The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5 1890 VOL. XIX. NO. 19

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Wednesday

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE,

CONNOLLY'S BUILDING,

Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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, or to

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager.

Calendar for March, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 6th day, 9h., 35.1m., p.m., N.E.
Last Qtr., 14th day, 9h. 52.1m., a. m., E.
New Moon, 20th day, 4h. 48.5m., p. m., W.
First Qtr., 28th day, 5h., 20.0m., 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	after'n	morn	morn	
1	Sat	6 41	5 44	0 40	4 1	7 0	
2	Sun	40	45	1 37	4 50	7 57	
3	Mon	38	46	2 37	5 30	8 45	
4	Tues	37	47	3 41	6 6	9 28	
5	Wed	36	48	4 46	6 35	10 6	
6	Thur	34	49	5 52	6 59	10 39	
7	Fri	32	50	6 58	7 22	11 12	
8	Sat	30	51	8 5	7 44	11 45	
9	Sun	29	52	9 15	8 6	aft 16	
10	Mon	27	54	10 24	8 27	0 51	
11	Tues	25	55	11 35	8 54	1 30	
12	Wed	23	56	morn	9 24	2 14	
13	Thur	22	58	0 47	10 0	3 9	
14	Fri	20	59	1 57	10 45	4 18	
15	Sat	18	6 0	3 2	11 41	6 2	
16	Sun	16	2	3 57	47	7 28	
17	Mon	13	3	4 43	2 0	8 34	
18	Tues	11	5	5 20	3 18	9 26	
19	Wed	9	6	5 52	4 37	10 11	
20	Thur	8	8	6 18	5 54	10 49	
21	Fri	6	9	6 43	7 10	11 26	
22	Sat	3	10	7 6	8 23	morn	
23	Sun	2	11	7 31	9 34	0 1	
24	Mon	0	13	7 56	10 44	0 37	
25	Tues	5 59	14	8 24	11 52	1 14	
26	Wed	57	15	9 2	morn	1 56	
27	Thur	55	16	9 42	0 54	2 42	
28	Fri	53	18	10 30	1 54	3 41	
29	Sat	50	19	11 12	2 45	4 53	
30	Sun	49	20	aft 24	3 41	6 10	
31	Mon	5 45	21	1 27	4 6	7 20	

Freehold Land for Sale.

70 ACRES of prime Freehold Land, in Lot 43, King's County, alongside the Railway Station, has a frontage on Bourke's Road of half a mile, an unfailing spring of water runs the whole length of the land, will be sold at a bargain, as the owner intends leaving the Province.

Half the purchase money can remain on the security of the property.

Apply to John C. Underhay, Esq., M. P. P., Bay Fortune.

Feb. 26, 1890.—tf

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. RYNDMAN,
Agent.

Corner Queen and Water Streets, Charlottetown, Jan. 16, 1888. } 1y

The Herald is kept on file in the office of the New York Printing & Advertising Co., Equitable Building, 96 Broadway, New York.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered. Ask your druggist for it. Take no other. Insist on having it. It cures others, will cure you.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SPTNER, MANAGER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND THOROUGHBRED HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, keeping that style in last my stables. I have never on my stables for thirty years. CHAS. A. SPTNER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it in my stables for years, and have found it a safe, sure and speedy remedy. It is all that is claimed for it. Yours truly, Remsen Troy Livery Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO. Agent Western Union Office, Ohio, Dec. 10, 1888.

Gentlemen: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured blood spavin, curb, splint, ringbone, sweeny, all of lameness, and have never had one of your cures fail. Yours truly, Andrew Tuttle, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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 express, charges paid, on receipt of price, by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH, VT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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

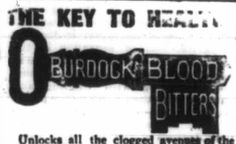
JOHN ROSS & CO.

(*Formerly of Ross' Weekly.*)

P. O. Box 457, Charlottetown.

Ch'town, July 17, 1889.

THE KEY TO HEALTH



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Blank books, bill heads and receipt forms in the best style, printed at the Herald Office.

A

Pure dry Soap in fine Powder.

WONDERFUL cleansing properties.

Price 5c.

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 Mfr's of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

Get your business cards printed at the Herald Office.

AT LAST!

A Wonderful Vegetable Discovery That Removes the Terrible Results of Overwork.

A True Invigorator.

