The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1887 VOL. XVII. NO. 4

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 November, 1887

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 8th day, 6h., 49.5m., p.m., W.
New Moon 15th day, 4h., 55.9m., a.m., N.W.
First Quarter 22nd day, 6h., 30.5m., a. m., N.
Full Moon 30th day, 11h., 7.6m., a. m., S.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets.	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets.	High Water Ch'town
		h. m.	h. m.			
1	Tues	6 47	4 41	aft'rn 5 34	m'rn 6 57	morn 10 44
2	Wed	48	39	6 6	8 1	11 29
3	Thur	50	38	6 43	9 1	11 55
4	Fri	51	36	7 27	10 1	aft 30
5	Sat	52	35	8 17	10 58	1 5
6	Sun	54	34	9 15	11 51	1 51
7	Mon	55	33	10 19	aft 38	2 41
8	Tues	57	31	11 27	1 26	3 42
9	Wed	58	30	morn 1 37	2 17	4 52
10	Thur	7 0	29	0 34	2 59	6 23
11	Fri	1	27	1 35	3 3	7 36
12	Sat	3	26	3 9	3 32	8 31
13	Sun	4	25	4 27	4 4	9 34
14	Mon	6	24	5 45	4 39	10 9
15	Tues	7	22	7 2	5 17	10 54
16	Wed	8	21	a 17	6 1	11 36
17	Thur	10	20	9 25	6 49	morn
18	Fri	11	19	10 26	7 45	0 18
19	Sat	13	19	11 17	8 44	1 2
20	Sun	14	18	11 55	9 50	1 48
21	Mon	16	17	aft 35	10 49	2 42
22	Tues	17	16	1 6	11 49	3 33
23	Wed	18	15	1 33	m'rn	4 34
24	Thur	20	14	1 57	0 50	5 45
25	Fri	21	13	2 22	1 51	6 52
26	Sat	23	13	2 44	2 48	7 45
27	Sun	24	12	3 9	3 50	8 39
28	Mon	25	11	3 36	4 51	9 19
29	Tues	26	11	4 6	5 52	9 47
30	Wed	27	9	4 41	6 54	10 33

A Grand Chance

FOR Children and Ladies to have perfect-fitting Clothes. Send Twenty-five Cents and the age of any boy under fifteen years, and I will send, by return mail, the pattern of a suit and directions how to make it, so that any woman can make it just as nobby as a tailor. Ladies who desire a nice-fitting Ulster, Redingote, Sacque, Dolman, or Basque pattern, send for circular with direction for measure. The measures are so simple that any young lady can take her own measure, so that I can send a pattern that will please everyone. I will also teach the most improved system of Ladies' Garment Cutting ever invented by the skill of man. I got it from the inventor, and will give it as I receive it. P. J. FORAN,

Oct. 19, 1887—tf Box 178, Charlottetown.

SEWING

MACHINES,

AT A BARGAIN.

ONE first-class RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE, new, and also one second-hand for sale very cheap. Apply at the HERALD OFFICE.

Charlottetown, May 25, 1887

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

We Want Potatoes.

WE handled 80,000 bushels Potatoes this season and made money for our shippers; having decided to sell in small lots from store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION DEALERS,

22 Central Wharf, Boston.

Members Chamber of Commerce. Established 1872.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the HERALD Printing Company are hereby required to pay the amounts so due by them forthwith, otherwise legal proceedings will be immediately instituted to recover the same.

January 10, 1887.

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien

LOANS on Mortgage for periods not exceeding 10 years without sinking fund, and from 10 to 50 years with sinking fund.

The borrower is privileged to pay off his loan in whole or in part at any time.

Circulars giving detailed information can be obtained on application at the offices of Messrs. Sullivan & McNeill, Solicitors Charlottetown.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Agent for the Company.

Jan. 2 1885.

Public Lands.

THE Commissioner of Public Lands hereby notifies all persons interested, that, as in a large number of cases the term of credit expires this year, substantial payments are expected. Those largely in arrears are once more reminded that unless they come forward and make reasonable payments, Precepts will have to be issued against them.

The Assistant Commissioner will attend at the places hereinafter mentioned to afford those resident in Prince County, the Western part of Queen's County, and many in King's County an opportunity of transacting business with this department, and making the payments solicited:—

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th, 8th and 9th November, at Capt. F. Gallant's, Tignish.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th November, at D. Hunter's, Alberton.

