The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1887. VOL. XVI. NO. 33

The Charlottetown Herald
—IS ISSUED—
EVERY WEDNESDAY
—BY—
The Herald Printing Company,
FROM THEIR OFFICE:
CORNER OF QUEEN & RICHMOND STREETS,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Subscription: One Year, in Advance, $1.00

ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

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

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

All Correspondence should be addressed to

The Herald Printing Company, Charlottetown.

Calendar for June, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full moon 8th day, 6h., 25.8m., p. m., E.
Last Quarter 15th day, 6h., 22.3m., a.m., S.W.
New Moon 21st day, 6h., 39.3m., a. m., S. E.
First Quarter 28th day, 5h., 48.8m., a.m., N.E.

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

CANADIAN SILVERWARE!

THE greater part of our Silver-Plated Ware is made by First-class American Houses, who have crossed the line and now manufacture on this side, thereby saving the purchaser the amount they formerly paid in duty, and the goods are of equal quality to those made in the United States.

Cruet Frames,
Cake Baskets,
Salvers,
Card Trays,
Butter Coolers,
Spoon Holders,
Syrup Jugs,
Biscuit Boxes,
Cups, Mugs,
Spoons,
Napkin Rings, &c.

For Sale Good and Cheap by

E. W. TAYLOR,
CAMERON BLOCK.
February 2, 1887—1y

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

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

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

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

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent.
Corner Queen and Water Streets, Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1887. } 1y

JOHN S. MACDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE:
Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.
Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

CHARLOTTETOWN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Hours—9.30 to 12 a.m.
2.00 to 4 p.m.
7.30 to 9.30 Evenings,

SPECIAL SUBJECTS:

BOOK-KEEPING, in all its branches
BUSINESS PENMANSHIP.
TYPE WRITING.
SHORTHAND.
TELEGRAPHY.
NAVIGATION, &c.

Call or write for full information,
L. B. MILLER, Principal.
October 21, 1885—tf

Summer Fashions.

James Paton & Co's
MANTLE ROOM

Is well Stocked with the Newest Shapes in Short Jackets, Cloth Dolmans, Jerseys and Waterproofs. All Qualities at Strictly Moderate Prices for Ready Cash.

LONDON MILLINERY, STRAW HATS & BONNETS.

Our Dress Materials are very extensive, and prices extremely low for Cash.

The most complete stock of Carpets in the City.

Parasols and Umbrellas very cheap.

Ladies Underclothing, Gloves, Ribbons, &c., at lowest prices.

JAMES PATON & CO.
SUCCESSORS TO W. A. WEEKS & CO.,
MARKET SQUARE.
Charlottetown, May 25, 1887.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT.

MESSRS. KELLY & DOVER having entered into Co-Partnership as **CUSTOM BOOT** and **SHOEMAKERS**, are now prepared to execute all orders with which they may be favored, in a thorough and workmanlike manner, and would solicit a share of public patronage, at their **NEW STORE ON QUEEN STREET**, next door to Mr. Angus J. Murphy's Tailoring Establishment.

Messrs Kelly & Dover will be pleased to meet their former patrons, and as many new customers as may honor them with their patronage; and trust by close attention to business, and by the quality of the work done, to please all, and make it mutually advantageous.

KELLY & DOVER,
April 27, 1887—3m Sign of the Golden Boot.

NEW GOODS!

CASH! CASH!

L. E. PROWSE

Is Determined to Sell for Cash.

Therefore Can Sell Cheap.

He Has the Largest Stock of Hats and Clothing

ON P. E. ISLAND.

and his prices are the lowest. Kindly give him a call and you will save money.

L. E. PROWSE,
April 27, 1887—1y Sign of the Big Hat, 74 Queen St

No need to worry about where to buy Good Tea.

OUR NEW TEA

IS BOUND TO PLEASE.

We Sell at Prices to Suit the Times.

