The Charlottetown Herald.

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ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

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

JAMES McISAAC, Editor and Manager.

Calendar for February, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 4th day, 9h., 1.0m., p. m., S.E.
Last Qtr., 12th day, 2h. 38.8m., p. m., W.
New Moon, 19th day, 6h. 15.2m., a. m., E.
First Qtr., 26th day, 9h., 53.9m., a. m., E.

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	after'n
1	Sat	7 28	5 0	1 55	5 13	8 24
2	Sun	26	1	2 47	6 6	9 9
3	Mon	25	3	3 40	6 52	9 52
4	Tues	24	5	4 47	7 31	10 29
5	Wed	22	6	5 51	8 3	11 4
6	Thur	21	8	6 55	8 31	11 37
7	Fri	19	9	8 1	8 56	aft 10
8	Sat	18	11	9 7	9 18	0 43
9	Sun	16	12	10 13	9 39	1 16
10	Mon	15	14	11 21	10 1	1 54
11	Tues	13	15	morn	10 24	2 37
12	Wed	12	17	0 32	10 51	3 32
13	Thur	10	18	1 44	11 23	4 47
14	Fri	9	20	2 57	aft 3	6 15
15	Sat	7	21	4 7	0 54	7 39
16	Sun	6	23	5 11	1 55	8 45
17	Mon	4	24	6 4	3 6	9 39
18	Tues	3	26	6 50	4 25	10 28
19	Wed	1	27	7 24	5 45	11 10
20	Thur	6 59	28	7 54	7 4	11 50
21	Fri	57	30	8 19	8 20	morn
22	Sat	56	32	8 44	9 33	0 28
23	Sun	54	34	9 7	10 44	1 5
24	Mon	51	35	9 31	11 54	1 44
25	Tues	49	37	9 53	morn	2 27
26	Wed	47	39	10 30	1 1	3 18
27	Thur	45	40	11 8	2 5	4 23
28	Fri	7 44	5 41	11 50	3 5	5 38

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

Total Assets, 1888, - - $39,371,980.79

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, 1888. } 1y

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 R. Reddin, Solicitor, Charlottetown, who has been authorized to dispose of the above land.

Jan. 15, 1890.—tf

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

[illegible]

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

[illegible]

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

[illegible]

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

[illegible]

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

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.

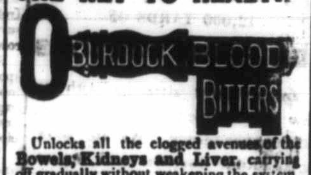
THE above testimonial was voluntarily given by the lady whose name is appended to it. The SALVE here referred to is manufactured in Charlottetown and for sale throughout town and country, being within the reach of all.

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.

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A

Pure dry Soap in fine Powder.

WONDERful cleansing properties.

Price 5c.

IMPERIAL
CREAM TARTAR
BAKING POWDER

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

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

Notes of hand forms in good style printed at the Herald Office.

IMPORTANT!

Remarkable Restoration to Health of Well Known Canadians whose Cases were Given up as Incurable.

From the few of the hundreds of letters we have received from those who have been restored to health and strength by the use of that wonderful discovery, Paine's Celery Compound, we make a few extracts. We hope that the thousands of Canadian men and women who are suffering from nervous and wasting disease, will profit by these true and plain statements of facts.

D. S. Davidson, of Montreal, suffered for years with nervous dyspepsia, pain in his back, and sleeplessness. He tried doctors without relief, was losing flesh rapidly, and had about given up heart when he commenced the use of Paine's Celery Compound. "Now," he says, "I am a new man. I sleep well and my food does not hurt me."

Mr. Jas. Johnson, 900 St. Charles Borromee Street, Montreal, was weak and nervous, had no appetite, and could not rest at night. His nerves were soothed and strengthened by Paine's Celery Compound, and he soon became well and strong.

Annie Gourley, of River Beaudette, P. Q., found the Compound a certain cure for weakness, and now feels as well as she ever did.

A customer of Harrison Bros., druggists, Hamilton, Ont., told them that he was entirely cured of nervous weakness by the use of two bottles of the Compound, after everything else had failed.