Weakness and prostration of the nervous system surely follow that overwork and worry which brings sorrow and suffering to so many Canadian homes. The terrible results of nervous weakness, are seen on every hand. Pains in the back, poor and unrefreshing sleep, lack of appetite dyspepsia, and lost energy and strength, are the first symptoms of more serious and dangerous trouble. This is the way that Paralysis, Paresis and Insanity begin. Do not delay a moment longer, for some time it will be too late to regain your lost health and vitality. Use Paine's Celery Compound now, and the dull eyes will regain their brilliancy, the cheeks will grow rosy, the brain become clear, the nerves strong and steady, your sleep restful and refreshing, appetite good, and health and happiness will take the place of misery and suffering.

A. Sabiston, the well known lithographer of Montreal, writes: "In the summer of 1888 I had to work very hard, and was troubled considerably with insomnia (sleeplessness). I resolved to try your Paine's Celery Compound, and after taking the contents of two bottles, felt like a new man. A good night's rest gave me strength for the duties of the day, and instead of starting out to business in the morning feeling as if I had completed a day's work, instead of being about to commence one I started out in good spirits, feeling fresh and strong. My wife and various friends, to whom I recommended the medicine, have been benefited greatly, and in fact 'Paine's Celery Compound' is a household word in our family."

Watches. Watches.

SOLID GOLD Ladies' and Gents' Open or Hunting Case. Gold filled do., do., warranted to stand and wear better than a cheap gold case.

Silver and Silveroid, in key or stem-wind, with works thoroughly tested and warranted, from $5.00 up to $40.00. Cheaper can be supplied, but not warranted as reliable time-keepers.

The watches we keep in stock have received the highest award for general excellence and time-keeping qualities.

Good value in every department.

G. H. TAYLOR.

Aug. 21, 1889. North Side Queen Square.

Prices Down!

WE HAVE GOT PRICES WAY DOWN ON

Chairs, Bedroom Sets, Parlor Sets, Lounges, Sideboards, Tables, &c.

Call and see our Immense Stock and our] Wonderful Low Prices.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Charlottetown, Jan. 22, 1890.

MILLS! MILLS!

Laether Belting,
Leather Belting,
Leather Belting,
Rubber Belting,
Rubber Belting,
Rubber Belting,
Disston's Saws,
Disston's Saws,
Disston's Saws,

Belt Lacing, Files, Oils. &c.

A full stock of the best goods sold in Canada, at prices as low as most of the inferior articles on the market.

NORTON & FENNELL,

January 29, 1890,

Grocery & Tea House!

P. MONAGHAN,

—IMPORTER AND DEALER IN—

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Confectionery, Flour, Molasses, Pork, Ham, Lard and Choice Groceries.

ALL THE ABOVE ARE CHOICE AND VRYE CHEAP.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Try our 20c Tea. Nothing like it for the price.

Next to Miller Bros., Upper Queen Street.

Charlottetown, January 19, 1890.—1 yr.

New Spring Goods!

Extraordinary Bargains

—AT—

JAMES PATON & CO'S.

A great Bargain in ENGLISH CAMBRIC COTTON with Fancy Border. Colors Fast only 4½c. per yard.

Another Lot ENGLISH PRINT, suitable for Bed Quilts, worth 12c. now 7½ cents.

A tremendous Stock of CARPETS, best designs and lowest prices.

DRESS GOODS in great variety, beautiful Robes suitable for Brides, Gimp, Plushes and other Fancy trimmings to match Dress Goods.

House Furnishings of all kinds very cheap, great variety in Table Linen, Sheeting, Pillow Cottons, Towels, &c.

ROOM PAPER at a big discount. Readymade clothing very cheap.

JAMES PATON & CO.

January 19, 1890. MARKET SQUARE.

First Impressions of the City of Cork.

Citizens of Cork are boastful of their advantages, and I have recognized the type of the Corkman, who, when he was told that a certain city was ornamented with a pillar of silver, instantly replied: "Oh, that is nothing. We have a pillar of gold in Cork!" However, Cork is really an extremely good city, for Ireland, with several fine, well built streets, and a good many picturesque features, though with of course the inevitable fringe of squalor and dirt which we cannot ignore, however patriotic we may be, as the hallmark upon all Irish towns and settlements, barring the establishments of the religious communities.

