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Great Rush
AT THE
Boot Factory.

Our solid leather Fall
Boots selling faster than
we can makethem. Low
prices and good quality
does it.

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OF OLD STAND,
Queen Street.

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Largest,
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showing great values in
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and fashionable goods.
o, Kensington.

MEN'S OVERCOATS.
BOYS OVERCOATS.
MEN'S REEFERS.
BOYS REEFERS.
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BOYS SUITS.
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TEWART
HOUSE.

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1894. Vol. XXIII. No. 10

The Charlottetown Herald
—IS PUBLISHED—
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R. E. MORAN, J. M. SULLIVAN.

Calendar for January, 1894.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 6th day, 10h. 54.9m., p.m, N.
First Quarter, 14th day, 3h. 56.7 p m, S.W.
Full Moon, 21st day, 10h. 56 9m, a m, N.E
Last Quarter, 28th day, 6h. 38.3m p. m, N.W

M	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun Sets	The Moon Rises	The Moon Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m	morn	after n	after'n
1	Mon	7 49	4 18	2 48	03 9	6 34
2	Tues	49	19	3 55	1 1	7 36
3	Wed	49	20	5 2	1 26	8 28
4	Thur	49	21	6 8	2 2	9 13
5	Fri	49	22	7 4	2 47	9 56
6	Sat	48	23	7 53	3 40	10.35
7	Sun	48	25	8 34	4 41	11 13
8	Mon	48	26	9 4	5 48	11 49
9	Tues	48	27	9 29	6 56	morn
10	Wed	47	29	9 48	8 9	0 23
11	Thur	47	30	10 7	9 12	0 56
12	Fri	46	31	10 23	10 21	1 31
13	Sat	46	33	10 38	11 32	2 8
14	Sun	45	34	10 54	morn	2 50
15	Mon	45	35	11 12	0 46	3 43
16	Tues	44	37	11 37	2 4	4 54
17	Wed	44	39	aft 0	3 26	6 16
18	Thur	43	40	1 2	4 51	7 39
19	Fri	42	41	2 5	6 8	8 47
20	Sat	42	42	3 24	7 10	9 45
21	Sun	41	43	4 51	8 12	10 50
22	Mon	40	44	6 20	8 47	11 33
23	Tues	39	45	7 43	9 15	aft 4
24	Wed	38	47	9 2	9 35	6 42
25	Thur	37	48	10 15	9 52	1 19
26	Fri	36	50	11 25	11 8	1 58
27	Sat	35	51	morn	10 25	2 39
28	Sun	33	52	0 35	10 42	3 29
29	Mon	33	54	1 46	11 2	4 33
30	Tues	32	55	2 52	41 20	5 40
31	Wed	7 30	4 57	3 56	aft 3	7 5

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. A. Baird, Hammonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions.
mar 16, 1892—1yr.

North British and Mercantile
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
—OF—
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
Total Assets, 1891, - - $60,032,727.

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 thirty years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent
Stamper's Block, Upstairs, Victoria Row, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Jan. 21, 1893.—1y

Dr. T. C. Robins,
SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE:—Prince Street, Opposite St. Paul's Church Charlottetown, P. E. Island. mar 1st 93

LET THE
HERALD PROCLAIM
we have just had made up a large assortment of
HEAVY,
SOLID
PLAIN GOLD
WEDDING RINGS.
E. W. TAYLOR,
Cameron Block

"CHRIRSTMAS BOX."
FULL OF WONDERFUL THINGS.
15 FOR "RAITS of Actresses and Pretty Girls, the Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Flirtation, Lovers' Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Magic Square, 250 Selections for Autograph Albums 75 Money Making Secrets, 30 Popular Songs, 64 Tricks in Magic, 64 Conundrums, The deaf and dumb Alphabet Morse Telegraph Alphabet, Calendar for the current year, and our new catalogue of Xmas and New Year Toys, Books and Novelties. ALL sent to you by mail, FREE, for only 5 cents, silver, for postage.
A. W. KINNEY, C. H., Yarmouth, N. S.
Nov. 29, 1893.—3m

Readymade Clothing.
CHEAPEST AND BEST AT
JAS. PATON & CO'S.

BOYS' OVERCOATS and REEFERS	from	$1.00.
BOYS' SUITS,	"	1.00.
BOYS' PANTS,	"	0.75.
MEN'S OVERCOATS,	"	3.75.
MEN'S REEFERS,	"	3.75.
MEN'S SUITS,	"	2.00.
MEN'S PANTS,	"	0.90.