The little child of Mrs. C. A. Meredith, 46 D'Arcy St., Toronto, was cured of St. Vitus' Dance by Paine's Celery Compound.

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.

London House

HARRIS & STEWART.

Our Fall Stock
—OF—
READYMADE CLOTHING

Is the Largest we have ever shown, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

NAPCLOTH OVERCOATS, REEFING JACKETS,
PILOT OVERCOATS, REEFING JACKETS,
WORSTED OVERCOATS, REEFING JACKETS,

MEN'S SUITS, BOYS' SUITS,
MEN'S SUITS, BOYS' REEFERS,
MEN'S SUITS. BOYS' OVERCOATS.

HARRIS & STEWART.

Charlottetown, October 23, 1889.

MILLS! MILLS!

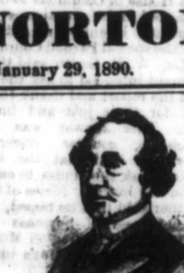
Leather Belting,
Leather Belting,
Leather Belting,
Rubber Belting,
Rubber Belting,
Rubber Belting,
Disston's Saws,
Disston's Saws,
Disston's Saws,

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.



PRESIDENT.

The "MANUFACTURERS,"
The POPULAR LIFE
—AND—
The LIBERAL ACCIDENT
INSURANCE.
TERMS EASY.

DONALD MACKENZIE, AGENT,
Kent Street, Charlottetown.

Local agents wanted. J. B. Paton, Manager. Apply to "Manufacturers," Box 374, Halifax.

February 12, 1890.

FITS STOPPED FREE

[illegible] DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER [illegible]

Anecdotes of Father Tom Burke.

The following anecdotes are taken from a recent article in Temple Bar. What gave Father Burke his peculiar charm, especially with the audiences that thronged to hear him, both in this country and in America, was his marvellous dramatic power. When in Rome his lenten discourses were attended by strangers who did not understand a single word of English, but who were impressed, nevertheless, by his wonderful action, or rather acting, in the sense of the word used by Demosthenes. He was such a master of that difficult art that on one occasion, in the midst of friends he undertook to preach a sensational sermon without uttering a word. His face, expressive of suitable emotions, aided by the movement of his eyes, at one moment darkened by furrowed lines, the next instant seemed lit up with seraphic beauty. His imposing attitudes and gestures defied description. One unspoken sentiment was strengthened by pointing tragically down, another by outstretched hands and eyes raised to Heaven. The mastery of voice and features exhibited by him was almost miraculous. In his student days, whenever he got a copy of Punch, he employed his vacant moments in endeavoring, by means of a looking-glass, to work his features into the form of some comic portrait which adorned its pages. When in Rome he would spend hours in the Vatican with a friend, imitating the pose of the statues in the great sculpture galleries. At one moment he was the dying Gladiator, the next a Sphinx, drawing over his head the white hood of his habit, sometimes a Burmese idol, erect, impassive, with legs crossed in a way which would puzzle an athlete to imitate. The ancient statues of the Fauns and Satyrs and other mythological monstrosities had a strong attraction for him. He would pause and grin and produce with his own features a facsimile of the figure before him. On one occasion he stood for a long time before the Laocoon, and, looking round, found there was no one in sight. "I'll try him," he said to a friend, and in a twinkle there was the Laocoon in flesh and blood, the strength of the terrible struggle, the despair and the agony displayed in the realistic effort of the Dominican. "Is that like him?" he cried, almost breathless. At that moment a party of ladies and gentlemen appeared, gazing in amazement now at the statue, and then at its imitation. Completely taken back, Father Tom Burke could only articulate, "I was trying my hand at the statue," as a kind of explanation, and disappeared as quickly as he could.