GOOD, 24 CENTS,
CHOICE, 30 CENTS,
EXTRA FINE, 36 CENTS.

Reduction in 5 pound parcels, half-chests and other packages.

Our Five Pound, Screw Top, Airtight Tins the best yet.

☞ Bring your empty Cans to be re-filled.

BEER & GOFF.
October 27, 1886.

If you have COLIC, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have NEURALGIA, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have DIPHTHERIA, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have RHEUMATISM, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have INDIGESTION, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have a LAME BACK, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have STIFF JOINTS, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If your HAIR IS COMING OUT, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have a SPRAIN OR BRUISE, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have SORE THROAT OR CROUP, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have CHILBLAINS OR TENDER FEET, *Use Simson's Liniment.*
If you have CONTRACTION OF THE MUSCLES, *Use Simson's Liniment.*

SIMSONS LINIMENT is good for almost all external and many internal diseases in man or beast. No home is complete without it.

BROWN BROS. & CO., Chemists & Druggists, Halifax, N. S.

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washes well cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of Fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woollen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes, viz., Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions printed given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 12 surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. Surprise Soap is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap Mf'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Ealing, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.
W. R. Watson, Charlottetown, Wholesale Agent.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

Come She Must.

2½ oz., 5 oz., 10 oz.

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

Retails at 2 cts per oz., 32 cts. per lb.
NONE BETTER.

FARM & GARDEN SEEDS.

SEEDS from scrubs will grow scrubs in vegetables, roots or grain. What the careful farmer wants is the best of the best of them all.

Our Prize Winner Swede Turnip took both first and second prizes at the Provincial Exhibition last fall. The year before Turnips, Mangels, Potatoes and Fodder Corn specimens were selected from our Special Exhibit of these articles and sent to the London Exhibition, for which the growers have received Diplomas and Medals. Vegetables from our Seeds took nearly half the prizes at the last Exhibition here. Our grains and grasses have grown equally well, though the record is less conspicuous.

What the successful grower must have is not only the best in name, but perfect Seeds of the best in name. How many farmers in a hundred practice these easy precepts? How many farmers in a hundred are careful farmers, successful growers? How many would do well to consider these old facts? Are you of the few or the many? Would you rather have $6 this Spring or $10 next Fall? That is, will you use the best Seeds this year? If you wish to, then send for our Catalogue, which tells you how to get and grow them.

Address,

GEO. CARTER & CO., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
March 16, 1887.

A Republican Saint.

The little country of Switzerland, with its freedom-loving mountaineers, has given many Saints to the Church. The 21st day of March of this year of grace, 1887, saw the four hundreth anniversary of the death of one who is called "the noblest of the Confederate Swiss, the greatest patriot of his time, and greatest benefactor of his fatherland—one who ever remains its deliverer, guardian and powerful advocate before the throne of God." He is looked up to as the patron of the whole country and his name is dear to the heart of every Switzer, even among Protestants; while the Cantons of Freiburg and Soleure owe their membership in the Swiss Confederation to his wise counsels. His life, written by one of his countrymen, is fitly dedicated "to the Senate and People of the Seven Catholic Cantons." He is known to us as the Blessed Nicholas Von Der Flue, or of the Rock.

In the heart of Switzerland, on the eastern shore of the picturesque lake of Sarnen, in the midst of smiling meadows and luxuriant orchards is the village Sachseln, overlooked by its large and beautiful church. Inside the church, lofty columns of black marble uphold its arches, and altars richly adorned are placed along its walls. In a marble altar, close to the choir, rest the mortal remains of the Blessed Nicholas, or *Bruder Klaus* as the people lovingly call him.

From the church a pleasant footpath leads one in less than an hour through meadows and forests of fruit trees to the chapel of ease of Fluele, named from an immense rock known in that country as a Flue. At the foot of this rock, which rises up like a wall, may still be seen a peasant's wooden house of antique form. This is the very house where our Blessed was born on the 21st of March, 1417, which was also to be the day of his death many years later His ancestors, it is said, had crossed over the Alps from Italy, and from their dwelling under the great rock received the surname by which he is known.