We are not going out of the Clothing business, but we want our Clothing to go out before the end of the year, and will offer Clothing at such low prices that will clear the last Overcoat and Reefer in Stock.

The Farmers of P. E. Island deserve our thanks for the genuine patronage bestowed on us since we opened our FALL STOCK OF READYMADE CLOTHING. We have sold double the quantity this year. Why? Because we have given them the right quality at the right price. Call and save money.

JAMES PATON & CO.,
168 VICTORIA ROW

WEEKS' For all Kinds of Goods.
WE BUY FOR CASH,
WE SELL FOR CASH,
BUY ALL YOUR DRY GOODS FROM US.
Buy your Mantles from Weeks,
Buy you Jackets from Weeks.
Buy your Furs from Weeks.
Dress Goods at 10 cents per yard, worth 15 cents.
Dress Goods at 15 cents per yard, worth 22 cents.
Dress Goods at 20 cents per yard, worth 33 cents.
This sale of Dress Goods till all is done.
ASTRAKAN JACKETS.
The sale for Astrakan Jackets has commenced. Sales daily.
Our Astrakan Jackets are the best.
Our Astrakan Jackets are the cheapest in Charlottetown.
Try us for Collars, Muffs, Tippets, etc.
W. A. WEEKS & CO.,

Babies
ought to be fat. Give the Thin Babies a chance. Give them
Scott's Emulsion
the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, and watch them grow Fat, Chubby, Healthy, Bright. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.
Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bowne, Bellevile. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

BEHIND SEALED WALLS.

Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration Near New York.

Utterly Dead to the World.

AUSTERITIES OF THE MEDIEVAL AGES IN A CONVENT WITHIN RIFLE SHOT OF THE BUSTLING METROPOLIS.

Almost within a rifle's shot from the bridge over the Harlem river, and within easy view of New York's millions of lights at night, says the New York World, there is a body of thirty women immured in a convent, as utterly dead to the world as if they were in their grave.

Beyond the grim stone walls of that convent at Hunt's Point the footfalls of these cloistered nuns will never echo: their voices will never be heard. They are there forever.

Their life is one stern routine of rigid fasting, penitence and sacrifice, and ceaseless prostration on cold stones before the Sacrament, atoning for the sins of the world.

They are the nuns of the Perpetual Adoration.

In the second book of "Les Miserables" Victor Hugo, describing the flight of Jean Valjean with Cosette, draws a picture of the life and interior of a convent of the Benedictine Perpetual Adoration in France. This picture, convincing in its piety and pathos, is yet so terrible in its intensity and gloom that it would seem impossible to duplicate it in actual existence at the close of this nineteenth century. The order at Hunt's Point is the Dominican Order of the Perpetual Adoration. With a few trifling modifications, due to differences of climate between the old world and the new, the supernatural self-abnegation and rigor of life there is the same as that of the order which Vigor Hugo has so powerfully described. It is like a page out of mediævalism and the dark ages.

A PROLONGED FAST.

These buried women—with two exceptions, who stand between them and the world—never see mortal man except the Archbishop and his priests, and their own fathers and brothers, and these dear ones they see only through a double metal grating. They have never touched their hands or kissed their lips from the day they entered the cloister, and never will. No earthly sorrow which can ever come may force these women beyond their cloistered grating to even a parent's side.

Their life is a prolonged fast. Two ounces of bread and a small cup of black coffee goes for their breakfast. They never touch meat. Dinner is the one thing resembling a meal, and that is composed merely of eggs and vegetables. At night a cup of tea and six ounces of bread form their supper.

They sleep on boards and straw.

They have no heat beyond the small spark in a stove, which simply keeps their blood from freezing, and enables them to paint and to sew and embroider the gorgeous church vestments which is their one earthly task.

For ever and ever they pray.

Two nuns are always kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, in perpetual adoration. They pray for the sins of the whole erring world. Every two hours they replace each other, and periodically through the day and night the entire community prostrate themselves at once. The Sacrament is never left alone.

Day and night, without one second's lapse for all the years of life, they kneel in everlasting atonement.

SEALED UP FOREVER.

