The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1886. VOL. XV. NO. 41

A GREAT SUMMER RESORT.

The Seaside Hotel,

Rustico Beach, P. E. Island,

HAS been much improved this season, and will be open for Guests and Visitors on or before JULY 10th.

TERMS MODERATE.

The Proprietors will spare no pains to make this the finest summer resort in the Provinces.

JOHN NEWSON & CO.

June 23, 1886.

NEW HAT & FUR STORE

Newson Block.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Hats of the Latest Styles at the very lowest prices. Furs of all kinds cleaned, dyed, altered and repaired. Highest cash prices paid for Raw Furs.

E. STUART.

Charlottetown, May 26, 1886.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING!

Whiting and Tints, for Walls, &c.
Wax and Stains, for Floors.
Brunswick Black, for Stoves, etc.
Albereen, for Cleaning Glass.
Adams' Furniture Polish.
Ede's Polishing Paste.
Glue, Soda, Soaps.
Turpentine, Ammonia, Benzine.
Furniture and Brass Polish.
Silver Wash and Soap.
Ox-Gall Carpet Soap.
Erasive Soap, Chamois Skins.

A Special Line of soft, tough SPONGES, for washing Paint, cheap.

AT WATSON'S CITY DRUG STORE.

Charlottetown, April 14, 1886.

6,500 HATS

—AT—

L. E. PROWSE'S,

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.

MOST of this stock has been bought at about 30 per cent. less than regular prices, therefore

BIG BARGAINS

will be given in every line. For Style, Quality and Low Price, we leave all other competitors behind.

PLEASE COME AND SEE

L. E. PROWSE,
Sign of the Great Big Hat, 74 Queen Street.

Charlottetown, April 7, 1886.

Charlottetown Woolen Mills.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

FARMERS,—If you want to save disturbance in the home, go quickly to any one of the Agencies of the

Charlottetown Woolen Company and Buy a Suit of Clothes.

The good wife's time is occupied sufficiently without being annoyed and worried in mending the Clothes purchased elsewhere than from us; so if you really desire peace, and have an everlasting Suit, go as we advise.

We started manufacturing in 1881, and every year our business has gone on and multiplied, but in case there still be a few who have not heard the glad tidings or favored us with a visit, to all such, and to all our old customers and the public generally we extend a cordial invitation to come and see us.

AGENTS:

Our Own Store.....North Side Queen Square, Charlottetown
Mr. James Ross.....Mount Stewart
Messrs. Matthew, McLean & Co.....Souris
Messrs. Beer & Sons.....St. Peter's
Mr. G. H. Halbrooke.....Cardigan
Messrs. Prowse & Sons.....Murray Harbor
Our Own Store.....Montague Bridge
Mr. Albert Craig.....Freetown
Messrs. Reuben Dolan & Co.....Kensington
Mr. David Rogers.....Summerside
Mr. Robert Bell.....Alberton
Messrs. Strong Bros.....Victoria, Crapaud

CHARLOTTETOWN WOOLEN COMPANY.

Charlottetown, June 16, 1886.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

1886. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1886.

On and after Tuesday, June 1st, 1886, Trains will run as follows:

Trains Depart—For the West.

STATIONS.	Express.	Mixed.	Mixed.
Charlottetown	6.40 a.m.	10.15 a.m.	3.30 p.m.
Royalty Junct'n	6.45 "	10.35 "	3.50 "
North Wiltshire	6.48 "	10.38 "	3.53 "
Hunter River	6.56 "	11.37 "	4.50 "
Bradalbane	7.03 "	11.52 "	5.05 "
City Line Junc.	7.10 "	12.05 "	5.20 "
Freetown	7.20 "	12.25 "	5.35 "
Kensington	7.37 "	12.52 "	6.17 "
Summerside	ar 8.15 "	11.30 "	6.50 "
	dp 8.30 "	2.00 "	
Miscouche	8.47 "	2.21 "	
Wellington	8.55 "	2.31 "	
Port Hill	9.25 "	3.15 "	
O'Leary	10.30 "	4.50 "	
Bloomfield	10.37 "	5.00 "	
Alberton	10.45 "	5.10 "	
Tignish	ar 11.30 "	7.00 "	
County Line Junc			6.45 p.m.
Cape Trav'se	ar		6.55 "

Trains Arrive—From the West.

