

## PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

CELEBRITIES OF THE INVESTITURE OF A CARDINAL.

How the Red Hat is Conferred—Origin and History of the College of Cardinals—What has Been Done in the Instance of the American Bishops.

Cardinal Gibbons will present the red hat to Mr. Satelli soon after Dec. 13. Now that it is authoritatively and positively announced that Archbishop Satelli is to be made a Cardinal, it may be interesting to tell how a Cardinal is made and what his duties are.

In the first place, the College of Cardinals consists of seventy members, divided into three ranks—Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, and Cardinal Deacons. Of the former there are six, each of whom has charge of one of the suburban sees in Rome. There are fifty priests, each of whom holds a title or parish in Rome, and fourteen deacons. The latter hold no titles, and may be laymen. Cardinal Antonelli was a layman and was created a Cardinal long before his ordination.

The words cardinals, cardines, incarnare, are found in ante-Nicene ecclesiastical writers, and are used to designate the fixed permanent clergy of any church—those who were so built into it and necessary to its being that it might be said to revolve round them as a door round its hinges. They are thus distinguished from Bishops, or priests, or deacons, whose connection with a church was loose or temporary.

Parish churches, or titles, were first instituted in the time of Pope Marcellus (304-309), and the priests to whose charge they were permanently committed were styled Cardinal Priests. The deacons were at first seven in number, in imitation of the original apostolic institution. They were not at first assigned to particular districts, but as time went on and various charitable institutions for the relief of the sick and poor, with chapels attached to them, arose here and there throughout the fourteen regions into which Rome was divided, each deacon had a region, with its institution assigned to his care. They were then styled Cardinal Deacons, from the fixed nature of their charges.

For a long time there was no such thing as a Cardinal Bishop, because the Pontiff himself presided in Rome in that capacity. But there were several Bishops in the immediate neighborhood of Rome—namely, Portus, at the mouth of the Tiber, Ostia, on the opposite side of the river, Praeneste, Sabina, Tusculum, Albano, and St. Rufinus—the Bishops of which appear from the very early times to have sat in synod with the Bishop of Rome, which later developed into a closer connection.

In the eleventh century these sees were reduced to six, St. Rufinus having been united to Portus. At the council held in Rome 1059, under Nicholas, it was decreed that the Pope should henceforth be elected by the six Cardinal Bishops, who should be the Bishops of the sees named.

The number of Bishops fluctuated until 1586, when Sixtus V. ordered that the number of Cardinals should never exceed seventy, and the sacred college remains at that number today.

The Cardinals owe their appointment solely to the Pope. The Pontiff as a rule announces the names of those appointed at a consistory of the Cardinals. Usually at the consistory following the names are made public.

In the case of a new Cardinal residing near Rome, he is summoned before the Pope, who confers upon him the berretta, and at the following consistory the red hat is given him. In the case of a Cardinal living any distance from Rome, a member of the Pope's household, usually a Monsignor, is designated as an Ablegate, and, together with a member of the Papal guard, is sent to the new Cardinal with the zucchetto, or skull cap, the red berretta, and the documents authorizing the investiture of the new Prince of the Church with the berretta.

As soon as the messengers arrive at the house of the new Cardinal, the member of the Papal guard presents him with the skull cap; then the Ablegate is introduced, and after a short speech asks the Cardinal to fix a date for the bestowing of the berretta.

Mgr. Cesare Ronchetti was the Ablegate and Count Marefoschi the member of the Papal Guard who came to this country at the elevation of the late Cardinal McCloskey. The berretta was imposed by Archbishop Bayley, then Archbishop of Baltimore. The ceremony was performed in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott street, on April 22, 1875, being preceded by a solemn pontifical mass, celebrated by Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn.