We cannot stop to narrate the wonderful happenings which went along with the birth and baptism, with the childhood and manly age, —in fact, with the whole life of this venerable man. From the days of his tenderest youth to the last of his life two virtues marked him out—an ardent love of proyer and a not less wonderful application to conquer himself by fasting and mortifications.

The outward life of his youth and early manhood passed silently in prayer and toil. At the age of thirty he took upon himself the holy ties of marriage and became the father of ten beautiful children. As father of a family he was a perfect model; and he was not less conscientious in performing his duties toward his country, as a magistrate and in the army. Here he was distinguished, not by bravery alone, but by a love of peace and by zeal to restrain all violence against the poor and helpless. He seemed to have taken for his motto—the best Christian is also the best citizen.

The Blessed Nicholas had reached the age of fifty years. God had heaped his blessings upon him. His household was flourishing and the greater part of his children were already brought up and well placed. For some time he had had glimpses of a higher vocation from supernatural visions and apparations, from warnings and holy inspirations within and without. Accordingly, he asked leave of his wife and children to quit them and retire into solitude, there to live as a hermit and consecrate himself entirely to God. In spite of their deep attachment for the husband and father, they faltering not in consenting to what was supported by such signs and heavenly warnings. On the 16th day of October, 1467, Nicholas took leave of his house, of his family, and of his friends, thinking never to see them more. Like Abraham he went forth from his country and from his father's house. But God willed otherwise. Led by a warning from Heaven, he turned back into his own country, and once more passing before his house came to a lonely and desert spot. There he shortly fixed his abode in a wild mountain gorge on the banks of a rushing torrent. This was called the Ranft and could be reached only by rugged paths leading up from Sachseln and from Kerns. The *Landsgmeinde*, or assembly of the people of Obwalden, decided in 1468 to build for the pious solitary of the Ranft, whose services to his country they had not forgotten, a chapel and a little hermitage.

From the time he left his country began the great miracle which makes the life of Blessed Nicholas so striking, and of which evidence, public and even national and thereby as complete as historical facts admit, still remains. This was his entire abstinence from all food and drink and earthly nourishment. Henceforth until his death life was sustained in him only by the Body of the Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament. Once, by order of the Bishops of Constance, he was obliged to take a little bread and a few drops of wine. This he did only through obedience, but the pains that followed nearly cost him his life.

It is thus the holy hermit lived during well nigh twenty years, occupied with God alone. Thus, too, he became of greater use to his family, to his country, to the Church, and to the world, than though he had remained in the midst of men. For he conformed himself to the will and to the views of God; and man can do nothing more nor better than fulfill the mission he receives from his Creator. Moreover, from the depths of his retreat, the Blessed Nicholas exercised a far more wholesome influence on his fellows than if he had remained in the world. From far and near people came to the wild mountain gorge to seek from the poor Brother Nicholas help and consolation in all the troubles of their earthly life. The Swiss had been victorious in their wars against Charles the Bold of Burgundy. But the immense booty and great temporal advantages they had reaped, tended to disunite their confederation of states. To add to this confusion, the other Cantons obstinately refused to receive Freiburg and Soleure into the Confederation, fearing that the party of the cities might become too powerful. The deputies were in hot dispute at Stanz, and the Diet was on the point of breaking up, in which case civil war would have been sure to bring to nothing the fruit of all their glorious exploits. Then the parish priest of Stanz went hastily to consult the blessed hermit in his retreat. To his surprise he met Nicholas already far on the way, guided by divine inspiration. He presented himself at Stanz to the deputies, and the simple and touching words he addressed them so entered their hearts that on the spot they became of one accord. Through his intervention Freiburg and Soleure were admitted into the Confederation (in 1471), the booty shared peaceably and the old alliance renewed. Later on the Cantons showed him their liveliest gratitude by addresses of thanks and pious gifts to his chapel.

