. In summer it brings the greatest heat we have; in winter it mostly comes with settled, pleasant weather. Yet no doubt it is the same wind, coming from across the same Russian steppes, that nips our faces and spoils our tempers in London and Berlin, in Paris and Nice; but in Portugal it certainly does not bear on its wings the noxious properties of those malarious Russian plains. In fact, it is an East wind with the edge off. When the Portuguese East wind blows, it is arrested every day in the wooded mountains near the frontier. As soon as the sun is high and hot enough to warm the land there comes a calm, then a cool breeze springs up from the sea to fill the semi-vacuum; the sea-breeze dies away at sunset, while all night long the East wind blows again. In fact, there is the common tropical phenomenon of the sea and land breezes; and what makes the East wind pleasant on these coasts is that it comes filtered through a broad zone of pine forest. Science avers that wind, like water in a river, rolls onward in its course; it does not slide forward; its motion through the air is that of a garden-roller, not of a sledge; and before it reaches us here, if all go well and land and sea-breeze be in full working order, it must necessarily lose many of its evil properties by percolation through a wilderness of antiseptic pine needles, and gather by the way the odorous breath of those vast forests. Thrice at least must it have passed through them before it strikes the sea at Oporto. If, while the wind is in the East, one goes out into the night air, one's lungs are filled with long, delicious draughts of pine-scented air, aromatic, wholesome, invigorating.

It would, however, take a bold man to assert that he has not heard these balmy breezes from the land of the rising sun opprobiously entreated in Portugal; but the bad language mostly comes from the conventional and the weakling. There is indeed a subtly energizing quality about this wind that the occasionally phlegmatic lymphatic, and obtuse Teuton (from Great Britain or elsewhere), slow to admit new impressions, physically as well as mentally—a Philistine, in short, too often in body as in soul—cannot appreciate. He is not raised but depressed when the wind is in the East. He is strung up so tightly, as it were, that the music of his soul is made dumb, and he goes about a miserable, melancholy being, and as one jaded after a debauch of new wine, who prays to have his moral and mental fibre relaxed with soft rain-laden gales.

These remarks, however, by no means apply to us resident Goths from the North, who have drunk in the joy of many an East wind, and whom I have invariably observed to be inspirited thereby to the point of breaking spontaneously into epigrams and other light sallies and pleasantries of speech, written or spoken. We accordingly love the East wind as we should love our neighbors.

While the East wind blows on this coast some curious natural phenomena at times occur. There is then, as at home, a red and golden haze in the West at sunset, and in the East at sunrise—but more golden then than red—and, both morning and evening, more diffused and glorious than anything we can see farther North.

Near the Douro's mouth, where the coast line is rocky, and runs North and South, a very beautiful thing is to be seen at certain times when the summer wind comes hot and strong from the East. The air is then of a very singular clearness, and the sun shines with unusual intensity. Though the wind blows strongly from the land, the waves are at times running shoreward, high and strong, quite counter to it, urged no doubt by some storm-force begot far out in the Atlantic, and these breakers dashing themselves furiously upon the black coast cliffs, the wave-crests rising above the rocks are carried again seaward in spray. On miles upon miles of this transparent sea-rain the early morning sun shines sidelong, and burns in countless rainbows. Few more wonderful or gorgeous sights can, I suppose, anywhere be seen than this joining together by the wind in colors of harmony of wave-spray and sunlight.

Northern Portugal, the region I have circumscribed above and indicated, is a highland country full of springs and water-runlets. The hill-tops are covered with woods of pine and chestnut, the waste-land is overgrown with furze, white and yellow broom and flowering cistus, and the narrow valley-sides, down to the brooks which run through their bottoms, are terraced everywhere into tidy meadows, each one bordered with vines borne on espaliers of wood, and each meadow is green throughout the winter with grass or clover, and in summer rich with waving crops of maize. In this gladsome landscape are set innumerable small, gray, granite-built farm-houses, surrounded by cattle-yards and lairs, and the sheds that cover the wine-vats and wine-presses. The farmers are themselves owners of the land they till and of the houses they dwell in, and there are signs of their ownership in the richness and comfort of their surroundings. Near each house is a kail-yard, and generally orange and lemon-trees grow near by. Often there is a garden patch, gay with old-fashioned country flowers, dahlias and carnations, salvias, monthly roses, and the like. Very often there is a camelia-tree or two, as large as apple-trees with us, covered in very early spring with white or red blossoms.

Whatever else of plant growth there may be near the farmer's house, there never fails to be the broad flat expanse of trellised vines, covering arbor wise a perch or two of ground, the trellised wood-work supported on tall, stone pillars. Beneath the shade of the vine-branches the ground is trodden flat and firm by the naked feet of men and women; for here, beneath the shadow of the vines, all the summer and autumn through, is the peasant's drawing-room. Here, to the tinkling of their mandolins, they dance their rustic rounds and chant their strange old-world songs and madrigals.

Through all this broad domain of hill and valley, the meadows and woods and every bank and corner of the land are gay with wild flowers, and the coppices alive with the songs of birds. Everything is fresh and green in the sunny air of spring, and everywhere there is an incredible wealth and force of life. The great river Douro runs through the heart of this golden land, breaking in its course from Spain through three mountain ranges, and forming deep, rocky gorges in doing so. The last hills it passes through are those upon which is built the city of Oporto, whose name and building are both of Roman times, and which was the first stronghold and wealth-centre of this ancient kingdom. The city stands partly on both sides of a precipitous defile formed by the river, which presently broadens into a lagoon within her walls; a city—

"With vicinage
Of clear, bold hills that curve her very streets.
* * * * *
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage,
Chainless alike, and teaching liberty."

Teaching it so well, indeed, that it was on these shores and in the mountains hard by that her voice was first heard nine centuries ago, calling upon the nation to rise and strike for its freedom. They struck so much to the purpose against Moor and Spaniard, that they won their independence in the face of almost incredible odds, and have maintained it ever since through most strange vicissitudes of good and bad fortune. Should Portugal ever again come within danger of her liberties, it is here—if I know anything of the nation—here among these seafarers and mountaineers, my neighbors, that the best fight for freedom will be fought.

A distinguished diplomat, who had passed some years in Lisbon, said to me with enthusiasm, when he first came to Oporto: "This is another race of men altogether; these are the Portuguese I have read of in history." In plain truth, they are. In their veins certainly runs much of the blood of the dominant Northern race who invaded the country in very early days. Their looks and their stature proclaim it, and their manly character and the splendid record of their achievements prove it.

To the Portuguese farmer and the net fisherman, spring is the busiest time of the whole year. It is then that the huge shoals of sardines and hake, which prey upon them, come nearest the Portuguese coast, and are drawn ashore in nets so long and heavy that I have seen the whole population of a sea-hamlet—men, women, and children—at the haul-ropes, drawing home with shout, song and laughter, the harvest of the sea. Sometimes even this force will not suffice for the weight of fish, and one may see oxen and even cows—for they, too, do their share of yoke work—harnessed to the net and helping in the haul.

In the fields the rye is now above the ground, so is the barley and the wheat. These crops will be harvested in early summer, so quick is plant growth under the hot Portuguese sun. They are all more or less crops of the drier uplands, especially the rye; but in the low-lying valleys, where water for irrigation can be had. Maize is the chief corn crop. Not only is its return heavier in grain, but its thinnings and its flowers, and later on its withered leaves, make a continuous summer cattle provender, without which the stall-fed beasts could scarcely be kept. By the end of April the fields of grass and clover, of Serradella and plantain, have been broken up and are being prepared for this valuable crop. The fields now, from early dawn to sunfall, are everywhere full of the farmer's laborers and his family.—*Fortnightly Review.*

The Congress of Christian Scientists.

(*Monsignor O'Reilly in New York Freeman's Journal.*)

PARIS, April 17.—Even in the midst of the intense and all-absorbing excitement of the Boulanger elections, the discussions of the International Congress of Christian Scientists created a wonderful interest in Paris and throughout France, and attracted to the public sessions hundreds of distinguished and cultivated men. This interest grew apace, day after day, till the end of the Congress, while from every country in Europe came letters of adhesion from the most eminent scholars, and promises of hearty co-operation for the Congress of 1891—for it is in that year that our Christian Scientists are to meet again. This second assemblage will be a not unfitting prelude to the celebration, in the following year, of the fourth centenary, of the discovery of America by Columbus—one of the most advanced Catholic scientists of his age.

The re-discovery of the ancient cities along the Rio Salado has once more awakened a lively interest in prehistoric races in the United States. Here every phase of the labors of the Hemmenway expedition was studied closely. It was to me a great disappointment not to be able to hear as much as I wished of the discussions of the Section of Anthropology, presided over by the Marquis de Nadaillia. Their committee-room was daily filled with the foremost scholars in Europe; and the reading of every paper was followed by an animated interchange of opinions on the real importance and bearing of the facts detailed and the systems built upon them.

In the very first meeting of the Section two important essays were read; one from M. Casimir Ubaghs, a learned palæontologist of Maestricht, on the various theories relating to man during the tertiary geological period, the author summarily rejecting the conclusions hastily drawn by scientists concerning man at that stage, as well as pointing to his savage original condition.

The second paper was from Canon Duilhe de Saint-Projet, and combated the theories and conclusions of the Paris Antropological Society, in their lame attempt to bridge over the gulf separating man from the mere animal. I could imagine this essay read in the Cooper Institute in the presence of some 1,500 or 2,000 scholars, as were present at the Scientific Congress, together with all the aristocracy of American culture, and could hear the triumphant refutation of all the baseless systems put forth to build up the *Impossible Bridge.* The Parisian anthropologist, Duval, M. Duilhe showed, had not even touched the subject of *soul* and *thought*, the very essence of the difficulty. M. Hovelacque, who had treated of the evolution of language, had wofully confounded the development of idioms with that of language in general. And so on with the futile attempts on the evolution of morality, as based on heredity, and the evolution of mind itself.

The most learned men in Paris were there to challenge, to confute, or to confirm every assertion: Dr. Maisonneuve, Mgr. d'Hulst, etc.

The last meeting of the Section on Anthropology, held Thursday, 12th inst, surpassed in interest all the others. The president, Marquis de Nadaillac, read a most comprehensive and eloquent paper of his own, reviewing all that has hitherto been done by science on the subject of man's origin and nature, and demonstrating the fact that Christian belief has nothing to fear from all the data furnished by the most careful observation and the most conscientious study. The anatomical characters of man, wherever met with in the past or the present, conclusively show him to be uniformly like himself, while the surrounding animal forms are undergoing variations. This synthesis completely upsets the theories of the "transformist" school. The identity of human industrial methods and of the forms more or less perfect of civilization, as revealed in funeral and religious rites, are a solemn protestation against the so-called, "primitive degradation" of mankind.

Thus, concludes M. de Nadaillac, anthropological studies furnish no argument hostile to Christian belief.

A paper of very special interest to us Americans was read in the Section of Natural Science, by the Abbe David. It was on the *fauna*, or animals of China. The learned essayist proved that the Chinese *fauna* has a very close connection with zoological forms in the far east of Asia, while possessing very few points in common with European *fauna*. On the other hand, of the birds of China, fully one-fourth are common to that country and to America. The author also thinks that the original inhabitants of the Celestial Empire were comtemporaries of the great elephant *Primigenius.*

In the Section of Juridical Science a very remarkable paper was read by Rev. James Forbes, S. J., on the basist of morality and right. The author contended that the ultimate reason of moral obligation flows from the necessity under which man is to respect order if he would attain his final destiny. God alone can have created this necessity; outside of it, and of the sanction inseparable from it—of eternal rewards and punishment—morality and law lose their obligatory character.

This essay was discussed very thoroughly by eminent jurists and theologians present.

The memoir of Mr. Loomans, former rector of the Univerity of Liege, combated the individualist theories introduced into jurisprudence from the time of Grotius down to Saviggy. Man, he says, can only attain to his destiny by society. He distinguishes between necessary societies, such as the family, and voluntary societies. He contends that religious associations belong to the latter category.

The land doctrines of Henry George were also refuted by the learned Jesuit, Father Baudiet. And the celebrated Paris physician, Dr. Maisonneuve read a paper on the "Doctrine of Evolution." The Abbe Smets also submitted his own reasons for accepting this doctrine. The warm discussion which followed by the president's observing that it was not the object of the meeting to discuss in all its immense bearings this great subject-matter, but to declare with the Congress that, on this point, a wise liberty was allowed to Catholic scholars.

I must confine myself here, as in my last, to indicate a few, and a few only, of the subjects treated.

On Wednesday evening there was a grand banquet at the Hotel St. James. It was a fraternal gathering, over which Mgr. d'Hulst presided.

On Thursday evening April 12th, the last public session was held. It was a memorable gathering. The president, Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, congratulated the members on the work done, a work the magnitude of whose importance cannot be appreciated till the proceedings have appeared in book form.

The next morning at 8.30 o'clock the members met on the summit of Montmartre, the highest of the eminences of Paris, to pay public and solemn homage to the Person of Our Lord in the new National Church, which all France is erecting there on the spot where St. Denis suffered martyrdom.

I had the honor to be chosen to officiate on the occasion, the inaugural service having been performed by the Archbishop of Paris on the preceding Monday. The weather was most unpropitious. But there the pilgrims were in spite of the pouring rain, and the long steep climb up-hill. The devoted priests who are in charge of the church have a choir of admirably-trained boys. And they sang divinely. There was a brief exhortation by the rector, and then I gave the Solemn Benediction. The Congressists surrounded me in front of the temporary alter in the apse—the only finished part in the gigantic structure—and I spoke to them on the many bonds of mind and heart which united our great Republic in the Western World with the nations of the Old; of the manifold debt we owed them for our religious and political institutions, for our civilization with its literature and sciences.

On this same hill-side still exists the chapel where, on August 15th, 1537, Ignatius of Loyola and his eight companions—all graduates of the University of Paris—met to consecrate themselves to God, and to found the Society of Jesus. Thence they started on foot to Venice, hoping to find a ship to convey them to Palastine. It was their purpose to have their headquarters in Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to overrun and evangelize the whole of Asia and Africa.

What they and their followers have done for science the world knows. And so Paris is still the great centre to which Catholic science returns to receive new light, and to shed it all over the globe.

We all felt how many memories hallow that Sacred Hill of Montmartre.

The Rev. Dr. Brouevers, of Amsterdam, celebrated for his literary and scientific labors, reminded us that New York, from which I hailed, was once called New Amsterdam, and told us how many claims the renowned capital of the Netherlands had established before the sixteenth century to the gratitude of all Christendom.

We are indeed all brothers here, and felt so, as we thought of the Sacred Cause that had brought us together in the great seat of mediæval learning. Then we followed the venerable rector of the church, who made us examine and admire every portion of the stupendous structure. Begun in the last years of the second Napoleonic empire, the building has already cost nineteen millions of francs—bordering on four millions of dollars—all contributed by voluntary donations. "Every month," said the Superior, "they send me one hundred thousand francs. The charity is so well organized, that I have not to bestow a thought on it."

You will ask, "How is it so expensive?" The foundations are laid in a clayey, argilaceous soil, into which they had to sink eighty-seven massive shafts and piers on which, and on the arches which connect them, they have laid the foundations of the Basilica. It is in the old Norman style, such as our American pilgrims admire in the cathedral of Durham, and as is described in a late number of the *Century Magazine*, December, 1887. The lofty crypt is nearly finished, with its wonderful chapels, aisles, and vaults. They seem the work of giants. In the whole edifice there is not to be one beam of wood or iron. All is of solid blocks of stone, so cunningly put together that they form one solid mass, destined to out-live the wear and waste of time.

Next year they hope to cover in the nave and to advance the great central dome, which is to be, far and near, the most conspicuous object around Paris. It is a monument erected to the Saviour Christ.

