The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4 1889. VOL. XVIII. NO. 48

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Wednesday

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE,

CONNOLLY'S BUILDING,

Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

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All Correspondence should be addressed to the HERALD Printing Company, or to

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager.

Calendar for September, 1889.

MOON'S CHANGES.

1st Quarter, 2nd day, 3h. 22.2m., p.m., S. E.
Full Moon, 9th day, 9h. 40.2m., a. m., N.W.
Last Quarter, 17th day, 0h. 36.3m., a.m., E.
New Moon, 24th day, 10h. 29.2m., p.m., N.W.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m	morn	aft'n	morn
1	Sun	5 25	6 34	11 59	10 0	1 35
2	Mon	27	32	aft 72	10 38	2 44
3	Tues	28	30	2 22	11 23	3 50
4	Wed	29	28	3 34	morn	5 18
5	Thur	30	26	4 25	0 13	6 52
6	Fri	32	24	5 12	1 24	8 8
7	Sat	33	22	5 50	2 35	9 4
8	Sun	34	20	6 22	3 51	9 53
9	Mon	36	19	6 50	5 6	10 33
10	Tues	37	17	7 13	6 18	11 10
11	Wed	38	15	7 38	7 28	11 45
12	Thur	39	13	8 1	8 40	aft 19
13	Fri	41	12	8 26	9 48	0 54
14	Sat	42	10	8 55	10 54	1 31
15	Sun	43	8	9 47	11 59	2 13
16	Mon	44	6	10 6	aft 41	2 59
17	Tues	46	4	10 49	1 58	4 1
18	Wed	47	2	11 41	2 52	5 14
19	Thur	48	0	morn	3 39	6 30
20	Fri	50	5 58	0 38	4 21	7 38
21	Sat	51	56	1 39	4 56	8 31
22	Sun	52	54	2 45	5 26	9 15
23	Mon	53	52	3 53	5 52	9 54
24	Tues	54	50	5 2	6 17	10 31
25	Wed	55	47	6 12	6 41	11 5
26	Thur	56	45	7 23	7 6	11 39
27	Fri	58	42	8 36	7 32	morn
28	Sat	6 0	41	9 50	8 2	0 16
29	Sun	4	40	11 4	8 37	0 55
30	Mon	2	38	aft 17	9 20	1 40

STRONG TESTIMONY.

Mrs. John Ross.

For the past eleven years I have been a great sufferer with a cankerous sore on my ankle, for which I tried several remedies that did me little or no good, until I applied your Magic Healer Salve, which I began using about three months ago, and am now perfectly healed. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one similarly afflicted.

MRS. DANIEL COMPTON.

Georgetown, July 11, 1889.

THE above testimonial was voluntarily given by the lady whose name is appended to it. The SALVE here referred to is manufactured in Charlottetown and for sale throughout town and country, being within the reach of all.

For any skin injury, test the MAGIC HEALER, ask for it and take no other until its merits are fairly proven.

Sold at 25 cents per box, and supplied wholesale by

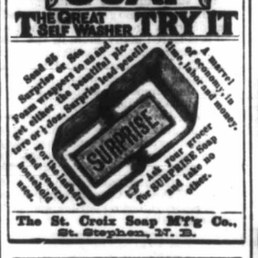
JOHN ROSS & CO.

(*Formerly of Ross' Weekly.*)
P. O. Box 457, Charlottetown.
Ch'town, July 17, 1889.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT



The St. Croix Soap Mfg Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

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SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
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Nov. 21, 1888—1y

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen.—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavins and also in a case of lameness and Stiff Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. BLAGRAIL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 23, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Inflammation in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,
L. P. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 16, 1889.

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Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand, and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of 2 years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any sight of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,
B. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

TRADE MARK

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
CONTAINS NO
ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES,
or any injurious materials.

E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.
Manf'r of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY!

—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1886, - - $20,371,960.79

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, 1888. } 1y

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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STAPLE & FANCY

Dry Goods

—AT—

LWOEST PRICES

—AT—

STANLEY BROS.,

BROWN'S BLOCK.

BE SURE YOU SEE

PROWSE BROS.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

AT AUCTION PRICES.

HAVING secured about Eight Thousand Dollars worth of CLOTHING at about Half price, we are going to slaughter it right and left, and the Man or Woman that don't see our Stock before buying will get left, sure.