The holy man died on the 21st of March, 1487, the seventieth anniversary of his birth. At once his tomb became what it remains to this day,—a shrine of frequented pilgrimage. The Church permitted the public and religious veneration, and inscribed on the list of the Blessed the name, of this Republican Saint.—*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Carthaginian Relics.

An American, now travelling in North Africa, writes thus about the site and ruins of that storied city of antiquity: If anything is left of the original Punic Carthage of Dido and Hamilcar and Hannibal, which Scipio destroyed, it is either buried in the hearts of the hillocks deeper than most excavators have penetrated, or is pretty thoroughly mixed up with the remains of the cities subsequently erected by Romans and Vandals. It is not a simple problem to separate into strata the amorphous mass that contains what the centuries and the looters have left of Carthage. There is some hope of it. Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage and of Algiers, takes a deep interest in the exploration of the ruins Under his patronage, and more immediately under the intelligent and enthusiastic superintendence of Pere Delattre of the college of St. Louis, excavations are now being carried on, slowly but very thoroughly, and on a systematic plan. The objects discovered hereafter will be kept, as they ought to be kept, in the museum on the Byrsa, where there is already a very important and most interesting collection. I descended into one pit recently dug under Pere Delattre's direction. The excavators had uncovered a bath undoubtedly belonging to the Punic period. The pavement was in little squares of black and white stone, like those familiar to every visitor to Pompeii, but the pattern of the border was of Phœnician, not Roman design. On the walls still remained large patches of fresco, the colors almost as fresh, and the simple lines of the pattern as distinct as anything to be seen at Pompeii or the Palatine hill. The greens, the Indian reds, the yellows, even, laid on the walls by these decorators who painted Carthage before Cato threatened it, have held their own amazingly well. The church of Rome holds a position of advantage with reference to the ruins of the city where so many early Christians suffered martyrdom. A range of high hills stands between the sea and the wide plain which stretches away toward Tunis. The earliest Carthage was on these hills, close to the port; the city as it grew reached out upon the plain. Among the the most conspicuous objects on the crest of the coast hills, either from the interior or from the sea as you approach Goletta, is the great white palace occupied by Cardinal Lavigeri. Near by is the vast cathedral which this ambitious and energetic prelate is carrying toward completion on historic ground. The ancient citadel of Carthage, as has been said, is crowned by the chapel of St. Lous, erected by Louis Philippe in memory of his sainted ancestor, who died here of the plague 600 years ago, during the eighth crusade, while retreating from before the walls of Tunis. Here, too, is the college of St. Louis, and the museum of which I have spoken. In the rich lowlands beneath the hills, on the side away from the sea, are the palaces and villas of El Marsa, the Bey's home, and the houses of many of his high officers of state or army.—*Republic.*

The Telephone on Mount St. Bernard.

The monks of St. Bernard, who devote themselves as ardently to the study of science as to the rescue of way-faring men, have brought the telephone into their service of mercy. The famous hospice is now in telephonic communication with the Cantine de Proz and the village of St. Pierre, as also with the Cantine de Fontinte and the village of St. Chemy, on the Italian side. A further extension of the system is in progress, though the execution of it must needs be surrounded with great difficulties in that Alpine region of snow and ice.

$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for years made a standing public offer in all American newspapers of $500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douche," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get $500 if it fails.

In the Pope's Presence.