In the still watches of the night these women rise and pray. After three hours of rest, just at the stroke of midnight, they rise and go to the chapel. Here in the stillness and gloom they lift up their voices and chant matins, chanting and praying until 2 o'clock. Then they return to bed to sleep until 5, which is all the rest they know.

That same rapt, lonely hymn which brought Jean Valjean to his knees in the garden of the Rue Saint Antoine in Paris, floats upward every night from the cloister chapel of the convent at Hunt's Point. Here, within ten minutes' reach of the throb and hum of rushing life, are grouped these women in seclusion as picturesque, as devotional, as unearthly as ever Hugo described. Inaccessible, mysterious and tragic are they to the outer world, as if they had been buried alive.

Fourteen years ago Archbishop Corrigan imported this order from France, establishing the nuns in a convent at Newark, where they lapsed immediately into such total seclusion that their existence hardly became known. The building of this new monastery at Hunt's Point, with the memorial chapel of his wife attached, which was erected at the cost of $25,000 by John D. Crimmins two years ago, attracted more attention, and the outside world flocked to the place brimful of romantic curiosity and excitement. But never a face of cloistered nun did they see. Nothing that ever took place behind those iron gratings was disclosed to them. For the convent was sealed up at once—and forever.

A SMALL CONCESSION.

Once a year the Archbishop, accompanied by seven priests, is permitted by Church authority to enter the cloister for the purpose of inspection. What he sees there is this:

Long stone-paved passages leading one to the other through gloomy arches, silent and cold as the stones of which they are built. Up and down these passages walk at intervals throughout the day thirty silent women. By they walk they pray. This is all the air and exercise they know, and is called their recreation.

They are dressed in gowns of white serge, formed like a surplice, belted with a close band of the same stuff at the waist and hanging in straight, graceful folds to the feet. The large full sleeves are gathered to the wrist in a band, and from the neck to the hem in front falls a wide, straight piece of serge like a scapular, beneath which as they pace the vaulted corridors they are accustomed to fold their chill hands to get a little warmth.

In the refectory are three bare but spotless plain board tables. Round each table ten nuns sit and eat in silence, at morn and night, their slender, weighed allowance of dry bread and their colorless tea or coffee.

They eat just enough to keep from starving.

At midday they have an egg or a little fish, with hot vegetables, and a glass of water. The boards of this room are bare, the walls are white-washed. In fact, the entire interior of the cloister is barren of anything that is not wood or stone, except the poor cutlery and crockery from which they eat, and the small iron pallet which serves each one for a bed.

In the refectory there is no stove, because they are not supposed to need heat while they eat.

BUT LITTLE WARMTH.

In the community room, where they paint and embroider, there is one stove stove in the centre, round which they never gather two at a time. If a nun's fingers grow too numb to work she can approach the stove and hold them near it until circulation is restored. Then she takes up her task again in silence and another chill sister takes her place. In the dormitory where they sleep and where at 9 nightly a dim little half-hour taper is set to burn, there is a small stove placed at each end.

This is the one concession made by the order to the rigor of an American climate.

If the small heat distributed by those stoves through the room which runs almost the entire length of the building were to be removed the Sisters would freeze.

On the little iron pallet, the width of the narrowest hospital cot, there is a thin straw mattress, a coarse linen under sheet, a hair pillow, a linen over sheet, a blanket and a gray outer covering.

Each cell is separated by a solid wall and has a bare, scrubbed floor, a table with jug, basin and receptacle for brushes, and above the table a crucifix. There is no looking-glass. These women never know how time is laying his crosses from the day enter. They adjust their white linen guimpe, above it the white forehead band, and over their close-cropped hair the small black cap and flowing veil by a sort of instinct in order. If they are not straight another Sister steps up silently and settles them.

When the Archbishop approaches the veil is flung back and they are at liberty to speak. They always tell him they are very happy. No Sister has been known yet to find disappointment or return from those cloister walls to the world of fashion and gayety whence she came.

Chiefly the community is made up of women who have had most temptation in the luxuries and indulgences of life, and who by a sort of inspired predelection choose this everlasting seclusion, flinging down with the joys and attractions of the world the names by which they were known to it.

Material beauty never follows their footsteps. Nothing that is pretty, no decoration, no sweet, harmonious, lovely looking thing is ever theirs. They own simply that pure white habit and black veil, and all the beauty which comes to them is in clear, white spiritual thoughts, and is woven round the foot of the cross.

Literary Notes.