Over 1000 (One Thousand) Children's Suits to select from.

Over 950 (Nine Hundred and Fifty) Men's Suits to select from.

In fact, we carry the largest stock of CLOTHING AND HATS on P. E. Island.

We know what we say when we tell you we will give you Clothing less than any other House in the trade. We can prove it. Don't pass us.

PROWSE BROS.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men, Queen Street.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

and every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Boston, Halifax & P. E. Island STEAMSHIP LINE.

BEGINNING MAY 29th, the Steamer "CARROLL" or "WORCESTER," will sail for Halifax, Port Hawkesbury, Pictou and Charlottetown

EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,

Returning, will leave Charlottetown as usual,

EVERY THURSDAY, AT 6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

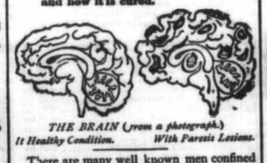
CARVELL BROS., Agents, Charlottetown.

R. B. GARDNER, Manager, Lewis' Wharf, Boston.

June 5, 1889.

THAT TERRIBLE PARESIS.

Are the Canadian People Becoming a Nation of Lunatics?—The frightful increase of this most peculiar insanity and how it is cured.



THE BRAIN (from a photograph.)
In Healthy Condition. With Paresis Lesions.

There are many well known men confined in our Asylums who but a short time ago were prominent among our business and social circles.

Why are they there?

Paresis!

Did it come on at once?

Not at all. It was a gradual but positive growth. They overtaxed nature. The drain on their vitality, their nerve powers, their brain tissue, was too great, and they gradually but surely sank under it. The things they did to bring this sad end about are precisely the same things that are being done by thousands of men and women to-day. It is not necessary to name them. They all end disastrously unless checked or regulated.

Prof. Phelps, of Dartmouth College, knew this fully when he began his experiments which resulted in the discovery of the wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. He realized that paresis (consumption of the brain) was our great National weakness. He knew that the brain and nervous system must be fortified to meet the great strains which modern life bring upon it. He saw that men were becoming debilitated and women weakened by the pressure and demands of life, and he sought and discovered the remedy Paine's Celery Compound, if rightly taken, will renew the brain and build up nerve tissues as fast as they become exhausted. It is not a narcotic. It contains no drugs, no nostrums. It is perfectly pure. It is absolutely harmless. The high character of its discoverer guarantees this, and the indorsement of the medical and chemical Professions prove it.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD is acknowledged to be the Best Paper published in the Province.

NEW GOODS!

Perkins & Sterns

WE are now showing our New, Large and Well-bought Stock of GOODS, for this season's trade. Our motto being "Quick Sales and Small Profits," you can depend upon getting the very Cheapest Goods by trading with us.

Millinery Department.

We have stocked this department brimful of the Choicest Goods from London and New York—Bonnets, Hats, Frames, Feathers, Flowers, Laces, Ornaments, Beaded Goods, &c., &c.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

Piles of the Newest Goods, with suitable Trimmings to match. We have high and low-class Goods to suit all. Anyone buying a new Dress before seeing our stock will make a mistake.

A CHOICE STOCK OF MOURNING GOODS.

New Prints, Sateens, Ginghams, Parasols Umbrellas, Laces, Fringes, Gloves and Hosiery.

Household Goods of every description very Cheap. Come and see.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, April 24, 1889.

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

FITS STOPPED FREE

Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

for all Fits & Nerve Diseases. Only one dose for Nerve Spasms, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Unwearied if taken as directed. No fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fits patients, they paying express charges on box when delivered. Send address, P. O. and express address of ADDRESS DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Typical Bigots.

These interesting delineations of character, drawn by Rev. Dr. Brann, of New York, we find in an exchange:

BIGOT NO. 1.

A group of bright little children seated on the porch of a New England summer hotel, intently studying a book, attracted the attention of one of the guests. He looked and saw that they were gazing at a picture in the book. The picture represented four or five monks, some dressed like Dominicans, others like Franciscans, engaged in torturing with pincers and roasting alive a beautiful woman, half naked.

"What is that picture?" asked the guest.

"It is Romish priests burning a Protestant!" replied the eldest of the children, a flaxen-haired boy.

"Are there more pictures like that in the book!" said the guest.

"Oh, yes!" replied the boy; "it's full of them."