Although Cardinal McCloskey was made a member of the College of Cardinals by Pope Pius IX., he received the red hat from Leo XIII. He was summoned to Rome at the death of Pius IX., but did not reach there until after the election of Leo, from whom he received his hat and his title of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

In the case of Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Straniero and Count Mucicola were the messengers from Rome. Archbishop Peter R. Kendrick of St. Louis, Mo., imposed the berretta in the Cathedral in Baltimore on June 30, 1886, after a mass celebrated by

Archbishop Williams of Boston. The Cardinal went to Rome and was vested with the red hat and the title of Santa Maria in Trastevere.

The raising to the cardinalate as a matter of fact means the investiture of three hats—the skull cap, or zucchetto; the berretta, which is the same shape as the ordinary berretta, and differs only in color from a priest's or bishop's, and the red hat. This last is simply held over the Cardinal's head by the Pope and is never worn. At a Cardinal's death it is laid upon his breast until the interment, when it is suspended over the sanctuary of his cathedral. Cardinal McCloskey's may still be seen hanging in the cathedral on Fifth avenue.

At the imposing of the berretta a cardinal makes an oath that within a year he will visit the tombs of the apostles, and it is while on this visit he usually goes through the ceremony which makes him a full member of the Sacred College. This is the most important and interesting of the ceremonies. The day preceding the hour appointed for the public consistory the chief of the College of Apostolic Curators, in full official costume, repairs to the respective residences of the newly created Cardinals, and notifies them in a regular Latin formula of the public consistory.

This is one of the most brilliant scenes conceivable. Surrounded by the members of the Papal Court, the Holy Father sits on his throne at the far end of the Sala Regia, with his golden miter upon his head. Long rows of benches are placed on each side of him, upon which sit the members of the Sacred College in their full cardinalial robes. On the steps before their eminences sit their chaplains, whose duty it is to hold the scarlet berretas on their knees and to gather up the Cardinal's train.

The hat is only placed by the Pope on the Cardinal's head; he then lifts it up and hands it to the prefect of papal ceremonies. In the evening it is carried in great style by the master of the pontifical wardrobe to the residence of the new Cardinal, accompanied by two prelates and five servants in rich liveries.

After the giving of the hat the Pope rises, and, imparting the apostolic benediction to all present, retires to his apartments. The Cardinal Dean recites a prayer over the new members, who thereupon are embraced by the Cardinals present and welcomed into the ranks of the sacred senate.

The ceremonies open with the "Obsequies." This consists of the Cardinals going one by one to kiss the ring of the Holy Father. After the professed Cardinals come the newly elect, who have first taken, in the Sistine Chapel, the oath of allegiance prescribed by the apostolic constitution, in presence of the Pope, the Cardinals, and the superiors of various religious orders. They enter the consistorial hall in procession and kiss the hands and feet of his Holiness, after which they exchange the accolade, or ecclesiastical embrace, with their colleagues, beginning with the senior member of the Sacred College and ending with the last promoted.

During these proceedings one of the consistorial advocates pleads the cause of the beatification or canonization of some person eminent for sanctity. The new Cardinals then return to the pontifical throne, and the Pope places the red hat on the head of each one, saying as he does so, "I wish my nails were pink like those of most girls."

"But you can't have pink nails so long as you are so melancholy," I answered, and she blurted out: "You never saw me before, and don't know whether I'm melancholy or not?" "Oh, yes, I do," I said, "because the color of your nails tells me so. I've several melancholy customers, but they don't know that I know it. When a person is subject to fits of the blues, or rather is in a constant state of depression, the nails seem to turn lead-colored from sympathy. If you would make up your mind to always be cheerful, your nails would grow pink after a while."

"Then she told me how she had lost her sweetheart just two weeks before they were to have been married; and although three years have elapsed she has never been able to shake off the melancholia."

For a while only the sound of the file was heard, and then the customer said: "Do you know what you've been telling me is very interesting? I wish you would tell me more, for I'm going to begin to study nails."