STATIONS.	Express.	Mixed.	Mixed.
Charlottetown	7.10 p.m.	11.35 a.m.	3.30 p.m.
Royalty Junct'n	7.25 "	11.55 "	3.50 "
North Wiltshire	7.28 "	12.00 "	3.53 "
Hunter River	7.37 "	12.37 "	4.50 "
Bradalbane	7.47 "	12.52 "	5.05 "
City Line Junc.	7.56 "	12.59 "	5.20 "
Freetown	8.05 "	12.52 "	5.35 "
Kensington	8.32 "	12.52 "	6.17 "
Summerside	dp 8.50 "	11.40 a.m.	6.50 "
	ar	11.00 "	
Miscouche	9.05 "	10.40 "	
Wellington	9.13 "	10.31 "	
Port Hill	9.23 "	10.21 "	
O'Leary	9.58 "	9.36 "	
Bloomfield	10.07 "	9.26 "	
Alberton	10.20 "	9.10 "	
Tignish	dp 11.00 "	8.00 "	
County Line Junc			7.00 p.m.
Cape Trav'se	dp		7.10 "

Trains Depart—For the East.

STATIONS.	Express.	Mixed.
Charlottetown	2.15 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Royalty Junct'n	2.30 "	6.51 "
Bedford	2.36 "	7.00 "
Mt. Stewart Junc.	ar 4.05 "	8.05 "
	dp 4.30 "	8.30 "
Morell	4.56 "	9.04 "
St. Peter's	5.25 "	9.35 "
Bear River	5.55 "	10.27 "
Souris	ar 6.25 "	11.15 "
Mt. Stewart Junc	1.35 p.m.	8.25 a.m.
Cardigan	2.28 "	9.38 "
Georgetown	3.45 "	10.50 "

Trains Arrive—From the East.

STATIONS.	Express.	Mixed.
Charlottetown	10.30 a.m.	4.15 p.m.
Royalty Junct'n	10.45 "	4.35 "
Bedford	10.51 "	4.45 "
Mount Stewart	dp 11.15 "	5.10 "
	ar 11.40 "	5.35 "
Morell	12.06 p.m.	6.01 "
St. Peter's	12.35 "	6.30 "
Bear River	1.07 "	7.12 "
Souris	ar 1.45 "	8.00 "
	dp 2.15 "	
Mount Stewart	dp 2.40 "	4.15 p.m.
Cardigan	3.07 "	4.42 "
Georgetown	4.20 "	5.55 "

Trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

☞ Trains on Cape Traverse Branch leave County Line Junction every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Cape Traverse, and return between Cape Traverse and County Line, Wednesday. All other Trains run daily (Sundays excepted.)

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 27, 1886.

NEW DRY GOODS!

AT

PERKINS & STERNS'

AS usual, our stock has been personally selected in the best British and American markets, and comprises, in addition to a full range of

STAPLE DRY GOODS

all the novelties to be found.

London, Paris and New York Millinery, Fancy Goods, Hats, Bonnets and Shapes.

New Parasols and Umbrellas,

Large Stock of New Hosiery, Gloves, &c.,

New Trimmings New Frillings, New Laces,

NEW DRESS GOODS, WITH TRIMMINGS TO SUIT.

New French Muslins, New American Muslins, New Laces to Match.

New Cloths, New Pink Cottons, New Jerseys, New Jackets,

New Carpets and Oilcloths.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, May 12, 1886.

J. F. WILLIS & CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

GOLD MEDAL WANZER SEWING MACHINES.

THE GENUINE

Uxbridge Organs, and the Leading Pianos of the Day.

ONLY ONLY

Knight's Cross—Gold Medal

IN CANADA,

BRITISH SOIL AND BRITISH ISLES.

☞ McEachern's Block, Queen Street, Charlottetown

PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES sold on easy payments for CASH.

N. B.—Sole Agents for fine Canadian and American Pianos, Boudoir, Cottage, Square, and Grand Best Action Pianos, sold on easy monthly payments or farmers' notes. Every style and price of Uxbridge Organ, Stools and Books, for sale.