On Monday and Tuesday, the 14th and 15th November, at R. Ellis', O'Leary Station.

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th and 17th November, at A. McKinnon's, Brae Station.

On Friday, Saturday and part of Monday, the 18th, 19th and 21st November, at Mr. Folland's, Northam Station.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, the 22nd and 23rd November, at J. Barlow's, Wellington Station.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 24th, 25th and 26th November, at the Court House, Summerside.

On Monday, Tuesday and part Wednesday, the 28th, 29th and 30th November, at Leslie's, Kensington.

On Thursday and Friday, December 1st and 2nd, at or near Kinkora Station.

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th and 8th December, at C. McLure's, Murray River.

On Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th December, at Mrs. Emery's, Montague Bridge.

On Monday, the 12th December, at R. Plummer's, Cardigan Station.

On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th December, at or near B. Cox's Hotel, Souris.

On Monday, the 19th December, at Mrs. McLean's, Head of St. Peter's Bay.

D. FERGUSON,
Commissioner of Public Lands.

Public Lands Department, Ch'town, Oct. 11, 1887. }

oct. 12—wp wex gua rg sj pio 10w

Freehold Farms

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the whole of his Property situated between Norwood and Union Roads, in the Royalty of Charlottetown, three miles from the City, containing Two Hundred Acres of Land, known as BEECH HILL FARM, and formerly owned by Hon. J. C. Pope.

This Farm is well watered, having a clear stream running through it, which makes it very desirable for Pasturage. There is also a new and comfortable Dwelling House on the premises, besides stabling for fifty head of horned cattle and four horses, and also houses sufficient to contain all the grain and hay that can possibly grow on the whole property. There are over forty acres of land ploughed on the premises, and mostly cross-ploughed, manure being ploughed in it. There is also in the barn yard sufficient stable manure to cover fifteen acres. All this preparation now ready for present crop. Immediate possession given if required.

Also that other Farm known as STONE PARK FARM, formerly occupied by late Hon. George Coles, containing Two Hundred Acres of Land, and is situated less than two miles from the City. A large portion of it joins the Government Model Farm. There are on it for present crop Forty-eight acres ploughed, cross-ploughed and manured, and in the barn yard sufficient manure to cover sixteen acres, available for present crop. On this farm there is sufficient stable room for fifty head horned cattle and ten horses; also a large Barn, Granary and other buildings, sufficient to hold all the grain and hay grown on the farm. Immediate possession given if required.

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Charlottetown, April 6, 1887—tf

COAL. COAL.

ARRIVING DAILY from Sydney:

Cargoes Old Sydney Mine,
Cargoes Victoria Mine,
Cargoes Reserve Mine.

FROM PICTOU:

Acadia Nut,
Acadia Round,
Intercolonial Nut,
Intercolonial Round,
Old Albion Small,
(for Smith's use.)

Also a large quantity of Slack Coal, suitable for house use.

All of which will be sold at the lowest market rates.

C. LYONS,

Acadia Coal Depot, Peake's No. 2 Wharf Charlottetown, Sept. 21, 1887—tf

Ask Your Grocer for

MRS. ROSS'S

MAGIC HEALER SALVE,

Which is Warranted to Cleanse and Cure

Mutilated flesh,
Accidents from fire,
Galled or bruised skin,
Inflammation of all kinds,
Chilblains of all kinds,

Hands chapped or cracked,
Eye-lashes inflamed,
Any frost or cold sores,
Lips or nipples cracked,
Eruptions of the body,
Rough or dry skin,

Skin rash and ringworm,
All boils and pimples,
Lacerated or broken skin,
Various cuts and wounds,
Every kind of surface sore.

Sold at 25 cents per box, in Drug and country stores, and by the proprietors,

JOHN ROSS & CO.,
276 King Street.

P. O. Box 457, Charlottetown. oc 5 3m

REDDIN'S

DRUG STORE.

OPP. POST OFFICE. CAMERON BLOCK

Always to the Front

With the Freshest and Most Reliable Stock of Goods

IN THE MARKET.

FRESH DYES, PATENT MEDICINES, CONDITION POWDERS | FELLOWS' SYRUP, BURDOCK BITTERS, MILK FOODS.

Prescriptions Carefully Dispensed.

HAVANA CIGARS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr.

Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1887.