And, sure enough, it was full of illustrations, all calculated to inspire the young with hatred of the Catholic Church or cover it with ridicule. The pictured matter was as full of falsehoods as Redpath's history Yet it was written in a plain, simple style in good English adapted to the minds of children. It was published by a respectable publishing house, which yearly sends out thousands of copies of books of a similar character to poison the mind of the young against the faith and practice of Catholics. There is hardly one of our readers who has not come across some of these bigoted publications.

The little mind is filled with lies about Popes, Bishops, priests and nuns, and the doctrines of the Church are ridiculed and travestied. Even writers as distinguished as Charles Dickens did not hesitate to stoop to this vile task of trying to inflame the passions of the young against "Popery." His Child's History of England is a proof. One of the most prominent American writers who have devoted themselves to this nefarious purpose is Goodrich, or "Peter Parley," whose histories, lacking in truth as the inscriptions on tomb-stones, are in the hands of all American children. These books fill the country annually with a crop of young bigots, and, of course, very few of these young minds are able to get over their early prejudices in later life.

Is there a remedy for this evil? Yes; it is to produce a number of histories, well illustrated to make them interesting, written by competent Catholics for the benefit of the young. One of the best things the late Father Hecker ever did was to publish the pamphlet, "Is it honest?" and scatter it broadcast over the land. It was an appeal to the sense of fair-play in every honest man's breast against the common calumnies against the Catholic Church. If it did not always make converts, it certainly killed prejudice in many minds. Our Catholic colleges have clever professors of English literature and history. Will not some of them write truthful histories for the young, to counteract the fairy tales, but called histories, of "Parley" and Redpath? The late John Hassard and John McCarthy did some thing in this line. But much yet remains to be done by our Catholic literature and our Catholic publishers to stem the tide of juvenile bigotry set in motion by attractive but false elementary histories.

BIGOT NO. 2.

Here is a gentleman from Boston, polite, educated, cultured. His wife goes to the Catholic church to hear the music. He himself, possessed of a sweet tenor, being acquainted with some Catholic musicians, sometimes sings in a Catholic choir, or at a concert for the benefit of a Catholic charity. He is the most amiable of men. He is a merchant, keeps Catholic help and clerks, and chides them if they do not go to their own church every Sunday. He will even invite the priest to dinner sometimes and doff his hat to him in the street. In fact, he thinks Father A. the "nicest fellow" he knows, and so, when both happen to meet at the seashore in summer, he will invite Father A. to a sail, or to his house for a game of chess. But our Boston friend is like some of those lunatics one meets at Bedlam or Blackwell's Island, sane in everything but one. His crazy point comes out after the first game of chess, especially if he loses it.

"Do you know," he says, "Father A., I have great respect for the Catholic church? In fact, I would not object to my daughters marrying Catholics and turning with their husbands. But there is one thing I don't like, and that is the Jesuits. I hope you are not a Jesuit, Father A.?"

"No, indeed, I am not," replies the priest. "But why do you dislike the Jesuits?"

"Well, they believe that the end justifies the means, and they are plotting against our American institutions."

"Well," replied the priest, "this is news to me, my friend."

"Why," says the Bostonian, "don't you know that they believe that the end justifies the means?"

"I know nothing of the kind," says Father A. "I know the contrary. I know that the Jesuits condemn the proposition that the end justifies the means, and that they are staunch supporters of your republican liberty."

"Oh, that is not so," replies our Boston friend.

"I know better; give me your proofs," says Father A.

"Everyone knows it," says Boston.

"Well, now, I am someone, and I know it is a calumny," replies the priest.

"You are prejudiced," said Boston; "I know the Jesuits hold that the end justifies the means, and that they hate our American liberties. I like your secular clergy, men like yourself, Father A., but these Jesuits are plotters."

"Now, see here, friend," said Father A., "if I want to know the price of dry goods in Boston, or the quality of silk, I would take your opinion, for you are expert in both. Suppose you gave me your positive opinion on these subjects, and proved from other sources that you did not deceive me, what would you think of me if I persisted in refusing to believe you? Would I not practically be saying that you were a liar? Would I be a gentleman to refuse to believe your word? Now, you know me well. You know that as a Catholic priest I know the theology of the Catholic church, and especially the teaching of the Jesuits. I have read their books. Now, I give you my solemn word of honor that they condemn the proposition that the end justifies the means. Will you persist in refusing to believe me when I certainly ought to know the truth in the matter better than you? I know that the Jesuits are not hostile to American institutions. Is not a Catholic priest an expert in such questions, as you are one in dry goods?"