He will, we pray and trust, save noble France in the coming convulsion.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

St. Bernard's Hospice.

In March last an avalanche fell on the Hospice of St. Bernard, burying the church, but causing no loss of life.

The Hospice of St. Bernard was founded 900 years ago (962) by the pious Count Bernard, who was born at Monthon, on the Lake of Annecy, in Savoy. He belonged to a noble family, but devoted forty years of his life to entertaining and protecting the numerous travellers who annually pass between Italy and Switzerland. The convent provided for nearly 20,000 persons every year, without exacting the smallest payment, supporting itself out of its own funds. It was at one time very wealthy, but at the time of the Reformation lost much of its landed property. During the revolution of 1848 its funds were seized and the good Augustine monks removed from the convent, but the travellers across the mountains soon became loud in their demands for their reinstatement which was speedily done. Next to the monks in interest at the hospice were the famous dogs, some seven or eight in number. They are a cross between the Newfoundland and Pyrenean, and generally live seven or eight years, when they become rheumatic and are killed. The monks cannot remain over twelve or fifteen years, the same rheumatism which disables their noble dogs renders them unfit for service, when they retire to Martigny, where they have an asylum. Persons who cross in the depth of winter are obliged to wait at a place of refuge some distance from the summit until the following morning, when a servant with one of the dogs goes down and conducts the party through the snow, which often lies to a depth of thirty feet. The dog conducts the servant and never loses his way, although oftentimes nothing but his tail can be seen, his body being buried in the new-fallen snow. November 19, 1874, five Italian workmen, two monks, and a servant of the monastry were enveloped in a frozen water-spout. Only the dog which accompanied them escaped alive. The ground floor of the convent is devoted to stabling and storerooms, the other floors to a drawing-room, refectory, offices and dormitories. The convent also contains a cabinet, which contains a fine collection of antiquities, minerals, plants, arms and insects, also many relics of the temple of Jupiter, which formerly stood here. In the little church of the convent is a monument erected to Gen. Desiaix. "I will give you the Alps for your monument!" said Napoleon to his dying General after the battle of Marengo. "You shall rest upon its loftiest inhabited point, in the Church of St. Bernard!" In a building near the hospice are the bodies of those who have perished in attempting to cross the mountains. They have all been found frozen, and are generally set up in this morgue in the position in which they are found, arranged along the wall and presenting a terrible sight. In time they fall to pieces, after having dried up and withered, and their bones and skulls may be seen strewn along the floor. The evaporation at this height is so rapid that the flesh dries up without the usual decay. The monastry comprises about forty members, some ten or twelve of whom are installed at St. Bernard with seven attendants, whose duties are to receive and accommodate travellers gratuitously, and to render all assistance possible in case of danger or accident. That which has just occurred was probably no surprise. For some time the hospice has been threatened. Doubtless it had been vacated by its occupants, which accounts for the fact that no lives were lost.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

A very impressive scene was witnessed not long since at the Church of Our Lady of St. Jouan in a little seaport village in the diocese of Rennes—where the passengers and crew of a French vessel fulfilled a vow they had made to the Blessed Virgin when they were in danger of shipwreck. About a week before, they had been overtaken by a violent storm in the English Channel, and it seemed as though the vessel would be dashed to pieces. They all made a vow to make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of St. Jouan, and began to sing the "Ave Maris Stella," when almost immediately the storm abated, and they reached the port in safety. The pilgrims, sixty in number, assembled in the church of the town at which they landed, and from there marched processionally, accompanied by a large number of pious inhabitants, to St. Jouan. Their pilgaimage had been heralded before them, and on their arrival the chimes of the church pealed forth, and the whole interior was ablaze with lights. The Holy Sacrifice was offered up with thanksgiving, while the pilgrims sang with joyful, grateful hearts the "Ave Maris Stella, which had been their resource in the hour of trial. Such an event recalls the memorable words of a celebrated writer, that "a lamp burning before the Madonna tells more than all the reasonings of philosophers."—*S. F. Monitor.*

In Brief and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.