A ludicrous incident occurred at Killarney cathedral in the presence of Lord Kenmare and all the local magnates. Father Burke was preaching for the presentation brothers' schools and his sermon reached an unusual length. The brothers, anxious only for a good collection, began rattling the tin plates as a hint to the preacher to stop. The bishop, Dr. Moriarty, frowned from his throne and the noise ceased. The portly prior advanced from his stall and took up his position in front of the pulpit, full in the view of all except the good father. The preacher was just then expatiating on the zeal of the brothers. He pictured forth the pale, ascetic monk, his emaciated frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and over-worked monk. The audience could hardly contain their merriment. There in front of them was the rotund figure, the broad, jolly face of the prior, beaming like a full moon, visible to all but the preacher, and fully enjoying the beautiful description of the ascetic monk. Greatly disconcerted the preacher concluded as quickly as he could, and it is but right to mention the collection did not disappoint the fraternity. While prior of Tallaght, Father Burke enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Cullen. "Come up here, Father Tom, and tell some of your funny stories" was the usual invitation after dinner. He would give imitations of some Italian priests who had become popular as preachers in Dublin. His first move was to cast the folds of his robe with demonstrative vigor over the left shoulder, and then in broken English proceed to lecture the faithful. With upraised finger he warned them to avoid "otiosity," to become "tinkers" (thinkers), and to remember that without face (faith) you cannot be shaved" (saved), concluding each section of his homily, which seemed to be teaching how to avoid the doom of sin, with the words, "You be da-a-a-mned," uttered in low, earnest tones. Some of their mistakes were ludicrous. One Italian spoke of Lazarus as reposing in Abraham's womb, and another constantly referred to the whale in Jonah's belly. For many years no banquet took place at the archiepiscopal residence which Burke was not asked to enliven, his pictures of Italian low life being greatly relished by the Cardinal. The quack dentist from Tuscany, who, with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet, drove down the Piazza di San Agnesi at Rome, the man playing the mandoline, the improvisatore, and finally the Roman barber, were standing dishes.

A Typical Irishman.

It has become the fashion to publish letters, diaries, whatsoever personal fragments may remain of those who have in any way gained prominence among their fellows. It is a time which delights in analysis of one's self or of others. By means of such personal fragments access is had in some degree to the inner life of men of whom the outward life is, or was, matter of comment. The letters of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, or, rather, such extracts as have been selected from amongst many, offer no exception to the rule. They are a true index to his character. Their testimony is the more valuable that it was Mr. McGee's lot, as it is too often the lot of genius, to be misunderstood. Yet when the history of the period in which he lived comes to be written, in so far as the history of Ireland and the history of Canada are concerned, the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee will stand out in bold relief. And not alone because he was the poet, the orator, the historian, but on account of those statesman-like qualities which aided so powerfully the moulding of a new Empire in North America, and forecast schemes so enlightened, so wise, so far-seeing for Ireland. In this latter respect he was in advance of his times. He foresaw much that has since come to pass.

Mr. McGee has been compared to Edmund Burke, and with justice. But it must be remembered that at an age when Edmund Burke was scarcely entering upon his career of greatness, Thomas D'Arcy McGee's earthly course came to a sudden and awful stop. The hand of a wretched fellow-creature deprived him of life at the very time when his powers were attaining their full maturity. It is said that he made the most brilliant speech of his life in the hours preceding his assassination. The discourse was on the union of the provinces, and for more than two hours he held friend and foe spell-bound by his marvellous eloquence. It was a cherished scheme of Mr. McGee to publish biographies of the Irish orators. Any such catalogue would have been incomplete without his own name. The charm of finished oratory has been universally accorded him, with a personal magnetism proceeding from fine and warm sympathy, with ready enthusiasm, with high aspirations, with lofty conceptions, with the soul of a poet, the brain of a statesman, and the heart of a patriot. What a life, how valuable to the cause of Ireland, how serviceable to his adopted country, was cut short by the fatal bullet. It was the saddest irony of destiny that Mr. McGee's love for the Irish people should have been, by a certain portion of them, so cruelly misunderstood. Love of Ireland and the Irish was a species of infatuation with him. He never wearied devising plans for the elevation and the welfare of his countrymen at home and abroad. An insult offered to his race galled him more than an affront to himself. It wounded him most of all that Irishmen should ever seem wanting in self-respect, or should by their conduct expose themselves to reproach. This excessive solicitude for their good name betrayed him occasionally into a warmth of language which was made a weapon against him. However, it is neither the object of the present sketch to enter into any of these questions, nor yet to attempt a detailed account of the life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the main facts of which are tolerably familiar to the public. Besides, it will be best to allow the letters to speak for themselves. Only, a word may not be out of place on the most honorable fact of an honorable career, and yet one which was most severely criticised. Mr. McGee was reproached with inconsistency, because he had gone over from the party of violence and revolution to that of constitutional agitation for Irish grievances. This he did, simply because he had grown wiser. At the risk of alienating some who had been his friends and losing the confidence of others, he ceased to declaim when declamation meant nothing, or, if anything, mischief. He ceased to incite to violence when his maturity of thought convinced him of the futility of such a course, as well as its attendant dangers. When youth had ceased to throw its false light over ground that was unsteady, the traveler gained the safe road. His eyes had risen from the will-o'-the-wisp to the tranquil security of the fixed star.