In a graphic description of the Vatican and an audience with the Pope, Dr. O'Reilly says:

We enter the guard-room, spacious, lofty, and gorgeously frescoed. The officers and guard at once rise to receive Mgr. Macchi. And now we are in the ante-room, quite close to the throne-room, the door of which is open. The attendant in rich costume, takes our hats and tickets of invitation, and we pass into the comparatively small chamber which opens into the little private oratory. It is a great feast, and a number of distinguished persons have requested the honor of being present at the Holy Father's Mass, and receiving Communion from his hand. Folding doors open out in front of the little altar on which everything is ready for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. The priestly vestments are laid on the altar itself and the missal stands open at the epistle side. We are ushered to seats in the middle of the room, where we can best see the Pope during the celebration. All present are absorbed in their devotions. No one seems to notice those who enter. But where is the Pope? He is still at his devotions. This is for him a season of unusual fatigue, if one can so speak of a man who never, from year's end to year's end, knows sany cessation from overwhelming labors and wasting cares.

The wearied spirit of him who is Vicar of Christ soars aloft to the Throne of Grace, to meditate there in the divine lights on his own needs, and those of his wide-spread flock. Prayer is to him a bath of life, from which he comes forth refreshed and strengthened for the day's labor before him. But prayer is also a preparation for the great priestly rite, which is, and ever has been, Leo XIII's supreme comfort—the Mass. We were also thinking of the presence on yonder lighted altar, when there was a slight commotion in the chapel. All of a sudden every one had knelt as if moved by some electric impulse. A white figure stands before the altar, with his face turned to us, and the right hand holding a silver aspersory sprinkling holy water on the assembly of worshippers. It is but an instant that he remains fronting us. The face is of alabaster whiteness and transparent almost and the eyes are all radiant with the fire of piety and fatherly kindness. The words of blessing were scarcely audible. It was as if one of Frau Angelico's glorified saints had walked out of the canvas or come down from the fresco on the wall and shone upon us for a moment, lifted his hand in blessing, murmured low words of love and greeting, and then turned away.

The Pope is an early riser. His valet awakes him at stated hours. The aged priest has not changed the simple habits of a life-time because he is a Pope. He is soon dressed in his cassock of pure white, and spends a few moments of adoration at the altar of his private chapel. Then there is a half-hour spent in meditation or mental prayer on some of the great gospel truths or mysteries. This over, one of his chaplains recites with him prime, tierce and sext—the three first morning hours of the canonical office—and the Holy Father is ready for Mass.

Died a Catholic.

Dr. Henry A. Brann, D. D., rector of St. Elizabeth's Church, New York, writes as follows to a paper of that city:

James Gordon Bennett, I only saw twice, once in his house, the mansion with the gilded dome among the apple trees on the hills, nearly behind the church, and then again when he lay dying and dead in his house in Twenty-eight street and Fifth avenue. I saw on the first occasion an old invalid with a large nose, a high forehead, keen grey-blue eyes, a pleasant easy manner, a face full of humor and at times sarcastic. I knew very little of him save by public report. Our conversation was as follows: He spoke with a Scotch accent:

"I have heard, Mr. Bennett, that you would help me to build a Catholic church here, as you have donated a part of the ground for the purpose."

"Oh, yes," he said, "we will do what we can for you.

"This is very geneous of you," I replied, "considering that you are a Protestant."

"I am not a Protestant," he said firmly. "All my family are Catholics, and have always been so." He spoke of his brother Cosmas, and of a dead son, Cosmas, with great affection.

"But I thought you were a Protestant, Mr. Bennett, on account of your fights with Archbishop Hughes?"

"Oh, Lord bless you!" he answered, "the Archbishop and myself made up our quarrel long before he died."

"But your newspaper has attacked articles of the Catholic faith," I remarked.

"Well," said he—I cannot give his Scotch accent. "I am like a country storekeeper who keeps all sorts of articles for sale. My paper is for the whole community, and contains all sorts of articles." We then changed the subject and talked some time about the modern French republic, then only recently established and not showing a good record.

"The French," he said, "you know are fond of opera bouffe, and now they have an opera bouffe republic. The United States alone have given a legitimate outlet to revolutionary passions; for American discontent vents itself in a revolution every four years. We have a revolution regulated by law.