April 7, 1886.

J. F. W. & CO.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

Steamer "Heather Belle" 1886. 1886.

Summer Arrangement.

On and after TUESDAY, May 4, the Steamer Heather Belle, Hugh McLean, Master, will runas follows:

Every Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock, will leave Charlottetown for Crapaud, calling at Wharf; leaving Orwell Brush Wharf at 7 a.m. for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. for Halliday's, China Point and Brush Wharves, where she will remain overnight.

Wednesday, commencing May 5, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown at 7 a.m., calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p.m. for return, remaining at Brush Wharf overnight.

Until further notice, every alternate Tuesday, commencing May 11, will leave Vernon River Bridge for Charlottetown at 7 a.m., calling at Brush, China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. to return, remaining at Brush Wharf overnight.

Thursday, will leave Brush Wharf for Charlottetown at 7½ a.m., calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. to return; leaving Brush Wharf about 6 p. m. for Charlottetown.

Friday, will leave Charlottetown for Crapaud at 8 a. m., leaving Crapaud at 2 p. m. for Charlottetown; leaving Charlottetown at 3 p. m. for Crapaud, remaining overnight.

Saturday, will leave Crapaud at 7 a. m. for Charlottetown; leaving Charlottetown at 12 o'clock noon for Crapaud, and returning to Charlottetown from Crapaud same day.

FARES.

Going to and from Vernon River, Orwell and Wharves, to entire Deck, 75 cents. Deck, 50 cents.

Excursion Return Tickets will be issued from Charlottetown to Orwell and Vernon River every Saturday, at the first-class fare. Also, Excursion Return Tickets will be issued on Saturday to Crapaud at the first-class fare.

JOHN HUGHES,
Agent.

Charlottetown, May 5, 1886.

Consignments Solicited

O'DWYER,

Commission and General Merchant

AGENT OF P.E. ISLAND PRODUCE,

"9 Water Street,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

In connection with the above is Captain English, who is well known in Prince Edward Island, who will take special charge of all consignments, and will also attend to the chartering of vessels in the carrying trade of Prince Edward Island.

Mr. O'Dwyer calls attention to the fact that he is possessed of superior wharf and warehouse accommodation, and is prepared to guarantee every satisfaction.

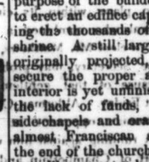
January 16, 1886.

$500.00 REWARD.

WE WILL PAY the above Reward for any case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Indigestion or Costiveness we can not Cure with WEST'S LIVER PILLS, when the directions are strictly complied with. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents; 5 Boxes $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 195 Queen St. East, Toronto, Ont. may 19

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE SICK HEAD ACHE

Such, 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

Regulating the 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

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 invaluable in 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 little pills cure it while others fail.

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 action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five vials for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,
New York City.

A Shrine of Faith.

ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

In the months of good men there is scarcely an expression more frequent than that which deplores the loss or the weakness of the spirit of faith in these days. Many have gone out from the house of their fathers, and others are sick, nay, death through abandonment of vigorous and salutary faith. I propose in this sketch to draw the outlines of a spot where faith still lives in its pristine vigor, and the works of the most famous saintly shrines are done daily before our eyes for the edification of the world, the confusion of the sceptic and the confusion of the scoffer.

The village, or rather the hamlet of St. Anne de Beaupre is situate on the St. Lawrence, in the province of Quebec, some twenty miles below that capital. Its fame has been great for centuries in Canada, but only within a few years has the knowledge of its miracle-working shrine become common to foreigners. To reach it, one must stop over night at Quebec, and go thence by steamer.

* * *

If the pilgrims on board the little steamer noticed these things, then notices gave no expression to their distractions, for they were all Canadians, to the manner born. Dressed in sober garments, they remained quietly in the positions taken on starting, and save in the low monotone of the Holy Rosary, or the muttered prayers to St. Anne, no sound was heard on deck. In a small cabin forward some priests were hearing confessions. By far the greater portion of the passengers kept their eyes fixed on a point along the main bank, some miles away, where the shining towers of the church of St. Anne were becoming visible. Here the high and rolling meadows come gently down to a narrow strip of level land along the edge of the river, and here is built the town of St. Anne. It never had another name, for it was founded in her honor, and the first timber hewn by the grateful Boston sailor, who had, turned safely the grim Pointe aux Tempetes was for the altar of St. Anne, and the last stones that were those of the superb temple destined to shelter the ever-increasing thousands who flock from all parts to do honor to the holy matron. As a portion of this belt of land is marshy, and the water is shallow, a long pier has been built out to deep water. Here we met again our friends the Quebec calèches, cumbersome, high and ponderous, but politely declined to avail ourselves of them, preferring to join in the devotions of the pilgrimage. According as the pilgrims disembarked they were formed into a long line of procession. What a democratic thing the Catholic religion is, to be sure! They passed before us in a stream, these serious-eyed people, dressed in sober garb of black or gray; aged couples visiting for the last time the threshold of good St. Anne; men and women in the prime of life, with ends to accomplish by prayer; youths and maidens whom the grace of God is beckoning on to this secluded spot for reasons of its own; cripples, the blind, the asthmatic and consumptive. And so the procession increases, the great army of supplicants is aligned, the processional cross surrounded by white surpliced clergy is uplifted, the confraternities and sodalities raise their banners, and the canticle of St. Anne is intoned, to be caught up by the entire multitude.

The village of St. Anne consists of a single long street of detached dwellings, each within its own little plot of garden, with few or no shade trees, without side-walks or crossings; quite a typical hamlet of the province of Quebec. A thousand souls, perhaps, dwell in these white cottages. Behind this narrow street rises the low bluff of Beaupre, and the eye can follow its softly undulating lines as far as Quebec to the south. While to the north the land rises and swells slowly upwards till it becomes the mighty Pointe aux Tempetes, at whose treacherous feet lie many a brave sailor coming home joyous from the icy waters of Labrador—many a staunch bark whose shattered timbers are tossed about by the rushing tides of ocean.

About midway in the village rises the great votive church of St. Anne, built in the great part by the offerings of the pilgrims. It is of Roman architecture, rather severe, with no effort at decoration. The purpose of the builders was rather to erect an edifice capable of sheltering the thousands of visitors to the shrine. A still larger church was originally projected, but failed to secure the proper approval. The interior is yet unfinished, owing to the lack of funds, the numerous side-chapels and oratories being of almost Franciscan simplicity. At the end of the church, is an elevated seat, like a sentry-box, in which a very small man sits during the services. This is the *bedeau*, a sort of sexton, policeman and secretary in one. He exists in every Canadian parish, and is often, in his own eyes, its mainstay. On great occasions he puts on a blue cloak with scarlet cape, and holding in his hand a golden stick with an abnormally large knob, he lends his dignity to the Lord and leads the procession of choristers and priests to the altar.

Over the high altar is a painting of St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin, a gift of M. de Tracy, Viceroy of New France, in 1666, in gratitude for his escape from shipwreck. Beneath it stands a massive silver crucifix, given in 1796 by the Sieur d'Iberville. Among the possessions of the church is a beautiful chasuble of many colors, given by Anne of Austria, and said to have been worked by her hands. * * *

When our procession has traversed the distance from the pier and entered the church, a worthy of the age of faith is renewed. The vast edifice is filled, hundreds kneel, other hundreds stand, but in deep silence and with reverent heads they assist at a Mass of thanksgiving for their safe arrival. The leader of the pilgrimage makes the announcements for the day. All who can partake of Holy Communion, and then a deep hush falls over this pious throng. From among them comes out slowly some cripple or paralytic, some consumptive in the last stage. Aided by relatives or friends, they approach the priest, who holds in his hand the Blessed Sacrament. The silence becomes painful. Every heart is aching as the poor sufferer kneels to receive. Will all the prayers be heard? Will the angels of God descend to stir the life-giving waters? Sometimes there is no manifestation of the power of St. Anne. But not infrequently there is performed a stupendous miracle.