His reasons are clearly and admirably given in an open letter addressed to Meagher, and published in the American Celt many years ago. The same letter was produced in an introduction to the collected poems of Mr. McGee. Having reflected upon the "very superficial views of political science" taught by modern books, Mr. McGee goes on to sum up all his arguments against revolution and its partisans in the following propositions: "That there is a christendom; that this christendom exists for and by the Catholic church; that there is in our own age one of the most dangerous and general conspiracies against christendom that the world has yet seen; that this conspiracy is aided, abetted and tolerated by many, because of its stolen watchword, liberty; that it is the highest duty of a Catholic man to go over cheerfully, heartily and at once to the side of christendom, to the Catholic side, and to resist with all his might the conspirators, who, under the stolen name of liberty, make war upon all christian institutions."—*Anna T. Sadlier, in Catholic World.*

A Will.

The will of the Dowager Countess of Newburg, late of No. 25 Wilton crescent Belgravia, who died on Sept. 13, was proved recently by Miss M. Peel the niece, and the Earl of Denbigh, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Rev. Mother Superior of the Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart of Roehampton; £1,000 to the poor of the Catholic parish at St. Mary's, Cadogan street, at the absolute discretion of Rev. Cannon Macmullen; £200 to the Catholic Bishop of Southwark; £200 to the senior priest of the Catholic church, Horseferry road; £400 to the Convent of Poor Clares, Edmund Terrace Nottinghill; her residence in Wilton crescent, with furniture and effects not specially bequeathed, to her niece, Margaret Peel.

"The news of the death of Dr. Dollinger," says the Liverpool Catholic Times, "forces on the mind a comparison between the famous German scholar and our own Cardinal Newman. Both attained, early in life, the highest academic honors. Both devoted themselves to study, particularly to the study of the early history of the church. Both gained a world-wide renown for learning; both had a deep influence with the most cultured men in their respective countries. But the result of the life history of these two great men is another proof that the real differences in the natures of men lie beneath the plane on which learning and mental power exist. When the day of trial came to Dr. Newman it found him humble and teachable. He became as a little child, and entered the kingdom. When the same trial (presented under another form) met the German theologian, he rebelled in the pride of his intellect against the teaching of the church, and made shipwreck of his faith."

"There were," says the Weekly Register, "awkward moments in Dublin, 'tis said, when Dr. Newman and Archbishop Whateley met in the streets and passed no sign of the old friendship of Oxford days. And there is a legend of Mr. Gladstone's looking intently in shop windows in Westminster when its Archbishop came along in those years of bitterness which followed the rejection of the Irish University Bill and the publication of Anti-Vatican pamphlets. But the strangest meetings of all were those in Munich, one of which is thus recorded by Mr. Gladstone himself:

The sentence of excommunication against Dr. Dollinger proceeded, doubtless under imperative orders, from the Archbishop of Munich, an old friend. One day in the summer of 1874, I was walking with him in the Englische Garten, when a turn in the path brought us within near sight of a tall and dignified ecclesiastic—a man of striking presence, who met us, rather attended than accompanied by one who appeared to be his chaplain. As we met, Dr. Dollinger had, as was not unusual with him in walking, his hat in his hands behind him. The dignified personage on his side lifted his hat high above his head, but fixed his eyes rigidly straightforward, and gave no other sign of recognizing the excommunicated professor. "Who," I said to him, "is that dignified ecclesiastic?" "That," he replied, "is the Archbishop of Munich, by whom I was excommunicated." But neither then nor at any other time did he in speech or writing, either towards the Archbishop or towards the Pope, or towards the Latin church in general let fall a single word of harshness or indeed of complaint.