"Well," resumed the manicure, "broad nails indicate a gentle, timid, and bashful nature. Of course, people with broad nails often overcome their timidity and have perfectly easy manners, but they are invariably gentle. I made a customer very angry once. She was a middle-aged woman, and it was the first time that she had ever come to me. She said that a dear friend, Mrs. Brown, who was one of my regular customers, had recommended her to come to me. As soon as I began to work on her nails she began to quarrel. She quarreled with my instruments and my way of using them, and finally let in on her dear friend for sending her to me. I worked away and said nothing, and when I finished her nails looked really beautiful. She looked at them and then at me and said: 'You must think me very disagreeable.'"

"Oh, no," I answered. "I knew you would quarrel about something when you sat down, because your narrow nails told me that you had a quarrelsome nature, and you are not only quarrelsome but you have an inordinate ambition. Pardon my frankness, but people with narrow nails like yours are always quarrelsome and ambitious."

"She flounced out, but she has come to me once a week ever since."

"That very day a stout man of athletic

## TOLD BY FINGER NAILS.

HOW MANICURES TELL PROPER WHAT THEY LIKE.

Individual Tastes and Dispositions to be Recognized at Sight—Nails that Indicate a Love of this or that—Some that Show Bad Dispositions.

"Dear me, but you are luxurious in your tastes!" said a pretty little manicure who does a thriving business in caring for the hands of men as well as those of women. The customer to whom she spoke was a young woman whom the manicure had never seen before.

"And, pray, how do you know that I am luxurious in my tastes?" the customer asked in astonishment, and at the same time with much interest.

"Oh, I can tell by your nails. You hear people constantly talking of character being shown in the hands, feet, eyes, or mouth, but no one but a manicure with years of experience knows how people can be read by their finger nails. I've been in this business five years; many of my customers are men, and I've got those who come to me regularly down pretty fine, and yet I've never exchanged a dozen words with most of them. I judge everybody the first time that I fix the nails, and it is often that I make a wrong estimate of a person's character."

"But what in the world can you tell what a man or a woman is merely by the finger nails?" asked the customer.

"Because they are such tell-tales. As soon as I took your hand in mine and saw how your nails grew into the flesh at the points and sides, I knew instantly that all your tastes are luxurious, and you indulge yourself, too, just as far as you can, don't you?"

"I'm afraid you are right."

"There, now, I knew it. All of my customers who have such tastes have nails that grow into the flesh. They quarrel about it and beg me for something to stop this tendency, but I can't stop the work of nature. Of course, it's ugly and often causes pain to have the nail embed itself in the flesh, but it is one fond of self-indulgence one must pay the penalty, even to the finger nails."

"The other day a little woman came in here with pale nails; they were almost lead-colored. She made two or three pleasant remarks, and finally said: 'I wish my nails were pink like those of most girls.'"

"But you can't have pink nails so long as you are so melancholy," I answered, and she blurted out:

"You never saw me before, and don't know whether I'm melancholy or not?"

"Oh, yes, I do," I said, "because the color of your nails tells me so. I've several melancholy customers, but they don't know that I know it. When a person is subject to fits of the blues, or rather is in a constant state of depression, the nails seem to turn lead-colored from sympathy. If you would make up your mind to always be cheerful, your nails would grow pink after a while."

"Then she told me how she had lost her sweetheart just two weeks before they were to have been married; and although three years have elapsed she has never been able to shake off the melancholia."

For a while only the sound of the file was heard, and then the customer said:

"Do you know what you've been telling me is very interesting? I wish you would tell me more, for I'm going to begin to study nails."

"Well," resumed the manicure, "broad nails indicate a gentle, timid, and bashful nature. Of course, people with broad nails often overcome their timidity and have perfectly easy manners, but they are invariably gentle. I made a customer very angry once. She was a middle-aged woman, and it was the first time that she had ever come to me. She said that a dear friend, Mrs. Brown, who was one of my regular customers, had recommended her to come to me. As soon as I began to work on her nails she began to quarrel. She quarreled with my instruments and my way of using them, and finally let in on her dear friend for sending her to me. I worked away and said nothing, and when I finished her nails looked really beautiful. She looked at them and then at me and said: 'You must think me very disagreeable.'"