In July, 1885, a father brought to the shrine his little girl. The poor child was afflicted with a spinal disease, and for years had been unable to walk. When the priest had given Communion to the pilgrims, the father took his child to the altar, where, prostrate in his arms, she received the Holy Eucharist. Almost instantly she kneeled her body, and demanded to be set down, as she felt able to walk. The poor father, bathed in tears, imagined it was an illusion, but as she insisted, he complied, and the child walked forthwith to her seat. At sight of the miracle, the pilgrims in concert intoned the hymn of St. Anne in thanksgiving for so sudden and complete a cure. A little after the child returned to St. Anne, bringing as a gift, a lamp of gold, which burns now before the relic of the good Saint.

The services being over, the pilgrims go up in procession to venerate that holy relic, a piece of the finger-bone of the saint, given in 1656 by the Cathedral Chapter of Carcassonne. With emotion and strong faith pilgrims on their faces they surge by for hours. Some, not content with kissing the oval silver case in which it is laid, seize the hand of the priest, and apply the relic to their wounds, to their heads, or to afflicted parts of the body. This house of St. Anne reminds us strangely of the house of Mary at Loretto, where the same faith and devotion, only on a still larger scale, impress the visitor more forcibly than words can tell. In front of the altar rises a statue of St. Anne, at whose base, when not in use, the relic is exposed. Around this statue are grouped hundreds of crutches and sticks, mementoes of marvellous cures obtained through St. Anne. Bundles of these crutches have been burned, so numerous are the miracles.

After the veneration of the relic, the pilgrims are free to visit the town, where every house is a hostelry, the most moderate prices being asked for meals and lodgings. Some times they bring their food with them, and share their meals on the ample steps of the church. Not infrequently pilgrimages meet from neighboring villages, some coming by water, others dusty and travel-stained, having walked the distance. There is a commingling of simple village folk, an interchange of gossip about the children and the crops, a compliment to St. Anne, and then, having satisfied their hunger with simple fare, they return to the church, where Vespers and Benediction are sung. Towards sunset the procession is again formed, the Cross upraised, the Banner lifted, the canticles are sung, and with pious chat, in orderly simplicity, they return home to their villages.

On these pilgrimages, vast as are the numbers, there is never a regrettible occurrence, and they never fail to edify the strangers whose good fortune it is to assist at them. A code of rules, drawn by the bishops of the province, governs everything from the preliminary notification to the Superior of St. Anne's to the regulations for conduct in the procession going or coming.

"In uninterrupted flow," says a Canadian publicist, "the great concourse passes on. The number is countless, but this marshalling of many sorrows is done without outbursts of grief, and this assembly of pious joys meets without noisy acclamations. They go by in thousands, but they might go by in millions, ere they would violate the peace of this asylum of grace, through whose silence are heard only the echoes of pious chants and the low, sweet murmurs of prayer."

Last year some seventy thousand pilgrims knelt at this shrine, and when the railroad is built from Quebec along the rich *coteau* of Beaupre, an incalculably greater influx will take place.

Across the street rises a small chapel, built of the debris of a former church of St. Anne. Within are some rare ex-voto paintings, monuments of faith and gratitude, but fearfully and wonderfully executed. They recall chiefly escapes from the perils of the sea, or rescues from runaway horses, such benefits as a community—half-mariner, half-peasant, would best appreciate, and have at least the merit of size and earnestness. In front of this chapel flows a fountain of water in whose virtue the people have great faith. Behind the chapel, on rising ground, are built the Convent and Hospice of the Sisters of Charity.

Aided by these good women, a community of Belgian Redemptorists, recently called by his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, perform the service of the holy shrine. Besides the church, they have built a Convent of their rule, and a *Hospice*, or house of shelter for the visiting clergy. More kindly attention could not be shown us, not our wants more substantially attended to than by these good Fathers. They have regulated the lodging facilities in the village, and in many ways have provided for the comfort of the visitors to good St. Anne.

With barely necessary intervals of repose, night or morn these devoted men hear confessions from half-past five to nightfall; Masses are said every half hour in the morning; the holy relic is constantly in demand; visitors flock to the sacristies in constantly increasing numbers; many priests make their retreats at the shrine; an endless number of people seek advice and consolation, and yet so intelligently do they work, that they are equal to the manifold responsibility which would terrify less devoted men. In addition to the service of the shrine they perform the labor of diocesan missionaries, and, though but a few years in the province, have won golden encomia from everyone.