"Oh, well," replies the Bostonian, "we'll not discuss the question further; have another game of chess."

But his tone and manner showed that he still believed that the Jesuits held the condemned doctrine and were foes of American liberty, and that Father A. was a liar; nothing could change his opinion.

For this kind of bigotry there is no moral remedy. A surgical operation similar to the one required, they say, to get a joke into a Scotchman's head, might get the truth about the Jesuits into the skull of our Boston friend.

BIGOT NO. 3.

He was a lawyer, impecunious and briefless. By good luck and good looks a wealthy woman fell in love with him and made him disposer of her mighty dollars. He was only half-educated in everything except the art of making and keeping money. He became ambitious. His ambition became greater than his talents or deserts, and so he foolishly bought a newspaper in order to have an "organ" to grind out his views and music for his processional march from the bar to the statesman's chair.

So he became an editor. Sometimes he writes editorials, the rhetoric of which seems to have been studied on the back of a hippogriff. He scatters foreign words over his editorial page, till he makes it look like a bill of fare in a fashionable restaurant. In this he imitates the other fashionable fifth avenue writers, like the author of "Valentino," and the hysterical Mrs. Rives Chandler. "Will religion pay?" "Will it help to further my political aspirations?" There's the nut for our lawyer-editor to crack. It will. So at once he publishes sermons of the leading Protestant clergymen, texts of Scripture which he does not understand, pictures of the Methodist bishops, and diatribes upon popery from Dr. John Hall, or any other bigot who will write them. His newspaper became as spotted as a rabid coach dog or a leper with squibs and sneers against Catholics. Before the Presidential election his prejudices were held in abeyance lest Catholic Republicans should go back to the Democrats. But, now that the election is over, this treacherous shepherd gives his Catholic sheep up to the tender mercies of Protestant wolves. He poses as the Pharisaic custodian of the Sunday—because it would not pay to run his cabs on that day. He out-Calvins Calvin, yet he hobnobs with Atheists and Socialists. He dines with Vanderbilt and Depew, and speechifies with Herr Most and the Socialists. He has always a kind word for them, but ever a blow for the Catholic. If the Catholic protests, he pigeon-holes the protest for days and then publishes it with a forged date, permits the carion crow driven out of the church to caw their replies in his columns, and then closes them against the Catholic who feels aggrieved. And this lawyer-editor poses as a typical New Yorker and a Simon-pure American. Is he a bigot? It is hard to say whether he is a bigot, a hypocrit, or an idiot, or all three together. Considering his mental calibre, he is certainly the last in his office to pander to Methodist and Presbyterian prejudice, and in his gathering in the shekels from that dirty source and from other "no-popery" shouters he is also the other two. His idiocy of course is incurable, his Pharisaism can be unmasked. But is there a remedy for his bigotry?

Yes, a supernatural one is prayer. The only natural one we know of is a cowhide or the toe of a boot, and every honest man feels like applying it.—*Catholic Standard.*

The Grand Old Man's Vindication of Irish Catholics

One of the ablest public addresses delivered by Mr. Gladstone during his recent tour through Cornwall, was that which he delivered at an immense public meeting at Truro, a few weeks ago, in which he handled without gloves, and utterly demolished Balfour's Tory plea against home rule, that Ireland could not be allowed to govern herself, as the moment they got home rule into their hands the Irish Catholic majority would persecute to extermination the small minority of their fellow countrymen. On this matter Mr. Gladstone said emphatically:—

I beseech you to lay aside entirely all such apprehensions. It is impossible for any impartial man to study the history of Ireland without arriving at the conclusion that there is no ground for it whatever. I will now give you a full exposition of the reasons which justify me in this unreserved appeal to your sense of justice, but I will mention things which will show you that I do not speak lightly or unadvisedly, and that there are grounds and reasons I think absolutely demonstrative, why not only you may mitigate and qualify, but you may wholly banish from your minds every fear of what is to happen in Ireland.

I will not speak of the uniform and unreserved assurances of the Irish themselves—because where suspicion exists it is not easily put away by mere assurances of those who are suspected. But I will point to history, and will briefly and summarily (from the necessities of time) refer to the facts, which, in my opinion, are conclusive.