Mark Wright & Co

New Factory, New Labor-Saving Machines,
New Designs,
New Methods,
New Prices.

While our prices are less, we claim that our goods for

DESIGN, MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP,

ARE SECOND TO NONE.

We do not make a practice of running down or trying to depreciate other people's goods—OURS SELL ON THEIR MERITS.

Charlottetown, Sept. 21, 1887.

18 FALL OPENING. 87.

Reuben Tuplin & Co., Kensington,

ARE OFFERING THE

Largest & Best Selected Stock of General Merchandize

EVER SHOWN BY US, IN

Ladies Dress Goods, all new and fashionable; Mantle Cloths, Sacques, Shawls, Scarfs, &c.; Tweeds, Worsteds, Overcoatings, Trimmings; Underwear, heavy, all wool, at very low prices; Top Shirts, Blankets, Quilts, Ticking; Millinery and Trimmings, latest styles, very cheap, satisfaction guaranteed.

Our Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Kerosene Oil, and General Groceries, are the Best.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware, all kinds; Horse Rugs, R. Wraps; Crockery and Glassware, beautiful stock, and low in price; Lamps, &c.; the Best Stock of Boots and Shoes to be found anywhere.

All our Goods are marked as low as the lowest, and this with their good quality commends them to all careful buyers.

☞ Oats, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Hides, Pelts, Wool, &c, bought at highest market prices.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

Kensington, Sept. 21, 1887.

JOHN NEWSON.

Furniture.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

—IN—

Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, &c.,

and in all kinds of Household Furniture, such as Parlor, Dining-room and Bed-room. All kinds of Bedsteads, Beds, Mattrasses Pillows. All kinds of Chairs, Lounges, Sofas, Sideboards, Cheffoniers, Book-cases, Tables, Washstands, Sinks, Cradles, Cots, Cribs, &c., &c.

Picture Frames and Picture Frame Moulding,

LATEST STYLES AND FINEST QUALITY—CHEAP.

Looking Glasses and Mirrors very low. All kinds of Window Furniture, such as Chous Guen Blinds and Shades, Cornices, Poles, Rings, Holders, Bands, Chains, Hooks, Blind Rollers. &c. Also—The Grand-daddy Chairs, Wire Mattrasses, Children's Sleighs, Carts and Wagons—cheap, cheap, at

JOHN NEWSON'S,

QUEEN SQUARE, OPPOSITE NEW POST OFFICE.

Charlottetown, Sept. 14, 1887. ☞ Mention this paper.

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.

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.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

W. R. Watson, Charlottetown, Wholesale Agent.

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.

Sole Mf'rs of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

LOOK OUT FOR

O'NEILL'S EXPRESS,

HO! FOR BELFAST.

THE Subscriber having received the contract for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails between Charlottetown and Belfast, is fully equipped to carry parcels and accommodate passengers between these points, at the lowest possible rates. All orders left with the Postmaster, Eldon; at Norton & Fennell's Store., Charlottetown, or at the Subscriber's residence, Vernon River, will receive prompt attention.

All parcels must be prepaid.

N. B.—An Order Book will be kept at the Osborne House, Charlottetown.

GEORGE O'NEILL.

Vernon River, Sept. 28 1887—3m

TOBACCO.

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco

OF THE FINEST QUALITY,

Manufactured from Pure Virginia Leaf, at

Riley's Tobacco Factory, Water Street, Charlottetown.

Special Wholesale Rates. See my prices and inspect my Goods before making purchases.

T. B. RILEY.

March 23 1887—1y

An Alpine Retreat.

A correspondent, who signs himself "A. M. H.," and dates his letter from Gorse Cliff, Boscombe, Bournemuth, sends to the London *Spectator* the following account of a visit he paid to a Carthusian monastery near Meran. He writes:

We rose early, and by five o'clock we had left the warmth and roses of Meran and exchanged them for the raw air of the bleakest point in Tyrol—the heights of Angels Mount in Schnals (described vividly in the novelette of "The Vulture Maiden"), where for centuries the only human habitation was a Carthusian monastery, built in 1325. How it ever got there is still a puzzle to me; for even with the help of an omnibus to the end of the valley, and then a mule up the height, it took us four hours to get there and make the eight miles' journey. The hardy larches were not in full leaf. The air was keen and thin, and grew thinner and keener as we neared the mountain village of Carthaus, frowning down upon us with its high walls like a fortified town. The walls—enclosing the buildings, once a monastery of Carthusian monks, now, since their dispersion, a village—crown the crest of a cliff four thousand feet high. Below runs a deep ravine, through which foam the grim, milky waters of a stream from a glacier. A quiet life must the old monks have lived up here in the old days. Like all Carthusian houses the world over, this one was built for twelve monks and a friar (or, in rare cases, as the Charterhouse in London, for twenty-four monks, then called a double house.) This house was richly endowed by its founder, Duke Heinrich of Tyrol, with meadow land and farms, with the right to fish in the Etsch and in a mountain lake a little distance off, for the Carthusians eat no meat. The monastery consisted of two churches, cloisters, a dozen little detached dwellings, each in its garden a great kitchen and offices, farm buildings, a friar's residence, another for the local district judge, a large library, and a refectory for festivals—at other times the anchorites dined each alone in his dwelling. A prominent feature of the monastery was the long central court, the Campo Santo of the monks, who were buried under the turf in the great oblong enclosure, into which the arched windows of the cloisters looked. The doors of each monk's dwelling were opposite these arched windows. Their founder, St. Bruno, legislated for a life of prayer, and privacy, and his followers here, on their mountain fastness, followed his law faithfully. Each monk had his own small tenement; no one could overlook or be overlooked by his neighbor. Each little lobby opened into the cloisters. Through a *hatch* in the wall he received his food, his little study within having a door into his garden. He had a bedroom, a convenient attic for tools, and workshop. In his cell he studied and transcribed old missals, and employed himself in some manual labor during part of his day. In his garden he cultivated his plants, above all his carnations.

The Carthusians' carnation became so celebrated as to be great in demand in Vienna. The red-clove carnation is the national flower of the Tyrol, and owes, no doubt, its cultivation and popularity to these monastery gardens.

The monks possessed a magnificent library, and most of the manuscripts now preserved at Innsbruck came from Carthaus. In 1782 this quiet, busy life of the monks came to an end. This Tyroler Carthusian monastery, and other religious houses in Austria and the Netherlands, were sequestrated by the Emperor Joseph II. The place stood desolate till the Austrian Government offered it as a dwelling-place, at a very low rental, to any peasants of the surrounding villages who would go up and live there. In spite of the inclement climate and barren, rocky soil—for the good meadowland and farms of the monks were not offered with the monks' dwellings—a few families of handicraftsmen whose work could be carried on at home, did go. A priest ministered in the old convent church, and a little community has grown up among the old gray walls. Extreme poverty and hardship have reigned in these mountain homes—hard enough in summer with scanty food and shelter, but often terrible in the depths of long winters, when not alone the gray walls shut out the world, but deep snows enclose them in on all sides. It was to visit this little community that we had made our journey. Whilst our friend was visiting and attending to the truly religious work which month by month brings her up to this strange place, I and my relative sat in a little house—one of the monk's dwellings—of the good priest, and heard the story of the place. As to his own share in the good work, I learned it from others; but, for the sake of brevity, I make the narrative one. It was Friday, but the priest bade us heartily welcome, and pressed us to share his frugal meal—a saucer of hard-boiled eggs, black bread, and lettuce. He showed us the manuscript "History of the Tyroller Charter-house," and as we examined the quaint and ingenious plan of the old convent he told us the story of it and its later inhabitants.

In 1782 the government sold the estate in a lump to an Italian for 7,000 florins, equal to $582, and some years later it was sold by him to an Austrian, Count Handl, who broke up the property and sold it in twenty-four lots for 27,000 florins, or £2,250. Again these lots have been decided by sales and private inheritance, so that now two hundred people crowd into buildings which in earlier times, friar, judge, monks, lay brothers, and boarders all told, did not exceed forty individuals, and sadly do the place and people cry aloud for help, instruction and reform. The dwellings of necessity being far too small for large families, all sorts of additions have been made; but as no mortal is to be had in the valley of Schnals, these leans-to and upper stories were merely connected with clay or made of wood, and are all too small, windy and dark, whilst many are damp and unhealthy; such close quarters are also bad for health, morality, and good understanding between neighbors. In addition to this, the cloister roof has fallen in. It was of shingle, but the secular proprietors never repaired it. Heavy winter snows, rain, wind, mountain gales, and hot sunshine combined in its destruction; great dilapidations and demolitions have occurred, and these once picturesque cloisters, strewn with bricks, stones and planks now act as the village streets.