"Oh, no," I answered. "I knew you would quarrel about something when you sat down, because your narrow nails told me that you had a quarrelsome nature, and you are not only quarrelsome but you have an inordinate ambition. Pardon my frankness, but people with narrow nails like yours are always quarrelsome and ambitious."

"She flounced out, but she has come to me once a week ever since."

"That very day a stout man of athletic

build came in. He fixed his piercing eyes upon me, and seemed to be trying to read me, but I had the advantage, because I could read him without glancing at his face. After a time he began to question me about my business, and I plucked up courage to volunteer:

"And you are a student—you are fond of knowledge and are full of liberal sentiment."

"He stared at me as if I were crazy, and said nothing more, but when he went to leave he took a parcel, took out a book, and wrote upon the fly leaf. 'For the little manicure who read the author at first sight From the Author,' and presented it to me. That author was one of the most popular belonging to the realistic school, and I guess he thought I was a witch, or of course he thought that nobody would take him for a student with his magnificent physique. He didn't know that his round nails had indicated to me what his chief characteristics were, and he has never been back since. Perhaps he was afraid of me; but any way I prize that book he gave me above anything else that I have."

"Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit. Watch out for the person with small nails, especially if it happens to be a man, for he will be capable of petty thoughts, speeches, and actions, and thinks more of himself than of any one else. If it is a woman, she is apt to be spiteful and jealous, and, generally speaking, says things behind your back that she wouldn't say to your face."

"People of bilious temperament have red and spotted nails, and so do martial men, delighting in war. Where you see these red nails you may be sure that the person possessing them is easily irritated, though apt to get in a good humor just as easily."

"There is a superstition to the effect that white marks on the nails denote misfortune, but there is nothing in it. These white marks that schoolgirls call beauty, merely show that there is too much acid in the system. They are rather disfiguring, but are easy enough to get rid of if one is inclined to diet for a week."

"People with very pale nails are subject to much bodily infirmity, and if you observe them closely you will find that they easily have a grievance. They readily are easily imposed upon, and often suffer persecution from neighbors and friends, and they do not talk about their troubles. Be lenient with them, because they cannot help it.—N. Y. Sun.

**RICHARD BARNETT.**  
The Kamr Financier and how he set out to Make a Fortune.

Barney Barnett's name is a power in the world of finance, for Barney is easily king in the nation of promoters. A few years ago he was penniless, today he is owner of millions, has the stock markets of Europe at his beck and call, and the ear of a confiding public ready to listen to anything he has to say. He is a man of only 43 years of age, and established an immense fortune in South Africa, whither he went in the early '70s, having tired of clerical work in London. Through numerous turns in the wheel of fortune during the first four years of his stay, he accumulated \$25,000. He started in as a promoter bought four diamond claims with his \$25,000, was able to sell them in 1881 at something like \$500,000, and is supposed after a series of such enterprises to be worth about \$200,000,000 today. As a specimen of what such a man can do, it is related of him that a only short time ago he made a paper corporation with a capital of \$1,000,000 and it to a syndicate for £2,500,000, and in twenty-four hours the syndicate had sold it to the public for £5,000,000. This tale is probably a pure bit of romance, yet represents so exactly the part which a successful promoter may be said to take in financial matters that there is a possible grain of truth in the exaggeration. His power is certainly immense, and in the flood of speculation which has deluged European markets his figure stands out in bold relief. When recently there was danger of collapse in the South African securities he restored public confidence by purchasing enormous quantities of securities at market rates. At that time he was probably not quite prepared to have a serious fall in prices. When he is ready to take a side and count his earnings South African gold mines will furnish some interesting reading for the public prints.

To see Mr. Barnett at home, Spencer House, St. James', you would think he had not a care in the world; tons of letters, crowds of callers are attended to and dismissed as if it were all play; he finds time to write a play, to drive, to entertain and be entertained, and always time to visit the nursery; for Mr. Barnett has three children. The youngest baby boy is only a few weeks old, the other boy is a fine sturdy little fellow; and the eldest, a sweet little girl whom her father adores.

