

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1895.

Vol. XXIV. No. 27

Calendar for July, 1895.

MOON'S CHANGES.
Full Moon, 6th day, 7h. 16m. p. m.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 11h. 18m. p. m.
New Moon, 22nd day, 1h. 19m. a. m.
First Quarter, 29th day, 4h. 23m. p. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun	High Water	Low Water
1 Mon	4 18	7 49	3 4	0 11	6 42					
2 Tues	19	49	4 9	0 33	7 51					
3 Wed	19	49	5 32	1 11	8 46					
4 Thurs	20	48	6 38	1 36	9 34					
5 Fri	21	48	7 34	2 18	10 18					
6 Sat	21	48	8 40	3 14	10 59					
7 Sun	22	47	9 40	4 15	11 35					
8 Mon	23	47	10 35	5 27	12 0					
9 Tues	24	46	11 36	6 36	0 41					
10 Wed	25	46	12 32	7 40	1 13					
11 Thurs	26	45	1 10	8 44	1 47					
12 Fri	26	45	10 23	9 51	2 23					
13 Sat	27	44	10 36	10 54	3 1					
14 Sun	28	43	10 32	11 59	3 56					
15 Mon	29	43	11 10	1 6	4 59					
16 Tues	30	42	11 54	2 18	6 21					
17 Wed	31	41	12 33	3 33	7 38					
18 Thurs	32	40	1 9	4 53	8 42					
19 Fri	32	40	1 52	6 16	9 33					
20 Sat	34	38	2 52	7 40	10 28					
21 Sun	35	37	3 53	9 11	11 42					
22 Mon	36	36	4 42	10 41	12 42					
23 Tues	37	35	5 21	12 10	1 37					
24 Wed	38	34	6 36	1 19	2 34					
25 Thurs	39	33	7 59	2 38	3 14					
26 Fri	40	32	9 18	3 56	4 0					
27 Sat	41	31	10 35	5 10	4 40					
28 Sun	42	30	11 51	6 27	5 17					
29 Mon	43	29	13 6	7 40	6 0					
30 Tues	44	27	13 19	8 41	6 37					
31 Wed	44	26	14 31	9 38	7 32					

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

—OF— EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

Total Assets, 1891, \$80,032,727.

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 thirty years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent.

Watson's Building, Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Jan. 1, 1895.—17

Short & Penmanship.

FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY the undersigned will give to those taking up his shorthand course by mail (costing only \$6 in advance, including text book, etc.) a free course in Penmanship by mail according to the "Muscular Movement" by means of which a rapid and beautiful hand-writing can be acquired. Free reference in 3 months' time. It progresses most satisfactory. Write to

W. H. CROSKILL, Stenographer, Charlottetown, June 4th, 1894.—17

Dominion Coal Company, Ltd.

The undersigned having been appointed sole selling Agents in the Province of Prince Edward Island for the above Company's mines in Cape Breton, are now prepared to issue orders for Round, Slack and Run of Mines, and will keep a stock of each kind of Coal on hand to supply customers at lowest prices.

PEAKE BROS. & CO., Selling Agent.

Ch'town, May 30th—17

Boots & Shoes

REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE

when you want a pair of Shoes. Our Prices are the lowest in town.

A. E. MEOCHEN, THE SHOE MAN, Queen Street.

ENEAS A. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian.

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BURDOCK'S PILLS

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILDEST AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK'S FOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:



FRANK LEAKE, Ottawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LAKE, Ottawa, Ontario.

K. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LAKE, Ottawa, Ontario.

K. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c

Cardigan Tea

The ladies of All Saints Church intend having a GRAND TEA PARTY

—AT— Cardigan Bridge, Wednesday, July 10th, '95.

Cardigan enjoys a reputation not merely for good Tea, but for the very best; and no pains will be spared to make this one evening all former ones. All amusements common to such gatherings will be provided. There will be on the grounds a well stocked saloon, directed by a party of young gentlemen whose assiduous attention to their customers will be equalled only by the exquisite flavor of the drinks they dispense. A professional C.K. aided by the young ladies of the parish, will have charge of the baking, which is a sufficient guarantee that the tables will be abundantly and deliciously supplied. We will not say, however, in the stereotyped phrase "that the tables will groan under the weight of the many good things," for everything will be so pleasant at the Cardigan Tea that not even the tables will groan. They may bend and even break but not complain.

A special Train will leave—

Ch'town at 8:50 a. m. local time

Royalton Junction, 9:16 "

Bedford, 9:40 "

St. George's, 10:05 "

Mount Stewart, 10:45 "

St. George's, 11:05 "

Returning leave Tea Grounds at 6:15 p. m. local time.

A special train will leave Georgetown at 10 m. local time.

Along the line return tickets may be bought at the following reduced rates:

Ch'town & Royalton Junction, 75c

York & Bedford, 60c

Tracadie, Mt Stewart & Pisiquid, 45c

St. George's, 25c

St. George's, 25c

Lot 48, 20c

Perth, 15c

Georgetown, 15c

Return tickets will be issued at one single first class fare from all Stations on "Souris Branch," good for return on the same and following day.

In the evening a literary, musical and dramatic entertainment will be held in the hall at Cardigan. This will be a feature of the day that no lover of the beautiful can miss; as some of the best talents in the Province will take part. Doors open at 7:30 p. m. Concert 8:30 Admission 25c.

JOHN RYAN, Sec'y.

MEMORIAL CARDS.

CABINET MEMORIAL CARDS, neatly printed in gold on blue paper, and with beveled gilt edges.

They are especially adapted for framing, and are especially adapted for Albums. They make a beautiful and appropriate memorial to distribute among relatives and friends of deceased parents.

The designs are original and artistic, and the workmanship is far superior to any imported.

PRICES.—One card, 25 cents, four cards, 50 cents, 12 cards, \$1.00.

Write for specimens and particulars. Mail orders filled by return mail.

JAMES W. O'REILLY, Designer and Printer of Memorial Cards. Ch'town, June 12, 1895.—20c.

Catholic Prayer Books,

New Stock Just Opened.

Prices from 10 cents each to \$1.50.

All sorts of School Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods at very low prices.

HASZARD and MOORE, BOOKSELLERS, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Interesting European Items.

(Paris Correspondence of the Philadelphia Catholic Times, June 7.)

President Felix Faure has taken his first false step. Not that he has in any way given offence to the official world or to the army, or to the press, or to the considerable section of the community which boasts of being untrammelled by religion.

An contraire! But in choosing the great Christian festival of Pentecost for making an official tour through the country, and thereby drawing immense crowds of people away from the churches at a time when they should be praising God, he has undoubtedly offended the religious sense of the nation.

As I have often said before, it is an unfortunate circumstance that the State as such recognizes no religion. The utter lack of all acknowledgment of a Divine Being on the part of the French Republic is its weakest characteristic. The country is, notwithstanding all that can be said, overwhelmingly Catholic. That fact is carefully kept out of sight by statesmen and politicians, but it will prove the Nemesis of the future.

The President of the Republic hitherto has done very well indeed, and it is with deep regret that a discordant note should be sounded on the day which symbolizes peace and unity. To find time for banquets and receptions, but not for Holy Mass is scarcely an example for a Catholic chief of the State to set a Catholic peasantry.

The bishops of France may now be said to be united on the vexed question of resistance to the tax on the religious communities. The Pope's advice that whatever steps were taken should be of accord may now be said to have taken shape, although many are of opinion that the Holy See's real intention was to suggest submission to the civil authorities. Cardinal Langenieux, however, interpreted the Holy Father's words differently, and he ought to know best. All the French bishops have now spoken, and only one—the Bishop of Beauvais—takes the side of the Government. As a consequence, the Bishop, whilst severely left alone by the Catholic press, is being made much of by radical organs like L'Esclair and L'Intransigeant.

The spirited letter of the Archbishop of Cambrai to M. Poincaré, Minister of Public Work, to which I referred last week, has elicited favorable comment on all sides, exciting, of course, that of the Minister himself. Even those who do not favor the Church are greatly amused at the brilliant satire of the Archbishop and chaff the young statesman over the snub he has received.

Last year we had Mgr. Duarte Silva, Bishop of Goyaz, staying with us. This year Brazil sends us another of her episcopate in the person of Mgr. Bernard, Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro. His Grace is visiting Europe for his health's sake, a troublesome throat affection rendering it imperative to repose for a few weeks at a watering place. I called at the Hotel Fenelon for a few minutes' conversation, a request immediately granted. "The great thing with us," said the Archbishop, "is the schools. Free thought and unbelief have made terrible advances even in the elementary education of the young. Until the schools have been re-organized on a thoroughly Catholic basis nothing can be done. This is the work which presses more than any other. Unfortunately the religious orders, especially of men, are less represented than we could wish. The Lazarists and the Capuchins render splendid service. The former are almost all Frenchmen and the latter Italians. As for the Brazilian communities, the less said about them the better. My predecessors tried their utmost to reform them, and I am doing my best in the same direction; but (here the Archbishop sighed) the task is a very difficult one." "But there are the Sisters of Charity, your Grace; surely they are a consolation to you?" "Yes, indeed; they are altogether admirable. To them is confided the direction of the Santa Casa, one of the biggest hospitals of the world. The Sisters have the care of some fifteen hundred patients. On every side we have evidences of their great services to religion, and this, too, in the face of yellow fever, which may be said to be constantly waging." With regard to the population the Archbishop freely admitted that there was plenty of piety, manifesting itself by religious demonstrations, confraternities, processions and fete, but also persisting amongst the faithful was the insidious poison of Freemasonry. The difficulties in this respect were enormous. Under the empire it led to a conflict between Church and State and the imprisonment of two bishops. The sect was all-powerful, so much so that notwithstanding the zealous efforts of the bishops and the

religious orders to nullify the evil, the results were far from satisfactory.

After a few weeks' stay at Cautelet, the Archbishop hopes to be well enough to go to Rome to pay his visit ad limina.

A very unusual mark of Papal munificence has just been paid the Catholic University of Lille by the Holy Father. By an act motu proprio his Holiness has subscribed 100,000 francs to found one of the chairs of dogmatic theology in that seat of learning. After warmly praising the work of the University, Pope Leo said: "In order to encourage its further progress, we have decided to confer a personal benefit. A certain sum, having been piously placed in our hands in favor of the education of youth, of our own good will we give and attribute it to this institute with the express intention that it may be devoted towards the endowment of one of the two chairs of dogmatic theology not yet provided for." I believe this is the first instance of a gift of this sort outside of Italy.

The prophets are at work with regard to the next consistory, which is to take place during the course of the summer. Four Nuncios are to receive the Cardinal's hat, namely those of Paris, Vienna, Madrid and Lisbon. Of course, whether these promotions will surely take place at the next consistory is mere guess work; sooner or later, however, they must come. For my part I am scarcely credit a wholesale removal of ecclesiastical diplomats from first-class nunciatures. Monsignor Agliardi will probably be chosen for the Sacred College at the earliest given moment, his position at Vienna since the recent upset being scarcely enviable. The loss of Mgr. Ferraris would be severely felt at Paris, where he is much respected for his tact and amiability. His elevation, however, is not likely to be deferred much longer. The present Nuncio at Lisbon was for some ten years secretary to Propaganda, in which capacity he enjoyed a well earned reputation amongst the bishops of missionary countries. Monsignor Jacobini is a familiar name both in America and the United Kingdom. As a Cardinal, he would distinctly be papabile.

Old World Wonders.

I must admit, writes Noah Brooks in the New York Times that the first view of the exterior of St. Peter's Rome, was a real disappointment.

We were set down at the foot of the steps of the noble portico, and looking up, naturally expected to see the top of the still nobler dome. It was not in sight. Only after I had retreated to the fountain in the centre of the piazza, before the church, could I see it, and then only the upper part of the dome "brought in as sincerity," was to be seen. In fact, from no point of view does one get a good look at the building showing the grand harmony of symmetrical front and, at the same time, the airy but dignified dome. This view may be possible from the roofs of the buildings around the square in front, but all possible rear views show the dome cut off at its base. But when one enters St. Peter's, the vastness and the nobility of the interior are deeply impressive. One can well imagine the awe and the thankfulness with which weary pilgrims from other lands, having set foot within these precincts, consecrated by religious genius and by the worship of centuries, prostrate themselves, ready to say: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have beheld Thy salvation." And when one comes to inquire more closely into the dimensions and proportions of the pile, one is yet more profoundly impressed with the tremendousness and the harmony of the work. The human figures moving over the magnificent pavement are dwarfed by the amplitude of nave and wall and the height of the vast pillars that support the vaults above. The sportive ornaments and floating angels are found to be colossal. The senses are deceived by the mastery genius that planned and executed the proportions and detail of this stupendous whole.

The exterior of the great cathedral at Milan is not, perhaps, so impressive as that of St. Peter's, except that the Milan edifice is a marvel of fluid art in architecture, while St. Peter's, in its bulk, rather than in its details, exerts a powerful effect on the mind of the visitor. Somebody has said that the Milan Cathedral is "an epic in stone," and some other body has said that "architecture is frozen music." Both of these sayings come into one's memory in Milan. The roof of the structure is a forest of pinnacles and statuary, in which one may wander for hours without seeing all its beauties. It is incrustated with marble in flying buttresses, robes, figures and architectural ornaments like leaves, boughs, branches and tree trunk. With such conscientious devotion was the labor that one finds as much care bestowed in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the roof adornments as in the most conspicuous places of honor. The height of the pillars that support the vaulted roof of the Milan Cathedral is 72 feet; there are fifty-two of these columns, and their diameter is 8 feet. The height of the main nave from the pavement to the apex of the vaulted roof is 164 feet. These figures may suggest to the mind of the reader the wonderfully impressive effect of these lofty naves and long drawn aisles as one enters the glorious building. The exterior of the church is enriched with a prodigious quantity of sculpture. Indeed, one is instantly impressed with the mass of carved marble in every variety of expression highly artistic or purely decorative, which covers all the lower part of the cathedral walls. The statues on the building alone number more than 3,000. And in catching a mental glimpse of the interior of this magnificent epic in stone, one should try to imagine an atmosphere richly tinted with rainbow hues from the finest stained glass windows in Christendom. It is something of a shock to be taken in charge by a priestly attendant in the Milan Cathedral; and conducted to the subterranean vault where lies the embalmed body of St. Charles Borromeo. This sepulchral chapel has been so often described that I need only say that its sides are covered with tons of solid silver, wrought into massive bas-reliefs, and that the saint lies clad in rich vestments in a crystal sarcophagus above the altar. The splendid coffin is screened with a paneled work of gold, silver and bronze, richly wrought. It is closed. The saint is clad in garments very precious. He has by his left hand a pastoral staff of gold, covered with precious stones, and over his head hangs a golden crown, wrought by Benvenuto Cellini. "The tariff is 57." This is the business-like address of the attendant. The five-franc tariff being paid, the attendant dons a white frock over his black cassock, produces a small crank, which is fitted to a square knob by the side of the altar, and the front of the metal

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screen is gradually lowered. By the light of a strong bull's-eye lantern (almost burglarious) one sees the mummy of St. Charles, as black as that of Pharaoh of the Oppressing, in the Ghizab Museum, but far more richly dressed. It is a miracle of gorgeousness in gems and gold—poor mortality lying dead in the midst of splendor. Our curiosity sated, the attendant guards back his screen of the crystal casket, takes off his frock and carries up the stairs. I was ashamed to find that while I was gazing at the dead saint below a company of devout pilgrims were worshipping at the upper edge of the tomb, unmindful of the thoughtless tourists who had irreverently invaded the sacred precincts underneath.

There are two pictures in Milan which every body goes to see. One is Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," and the other is Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin." I was not prepared for the pathetic ruin in which one finds Leonardo's famous painting. It is pointed out the end wall of a large room, once used as the refectory of a convent. As all the world knows, it was once covered with whitewash, and the work of uncovering it, as well as the more recent ravages of time, has wrought much mischief with the picture. While it was concealed a door was ignorantly cut through the bottom of the painting. This ugly aperture cuts off the bottom of the composition, and reaches nearly up to the edge of the table. The effect is disastrous. But even in its ruin this work most profoundly impressed the spectator by its serene harmony and by the attitude of expectation which pervades the composition. Along the sides of the large room a copy of the great picture of Leonardo silently offered for sale. An aged, wooden-legged artist, seated in front of the original, was working on a lovely water-color copy of the "Last Supper." Having our approach he laid down his colors and retreated to the rear of the room and assumed an attitude of pious devotion. We admired his religious fervor, but when we passed to inspect his work he eagerly hobbled down to chaffer about the price thereof. The painting on the wall is fading like a beautiful dream. It would be presumptuous in an ignorant lay observer like to attempt any description of Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin," which is one of the wonders of the art of the world. But it is interesting to recognize in the background of the picture the octagonal structure now known as the Mosque of Omar, otherwise the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem. When the Knights of the Crusade took possession of the Holy City the Dome or Temple of Solomon, they adopted the design of the building as their emblem, and as that it became known all over Europe in the middle ages. Raphael put the sacred emblem in his immortal picture, and there it shines, a precious memento of the old dispensation shedding its lustre upon the new gospel of the Son of Mary.

Protestant Missions in Mexico

Our protestant friends in Mexico lately had a grand love feast under the significant title of "The Holy Spirit Conference in Mexico." The Inter-Denominational Conference at Jilulua, said the "Watchman," was a decided success. One hundred and forty-one workers, representing twelve mission boards, were in attendance. The harmony and good will pervading all the sessions was delightful, and the liberty was such as comes alone from the Holy Spirit. There were times when His presence was so marked as to show itself in shaming faces, tears of joy, and shouts of victory. The interest of the meeting was greatly enhanced by the presence of those distinguished revivalists Moody and Sankey. In short, they seemed to visit with each other in the warmest expressions of mutual sympathy and affection; even the Quaker brother is said to have electrified his audience by expressions of commendation of some of the sentiments uttered on the occasion. Now, without wishing to speak disrespectfully—much less to make fun-of a demonstration in which the sators were evidently so serious and so much in earnest, we hope we shall be excused if we ask a question or two which seem pertinent to the occasion. 1. Why should professing Christians who can unite on such fraternal and even affectionate terms remain separate, divided into so many and apparently such conflicting sects? Their differences in doctrine are either essential or they are not. If they are essential how can they consistently unite in a common effort for promoting what they must consider essential error? If they are not essential why remain separate? Why not bury their differences, and unite in essentials, thus presenting a solid body and avoiding the spirit of rivalry which inevitably creeps in and vitiates the efforts even of the best of men? 2. What are the Mexican Catholics who have been educated in the doctrine of union and faith and organization, to think of this army of separate skirmishers, all operating under different colors, each claiming to be the true exponent of Christianity, yet all differing from each other in most important and essential points of faith and practice? Of course it is only among the more ignorant classes, or among men ignorant of their religion and glad of the liberty of thinking and acting as they please in religious matters that they can succeed in estranging any Mexican Catholics from their own Church. To us, we confess, it seems a cruel thing to undermine the faith of these simple people and make "freethinkers" of them. An infidel Government and ambitious and godless politicians will, of course, lend their influence to any effort calculated to curtail the influence of the Church among the people.—Sacred Heart Review.

Five Thousand Conversions

There is nothing that impresses people more than a definite statement of fact, and from that point of view the most impressive sentence in Cardinal Vaughan's eloquent sermon at the Oratory last Sunday was that in which he stated that according to the registers of the Church the number of converts received by the Oratorian Fathers in London the last forty years amounts to between five and six thousand. It is a splendid result, though, as His Eminence was careful to add, numbers are a very inadequate test of spiritual work. The figures are interesting as throwing some light on a much discussed point, the numerical growth of the Church in England, regarding which the most exaggerated and contradictory reports have been spread at times both by friends and enemies. Five thousand conversions in forty years is not "corporeal remission," nor does it indicate a wild anxiety on the part of the English nation to acknowledge the supremacy of the See of Peter. But it does indicate a quiet, steady flow, towards the Catholic faith, and as a sign of the spirit of the revival of the religious spirit there; and in addition it is stated that "Mexico's utterance of the Jesuits is explained here on the theory that the Government is allowing the rupture to grow and increase inside the Catholic Church, as a majority of the Mexicans are friendly to the Franciscans and Carmelites, while the wealthy minority favor the Jesuits." This is a vain hope, sad, when doomed to disappointment, will be used only as an excuse for persecuting the sons of St. Ignace, for no real Order or faithful son of the Church is justus of the success of the Jesuits who has the real interests of religion at heart.

A Minister's Experience.

Speaking a few weeks ago at a ministerial conference held at Brighton, says the Sacred Heart Review, the Rev. Doctor Quint, one of the editors of the Congregationalist, talked as follows of his army experience, and as will be seen from his remarks, paid a notable tribute to the loyalty of the Catholic soldiers in the regiment of which he was the chaplain. The Doctor's own liberality, which is deserving of all praise, will not be unnoticed by the reader. After stating that there were 200 Catholic soldiers in the regiment to which he was attached, Doctor Quint said that they were all true, loyal patriotic men and he never knew one to flinch at any time. During his ministrations as chaplain to the sick and wounded in the hospital, he had prayed at various times with a man whom he always supposed was a Protestant until one day something occurred which though slight, led him to think otherwise, and so he asked, "Are you a Catholic?" The answer, "Yes, I am."

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