I have been obliged to remind you that in England there was a sanguinary and ferocious persecution during the reign of queen Mary. What had happened in Ireland during that time? In Ireland nearly the whole national opinion was Roman Catholic; there was hardly any division of religious opinion at all; and yet, though that was the state of things in Ireland, there stands on record this fact—that, from the Bristol and from the Mersey; and I believe from the Dee—at any rate from the different ports of those days—the Protestants of England—in apprehension of their lives—fled to Ireland for security, and remained there in perfect safety under the protection of their Roman Catholic fellow subjects while the fires of Smithfield were in full blaze.

Now, I will give you these two propositions, that can be made good upon every page of Irish history. The people of Ireland have, on many occasions, including that to which I refer, shown a most ardent desire to maintain religious freedom. Secondly, they have never for one moment, to my knowledge, deviated into the paths of bigotry and cruelty, excepting under the most desperate provocation, and then in a degree far less than according to the ferocious example set by their oppressors.

I dare say you have heard of the rebellion of 1641,—the greatest rebellion that ever happened in Ireland—when the Irish people, rising up against the cruelties that were really intolerable, became possessed of a large portion of the country and continued, through a war of ten or eleven years—till finally put down by Cromwell—to fight for what they deemed to be—and nobody can blame them—the cause of their country. Well, what happened? There was a certain Protestant bishop of that day, bishop Bedel, an illustrious name among the few connected with the history of the Protestant church in Ireland—the translator of the Scripture into Irish; and when the Roman Catholic people were in possession of the country, they respected him and his possessions; they even tolerated his giving shelter to their enemies. When they remonstrated with him, what they said was: "We know we shall be very likely put down; and then these men whom you are sheltering will be the first to destroy us." But bishop Bedel said: "It is my duty to shelter them, and I must shelter them." That bishop died in the midst of the rebellion. The whole of the Catholic population of the district attended his funeral; and they fired military salutes over his grave; and the priests at their head said, "May my soul be like the soul of Bedel." There is not a nobler record to be found in history than that simple record to which I have so briefly referred.

Gentlemen, I must be very short. Let me go back only a hundred years. At that time the whole Protestant population of the North was united with the Roman Catholics, and struggling to relieve them from their political and their social disabilities. There was an admirable union among the people of Ireland: but, unfortunately, their enemies determined to infuse into the country the poison of religious bigotry; and for that purpose they founded those Orange lodges, which will hand down to posterity the memory of narrowness for many generations. Fortunately their character is now much mitigated; but at the time of their foundation, they were founded for the purpose of dividing Ireland from England; and to their foundation you may trace that remarkable change which has taken place among many of the Protestants of the North, who are now banded together to oppose the very cause of which, a hundred years ago, their forefathers were most ardent supporters. That has been the cause of religious dissensions in Ireland. It is not perhaps to be hoped that its effects will disappear in a moment. They will, I am satisfied, disappear under the influence of Irish patriotism—both on one side and on the other—when Ireland is relieved from the unnatural position that she now holds, and is vested with the reasonable privileges which she constitutionally asks, and the management of her own affairs.

Gentlemen, I would only use those minutes which remain to me in calling to your mind a remarkable fact which I think if any apprehension still remained in the mind of a single individual ought to suffice to remove that apprehension. It is this fact. Run your eye over the list of those who have led the Irish people in their struggle for liberty; you will find that, in almost every case—I believe in every important case, except that of O'Connell—the Irish people for over a hundred years past, have been led not by a Roman Catholic but by a Protestant. Grattan was a Protestant. Curran was a Protestant. I cannot recollect the names to run them over without more time for reflection; but you know the leader they now follow with an implicit and unquestioning confidence, I mean Parnell, is a Protestant. Moreover, he must have been a Protestant of Protestants. As John Bright once said, he was a dissenter of dissenters.