The Review of Reviews for January is particularly strong in its editorial *resume* of the closing events of the stirring and turbulent year 1893. Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor, discusses tariff revision, the relief of the unemployed, recent strikes and labor questions, the Hawaiian question and the Administration's policy with regard to that subject, civil service reform as applied to our diplomatic and consular as well as other branches of the public service, and a great variety of other topics of the day. Foreign affairs are briefly but clearly presented, and this department, entitled "The Progress of the World," presents in some twenty pages a broad and frank treatment of affairs, political and social, from Canada to Capetown. Among the portraits interspersed are those of Hon. W. L Wilson, who gives his name to the new tariff bill; Miss Clara Barton, the American head of the Red Cross Society; Hon. J. P. McDonald, chairman of the New Jersey State Board of Arbitration; Hon. G. Robertson, Jr., chairman of the New York State Board of Arbitration; Mr. Arthur Marshall Chambers, chairman of the English Coal Owners' Federation; Mr. J. R. Sovereign, now Master Workman of the Knights of Labor; Mr. T. V. Powderly, formerly Master Workman; Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts; Mr. Henry White, lately of the American Legation in London; Mr. John R. Proctor, of Connecticut, the new chairman of the Civil Service Commission; Mayor Schiereo, of Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Charles H Parkhurst; Mr. Daniel S. Remsen, Secretary of the New York Kindergarten Association; Mr. Marshal Field, of Chicago; the late Sir Robert Morier, British Ambassador to St. Petersburg; the late Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria; Major Godd-Adams, Dr. Jameson and Col. Carrington, leaders in the campaign against Lobengula; Prince Windischgraiz, the new Austrian Prime Minister; Casimir-Perior, the new Prime Minister of France; Signor Crispi, Prime Minister of Italy; Mr. Emil Frey, the new President of Switzerland; Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Canadian Minister of Commerce; Hon. H. M. Nelson, new Premier of Queensland, and the late John Tyndall, the eminent scientist. This list is sufficiently illustrative of the enterprise of the Review of Reviews in securing and presenting each month the portraits of the men whose faces the reader of the world's news would most naturally prefer to see.

His Opinion of Cardinal Gibbons.

Redmond Blathwayt, who has passed two years in the United States studying the condition of the Catholic Church there, has written a letter to the London Daily Chronicle on Cardinal Gibbons' attitude towards the labor question. The letter is intended to refute a recent article in the Chronicle which reflected upon the Cardinal's sympathy with the efforts of the working people to better themselves. Mr. Blathwayt says: During my recent study of American Catholicism I came into personal communication with Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Keane. With the exception of Archbishop Corrigan, who is somewhat of a reactionist in his ideas, I found them men of singularly open minds. Cardinal Gibbons said to me that although he deplored striker, he nevertheless believed that the recourse to them might be justified by the exigencies in particular cases. The church recognized the fact, he said, that labor had sacred rights and he believed that paramount amongst the natural franchises of the laborers was the right to organize societies for mutual protection. Both Cardinal Gibbons and Archbisop Ireland denied any desire to interfere with the schools in the States as at present constituted. On the contrary, they gloried in them. Withered be the hand raised to destroy them, said Archbishop Ireland to me."

Catholic Notes.

Over two thousand American Indians were received into the Catholic Church during 1893.

The whole population of the Sandwich Islands is 95,000, and 24,000 of these are Catholics.

Prince Otto, of Schaumberg Lippe, has, it is stated, expressed his intention to become a Catholic, and he will receive baptism shortly at Paderborn. The wife of Prince Otto is a Catholic.

In Syria the population of two important villages which belonged to the Schismatic Greek Church have, with their clergy, entered the Catholic Church. In the town of Edlibo the chief citizens have applied for Catholic missionaries.

Dr. Knox, the Protestant Bishop of Armagh, who died recently, was highly respected in the community in which he resided. When the news of his sudden death was made public the bells of the Catholic Cathedral were tolled at intervals throughout the day. Cardinal Logue sent a message of condolence to the episcopal palace. This is the way Irish Catholics treat Protestant neighbors who are Christian gentlemen and not brutal and unreasoning bigots.

It has been reported that the Pope has ordered the suspension of the proceedings respecting the introduction of the cause of beatification of Joan of Arc. This report is devoid of foundation. The ordinary course is being followed. The advocate for the defence, M. Alibrandi, has just completed his reply to the objections officially put forward by the Promoter of the Faith, and the Congregation of Rites will soon hold a sitting to consider it.