The ground on which the rectory stands, and a donation of $5,000 paid by the present proprietor of the *Herald* towards the erection of St. Elizabeth's, and other acts of kindness, among them the gift of a valuable painting, proves the generosity of the Bennetts to the Church here. Mrs. Bennett, although not a Catholic, was very kind to the poor in the neighborhood. They missed her very much when she went away.

I remember well the night Mr. Bennett died at his house in town. A messenger came for me, sent, I think, by Mr. Connery. I hastened down, first calling at the Cardinal's for instructions. The Cardinal was not at home, but when I reached Mr. Bennett's I found that his Eminence had been there before me and had given the dying man the Sacraments. "Yes," said his Eminence, "and he followed me in the Latin while I was anointing him." Around the dying man's neck some one—I believe his Catholic daughter—had hung a scapular; and he died most assuredly in the faith. Vicar-General Starrs and myself sometime after perpormed the funeral service over his remains; and the old Vicar-General preached, praising Mr. Bennett as a kind employer and a moral man, both of which he undoubtedly was. He was also a very able man who never lost his Catholic faith although it often seemed clouded. The manner of the early bringing up of his children and his death in that faith are the best proofs of my statement.

Lazy Folks.

"Poverty is no disgrace" is an old saying, timeworn and honored, and some witty poor fellow has added, "but it is very inconvenient."

Yet I am disposed to consider poverty a disgrace when it proceeds from laziness or shiftlessness.

And if you are spoiling for argument, just make an estimate of all the instances of poverty of which you have knowledge, and if you don't tell me that nine out of every ten cases of poverty are directly traceable to either laziness or shiftlessness, I shall be disposed to send you my compliments.

Besides being inconvenient, to be lazy is a sin. A sin to eat the bread of idleness, for somebody must work for all that is eaten, and he who does not earn the food he eats, must eat what another earns, and that is cheating, and cheating is a sin.

A common excuse of the lazy person is that he has no chance to do anything.

My gracious! No chance!

Look about you and see the work continually waiting to be done.

When I hear a man complaining that business is dull, and he can't get anything to do, I always set him down in the book of my remembrance as a lazy, shiftless do-nothing, who will drift through the world dependent on anybody and everybody who may give him a lift on the way, without doing any good himself, or helping any one else to do any.

But I wouldn't like to stand in the lazy man's (or woman's either) place when the day of final reckoning comes, for I should expect to be sent to work that would make me sweat, when I had confessed that I had been lazy all my lifetime.

Haven't we the Divine command, "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might?"

And wouldn't it be a poor excuse to render the Creator, when asked if we have obeyed this command, that we couldn't find anything to do?"

For shame, lazy one! Go to work, and let it not be said of you that, having health and strength, you were an idler in the vineyard.

Another Interesting Discovery.

Another interesting discovery has resulted from the present Assyriological researches. Several texts deciphered from the cuneiform inscriptions show that the Babylonians esteemed fire as a great purifier. Their temples contained a blazing altar or purificatory furnace. When a Bobylonian was in sickness or in sin, both of which evils were attributed to the presence of an evil spirit, he entered the temple, and holding in his hand pieces of ribbon, cloth, thread, or other objects, he recited an incantation. The spirit was thus supposed to be driven into the cloth, etc., which was then cast into the fire. It is, therefore, probable that when Nebuchednezzar ordered the three young Jews to be cast into the burning fiery furnace, it was not the capricious act of a cruel despot, but that of a zealous pagan, having in view the honor of his gods, against whom the Jews were, in his judgment, blaspheming. He, therefore, ordered them to be cast into the furnace, less as a cruel punishment than as a means of driving from their bodies the evil spirits which possessed them. Hence his quick conversion when he found that the God of the Jews had preserved the three young men unhurt.

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"The lies these confounded newspapers publish about me," said an angry politician, "are enough to make a man sick." "You ought not to complain," was the reply. "Not complain because they publish lies about me?" "No; certainly not. What if they publish truths about you?"