Parnell must have been a Protestant, for he was actually chosen after the disestablishment of the Irish church as a lay delegate to represent the church in the synod which was called together. How can you believe that that nation which has made such choice of its leaders who chose O'Connell, not because he was a Roman Catholic, but because he was a great man, and by far the greatest man of his day, and the best and most patriotic instrument they could find to give effect to their national desires—how can you suppose under such circumstances that these Irish Roman Catholics will be found untrue to principles which they have shown you they have supported and followed and shown their attachment to by conspicuous examples under circumstances far more difficult? No; rely upon it, this Roman Catholic people will be found fighting breast to breast with you the battle of religious liberty; they will hold the same opinions upon the subjects which you have held, which your fathers have contended for, and which have marched triumphantly towards so many successful and most beneficial and brilliant results. They set an example to the other Roman Catholic people of the world; they will show the sincerity of their attachment to the principles upon which the law will, as I hope, be uniformly founded, among which none will occupy a higher place, none will be more vital to the happiness and prosperity of the country than the fullest and most absolute recognition of the great law of religious freedom to the consciences of all, irrespective of this profession or of that profession, which we may hope and believe to be held with a firm personal conviction, but each man respecting the conviction, of every other man even as he claims respect for his own.—*Toronto Catholic Review*

The Canadian Ursuline Nuns.

On the 1st of August the Catholics of Quebec celebrated with great joy and splendor the two hundreth anniversary of the arrival in that city of the Ursuline nuns, the pioneer teachers of female Catholic youth in America. The annals of the old Ursuline monastery in Quebec are almost the history of French Canada. Patriot blood is not chilled in the cloister, and the pioneer nuns, under the celebrated mother Mary of the incarnation, cast their lot as whole-heartedly with Canada as their sister Ursulines of New Orleans—who rendered such gracious and valuable service to General Jackson's army in 1815—did with America. They were invaluable in the work of christianizing and civilizing the Indians; and modern laborers in the same field may still find suggestions in the study of their spirit and method. The gentle nuns never, probably, formulated theories about human fraternity and equality, yet they record with satisfaction, but not without surprise, the not infrequent marriages of their Indian pupils with Frenchmen. In 1663, when eighteen stalwart braves paid a visit to their schools, a little Indian girl of eleven addressed her countrymen both in French and Huron, and taught a class of Huron girls in their presence.

There is a curious bond between old Puritan New England and this venerable monastery, in the fact that early in the eighteenth century three New England girls—Esther Wheelwright of Boston; Mary Anne Davis of Salem, and Mary Dorothea Jeryan of Maine, carried off captives by the Indians, were rescued by Catholic priests and sheltered in the Quebec monastery, where they all became nuns. Some decades later, the daughters of deacon French of Deerfield, Mass., also captured in the Indian wars, knew the same hospitable cloister; and the Puritan deacon's best known Catholic descendant, Joseph Octave Plessis, eleventh bishop of Quebec, was a notable friend and benefactor of the Ursulines.—*Boston Pilot.*

The Tree of the Cross.

There is a pretty legend connected with the tree of which the cross of our Saviour was formed. On Adam's death three seeds from the tree of life were allowed by the archangel to be placed under Adam, which grew into a cedar, a cypress, and a pine, in the vale of Hebron. Of these were formed the rudder of the ark, and the rod with which Moses smote the rock. Solomon cut down one of these trees, and fashioned it into a beam for his temple; on its despoilment it was thrown into the pool of Bethseda, and at the time of the crucifixion floated up, and was selected by the high priest for the cross. When discovered by the empress Helena she dispatched one portion to Constantinople, where it was set upon a marble pillar in the market. The other was kept at Jerusalem, in a "copher of silver." She also found the inscription, which was brought to Rome, and deposited in the basilica of Santa Croce, where it was hidden in the time of Velentinian, lest it should be stolen by the Goths; but it was seen in or about 570 by Antoninus, martyr, after whose time it disappeared, to be discovered again built up in an arch near the roof, enclosed in a leaden box, on the cover of which, these words were engraved: *Hic est titulus verae crucis*—"This is the title of the true cross." It was found to be a little board about a hand's breadth and a half, much decayed, covered with a partially legible inscription in Latin and Greek, the writing being from right to left, Hebrew fashion. A line of writing has been broken off the upper parts but portions of a few letters which remain may have been the Hebrew title.—*Catholic Record.*

An unusual feature in connection with the late provincial council, which assembled at St. Boniface, Manitoba, was that archbishop Tache and all the bishops were members of the religious congregation of the oblates of Mary immaculate. This order of apostolic men has carried the light of faith through the Northwest territories, and was the first to teach Catholic doctrine in the extreme north, even to the shores of the Arctic ocean.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.