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THE Farm, formerly owned by Mr. Peter M. Bourke, at Mill View, in Queen's County, consisting of about

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With the Dwelling House, Barns, Cloth, Carding and Saw Mills thereon. This property is situated in a fine farming settlement, convenient to Churches, Schools, &c. It will be sold *en bloc*, or in lots to suit purchasers.

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July 23, 1890.—tf

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Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

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HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH
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DR. JAMES' **NERVE BEANS.**

NERVE BEANS are new discovery that relieve and cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing manhood, restores the weakness of body or mind caused by overwork, or the errors and excesses of youth. This remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases, when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. They do not, like other preparations advertised for lost manhood, etc., interfere with digestion; but impart new life, strength and energy in a quick and harmless manner peculiar to themselves.

Sold by druggists at $1.00 per package or six for $5.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address, The James Medicine Co., Canadian Agency, St. John, N. B.

Write for pamphlet. Sold in Charlottetown wholesale and retail by Geo. E. Hughes and Reddin Bro

April 8' 1891.—1y

Farmers & Farmers' Wives

BRING YOUR EGGS TO

Beer & Goff's Store,

Where you will get the highest price in Cash for them, or one cent a dozen extra if you take Goods in exchange.

Our Goods will be found to be first-class in quality and the price as low as the lowest.

We will take your eggs from you right along all summer so that you need not take them into the market at all but bring them direct to us.

BEER & GOFF,
April 8—1yr QUEEN & KING SQUARE STORES

McLeod & McKenzie

Star Tailoring Establishment.

We always keep on hand a large and varied assortment of the best cloths to be procured in the market. At present we have a large stock of the best Summer Goods and warrant that we can please all our customers. Of our abilities as cutters and fitters we shall say nothing; our work speaks for us We invite you to call and examine our workmanship, and be convinced that we can cut a suit of clothes in a style to please the most fastidious.

McLEOD & McKENZIE,
QUEEN STREFT.

Mark Wright AND Co
(LIMITED,)
—ARE GIVING—
GREAT BARGAINS
—IN—
FURNITURE.

New Store.

NEW GOODS.

KELLY & McKENNA

Have just opened a Choice Stock of GROCERIES PROVISIONS and CROCKERYWARE, in the Connolly "Old Stand," Queen Street, where they will be pleased to see their friends and the public generally. All those who may be pleased to favor them with their patronage can depend upon getting the very best value for their money, as the Stock has been bought for cash and will be SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

September 16, 1891.—6m.

READ THIS!

IT WILL PAY YOU.

$150 worth of sponges, Samples bought at 15 per cent discount.

$75 worth of Tooth Brushes. Samples bought at 15 per cent discount.

Will give our customers the benefit of above discounts. All our Fancy Goods and Toilet requisites are of the best quality and bought for Cash. The prices cannot be undersold.

REDDIN BROS.,

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Local and Special News.

Improve the nutritive functions of the scalp by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and thus keep the hair from falling and becoming gray.

When is a ship treated with too much familiarity? When her bow is close followed by a smack.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, and digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

If you are nervous or dyrpeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one makes you miserable and these little pills cure both.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

A COMMON ORIGIN.

ALL skin diseases of whatever name or nature are caused by impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a natural foe to impure Blood, removing all foul humors from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. In every part of Canada the voice of the people rules and the voice of the people endorses Burdock Blood Bitters as the best and surest blood purifier known. Nothing drives out boils, blotches, humors, sores and impurity so quickly as B. B. B., and perfect health with bright clear skin always follows its use.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM. The wisdom of Solomon, were he alive to-day, would lead him to choose Burdock Blood Bitters as a remedy for all diseases of the stomach liver, blood. It cures dyspepsia biliousness headache, constipation and all forms of bad blood from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

A NARROW ESCAPE

"I would probably have been in my grave to-day had not been for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. For two years I suffered from bowel complaint and become very weak and thin, but after using half a bottle of the Extract I was completely cured and have since had no return of the complaint."—Miss Hilton, 34 Huntly St., Toronto.

DON'T YOU FORGET IT. "I will never forget that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry saved my life. Five years ago I had a terrible attack of summer complaint and was given up by the doctor and my parents. A friend advised Fowler's Strawberry and at the second dose I was relieved and soon as well as ever."—Maggie McGillivary, Falkenburg, Ont.

SEVERAL REASONS. "For several seasons I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and find that it makes a perfect cure even of the severest attacks of summer complaint and diarrhœa. It is as precious as gold."—Mrs. F. C. Winger, Fonthill, Ont.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows

Each one a judge. Try K. D. C. and judge for yourself its wonderfull curative powers. It never fails to relieve the dyspeptic and testimonials constantly arriving show that is what it is claimed to be—the greatest cure of the age. Send 2 cent stamp for a sample package to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents,—For some years I had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used nearly every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue it use and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Glamis. R. W. HARRISON.

Ten cases men's very latest style Spring Hats, just opened at J. B. MacDonald's.

Ladies Witter Jackets, Dolmans and Ulsters selling off at about half price to clear at J. B. McDonald's.

Great slaughter sale of Boots & Shoes during the month of February. Tremendous Bargains at the Dominion Boot & Shoe tore.

A Good Suit for your Boy from 75c. to $7 Prices ranging every 25c. Jas. Paton & Co Come and see the above Goods. 31

Get your friend the Farmer & Fisherman to read James Paton's offer in this week's Herald. 31.

Bring your Eggs to Beer & Goff's where you will get the highest cash price for them and one cent per dozen extra if you take goods in return.

Beer & Goff keep the best 24 cent Tea in the city.

Choice family Flour for sale by the bbl. cheap at Beer & Goff's.

Call and get some of these cheap cups and saucers that are selling off so fast at the cheap crockery Store.—W. P. Colwill.

If you want to buy a good black Cashmere or Memoir dress, Henrietta Cloth, Crepe Cloth, India Cashmere, the best and cheapest at J. B. McDonald's.

The Cheapest Cotton in town will be found at J. B. McDonald's. Prints worth 9 cents selling for cost. Prints worth 16 cents selling for 12 cents. Ginghams for 8 cents worth 8 cents.

The report of the select standing committee on the McGreevy case is the biggest blue book of the year. The two reports proper are small pamphlets. The big book contains the charges, the minutes of proceedings and the evidence, and is a volume of 1479 pages. The committee has had 100 sittings, and has examined 71 witnesses. The cost of the affair will be something startling some estimates placing it as high as $50,000, including direct and indirect costs. The short hand men will get three or four thousand dollars; the printing bills will amount to a much larger sum. The allowance for the expences of the witnesses will be a handsome amount, while the lawyers will perhaps get some $20,000.

Johnny Abbott, 8 years old, of Battle Creek, dreamed the other night he was slaughtering whole tribes of Indians. Getting up in his sleep and his night clothes he went up stairs, passed out a window on to a roof, slid to the ground and walked 30 rods through the cold wet vegetation before he awoke.

Miscellanier.

The greatest distance that a ball has ever been thrown is 143 yards, 1 foot, 7½ inches, by John Hatfield, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1872.

The Duke of Nassau, although 75 years old, is still hale and hearty. He has a fortune of $25,000,000, and is believed to be the richest prince in Europe.

The emperor of China retires to bed at sunset every evening, rising at 3 in the morning. His breakfast is served at 7 and his dinner at 3 in the afternoon.

There is a radish in a garden near Benton, Mo., that has a circumference of 22½ inches and is over two feet long, and is still growing at the rate of an inch a week.

W. R. Hearst, of the San Francisco Examiner, proposes to erect in Washington, a magnificent building which will cost about $2,000,000, and which will be devoted to the accommodation of press associations and newspaper correspondents.

Dr. George C. Matthews, of Jacksonville, Fla., has a very intelligent horse. Tied in front of a hotel near the water pipe he turned the faucet with his teeth, and, holding his mouth under, got a drink. He then turned the water off in the same way.

Chicago has a child that possesses a mania for remaining out of doors. Often in order to satisfy it she runs away from her home, staying away for days. Up to two years ago the family lived in Dakota, and there the girl would wander into the woods and live for days until found, on herbs and berries.