But in their hard poverty the people lived on, eating their potatoes and cabbage, their coarse cheese and blackest of bread in silence, and did not beg. They went on in a sort of lethargy of ignorance and helplessness. The women neither knitted, nor sewed, nor spun. They had less and less spirit to fight against the decay and filth that gathered over their houses and themselves. In the midst of this poor flock the old pastor struggled on, often with despair in his heart. One day he was called to the death-bed of an old bachelor peasant of means, who offered to leave a sum of money sufficient to maintain a Sister of Charity at Carthaus. She was to come first and begin her work by waiting upon him. The priest was overjoyed. The Mother-General at Innsbruck, to whom application was made, said she would send two efficient Sisters, it being against the rules of the Order for one Sister to live and work alone. The charge for clothes and food would be 120 florins—£10 a year. Think of the coming of two such doves of peace and piety to that sad place. But alas! the old man recovered and withdrew his promise. Sorely disappointed, the good Father trudged over to see his friend, a neighboring priest of Katmienberg, on the opposite side of the ravine. They walked together discussing the sad necessity of the poor flock at Schnals, and the end was that they agreed each to provide for a Sister out of their stipends, one-quarter of their incomes, they each being literally "passing rich on £40 a year." Two old maiden sisters, rich in the community as having a shop and also working a sewing machine, in a somewhat hasty fit of generosity, offered to let the Sisters live in three of their unoccupied rooms. So with the two Sisters of Charity entered a new spirit into the dreary place. Sister Hardriana nursed the sick, Sister Diomera taught the children—both taught cleanliness, order and good management, through the wild winter of two years ago Father Nauer watched the progress of good with thankful delight. But the devotion of the old maiden ladies began to flag. When the children came to lessons they were noisy and brought in dirt and snow. Even Sister Hadriana, coming in from her journeys among the sick had wet feet too. There was a poor, wretched girl lying ill at Katmienberg, and twice a day did that good Sister make the journey down the ice-bound steep and up another to dress her sores, often at the peril of her own life, clinging and climbing up the slippery, precipitous paths. Think of the pity and love that armed that heart for such an errand! But the old ladies did not like dirty shoes and wet garments. They grew sulky and reproachful. It was easier for the Sisters to bear the bad weather than bad temper, and after much long suffering, just before service one Sunday afternoon, they told the painful news to Herr Nauer that they must go. The poor old man broke down in the service as he announced the sad news to his flock. The old ladies repeated of their rigor and begged the Sisters to remain. The poor invalid from Katmeinberg was brought later on to be under the same roof with her good nurse; but this proved more than the fluctuating Christian charity of the ladies could bear, and the sisters had to leave, and this time without reprieve.

But help came from an unexpected quarter. An English lady at Meran heard of the hardships of the Sisters, and, invalid though she was, started one winter's morning for the Carthaus. The omnibus brought her to the entrance of the valley, and there, all means of conveyance ended, she had a packing-case put upon runners, a horse harnessed to this strange carriage, and so drove up the long Sconalserthal to the foot of the cliff on which Carthaus stands. Then, having cramp-irons to her boots, she made her slow ascent through snow and ice. The dejected people welcomed her with little more than a long story of grief, crowned by the chief sorrow of the Sisters leaving them. But a better day had dawned with the coming of the *rettende Englanderin* as they styled her. Sympathy, good sense, and personal self-sacrifice on her part, brought a new state of things. The doctor of Carthaus—a most ignorant and provincial specimen of his class—was leaving the place; she purchased this house; alterations and additions were quickly made; a gift of bedding from a friend in Meran came opportunely; and the Sisters were installed, and a happy sense of security fell on the small community.