Mrs. Barnett is a handsome, stately woman, and a fitting chaperone for the palatial mansion now in course of erection in Park Lane.

**A Stationary Population.**  
How little the population of France moves about is shown by the last census. Out of 38 million inhabitants 21 million live in the town or village in which they were born, and 30½ millions have not moved out of their native departments. Only a million and a half have emigrated to France from colonies or foreign countries.

## Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. **Walter Baker & Co.** are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoa and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine **Walter Baker & Co.'s** goods.

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E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DR. J. H. B. My family have received great benefit from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs yet known. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in any house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

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BUCKETS FROM THE WELL.

Set down the bucket and draw a single bucket-full of water from your well. By looking at and tasting it you know the condition of all the water in the well. A man doesn't need to talk long on a subject in which he is interested in order to show you his real character. You can form a pretty correct opinion of him often in ten minutes. On the same principle you are frequently able, from the occurrences of an hour, to judge of the history of years. This is Nature's way of teaching large truths by samples.

For instance, here are two or three short sentences taken from a letter, which all does not comprise more than a hundred words; yet they point out what went on during twelve years of the writer's life. "Sometimes," he says, "I had an awful pain and distress in the stomach, which no medicine that I took relieved. I had a sour taste in the mouth and pain after all I ate. There was also a sense of fullness and tightness at the chest, and I was constantly belching up wind. From time to time I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicines, but I got no better. In this manner I continued to suffer for twelve years."

Now think a minute what this means. Healthy people cannot understand it at all; but most of us have undergone pain enough, some time or other, to help us to any what such a long and weary stretch of it must be. It is like a cold rainstorm that never ceases; like a corpse in the house that is never removed; like a screeching noise in the ears night and day; like the knowledge of an enemy following you every step you take, and standing over your bed when you try to sleep; like—but what's the use? No illustration can adequately set forth what it means not to see a well day for a dozen years. It is worse than sharp fits of illness, which last a few weeks and then end in recovery or death—a thousand times worse.

Well, the letter says that after almost half an average lifetime of this, a customer came into the writer's shop and told him of a remedy which she had the best of reasons for believing in, as it had cured her husband of the same kind of disease. He procured it, and soon realized its virtues. It had power to reach the very source of his malady. The wearing, exhausting pain became less, and soon returned no more; what the doctors, with all their experience, failed to accomplish was done by this medicine, so easily that it seemed like

the act of one who, by some strange power, says to an evil thing, "Depart!" and it vanishes.

Having gratefully announced his recovery, the writer of the letter adds:—"Since then I always keep this medicine in the house. When any of my family are ill we resort to it, and it never fails us. You can publish my statement that other sufferers may hear of it. Yours truly, (signed) William Parry, Pork Butcher, 135, New Chester Road, Rock Ferry, near Liverpool. December 20th, 1894."

Another man tells a similar story—the history of eight years instead of twelve, to be sure. Yet eight years are quite enough to be filled with physical and mental distress. Pain in the chest, sides and stomach; the eructation of sour, frothy water; being so inflated with wind that he was obliged to loosen his clothing; loss of appetite and sleep, and the uselessness of all medical treatment, etc.—this is the substance of what he was called upon to pass through. He, too at last heard of this medicine, and used it. "Now," he says, "I am altogether a new man, and my health is better than ever. (Signed) Charles Appleyard, Ledham, near South Milford, Yorkshire, February 9th, 1893."

So runs the stories of illness and recovery—thousands of them in England—thousands of them everywhere. The same dreadful indigestion and dyspepsia (the curse of the race), and the same cure in every case in which it has been tried—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

Would Bear It in Mind.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story: Lady Betty Cunningham, had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collecting plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the plate, at last lost patience and blurted out: "We cud dw wif' less y'er manners an' mair o yer siller, ma ledy."

Dining on one occasion at the house of a nobleman, he happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not-over-pleased tone, said: "Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relation of mine?" "I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor, "but with your permission I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."—London Telegraph.