Turning into Patrick Street from the Imperial Hotel, that pleasant street has a very impo ing appearance. It is wide, with fine shops and houses, and looking upward from this and across the bridge flanked with shipping, and towards the steep fantastic hill with its white flights of up going steps and its coronal of trees, gardens and villas, all green, and while aloft in the blue sky, one is reminded of some picturesque continental town, whether German or Italian, one can scarcely decide.

Looking down Patrick Street it is all the more imposing, because one does not see the lower end, on account of the double curve, in reality a winding of the river which once pursued its way through this centre, dividing the city. Where this curve begins the street takes an aspect somewhat reminding one of Regent Street, in London, but a little country cart, laden with turf and an old woman in a hooded cloak, comes along led by a barefooted boy, and the resemblance disappears. Over yonder, to one side of the fine bridge, lie the boats to take you down the river for a day's pleasure, a day to be remembered, for the river Lee is, in its own wild sweet way, as beautiful as the Rhine. Its curves and bends are full of lovely surprises, and as the steamer stops at one picturesque riverside sojourning place after another, one is reminded of the lake of Como, with its villages hanging over the water. Turning your back on the boats and crossing the bridge you hasten to ascend the white hill with its up going flights of steps, eager to discover what kind of city may lie yonder at the top against the blue. So steep a hill, lined with houses and used for daily traffic, I have never seen any where, except in Heidelberg, where to ascend a certain street is like walking up the wall of a house, and to descend it in a vehicle is like traveling in a sleigh. In Cork the vehicle is a "jingle," cabs and jaunting cars being alike useless. If you take a rather shallow box, remove the lid and hang a curtain across the opening, then set the box on its end upon two wheels, you will have a perfect jingle. If the horse falls up the hill or down the hill the jingle remains standing upright, calmly undisturbed. When you ride in a jingle you had better sit at the lower end if you can, as it is pleasanter to establish yourself there at once than to be shaken gradually. If you take the upper seat you must hold on to a cord to save yourself from sliding into your neighbor's lap. Bearing these things in mind, you may venture to go up Patrick's Hill in a jingle, but it is better to walk.

All the way up the hill are handsome houses. As you come near the top the houses become smaller and more peculiar, like the storm pines on the higher Alps. Trees and gardens climb the hill with the dwellings, and at the very top is a terrace forming a little boulevard, from which, over a low wall and between the trees that stand in a row, you can look down on the city of the Lee, lying in its valley of green, much as you look down upon Cologne from the top of its cathedral. You can count all the churches and other monuments where they stand, and listen to the chimes of Shandon bells. Lingering here, it is really hard to believe that you are looking down upon an Irish city.

Having explored the high ground on that side, and returned to the ancient river bed of Patrick Street, you will take your way through the level town and find three or four very fine streets, as George Street, the South Mall, the Grand Parade, all wide, nobly planned, solidly built streets, which would do honor to the finest city in the world. Away beyond these again you come upon a stream of the river and get out by another bridge to the cathedral of St. Finbar, which, though it is the Protestant cathedral, must take precedence of all our own churches as the most splendid monument of any kind which the city of Cork possesses.

It is Norman Gothic, and has that fortress-like look of solid strength and dignity, which impresses the imagination so forcibly in a sacred structure. The heaviness of the style is in the exterior relieved by the startlingly beautiful flight of spires from the roof to the sky, chasing each other like the notes in a fugue, and ending in the tapering belfry that seems to rock in the sky from its great height as one stands to look up at it. The interior is a little disappointing as to size; one feels that rather too much has been sacrificed to those winged spires, the pillars have rather a too tun-like circumference, and the walls and windows are a little over-suggestive of the fortress. The ancient cathedral at Treves impressed me as having been built in a terrible age, with a view to keeping out an enemy, a mindfulness of warfare with others besides Satan, but in the interior there is a wild free space and a curious quaintness of detail which looks like happy accident. The interior of St. Finbar's is too ponderous and unrelieved by detail. However, it is a truly noble cathedral, the only thing seriously wanting being a high altar for the holy sacrifice to the living God. On the whole, the part of this great building, of which I have the happiest recollections, is the sculptures in three doorways. In the central porch are the five wise and five foolish virgins, with the mystic figure of the bridegroom standing between, dividing the two doors under the arch. Here the carver has evidently shown his sympathy for the woe of the unready ones, who, with their sad eyes and unbound tresses and in the stricken despondency of their attitudes, are even more appallingly beautiful than their clear-browed, veiled, alert and lamp-bearing sisters.

Nevertheless, though St. Finbar's bears the palm, the Catholics of Cork are rich in their fine churches, more than one of which far excels any church we possess in Dublin, notably St. Peter's, where the carved confessionals and other decorations remind one of Antwerp. A dear old quiet, brooding church is the church of the Holy Trinity, in the care of the Cistercians, where the dark, high-walled benches take you in as if they expected you to stay and live there. The cathedral is fine, the Dominican church is spacious and well appointed, and some of the very old chapels are even more interesting than the newer edifices.

I must say I think the Cork people are the pleasantest people to speak to in all Ireland. It is a pleasure to have to ask your way in the streets, so kindly and helpful is the response you are sure to meet with, and in the shops you are tempted to buy merely through the civility of the attendants. Here and there you meet with charming surprises in ways and things unusual to a person whose ideas of an Irish city are founded on Dublin. For instance, I bought a rose for a penny on the pavement in Patrick Street. It is true of late years in Dublin primroses and daffodils are in their season offered for sale in some of the thoroughfares, but we have not yet got so far as the picking up of vagrant roses in the course of our wanderings. My Cork rose vender was a fresh, comely woman in a white frilled cap and neat shawl, wearing a green bow strapt round her neck, in the holes of which stood rows of roses. I found later that Cork excels Dublin even more in its flowers than in its churches, producing roses more richly hued and scented geraniums more brilliant than are to be found in less genial and southerly atmospheres.

But I must tell you the rest in another letter, for it is post time.
—*Rosa Mulholland in Boston Pilot.*

A Tradition of Tadoussac.

In the Springtime of his manhood and
his young life's first romance,
He left his friends and home in the pleasant land of France,
And with the hope of conquest filling
the heart within his breast,
And never a backward glance, he sailed
into the West;
His mail the black robe of the priest,
his crucifix the sword,
His conquests—the souls he led captive
to the Lord.

More then a hundred years ago, a striking event occured at the lonely mission and trading-post of Tadoussac, where the river Saguenay enters the Lower St. Lawrence. It made so profound an impression on the people that, after all these years, the name of Pere de la Brosse has but to be mentioned to some old habitant, and—whether he hails from L'Ile Aux Coudres, Baie Saint Paul, or Tadoussac itself—you will be told the story of the death of that well-beloved priest and missionary, with a simple faith as refreshing as it is rare in this sceptical century of ours.

It was the 11th of April, 1792, and the loneliness of the long winter months had given way to the stir and traffic which the breaking up of the ice brought to the trading stations along the coast. A long line of bark canoes drawn up on the beach, and a village of wigwams on the hillside, told that the Indians had arrived with their spoils from the winter hunting grounds. Here came the hardy traders and agents of the great fur companies, and here too came the Pere de la Brosse. He was an old time missionary of the Society of Jesus, keeping up the work of other days, though his Order had now been suppressed for several years, and he and comrades could look for no long continuance of their work.

It was his harvest time for God, and all that April day he was seen in the chapel, praying, confessing, and—best-loved task of all—baptising the little Indian children, as though no shadow of approaching death lay heavy on his soul.

When evening came he went as usual to pass a couple of hours with some friends. They noticed no change in his usual cheerful manner until he arose to leave them. Then indeed, the solemnity of his manner filled them with a sudden dread, even before he bade them farewell in touching words.

"I am bidding you adieu, my friends, adieu for eternity! You will see me no more on this earth. To-night at midnight you will hear my chapel bell; it will announce my death. If you do not believe me, come and see for yourselves, but do not, I beg of you, touch my body. Go to L'Ile Aux Coudres to-morrow and bring M. Compain (the priest) here to bury me. You will find him waiting at the end of the island. No matter how stormy the weather is, have no fear; I answer for the safety of those who make the voyage."

Awe-struck at his words, in such apparent contradiction to his hale and hearty appearance, his friends refused to believe him. But with an air of authority he again said that, before the dawn of another day, they would know the truth of his words, and so he left them.

Anxious and wondering, hoping against hope, they sat awaiting the midnight hour. Ten o'clock came—eleven—midnight, and loud and clear the chapel bell, tolled by no mortal hand, rang the funeral peal.