The Sisters' house has become a hospice for the aged and sick. The first pensioner was an old man, who brought with him as compensation his only possessions—a pair of goats. Many pages might be written of the good Sisters, their trials, the answers to their prayers, and their hard work. We listened to these sitting in the little room of Father Nauer, who enjoyed this rare chance of speaking to an appreciative and sympathetic audience. He was a man of opinions and a politician. He was cheered, he said, by the revival of Catholicity the world over, more especially in ultra-Prussant Berlin—it was marvellous indeed! But, on the other hand, great was his surprise at the growth of democratic principles. "Before long," said he, "the people will govern throughout Europe as they do in America. Even in good conservative Austria, I believe the Emperor and Duke will in twenty years only be names in past history." On the wall of his little monk's chamber was spread a huge map of the United States, on which a line was drawn from New York to Chicago, showing the tremendous journey made by his brother—a Tyroler peasant like himself—who had ten years ago emigrated to settle and grow rich in the far West. By means of letters and a weekly newspaper sent him by his brother, the good Father had gained his ideas and formed his opinions on many subjects, notably of Irish matters from the American point of view—through such scant loopholes the poor, lonely man gets glimpses of the world beyond his isolated village. Need I apologize if I say that it might make his life richer—and ours, perhaps, none the poorer—if we could send him a token of our far-away sympathy, and help him to bear the burden of providing for the one Sister by the sacrifice of a quarter of his yearly income."—*Western Watchman.*

Monsignor Segur's Home.

All who have visited Paris know the Rue du Bac, that long, narrow street beginning at the Seine and terminating at the Rue de Sevres. It is the busiest street in the aristocratic Fauburg St. Germain, as a writer in *Ave Maria* remarks, but even here seclusion can be found; for, according to the old French fashion, residences "*entre court et jardin*" are common, and have been favorite abodes of many illustrious writers; of this century, we might name among a goodly number Chateaubriand, Montalembert and Louis Veuillot. The house bearing the number 39 is one of unpretending appearance; a stone staircase conducts you to the second story; you enter a narrow antechamber leading to a modestly furnished dining room, the chief ornament of which is a large bust of Pope Pius IX. Off the dining room is the saloon—a small, square room, containing a writing table of plain wood and two book cases. The house was for many years the home of Monsignor de Segur, and it is venerated as the abode of a saint. Everything is placed exactly as if he were still living. His arm chair is before the writing table, on which is a statuette of the Immaculate Conception; it is here that so many treatises were composed, and so many letters, the outpourings of his heart, were written. The mantlepiece, surmounted by a beautiful picture of St. Francis de Sales, bears a colored statue of Notre Dame des Misericorde. On the left side is a small painting in an exquisite frame, with the Papal arms; it is the head of St. Peter, painted by Monsignor de Segur, and offered to His Holiness Pius IX. The work is singularly beautiful. St. Peter's face is upturned with an ardent expression of faith, as he seems to utter the thrice-repeated affirmation, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!" An inscription indicates that the painting remained in the Pope's private study for twenty-four years; at his death it was returned to the artists in memory of his august friend. Opposite the chimney piece is a large, old-fashioned green sofa, and above it hangs another painting by Monsignor de Segur—the Child Jesus Sleeping. The Divine Infant is lying in the crib, His arms folded on his breast; the dimpled hand clasping a little cross is exquisite; the face—generally a failure in representations of Our Lord—is a masterpiece of coloring and expression. Let us now pass on to his bedroom—his cell we might rather call it. A door to the right of the drawing room opens into a small chamber scarcely two yards wide; the bed, that of an ascetic, consists of a chest of drawers, on which a mattress is laid; over it hangs photographs of the Cure d'Ars and Leo XIII; on each side of it are portraits, by Galliard, of Pius IX. and the Comte de Chambord. At the head of the bed is a crucifix with three statues—the Immaculate Conception, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis de Sales; on the opposite walls may be seen a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, and another of St. Philip Neri, also a statue of Notre Dame des Victoires. An old arm chair near the window belonged to the venerable mother of the saintly prelate, who used it constantly during the last years of her life. To the left of the drawing room is the oratory, the jewel of this modest dwelling. It is a small room, carpeted in crimson; the walls are hung in the same color, and the curtains and canopy over the altar are of crimson velvet. This is the only spot in the house that is furnished with anything like luxury, although great simplicity prevails even here. The Blessed Sacrament is always kept in the oratory. A prieu dieu in the centre indicates the spot where Monsignor de Segur was accustomed to kneel. He would often rise at night and remain there, rapt in adoration, until daybreak. Facing the altar, a large black cross of wood bears a few memorial wreaths of evergreen, with the word "Regrets." The Abbe Diringer, who was the devoted secretary of Monsignor de Segur, still occupies the apartment, which has become the centre of the Association of St. Francis de Sales; it is also a much frequented place of pilgrimage, and the piety of the pilgrims, it is needless to say, is in keeping with the sanctity of the shrine.—*Western Watchman.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria