The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald
—IS ISSUED—
EVERY WEDNESDAY
—BY—
The Herald Printing Company,
FROM THEIR OFFICE:
Corner of Queen and Richmond Streets,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

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ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

Contracts made for Monthly, Quarterly, Half-yearly, or Yearly Advertisements, on application.

Remittances may be made by Draft, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

All Correspondence should be addressed to the HERALD Printing Company, or to

JAMES McISAAC, Manager,
Charlottetown.

Calendar for November, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 3rd day, 7h., 49 3m., a.m., S. E.
First Quarter, 10th day, 0h. 3.2m, p.m., E.
Full Moon, 18th day, 11h., 3.4m., a.m., N.
Last Quarter, 26th day, 1h, 8.0m, p.m., W.

D. of W.	Day of Week.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets.	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets.	High Water Ch'town	
		h.m.	h. m.	morn	aft'rn	after'n	
1	Thur	6 47	4 41	3 22	4 6	8 53	
2	Fri	48	39	4 26	4 36	9 41	
3	Sat	49	38	5 26	5 6	10 25	
4	Sun	51	36	7 17	5 49	11 7	
5	Mon	52	35	8 37	6 39	11 51	
6	Tues	54	34	9 57	7 8	morn	
7	Wed	55	33	10 59	8 3	0 35	
8	Thur	57	31	11 56	9 5	1 23	
9	Fri	58	29	aft 43	10 11	2 16	
10	Sat	7 0	28	1 29	11 16	3 16	
11	Sun	1	27	1 55	morn	4 25	
12	Mon	3	26	2 20	0 23	5 43	
13	Tues	4	25	2 44	1 29	6 55	
14	Wed	6	24	3 7	2 33	7 59	
15	Thur	7	22	3 29	3 35	8 54	
16	Fri	8	21	3 52	4 37	9 13	
17	Sat	10	20	4 18	5 40	9 49	
18	Sun	11	19	4 46	6 41	10 22	
19	Mon	13	18	5 16	7 42	10 55	
20	Tues	14	18	5 50	8 43	11 29	
21	Wed	16	17	6 45	9 40	aft 5	
22	Thur	17	16	7 32	10 31	0 41	
23	Fri	18	15	8 21	11 20	1 20	
24	Sat	20	14	9 24	aft 2	2 2	
25	Sun	21	13	10 30	0 58	2 51	
26	Mon	23	12	11 46	1 10	3 40	
27	Tues	24	12	morn	1 58	5 0	
28	Wed	25	11	0 58	2 4	6 19	
29	Thur	26	11	2 11	2 52	7 28	
30	Fri	7 28	4 10	3 27	3 1	8 27	

North British and Mercantile
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY!
—OF—
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1886, - - $29,371,980.79

TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the past twenty-two years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN,
Agent.
Corner Queen and Water Streets, Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1888. } 1y

SULLIVAN & McNEILL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building Great George Street, Charlottetown.
☞ Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C. } Chas. B. MACNEILL.
jan. 17, 1884

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.

Circulars giving detailed information can be obtained on application at the offices of Messrs. Sullivan & McNeill, Solicitors Charlottetown.

W. W. SULLIVAN,
Agent for the Company.
Jan. 2 1885

FRUIT & 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.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale TWO BUILDING LOTS at Montague Bridge, well situated and fronting on two streets. On one Lot is a well built Dwelling, 20 x 30 feet, two storeys, with flat roof, containing six rooms; also closets, etc., etc.; on the other and adjoining Lot stands a Stable.

Also Four Acres of Land situated on the North side of Bridge, and fronting on the Brudenell Road, opposite the Upper Baptist Church.

The above Properties will be sold at a bargain. If preferred, a portion of the purchase money can remain on mortgage, with 6 per cent. interest.

For further particulars apply to A. C. Macdonald, Montague.

WM. J. SULLIVAN.
Montague, Sept., 26, 1888—29 19 2m

1888.
Boston Direct
—BY THE—
Boston, Halifax & P. E. Island Steamship Line.

THE ONLY DIRECT LINE WITHOUT CHANGE.

Charlottetown to Boston.

THE staunch and Commodious Steamships CARROLL and WORCESTER, having been thoroughly refurnished and put into first class condition in every particular, will, during the season of 1888, run as follows, commencing with

THE CARROLL, ON SATURDAY, 5th MAY.

One of these vessels will leave Boston for Charlottetown every SATURDAY, at noon; and Charlottetown for Boston every THURSDAY, at 6 o'clock, p. m.

Excellent Passenger Accomodation! Low Rates!

FARES—First-class Passage Berth in well-furnished cabin, $4,50; Stateroom Berth, $5,50.

Lowest rates for Freight, which is always carefully handled.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
Agents, Charlottetown.
HARRISON LORING,
Managing Director and Treasurer,
Lewis Wharf, Boston.
Ch'town, May 9, 1888

DR LOW'S WORM SYRUP
DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,
New York City.

BURDOCK PILLS
A SURE CURE
FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

Administration Notice.

THE undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of James Smith, late of Fort Augustus, Lot Thirty-six, in Queen's County, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, Trader, deceased, intestate, hereby notifies all persons indebted to the said Estate to make immediate payment to her; and all persons having claims or demands against the said Estate are hereby required to exhibit such claims and demands, duly attested, to her for payment within Six Months from the date of the publication of this notice.

Dated this 18th day of Sept., 1888.

CATHERINE SMITH,
Administratrix.
Fort Augustus, Sept. 26, 1888—3m

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT DIRT WASHER. TRY IT
The St. Croix Soap Mfg Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"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.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

JOHN NEWSON.

ON HAND AND TO ARRIVE, the greatest assortment of all kinds of
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
The Cheapest Place in Charlottetown,
Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, Parlor Suites, Chamber Suites, Mirrors, Picture Moulding, Chonagnen Window Blinds (the newest styles), Handsome Window Furniture, Poles, Cornices, Rings, Rollers, Holders, Bands, Chains—EVERYTHING. Woven Wire Mattrasses, all kinds of Mattrasses and Beds.
PICTURES FRAMED CHEAP.
Everything Cheap, Best Quality.
☞ CALL AND EXAMINE.
JOHN NEWSON.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1888—6m

There are 165 Cities

IN the World that contain over a Hundred Thousand Inhabitants, and there are a hundred and one little ailments brought on by an overworked constitution, which might be prevented by the timely use of
PUTTNER'S EMULSION.
It is in diseases of this origin that it has achieved, and is achieving, such marvelous results. Rev. R. T. Brine, Pugwash, N. S., says: "Being fully convinced that sufferers from exhaustion, brain weakness or rheumatic attacks will gain speedy relief from the use of Puttner's Emulsion, I feel it a duty to make known to such the remediable effect upon my system." Dr. H. J. Forsyth, St. Peter's, C. B., says: "Judging from the results obtained from Puttner's Emulsion in the course of my practice, I cordially recommend it to possess all the virtues ascribed to it as a medicine."
Young and growing children thrive on Puttner's Emulsion.
For sale by all Dealers at 50 cents.
BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Sept. 26, 1888. Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

The Busiest Place in P. E. Island.
MARK WRIGHT & CO'S
Furniture Factory.
If you doubt it, call and see. You will then understand why it is that we sell many lines of our own manufacture
VERY MUCH CHEAPER
Than anyone in the trade.
We are prepared for a rush in repairing and re-upholstering spring, and will give all our patrons quick despatch and good value.
We invite inspection of our immense stock in Show Rooms.
Mark Wright & Co
Charlottetown, March 28, 1888.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1888. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1888.

On and after Friday, June 1st, 1888, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom	Accom
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown..dp.	6 00	8 45	3 30
Royalty Junction.	6 14	9 17	3 49
North Wiltshire...	6 45	10 02	4 35
Hunter River.....	6 58	10 15	4 50
Bradalbane.....	7 23	10 48	5 26
Emerald Junction	7 30	10 56	5 40
Freetown	7 40	11 10	5 55
Kensington.....	7 53	11 29	6 17
		P. M.	
Summerside . ar.	8 15	12 00	6 50
Summerside . dp.	8 20	1 05	
Miscouche	8 45	1 32	
Wellington.....	9 05	1 52	
Port Hill	9 35	2 25	
O'Leary.....	10 30	4 00	
Bloomfield.....	10 47	4 22	
Alberton.....	11 14	5 15	
Tignish ..... ar.	11 55	6 05	
			P. M.
Emerald Junc..dp.			5 45
Cape Traverse..ar.			6 35

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish .....dp	1 10	6 00	
Alberton.....	1 50	7 05	
Bloomfield.....	2 15	7 44	
O'Leary.....	2 32	8 10	
Port Hill.....	3 28	9 35	
Wellington	3 52	10 18	
Miscouche	4 11	10 44	
Summerside . ar.	4 35	11 05	
		P. M.	A. M.
Summerside . dp.	4 55	12 00	6 15
Kensington	5 17	12 31	6 48
Freetown	5 30	12 50	7 10
Emerald Junction	5 40	1 04	7 29
Bradalbane.....	5 47	1 12	7 39
Hunter River.....	6 12	1 43	8 11
North Wiltshire..	6 22	1 57	8 21
Royalty Junction.	6 56	2 41	9 1
Charlottetown..ar	7 10	3 00	9 25
			A. M.
Cape Traverse..dp.			6 45
Emerald Junc..ar.			7 35

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown.....dp	2 15	6 20
Royalty Junct'n.....	2 30	6 40
Bedford	2 55	7 20
ar	4 25	9 05
Mt. Stewart Junc... dp	4 30	9 20
Morell	4 55	9 61
St. Peter's.....	5 20	10 25
Bear River.....	5 35	10 37
Souris ..... ar	6 25	11 05
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc.....dp	4 35	9 25
Cardigan	5 20	10 25
Georgetown ..... ar	5 45	10 50

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M
Georgetown .....dp	7 00	3 00
Cardigan.....	7 1	3 25
Mount Stewart Junc..ar	8 10	4 15
	A. M.	P. M
Souris ..... dp	6 35	1 20
Bear River	6 45	1 31
St. Peter's.....	7 20	2 05
Morell	7 42	2 35
Mt. Stewart Junc.. ar	8 10	4 10
Mt. Stewart Junc.. dp	8 15	4 25
Bedford	8 40	6 10
Royalty Junct'n.....	9 00	6 35
Charlottetown .....ar	9 20	6 15

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

Railway Office, Charlottetown June 6, 1888.

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Letters from London and Paris.

CANTERBURY, October 6th.

Dear Sirs,—I arrived here to-day after a week's stay in London. What a quiet, quaint, old-fashioned, easy-going place Canterbury is, to be sure. Just about as different from London as night is from day. Narrow, crooked streets, though clean; houses with their gable-ends to the road; buildings of all shapes and heights excepting modern shapes and New York heights. Now I come to think of it, even in London you see some of those ten, eleven and even twelve-story buildings so common in your city. On Piccadilly and Oxford streets the houses never exceed five or six stories.

Shall I say anything about London? Can I say anything about the great city that would be of interest to your readers? They have all read about it time and again; many of them have seen it, lived in it even, and know far more of its history, its aspect, its sights and sounds, than I do after one short week. So, for fear of wearying, I will be brief.

The one really remarkable thing about London is its vastness. And if there is a second remarkable thing about it, it is the wonderfully sharp contrast that exists between the east and west ends. Although, I dare say, the same extremes of wealth and poverty are to be found, more or less, in all large cities, still it seems to me that there is something unique in the squalor as well as in the splendor of the great metropolis. Last Monday I went through St James Park, past Buckingham Palace, through Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, along Piccadilly, past Grosvenor Square, etc. The next day I was down in the Whitechapel district, among the filth, the poverty, the sin and the misery of lost London. Not only did it seem that I was in another town, but even in another country.

This Whitechapel district is much talked of just now on account of the series of horrible murders, mysterious and blood-curdling, which have been committed there within the last few weeks, the sickening details of which fill all the daily papers. The police seem powerless to find even a wretched *clue*. And when Scotland Yard cannot find a clue of some sort, things must indeed be shrouded in gloom. Londoners, generally, seem to cling to the idea that these murders are the work of a madman. They are unwilling to admit that such terrible *outrages* can be committed on English soil. Had these crimes occurred in Dublin, the insanity plea might not perhaps have been so quickly advanced. *Quien sabe?* as the Spanish would say.

But let us take up a more agreeable theme, the spread of Catholicity in London. I think it is not generally known that there are between three and four hundred Catholic churches and chapels in the city and suburbs, where perhaps over half a million of faithful worship. A Jesuit father of London, with whom I was speaking of this subject the other day, told me that it was impossible to arrive at any like the exact figures, but that half a million was the ordinary estimate. Of course this wonderful increase in the number of Catholics living in London and other large English cities is principally due to the influx of Irish workingmen and their numerous families. There are some conversions among the English upper classes; but very few indeed among the middle and lower classes. Catholics the world over pray for the conversion of England; but as yet there is nothing in the least that resembles a general return to the faith. Certain prejudices against the church have died out. Catholics can even make a yearly and public pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Edward the confessor, which was closed against them some twenty years ago. But for all that, there is still a great deal of secret bitterness shown towards converts by their relatives and their whilom friends. They are cut socially, and often have to suffer severe loss by being disinherited. Under such circumstances it is only the truly courageous who dare come into the fold. How many must see the truth, but are deterred from embracing it by the thought of the hardships that await them.

I had the pleasure while in London of visiting the convent of Jesus and Mary, at Willesden. In former times the shrine of our Lady of Willesden was greatly renowned as a place of pilgrimage. It possessed a miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin, similar to that of Ipswich. Both were burned by the Reformers. His Eminence Cardinal Manning is very desirous of re-establishing the devotion to our Lady of Willesden, and he has, in the good sisters of Jesus and Mary, most zealous auxiliaries. They have erected in their chapel a statue to our Lady at Willesden, and have placed their convent under her special protection. And our holy Mother does indeed protect them in a wonderful, not to say miraculous manner. In spite of the greatest difficulties, and with little or no human aid, they have been able to purchase several acres of ground in this London suburb, where land sells at £1,000 and even £1,500 an acre, and build thereon a very substantial convent. As in many instances of church and convent building by persons who put their trust in God and His Saints rather than in man, the means to carry on the good work came to the sisters they hardly know whence. When funds are needed very badly, they are prayed for till they come. As you see, it is something of the Dom Bosco way of carrying on church work. There seems to exist an old prophecy that our Lady will be again honored here as well as in Ipswich. By a singular coincidence, if it be nothing more, the same sisters of Jesus and Mary have a convent also in the latter place. The mother house of this order is at Lyons, and the *superiure* of the convent at Willesden is a very, very small French lady, but with a very good head on her little shoulders. She has with her two French Canadian nuns. It was to call on them that I paid my visit to this most interesting spot, where the light of the true faith is beginning to glow once more after three centuries of spiritual darkness. A few years ago there was hardly a single Catholic to be found in all Willesden; now there are over a hundred; they have a very modest litle chapel, a school taught by the nuns, and a resident pastor, Father Clark, son of the well-known Catholic writer. Last Sunday, for the first time in 300 years, the sacrament of confirmation was administered in Willesden.

Of course I *did* all, or nearly all, the sights of London, the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the museums, Guildhall, Madame Tussaud's collection of wax figures, etc. As every one of these and similar places has been written to death, so to speak, I write but little about them. I will say, however, that the reputation of Madame Tussaud's establishment does seem to me slightly above the reality. And then again, history is not respected in the catalogues. When we are told, for instance, that Henri IV, King of France, was assassinated by a *Jesuit*, it is time to enter our protest and leave the place. What most struck me at St. Paul's was the sight of a crucifix and a statue of the Blessed Virgin, above what might be called the high altar. I was told that the low church people are greatly exercised over the terrible invasion of Rome, and that a complaint about the matter has been made before the ecclesiastical tribunals. Over the entrance to Westminster Abbey may also be seen a very fine statue of our most holy Mother. It seems that the government was once *interpollated*, as the French would say, concerning this piece of idolatry. Be that as it may, the statue is still there, and is likely to remain. The interior of Westminster Abbey is so filled with monuments and statues of all kinds that the old building looks much more like a museum of *bric-a-brac* than a church. The tomb of St. Edward the confessor is the one great object of interest to Catholics. It stands almost in the middle of the cathedral, and has a truly venerable and ancient appearance. As for the museums, what most interested me was the collection of Roman antiquities stowed away in a comparatively small room in the basement of Guildhall. You see there knives and spoons, bits, stirrups, harness-bells, fish-hooks, dice, lamps, long-necked glass bottles, pins, workmen's and artists' tools, tombstones with their inscriptions still legible, pieces of tessalated pavement, etc., all found in or near London, and undoubtedly of Roman origin. It is truly surprising to see how some things have remained the same for 2,000 years. Fish-hooks, bridle-bits, harness-bells and dice, for instance, were very much of the same make in the days of Julius Cæsar as they are at the present time.

The country between London and Canterbury is the great hop-growing district of England. When the vines cover the poles, the sight must be pretty enough. But at this season of the year you see field after field of bare, dry sticks. There is nothing poetical about it. A rather communicative Englishman pointed out to me as we flew along, the sheds where the hop-pickers sleep during the two or three weeks that the gathering of the crops lasts. "Formerly," said he, "they used to be obliged to sleep out of doors, under the hedges, anywhere they could find the least shelter; an act of Parliament had to be passed in order to oblige the hop growers to construct the sheds you see." Perhaps had the worthy gentleman known that I was connected with the Press, he would have been a little less talkative. Be that as it may, he gave, in these few words, a remarkable trait of English ideas, warped and distorted as they are by three centuries of *Reformation*. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals flourish all over the land; but an act of Parliament has to be passed before the hop-growers can be induced to give their laborers anything like decent shelter.

So far, I have seen nothing to compare with Canterbury Cathedral. I dare say that I shall see finer churches, much larger ones, richer ones; but I shall never forget the deep impression this grand old building made upon me when I first entered it. Oh, the Gothic! People may say what they please, but the men who built those magnificent forests of columns, rising on high and branching out like mighty oaks, those lofty arched vaults, were men of faith and men of consummate skill; for they knew how to make even stones pray to the Lord and sing His praise. One of these old Gothic Cathedrals is verily an endless prayer, a sublime *suvum corda*, arising from earth to heaven during ages and ages. The Gothic *forces* you to look upwards; raises not only your eyes but your thoughts from the ground.

And what holy and great men have lived and died and are buried under the shadow of these old walls. I stood on the very spot where St. Thomas, the great champion of the rights of the church, was struck down by the minions of Henry II. I saw the place where his tomb was in former times before the abominable King Henry VIII. robbed it of its gold and precious stones, and caused the body of the saint to be burnt and his ashes scattered to the winds. In the little church of St. Martin is still preserved the baptismal fount wherein St. Augustine baptized King Ethelbert.

The Jesuit Fathers have opened a fine college near Canterbury—ten minutes walk from the town. It is a French institution transplanted into England; teachers and scholars are all French, the latter belonging for the most part to the best French families. Count de Mun, the well-known leader of Catholic opinion in France, the great orator and the organizer of the *cercles Catholiques d'ouvriers*—or working-men's Catholic Associations—has three of his sons there. I had the pleasure and honor of meeting him at the college and of having quite a long conversation with him. The talking was mostly done by myself, however, for the Count plied me with questions concerning Canada, its political and social organization, the questions that agitate public opinion in America, etc. He kept me busy for half an hour. No sooner had I satisfied him on one point than he had another question ready for me. For over a century France forgot the very existence of her former colony; it is only within the last few years that she has rediscovered it. She thought that the 60,000 colonists that she abandoned in 1759 60 63 to the tender mercies of Great Britain had been absorbed and Anglified long ago. To her utter astonishment, she found that the apparently helpless group of *habitants* had grown up into a people of two millions, having maintained intact their faith, their language, their national institutions and traditions. If only official France could see a wholesome truth that *Catholic* France sees very plainly, to wit: that the 60,000 colonists of 1759, abandoned by the French Army and nobility, were saved from destruction, national and religious, by the clergy, who remained faithful to the people in their hour of need and trial! 'Twas religion preserved and built up French Canada; 'tis irreligion that is working out the utter ruin of France. Men such as Count de Mun see this truth plainly enough, and are fighting bravely against the awful torrents of Godlessness that is hurrying their country to endless perdition. But the so-called Republicans shut their eyes to the light and rush blindly and headlong to the abysm. All Frenchmen now take a great interest in French Canada, though it is only French Catholics who have intelligence enough to draw from our history the solitary lessons it contains.

As you see, I have been led away from the Jesuit College of Canterbury, of which I intended to say a word. Not so very far away, however, for if there is a college here at all, it is precisely on account of the religious persecution which has been raging in France for the last ten or fifteen years. In 1880, when an iniquitous decree drove the religious orders from their homes, closed their institutions and their chapels, a certain number of Jesuit Fathers took refuge in England, bought the property they now occupy, enlarged the mansion house and opened the College of St. Mary in 1881. The institution is now flourishing, and is frequented by 250 scholars, all from France.

What changes "the whirligig of time" does bring about! In former days Catholics were hunted like wild beasts in England, and had to fly to France for safety. Now Catholic parents in France are obliged to send their children to England in order to have them educated by the teachers of their choice.

PARIS, Oct. 18th.

I have been in France since Monday, the 8th, landing at Calais in the afternoon. I started at once for Boulogne-sur-mer. I say *at once*. It is what they call *at once* in this part of the world, for I came by the mail boat and I took the mail train that runs directly from Calais to Paris, stopping only at Boulogne and Amiens; so I suppose things were done as quickly as possible. But, between ourselves, travelling in Europe, even by fast trains, makes the flesh of an American creep. We in Canada are slow to what you are in the United States; but even to me there seems to be a vast amount of time lost here. The trains run fast enough when once they start; but it is at the stations where the dawdling is mostly done. At Boulogne I had to wait nearly two hours for a train going to Montreuil, so it was dark when I arrived at the latter place, a small, steep-streeted town of no particular interest, where I put up for the night. Nor was it the town I came to see. Near Montreuil is the chartreuse of Notre Dame des Pres, and in the chartreuse a very dear friend of mine, once a clever young lawyer of Quebec. He was my right hand, as we say in French, and we were—and still are, for that matter—as deeply attached to one another as any two brothers could be. Over four years ago he left home and friends and entered the austere Order of St. Bruno. He was a model young man in the world, and, since what he calls his conversion, he has, according to the testimony of his superiors, become a model in his community. Having renounced all earthly joys, having entombed himself in the solitude of his cell, and wishing to live only for God, he has cut off all communication with his family, even with his mother, whom he idolized. As I expected, when he heard that I was at the monastery he manifested the wish not to see me, such is his desire to subdue and mortify all that is *human*. But I had not come so far in order to be warded off in this manner. Mortification and self-sacrifice are worthy of all our admiration, and I sincerely regret that I have not moral courage enough to practice them to a far greater extent than I do. But at the same time I maintain that we can give glory to God in joy as well as in sorrow, in legitimate pleasure and relaxation as well as in fasting and prayer. It would seem that the Rev. Father Prior takes the same view of things that I do, for as soon as I had laid the case before him, he said to me with a heavenly smile: "Come with me; we will see."

So I followed him to my friend's cell. There he stood, but little changed, save for his long white habit and close shaved beard, with downcast eyes and clasped hands, refusing even to look at me. "Dom Jules," said the Prior, in mild, yet firm tones, "in the name of obedience receive your friend and let your greeting come from the heart." "In the name of obedience, Father?" "Yes, in the name of obedience." Without saying another word he threw himself into my arms, and we had a good, silent cry, in which the Prior joined heartily. After a little the Prior left us, and by degrees we recovered from our emotion and got into talking trim. And how we did talk can be more easily imagined than described. I spent twenty-four hours at the monastery, sitting up until 11.30, in order to hear the monks chant the office in the middle of the night. It is a very solemn sight to behold those white-robed, silent men, with their cowls drawn over their heads, wending their way through the long cloisters to the chapel by the faint glimmer of the little lantern each one carries with him. The chapel is but dimly lighted—almost dark—for the faint lights are shaded so as to throw their rays only upon the books of the monks as they stand or kneel. When all are assembled the office begins, and lasts generally over two hours. It is a peculiar chant, very simple, very slow, wonderfully thrilling and impressive, grand, awe-inspiring. It takes you back, back to the centuries long gone by; to the days when ruined and ivy-clad abbeys were newly built, when knights and kings and peoples flourished who are now forgotten. Back, back, even to the catacombs and the blood-stained dawning of Christianity; it makes you realize how old and yet how young is the Catholic Church; always the same; outliving dynasties and empires; never changing, yet harmonizing herself with all the wondrous changes that two thousand years have wrought; inflexible, yet adapting herself to all times, places and situations. Oh, glorious Church, truly thou art the handiwork of God! Never before did the whole force of the motto adopted by the Order of St. Bruno come home to me as it did that night while I listened to the chanting of the monks: *Stat crux dum volvitur orbis.*

I had intended to say something about Paris, the gay capital of the world, as many are pleased to call it. But this letter is already too long perhaps for the space at your disposal and the patience of your readers. I will, therefore, postpone my remarks and say good-night.—*J. P. Tardivel, Editor of La Verite, in New York Freeman's Journal.*

Some Interesting Baptismal Certificates.

Under the above caption "Lorraine" contributes to the Toronto *Catholic Review* a paper of considerable interest. We make the following extracts:

On the banks of the Kamouraska river, sheltered under a barren cape, stand the blackened ruins of a house that once knew better days. Here on the 30th July, 1809, the Apostate Chiniquy was born, and, according to the parish register, baptized as follows:

"On the thirtieth of July, in the year 1809, I the undersigned archpriest and cure of the Parish of St. Louis de Kamouraska, baptized Charles Paschal Telesfor, born of the lawful marriage of Mr. Charles Telesfor Chiniquy, law student of this parish, and dame Marie Reine Perrault. The god-father was Paschal Tache, former Seigneur of this parish, and the god-mother Madame Catherine de la Naudiere, wife of Ignace Aubert de Gaspe, Esq., Seigneur of the parish of St. Jean Port Joli, in the county of Devon, who have signed with us as required.

"(Signed) Lanaudiere de Gaspe, Peschal Tache, Lanaudiere Baby, Agathe de Lanaudiere, G. Maritaux, Amaranthe Lemoine, Adelaide Baby, Louise Tache nee de Chesnay, Thos. Castor, A. R. Pinet, archpriest and cure.

It is not generally known that Chiniquy, somewhere about forty-five years ago, entered the novitiate of the Oblate Order. A very learned and pious old clergyman of Quebec at the time entered the fact in his diary, and traced underneath the prophetic words: '*Ca ne tiendra pas.*'

The family of the apostate, overwhelmed with shame, left Canada long since for the United States. One of his brothers recently died at Kankakee, Illinois, at the age of seventy-eight years, and had the consolation of receiving the last sacraments of the Church from the hands of his son, a priest, the Rev. Louis Chiniquy, of Cincinnati.

Rather a good story of Chiniquy, and one not generally known, concerns his visit to Montreal some twenty years ago, when he held forth in a most scandalous manner against the truths of the Holy Church, and was especially violent in his attacks upon the Blessed Virgin. Shortly after this course of sermons the apostate was attacked by a disease of the mouth and throat; ulcers broke out over his tongue and lips, and he was unable to pursue his "mission."

He was then residing at the St. Lawrence Hall, and to him some anxious friend brought one of the leading medical men of the city. It chanced, however, that the doctor did not know the name of his patient, which probably was intentionally concealed from him, nor did Chiniquy recognise the doctor, who was eminent no less for his Catholicity than for his skill. After examining the tongue, prescribing, etc., the doctor recommended the sufferer to winter in Florida, saying that the severity of a Canadian winter might prove prejudicial to his recovery. He then took his leave. Probably the friend in attendance thought the joke too good to keep, for the next day it was known all over Montreal that Doctor H—— had sent Chiniquy *to a hot climate!*

The counterfeiter is not a man who fits the counter. A carpenter does that. So does a dude, sometimes.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.