All arose as one man, and ran towards the Chapel. They entered, and by the dim light of the Sanctuary lamp saw the black-robed figure of their "good Father." His white head was bowed between his clasped hands; he lay dead upon the altar step.

Soon the news spread through the settlement, all business was suspended, and from early dawn whites and Indians flocked to the chapel. The tears and sobs of the one and the deep silent grief of the others, showed how well they loved him.

The day was ushered in with such a terrific storm that no man dared to launch a boat. At last one of the officers of the post called for three men to accompany him, reminding them of the last words of the dead priest. Full of faith they bravely embarked, and quickly was the stormy passage made, that about eleven o'clock the same morning the Cap Aux Oies was rounded, and in an incredibly short time they came in sight of the island and of the man they sought.

From afar off M. Compain saw them, and as soon as his voice could reached them he called out: "Pere de la Brosse is dead. You have come to seek me for his burial."

He, too, had heard, as he sat reading the previous midnight, the tolling of his own church bell. Filled with astonishment, he hastened to ascertain the cause; but though the solemn peal rang out in the silence of the night, no ringer's hand was on the rope.

Then, distinct to his ear, came these words: "Pere de la Brosse has just died at Tadoussac—with the tolling of the bell his soul passed away. Go you to-morrow to the end of the island; a boat will come there to bring you to perform the burial rites."

And meanwhile, at Chicoutimi, Ile Verte, Trois Pistoles, Baie de Chaleur, and Rimouski—all missions founded by the good Father—the bells rang out his funeral knell at the very hour that he gave up his soul to God.

So long as his body lay buried under that humble altar at Tadoussac, never an Indian passed up or down the broad river, but he drew up his bark canoe on the beach and wept to tell the simple story of his joys and griefs to *le bon Pere* who had been their friend and Father for more than thirty years.

But all this has passed away. The little chapel still stands, though the remains of the beloved founder were removed to the handsome new church at Chicoutimi. It was a pity, perhaps, but he has his best shrine in the hearts of that faithful people who have kept longer than any other to the traditions and simple lives of their fathers.—*Kathleen in Toronto Catholic Review.*

A Letter from Molokai.

A resident of Frankfurt, Herr Paul Apfelsted, sends to the Frankfurter Zeitung an interesting letter which he has just received from Father L. Cronardy, the companion and one of the successors of Father Damien in his leper home. The letter is as follows;

Kalawao, Molokai, Nov. 21, 1889,

Dear Sir—You will certainly think you are never going to get a reply to your kind letter to the leper settlement. Your letter reached me when in hospital at Honolulu, where I lay very ill of dysentery. Up to the end of July it was doubtful whether I should live or die. Now I am very well again. Just after, or rather shortly before the death of my companion, poor Father Damien, I was attacked by dysentery only a few steps from my house as I was coming from the cemetery. After I had been lying ill two weeks they took me to Honolulu, as the only hope of my recovery was my leaving the colony. I was two months in hospital, and then came back, although still very ill. Now thank God, I am again in a fit state to fulfil all my duies.

The Leper Colony consists of Kalawao, where Father Damien worked so long and died, and where I am myself; and Kalaupapa, three miles away, where there is also a priest, and three Sisters of Charity who take care of the women and girls. In my place there are as yet no Sisters, but I am expecting three to take charge of the boys—now about one hundred in number. You see nobody but lepers here. Shall I become one? Probably, as I am always in their midst. I look upon the poor orphans as my children, and like being among them.

The Hawaiian Government does a great deal for the sufferers; this year it granted $90,000 for their support. As I hear, each sick person costs the State sixty six dollars. Each has a right to a dwelling. The greater number, say a thousand, live in little scattered huts. Each receives daily one pound of meat, every week twenty one pounds of poi (a kind of potato) and every year a grant of ten dollars for clothes, besides this soap, oil, matches. Among these are twenty two Chinese (all of whom twenty are men and two women) and twelve whites. Last year the Government had water-pipes laid all over the colony which cost $30,000.

I enclose a few leaves from the grave of my comrade, Father Damien.

Yours, obediently,
L. L. CONRARDY,
Catholic Priest.

It is said to be the intention of the Emperor of Japan to make the Catholic religion the religion of his empire. He is said to look upon Catholicity with great favor, and has expressed himself as much pleased with and strongly favorable towards the coming council of the church in his dominions. In many parts of Japan our missionaries have found traditions, and even practices, of the faith preached there more than two hundred years ago.