Stone Mountain, Ga., has a remarkable pony. He has not only almost human intelligence, the power of knowing to the minute his feeding hour, and an ability to distinguish persons he has met before, but can run errands. His owner has a small bag, which he hangs on the pony's neck, and on being told to "bring the mail" the pony starts off with much dignity to the post office.

The marine inspectors at Detroit, Mich., have just issued their first licence to a woman as master of a steamer. This female captain is Mrs. Celia Person, of the passenger steamer Florence C., of Alpena, Mich. By the way, if female sailors are to become numerous, it will be interesting to know what *sobriquet* is to be applied to them. We all know the male sailors are commonly styled "Jack Tars;" are female sailors to be called "Jinny Tars?"

The Republicans of New York State have gone about half crazy over their candidate, Fessett, because when he was nominated at the Rochester convention, for the Governorship, he stepped down from the platform and kissed his wife and his mother-in-law before he made a speech. Kissing his wife was good; but a man who can kiss his mother-in-law in public, and make a speech after it, is a phenomenon, and deserves the support of all moral Republicans. Should he be elected he will, no doubt, be known as "the Kissing Governor."

The power of the bed-bug has been singularly exhibited by the curious decision of a Justice of the Peace in Paris, who has declared the lease of a house broken because the lessee produced before the court a single bed-bug captured in a bed hired for the tenant's convenience by the lessor. The court gave a somewhat remarkable judgment that, article 1,719 of the Civil Code guaranteed the peaceable possession by the lessee of the house; and that no man could be in peaceable possession of a house which contained an active and well developed bed-bug in good working order. This tribute to the power of the bed-bug, recalls the charming little poem on the same interesting insect by an American poet:

"The June-bug flaunts a gaudy wing,
The Fire-bug flies for fame;
The Bed-bug has no wings at all,
But 'he gets there' all the same."

A Triumph of the Cross.

CELEBRATING THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE FOUNDING OF FRASCATI.

A correspondent in the Eternal City writes as follows:

"Frascati, the miniature city resting in the lap of the lovely Tusculan Hills, at just an hour's journey from Rome, is now celebrating the seventh centenary of its stormy birth. It was in 1191 that stately Tusculum, older than history, beautiful beyond description, and apparently impregnable, fell from its mountain throne, never to rise again. For the Romans, rude, remorseless conquerors as of old, left hardly a stone upon a stone, and treated the citizens with as little mercy as they treated the city. Such as escaped the cruel Roman steel assembling as near as they could to the old, beloved, but now desolate, heights, built themselves a temporary shelter with boughs of trees, whence the name 'twig-built,' or Frascati. The city is no longer of twigs, but of solid stone and brick, and fine hotels rising at various vantage points proclaim it to be the fashionable summer refuge of the scorched-up Romans. Quite one of its attractions and sources of popularity is the ruined Tusculum, visited with the greatest interest by 'natives' as well as tourists. Though little remains to show the extent or the magnificence of the ancient city, there yet may be seen the classic theatre in beautiful preservation, and towering two hundred feet above it the craggy citadel, telling with its awful, frowning steeps, and its threatening rocks, of the strength which daunted Hannibal and won the sisterhood of Rome.

"On the very crest of this old citadel, the students of the English College, long before the accession of Pius the Ninth, erected a great wooden Cross, which erection, Cardinal Wiseman says, was an act of simple piety, acceptable and edifying to the neighborhood. In the course of time the cross had to be renewed three times, and the last one has seen the flash of the guns that battered the walls of Holy Rome on that sad September day in 1870.

"The festivities of the Frascati centenary were arranged to begin on the morning of the Assumption. It was a lovely clear morning, and the students of the English College at Monte Porzio looked out early from their windows to drink in the glorious landscape which is always fresh to them. Suddenly one chancing to look up to the Tusculan citadel, towering in the distance, saw with excitement and indignation that the cross was gone! The news soon spread, and immediately after breakfast two of the students made rapidly for the hilltop. They found that the upright beam had been sawed through about four feet from the pedestal, and they saw the mighty cross lying on the ground just below. Fastened on with a stone, and plainly telling of outrage, they found a paper bearing an insulting inscription in badly-spelled Italian, and in an apparently simulated handwriting. They took it home and kept it. The following is a near equivalent of the inscription:

"'*To the Humbugs of the Holy Inquisition:*

"'You are not worthy to be the Propagandists of our Rebel, Christ, I wish I could hew down your funeral pyres as I now hew down this old trunk.

"'A TUSCULAN WHO WILL NEVER CRY YOUR PARDON.'

"Such demonstrations as these represent, as a rule, the feelings of less than one thousandth part of a district, and the present case is no exception. The people of Frascati are Catholic to a man, but, as usual, the factious majority of the blackguard persuasion seem to have considered it within their rights to assert, on behalf of their native city, anti clerical spite and anti-Christian enthusiasm. This they sought to effect by removing the cross from its place of honor during the celebrations. Festivities were arranged to take place on the site of the ancient Tusculum on the Thursday following the Assumption, but that these should be held by a Catholic population in the shadow of the Cross was more than 'free thought' could stand, so the sacred sign was overthrown.

"On Saturday and on Sunday nothing could be done towards restoring the cross except sketches and plans and calculations. The English College looks with great pride upon the Cross of Tusculum as its own idea and as its own property, and the students were resolved that the old cross should stand again before the festival. Prince Aldobrandini was consulted about the restoration, as the site of Tusculum is his property. He most gladly gave the authorization.

"On the Monday morning a new surprise came. Through field-glasses it was seen that the stump was gone. Was the enemy trying to complete the ruin? Couriers again went up, but came back with the news that the prince's men were at work. The bell rang at once for all the house to go and take part in the work of love. A new cross of the same size as the old one, had already been made, and the combined efforts of workmen and students brought it to its place. The manner of the uplifting was symbolical. The cross had been thrown down at night—now, just one hour before noon, it rose majestically and stood in its place as if of its own accord, and the black cassocks sprang and clustered round it to hold it straight while the men piled blocks of stone to fix the base.

"When all was settled, wine and refreshments were brought for the workmen, and all the students mounted on the pedestal for a mild inauguration ceremony. Far away in the Campagna, seen most perfectly in the limpid clearness of the morning, the white walls of Rome were shining in the summer sun, while St. Peter's blue dome looked benignly down. What wonder, therefore, that the first hymn was 'O Roma Felix.' So Webbe's grand music thundered out from the height, and in the calm air was heard at the college a mile away, 'Faith of Our Fathers' seemed after that to be the most appropriate, and the two hymns together suggested 'God Save the Queen.' Then cheers were given for the Holy See, for the Queen, and for Prince Aldobrandini, and three times three for the Cross. Two peasants, who heard the singing, hurried up and threw themselves before the Cross, praying with all their hearts, as devout Italians know how. Then they cried; 'Evviva la Croce.' The workmen, as the students left, stood forward and gave three tumultuous cheers for the English College. Thus ended a glorious day most cheaply bought, after all, with the short, indignant sadness of the two preceding days."—*Catholic Standard.*

A Grand Scene in Rome.

POPE LEO XIII. PRAYING AT THE TOMB OF ST. PETER FOR THE WORLD.

Rome, July, '91.

While the sounds of Vesper bells from the towers and belfries of the many churches in Rome were filling the air—those bells which every evening "seem to mourn the dying of the day"—Leo XIII. was descending to the Vatican Basilica on the eve of the Apostle of Rome to pray at the tomb of St. Peter. At 8 o'clock the last of the many thousands of worshippers who visited the church during the day had departed, and the doors were closed. The vast empty space was dimly lighted by large wax torches, rendering the gloom of the distant chapels still more profound. A brilliant light, however, shone around the confession from the hundred lamps in gilded bronze that burn always there, with the exception of Good Friday. The Pontiff accompanied by a few of the Noble and Swiss Guards and some members of the Pontifical Court, entered the Basilica by the stair leading into the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Here he knelt in adoration for a short time and then proceeded to the bronze statue of St. Peter, arrayed for this occasion in rich cope and jeweled tiara, where leaning his hands on the foot of the statue, he stood praying. Then he approached the confession, and descending into the richly-decorated space beneath the level of the Basilica, he went forward to the shrine immediately beneath the high altar, and knelt there on a faldstool.

In this space, at the foot of the double stairs leading from the Basilica, is Canova's colossal kneeling statue of Pope Pius VI., the first Pope who died in exile since the present church was built. A richly-wrought grille of gilded bronze, which covers the tomb of St. Peter.

HERE LEO XIII. KNELT

above the resting-place of the Prince of the Apostles. His stillness and silence, the white robe he wore, the pale hue of his complexion, all contributed to make him look like a statue, and persons present were struck with the contrast between the living Pontiff and the marble statue of Pius VI., the latter in the warm light of the surrounding lamps, looking the more life-like of the two. For close upon two hours the Pontiff knelt there in silent prayer over the remains of the glorious Apostle whose feast Rome celebrated with full-hearted joy on the morrow.

"The body of the Apostle Saint Peter," writes Mgr. Barbier de Montault, "reposes at the bottom of this Confession, at a depth of about twenty feet, corresponding to the lower floor of the Vatican Catacomb, and it is enclosed in a bronze coffer. Here, in the old Basilica, the pilgrims of the Middle Ages might look down and see the massive cross of gold placed by Constantine the Great on the bronze tomb. This well, or hollow, was closed at the end of the sixteenth century when Clement VIII. renewed the Papal altar. Over the former opening into it there is now a slab of bronze, bearing a cross reversed in relief, in allusion to the martyrdom of St. Peter. The slab is closed with a lock, and has not been lifted up since the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., who permitted the Emperor Nicholas of Russia to see the interior of this tomb, or rather place of deposition. On the bronze slab their lies an enamelled box or coffer, having the arms of Benedict XIV. incised upon it, which contains the Palliums of white wool blessed by the Pope after the first Vespers of St. Peter. These Palliums are taken from this place as required—"from the body of Blessed Peter"—to be sent to new Archbishops, primates and patriarchs, as a distinctive sign of their jurisdiction.

AND STILL THE PONTIFF PRAYED.

with the light of a hundred lamps above him and an intense interest was added to his presence there when the imagination aimed at picturing to itself the nature and purpose of that long-continued prayer, in which the sorrows and troubles of a world sadly out of joint were certainly considered. One whose privilege it was to be present at this touching spectacle longed to be a painter that he might fix in enduring color the solemn scene. Such a picture might form a counterpart to that in which the French artist, Benouville, has represented St. Francis of Assisi carried forth on his death-bed, that he might bless Assisi, the city of his birth and predilection. Leo XIII. praying in the darkness of the night at the tomb of St. Peter for a proud and wayward world is even a nobler subject for an artist. After having made the round of the chapels, accompanied by the Chapter of St. Peter's and the members of his court, and having assisted at the chanting of Matins, the Holy Father returned to the Vatican at a quarter to eleven,

The following day, the Feast of St. Peter, it seemed as if the whole population of Rome was either going to or coming from St. Peter's, from an early hour in the morning until the gloom of night came down upon the city. The intense heat—over 90 degrees in the shade—was no hindrance. The great Piazza is always sunny, and to-day the heat radiating from its lava and granite pavements was dry and scorching. During the morning, from 5 until after midday, every altar—and they are many—was almost constantly occupied by priests and Bishops celebrating Mass.

THE ORIGINAL ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

The Collegium Cultorum Martyrum—an association established for the veneration of the martyrs in the Catacombs of Rome—had Mass specially celebrated at the Altar of St. Peter's Chair, at the end of the Basilica. This relic, enclosed within a bronze case of exquisite workmanship, supported by four large bronze statues of the four great Doctors of the Church—the work of Bermini—has not been exposed to view since 1867 during the celebration of the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of the Apostles. The crypt, underneath the central nave of the church, which on this feast in former times open to all, is now rigorously closed, and no one, except in very rare cases, is admitted to this most interesting remnant of the ancient Basilica. The prohibition dates back some four or five years, since the London police informed the Vatican authorities that a conspiracy of Italians to blow up the place with dynamite had been discovered. The floor of this crypt is the floor of the ancient Constantinian Basilica. The tombs contained in it have ancient sculptures of the first order, such as those of Junius Bassus, who was Prefect of Rome, became a Christian, and died in 359, and of Boniface VIII., of Calixtus III., Paul II., etc.