Are They Lost?

REPLY TO THE QUESTION REGARDING THE FATE OF NON-CATHOLICS.

In answer to the question, "Are all who die outside the Church lost?" the Cleveland Catholic Universe gives the following short, clear and theologically sound reply:

The Catholic Church teaches that all those who die outside her pale are not in the way of salvation, but she does not teach that all who do not profess Catholicity are lost. The matter cannot well be explained in a short space, but in substance the idea of the Church is this:

All men, in order to obtain salvation, must belong to the Church founded by Jesus Christ. The Catholic Church alone is the Church founded by Him, for it alone has the essential marks of the true Church; therefore all men, to obtain salvation, must belong to the Catholic Church.

The Church, however, consists of the visible body and the invisible soul. All those who have received the Sacrament of Baptism, and who have not left the Church by their own free act, or being expelled from it for contumacious conduct, belong to the visible body of the faithful. Men who become formal heretics or schismatics leave the Church; men who are excommunicated are expelled from it.

To the invisible Church, or as it is called the soul of the Church, belong all those who are in the state of grace, whether they have been formally admitted through baptism, or informally through the charity that in certain circumstances supplies its place, and is known as Baptism of Desire. All who belong to the soul of the Church are in the way of salvation, but have not equal facilities of securing it.

An example familiar to all readers of the New Testament is that of Cornelius, the Centurion, who is described as a "just man and one that feareth God." Before the visit of St. Peter he belonged to the soul of the Church only, and as such was in the way of salvation. When baptized by St. Peter he became a member of the visible body of the Church. If he had declined to be united by baptism to the visible Church he would have ceased to belong to the soul of the Church, and would, as a consequence, have placed himself outside the pale of salvation.

To this two remarks may be added: First, only involuntary ignorance or present impossibility excuses a man from the obligation of belonging to the visible body of the Church.

Second, no man in the Church or out of it can possibly be saved who dies in mortal sin. Professing Catholics have immeasurably better opportunities of freeing themselves from sin than non-Catholics, no matter how well disposed they may be, some of whom die in sin for want of sufficient knowledge to make an act of perfect contrition.

The Globe Theatre, Boston, has been totally destroyed by fire. A new playhouse in every way superior to the one destroyed will be erected.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Brave Priest.

Some of the honor of the Dahomey campaign accrues to the brave priest, the Pere Dabordere, who, in his quality of army chaplain, faced the enemy's shot with an intrepidity equal to that of the bravest soldier. A French officer just returned from Dahomey relates that on one occasion when the French soldiers were firing on their knees, concealed by brushwood, the Pere Dabordere insisted on standing upright. This was that he might scan in every direction and see who were struck by the balls of the Dahomeyans.

When constantly urged by officers and soldiers to withdraw from spots of danger, he would never do so. When told that he would meet his death, his reply was, "We shall see." With the skirts of his soutane tightly tucked up around him, his was the task to bear away the wounded as they fell and to administer the last sacraments to the dying. An ovation awaited him at Abomy, where Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike received him with open arms.

World's Biggest Diamond.

EMPEROR WILLIAM SAID TO DESIRE IT FOR HIS CROWN.

Emperor William is said to be trying to buy the new Cape diamond, believed to be the largest in the world and more valuable than the Kohinoor, weighing 971 carats. If he gets it he will have it set, rumor says, in the new crown being made for him at Berlin.

The diamond referred to is called the Excelsior, and is deposited in one of the Bank of England safes. It was found last June in the mines of Jagersfontein, Cape Colony, by Capt Edward Jorganson, the mine inspector.

In his opinion, corroborated by that of the director, Mr. Gifford, the Excelsior is a stone of the purest water and worth about $5,000,000.

Exceptional precautions were taken to have it conveyed from the mine to the coast. A squadron of Lancers guarded the carriage to Cape Town, from which point it was shipped to London in the gunboat Antelope. It is fully three inches high, nearly three inches broad and weighs 971 carats, a little more than seven ounces (Troy). The color is white, with a very slight bluish tint, and its lustre is pronounced matchless. At the centre is a very small black spot, which experts say will be removed easily in the cutting.

The British Government is reported to have offered $2,500,000 for this diamond, but the offer was refused.