Cardinal Manning is in favor of the workingmen's conference in Berlin.

A missionary writing from Japan says: "At present Catholicism has 25,000 followers in Southern Japan; we have 60 chapels; the seminary, which reckons 60 pupils, has already given 6 priests to the church, and next year 8 others will receive sacramental unction.

The Holy Father's Encyclical:—The Duties of Citizens.

One of the most important Encyclicals, from a wordly point of view, at least, issued by Leo XIII since his accession to the Papal throne is that which has just been made public defining the principal duties of Christian citizens. It is a long document, dealing with the relations of Church and State the duty of the Catholic citizen, his obligations to his church and the extent of his obedience to the State. The latter argues that all power comes from God. States that neglect God in the administration of their affairs, the Pope contends, cannot long remain safe, because "when christian institutions and morals fall away the principal foundations of human society must crumble." He says that if the natural law ordains that Catholics should protect, with particular affection, the land in which they were born and reared, with greater reason ought they to be animated with similar sentiments toward the church, the city of the living God from whom she had received her constitutions.

The native land in which we have received mortal life is, then, to be loved, but it is necessary to love with a more ardent love the church, to which we owe the immortal life of the soul, because it is right to prefer the welfare of the soul to the welfare of the body, and to regard our duties toward God as more sacred than our duties toward men. "If the laws of the state are in open contradiction of the Divine law" says Leo XIII, "if they command anything prejudicial to the church, or are hostile to the duties imposed by religion, or violate in the person of the Supreme Pontiff the authority of Jesus Christ, then indeed it is a duty to resist them and a crime to obey them—a crime fraught with injury to the state itself, for every offence against religion recoils on the state. To love the two fatherlands, the earthly and heavenly, but in such a manner that the love of the heavenly prevails over the other and that human laws of God—such is the essential duty of christians from which spring, as from their source, all the other duties."

An extended re-statement of the claims of the church to infallibility in matters of fait follows. Leo says that the administration of church government is difficult and gives rise to numerous conflicts. "For the church rules people scattered throughout all parts of the world," he adds, "different in race and manner, each of which peoples owes obedience at once to the civil and the religious power." The church approves of all governments that respect religion and divine law in different parts and, according to the Pope, "to seek to engage the church in the quarrels of the parties and to attempt to make use of its support to triumph more easily over adversaries is to commit an indiscreet abuse of religion."

The Pope believes, however, and so advises, that "in politics, which are inseparably bound up with the laws of morality and religious duties, men ought always and in the first place to take care to serve the interest of Catholicism. As soon as these interests are seen to be in danger all differences should cease between them, so that, united in the same thoughts and the same designs, they may undertake the protection and defence of religion, the common and great end to which all things should be referred." The Pope says two things are to be avoided—false prudence and temerity—and he has nothing but words of condemnation for those who would shirk the duties he outlines under the plea that it would not be politic "to resist iniquity lest we exasperate the enemy." On the other hand, he warns over-zealous men to do nothing of their own motion.

"It is a duty assigned to the church by God," continues the encyclical, "to offer opposition whenever the laws of the State injure religion, and to endeavor earnestly to infuse the spirit of the Gospels into the laws and institutions of peoples, and since the fate of States depends principally on those at the head of the Government, the church cannot grant its patronage or favor to men whom it knows to be hostile to it, who openly refuse to respect its rights, who seek to break the alliances established by the order of things between religious interests and the interest of the civil order. On the contrary, it is its duty to favour those who, having sound ideas as to the relation between church and state, wish to make them both harmonize for the common good."

"These principles contain the rule according to which every Catholic ought to model his public life; that is to say, whenever it is lawful in the eyes of the church to take part in public affairs, men of recognized probity and who promise to merit well of Catholicism ought to be supported, and there can be no case in which it would be permissible to prefer to them men who are hostile to religion." A reference which may be considered to have a local application is that in which the Pope declares that the clergy and laity should live in direct union with the bishops and that if any one of the clergy or laity "should lay himself open to criticism, either in his conduct or in the opinions he maintains, it does not belong to any individual to arrogate to himself in his own regard the office of judge. The action of a superior ought not to be struck at with the sword of speech, even when they appear to merit a just censure, as St. Gregory the Great has said."—*Toronto Catholic Review.*

India rubber is to be the street pavement of the future.

Flogging female prisoners to death in Siberia is the latest Russian outrage.