A CONGREGATION OF 30,000.

In the evening again the crowd had increased, and at a certain hour there must have been at least, 30,000 persons within the huge church. The huge pilasters were hung with crimson damask, and as the rays of the setting sun shone through the yellow-stained glass window above the Chair of St. Peter—with a "glory" of angels, as the Italians call it, pictured upon it—they struck upon the damask, and reflected back a red glow that filled the vast space around the high altar and the towering baldacchino, forming one of the rarest and most beautiful combinations of light and color that it is possible to witness, even in St. Peter's. And then there came that hymn which all were waiting for; and the first sounds made the wanderers stay their feet and hushed into an awed silence the thousands standing there. It was the hymn, "O Felix Roma! O Felix Roma!" that tells of the glory that Rome has derived from the martyrdom of its two Princes, Peter and Paul. Two full choirs took up the glorious strain, and these joyous words, repeated again and again with increasing love and devotion, sent a thrill through the hearts and brought tears to the eyes of many. And so it went on, the narrative portion of the hymn carried on as in other hymns; but when these words, "O Felix Roma!" were reached, then it was that the heart of the singers was in the song, and their voices rose rejoicing with indescribable joy. Nor was the effect of the words lessened, but rather intensified, when the conditions of Rome to-day were considered, and when the successor of Peter, whose presence renders Rome the dear object of pilgrimages and of all longing thoughts throughout Christendom for his benefit and well-being, is constrained to remain within the walls of the Vatican taking no active part in these ceremonies. And yet the choirs of St. Peter's can sing, "O Felix Roma!" When the last notes of this glorious hymn died upon the air the vast majority of the people left the Basilica on their way homewards.

The Prelate who sung Vespers was Mgr. Berlucca, the successor of Mgr. Jacobini as Canon of St. Peter's. It was his first function, and it was a glorious one. If he acquire such universal esteem and affection as his predecessor he will be a fortunate prelate. The day before his departure, I called upon Mgr. Jacobini to wish him a happy journey to his new sphere of office—the Apostolic Nunciature at Lisbon. His last words to me were the fervent expression of a wish to see the people of Ireland all united, and their unhappy dissensions brought to an end. He had won the confidence and respect of all Irish and American bishops and priests with whom he came in contact. His successor in the Propaganda, Mgr. Ignazio Persico, Titular Archbishop of Damiata, has given up his position as Vicar of St. Peter's, and that office has been assigned to Mgr. Fausti, Titular Archbishop of Selencia, a well-known and highly respected prelate.

ILLUMINATION OF THE DOME.

The great day of St. Peter, that in the olden time was ushered in with the firing of cannon at Castel St. Angelo, and concluded by that most beautiful and glorious of all illuminations, the illumination of the Dome of St. Peter's—to-night ended in the illumination of private houses throughout the city. The number of these illuminations seems to increase annually, and, perhaps, as of old, Rome is making Romans of the Piedmontese, and Neopolitans, and Calabrians—of, in fine, the whole heterogenous population that has settled within her walls since 1870. There is no doubt that the great majority of these helped considerably to swell the crowd that paced her marble-paved aisles of the Vatican basilica on the feast of her great Apostle.

The Allahabad Pioneer explains how it is that cholera always originates in Mecca. About six miles east of Mecca is a place called Meena where the sacrifices have to be offered up at the yearly Hadji. In no other place about Mecca is it lawful to slay animals. The number of beasts killed, from camels to goats, is about 70,000. Nearly all these are slain in one day, between 9 a. m. and noon. The odours are described even by the pilgrims as awful beyond words, no attempt being made to dispose of the refuse. Here the annual epidemic of cholera begins, and is carried by the Hadji to the various countries. For many years to come the season of the Hadji will be in the warm weather, and while Mohammedanism lasts there seems to be no interfering with this origin of cholera.