Mgr. Satolli's English Speeches.

One characteristic is the power of his memory. His duties require him to make frequent speeches before American congregations and, therefore, in the English language. He writes his speeches out in Italian, formulates in his own language and on paper what he wishes to say and in just what words he wishes to say it; has these speeches translated into English by his interpreter and then commits the English to memory. So wonderful is his memory and so thorough his mastery of detail that no one would suspect from listening to his utterances that he was not an English scholar. Although not understanding the words he speaks he gives them an inflection and pronunciation that is nearly perfect and proves that the power of imitation has been strongly cultivated within him, for he copies every emphasis taught him by the interpreter.—Boston Advertiser.

Deal Gently With the Erring!

We have just received a copy of the greatest home song ever published in this country. The privilege of publishing in America alone cost $2,000 in gold. It is a song that will reach the heart of every christian in the land. The melody is perfectly beautiful; can be played on piano and organ.

Price 40 cents per copy; can be obtained by addressing the publisher F. W. Helmick, 265 Sixth Avenue, New York. [Our readers will receive a copy by sending 20 cents in postage stamps.

Prof. Robertson, has received mail advices from England which confirms his impression that the big cheese is not in nearly so bad a state as was reported. Prof. Robertson will have a seventy pound sample of the eleven ton wonder sent back from England.

From all Quarters.

Justin McCarthy has declined to write a biography of Charles Stuart Parnell, fearing that such a work would come into competition with the memoir prepared by Mrs. Shea, and soon to be published.

Mgr. Eucrte, a domestic prelate of His Holiness, Leo XIII, having been elected to the Chamber of Deputies in Holland took the oath and his seat a few days ago. He entered the Chamber in his ecclesiastical dress, and he was taken for a bishop by the Protestant deputies.

The recent revival of the agitation for a new trial of Mrs. Maybrick has ended in a fizzle. The home office denies that it has received the important new evidence which Mrs. Maybrick's friends were said to have produced. She will have no chance of being released until after serving the tenth year of her term.

The hard times have forced Harvard college to retrench. Two professors and four instructors have been notified that their services will not be required after the close of the current academic year. Last year there was a deficit of $25,000 in the college accounts, due to increased expenses and the world's fair exhibition.

The condition of things at Red Island, Placentia, Nfld., is pitiable beyond description. Typhoid fever is raging, and people are in a fearful state. Fever is in fifteen houses, and ten deaths have occurred. In one house the two parents are dead, and children lay around on the floor, stricken with the same disease, with no one to help them.

A statue of a priest has been set up in the streets of New York. At the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones street a bronze effigy of that philanthropic man of God, the Rev. John C. Drumgoole, founder of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for Homeless Boys, now stands opposite the handsome building that he planned for his great charity. It can be seen from Broadway. There have been greater heroes than he, but few did more good and none who better loved their fellow-men. He was worthy of honor, but his best monument is in the waifs whom he rescued from viciousness, ignorance and want, and made virtuous, instructed and industrious citizens.

The second edition of the December World's Fair Cosmopolitan brings the total up to the extraordinary figure of 490,000 copies, an unprecedented result in the history of magazines. Four hundred thousand copies—200 tons—ninety-four million pages—enough to fill 200 wagons with 2000 pounds each—in single line, in close order, this would be a file of wagons more than a mile and a half long. This means not less than 2,000,000 readers, scattered throughout every town and village in the United States. The course of The Cosmopolitan for the past twelve months may be compared to that of a rolling snowball. More subscribers mean more money spent in buying the best articles and best illustrations in the world. Better illustrations and better articles mean more subscribers, and so the two things are acting and reacting upon each other until it seems probable that the day is not far distant when the magazine publisher will be able to give so excellent an article that it will claim the attention of every intelligent reader in the country.

Mr. Herman Hicks
Of Rochester, N. Y.

Deaf for a Year
Caused by
Catarrh in the Head

Catarrh is a CONSTITUTIONAL disease, and requires a CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY like Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it. Read:

"Three years ago, as a result of catarrh, I entirely lost my hearing and was deaf for more than a year. I tried various things to cure it, and had several physicians attempt it, but no improvement was apparent. I could distinguish no sound. I was intending putting myself under the care of a specialist, when some one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla would do me some good. I began taking it without the expectation of any lasting help. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more. It is now over a year and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case, and cordially recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to all who have catarrh." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.