No one can live long under the shadow of this holy shrine without feeling that it is one of the chosen tabernacles of God, lifted up in the distant North as a reward for the staunch fidelity and the uncontaminated faith of these people. Its faith is increasing; the multitudes throng more frequently; the miracles are multiplied. But other than bodily healings, they tell us, are daily performed, those miracles of conversion, the softening of stony hearts, the quickening of dull consciences, the illumination of eyes blind to the splendors of a Christian life. Hither the wayward daughter comes with tears of repentance, the dissipated son, the child of many tears, the neglectful father. There is a balm from the hand of good St. Anne for every wound of the heart, and within her holy house the prodigal can put away his demented conscience and rise forgiven, refreshed, encouraged. Men of the world come here, too, and not seldom do the pretty butterflies of fashion escape for a trip to La Bonne Sainte Anne. She is the angel of the Bethesda ever open in the Church of these parts. The devotion to her is preserving and uplifting in these days of degeneracy—a race naturally great, making it stronger, more fecund, more spiritual, more Catholic. Some day they will possess the North with its boundless resources, and their children, the Catholic millions of the future, will repeat, in gratitude for the heritage of pure and lively faith, the simple, the good and loving ancestral chant to Saint Anne:

Du vieillard et de l'enfance,
Protectrice a votre saint,
Les chants de reconnaissance
Pour vous monteront au ciel.

T. J. S.

Address

On the eve of Mr. Thos. J. Cummiskey's departure for his new home in British Columbia, a number of the people of Albank Mary District met him at the house of Mr. R. N. Cox, and presented him with the following address:—

MR. THOS. J. CUMMISKEY:

DEAR SIR,—It is with regret that we learn of your departure from amongst us. You, who have been a member in our school during the last two years. On your behalf we are pleased to say that in your reputation as a teacher you deservedly stand high, making the important work you were engaged in a labor of love, while your sincerity, honesty and conduct have justly won for you the esteem and good will of all classes in our district. But, since it is your intention to try your success in a foreign land, it must be a gratification to know that you carry with you not only our best wishes but those of our children for whom you so diligently labored, and though thousands of miles may separate us, yet the sentiments of esteem and love which we bear towards you cannot be severed. In bidding you a farewell may the great master and disposer of all protect you, and may your future career in your new home be marked by unvaried success, are the wishes of

R. N. COX,
CHAS. H. VANDERSTINE,
JULIUS COX,
M. COFFIN,
WILLIAM JUFF,
S. ARSENAULT,
JAMES H. DINGWELL,
GEORGE HOOPER,
WILLIAM MCGUIGAN,
EWEN ANDERSON.

REPLY.

To Messrs. Chas. H. VanDerstine, Robert N. Cox, M. Coffin and others:

GENTLEMEN,—There are times and occasions in one's life when the tongue is unable to give expression to the sentiments of the heart. Such is this occasion to me. My connection with you during the last two years has been a pleasing one. In the discharge of my duties as teacher of your school I have always found you ready and willing to assist me. I now embrace this opportunity of tendering you my heartfelt thanks for your encouragement and co-operation. I earnestly hope that your children may profit by the training and knowledge which I have striven to instil into their youthful minds, and though we may never again be assembled here, I hope that we may one day be assembled where dismissal is unknown.

It is, gentlemen, a gratification to me to know that I carry with me your best wishes, and rest assured that, no matter where my lot be cast, I shall ever look back to the time I spent amongst you as one of the most pleasant chapters of my life.

Thanking you sincerely, gentlemen, for the wishes you offer me, I in as respectfully and gratefully bid you farewell.

THOS. J. CUMMISKEY.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* has discovered that Lord Aberdeen, the retiring Irish Viceroy, is a descendant of the Royal House of O'Neill.

The new law in New York, prohibiting the employment of children in factories, will force 30,000 children out of employment.

A cross of Jersey and Ayrshire makes excellent cows. The offspring of such a union gives more milk than the average Jersey, and it is of better quality than the Ayrshire milk usually is.

A writer in the *Iron Recorder* poses a plan of kilning up a barrel of coal ashes, mixes and uses it, the same as he would lime or plaster. The smell of kerosene keeps all insects away from squashes, melons, etc.