Speaking of the late Rev. Stephen Perry, S. J., who lost his life through his devotion to science while on an exhibition to observe the eclipse of the sun, the London Tablet says that an old friend and class mate at Douay and the English College, Rome, asked him a few years ago whether his studies had the effect of drying up his piety. The answer was: "Oh, not astronomy." And it was evident from the joy manifested in his countenance that the father was speaking truly from his heart. This good Father had only reached his fifty-sixth year. But his life and death have not been without honor. For many years past he was a member of the Royal Astronomical Society—and for some time past one of the members of its council. Recently he was elected president of the Liverpool Astronomical Society, and it is believed that at the forthcoming election for the presidency of the Royal Astronomical Society his name would have been proposed. Yet this Jesuit was as much at home with the boys of the preparatory school at Stonyhurst as he was with the men of science into whose inner circles he had privileged admission, and he was as ready to find excited interest when playing football or cricket, as when calculating distances or weights of the heavenly bodies. Those who have watched him take part in the out door college games never failed to remark the earnestness with which he strove for victory, and the little boys at Hodder were well assured that the delight he took in their eager contests was not assumed in kindness to them but was the natural expression of what he really felt.

To Work Among the Lepers.

One of the passengers who arrived in New York on the 6th inst, on the steamship Bothnia from Liverpool was a young woman who has left her family and friends in England to take up her life work as a nurse among the Hawaiian lepers on the island of Molokai of the Hawaiian group, where Father Damien labored so many years, and finally died a victim of the disease. Miss Amy C. Fowler, the name of the young woman, is a daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, who eight years ago embraced the Catholic faith. She became a nun of the Order of St. Dominic, and goes on her mission simply as Sister Rose Gertrude, the name taken by her when she joined the Order, and by which alone she will be known to the lepers for whom she is virtually giving up her life. Miss Fowler left Liverpool on Jan 18. She travelled in company with Mrs. E. Murray, of Liverpool, but the rest of her long journey from here she makes alone. Miss Fowler went direct from the pier to the Windsor Hotel, where she remained for two or three days, and then started for San Francisco. Miss Fowler is twenty-seven years old.

She was unwilling to discuss herself and her work, and said that she shrank from any publicity. A vivid blush mantled her face as she spoke, and it was apparent that she was keenly sensitive of the attention which her mission is attracting. The week before she left her native country all England had grown enthusiastic over the news that one of its young women was starting out to give her life to work among the lepers. The first announcement of her purpose was made by the Prince of Wales at a banquet in London for the benefit of the National Leprosy Fund, when he said that an unknown young woman was going out to nurse the lepers among whom Father Damien had worked.

Sister Rose Gertrude is the daughter of the Rev. F. Fowler, chaplain of the infirmary at Bath, England. Several years ago, shortly after becoming a Catholic, she first formed the idea of taking up this work, but she realized that she was too young at the time and appreciated the need of study. She studied medicine in Paris in order to make herself an efficient sick nurse. She holds certificates from the Pasteur Institute there, and intends to make a practical investigation of Pastuer's theory that the same microbe organism is found in leprosy as in cases of tubercular consumption. She intends to try what bi-chloride of mercury will do in killing the microbes. She made a special study of the leprosy cases in the Paris hospital. Sister Rose Gertrude takes out no special preparation for protecting herself against the disease, and she told a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette before she left that, if she should become affected, she would be quite ready to die. She is to have the entire charge of the hospital for women, a few native women assisting her. Sister Rose Gertrude will have a salary from the Hawaiian Government. She expects to have but little use for the money herself, but intends to use it for the benefit of the hospital and its patients.

"When I have saved enough of my salary," says Sister Rose Gertrude, "I shall buy a piano to brighten the lives of patients by music."

The Sister takes with her two large boxes of articles contributed by friends, which she will use to beautify the homes of the unfortunates.

Her own personal effects are all contained in a small steamer trunk.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Apparition of an Angel.

One of the most striking sights in Rome is the Castle of St. Angelo, which flings its majestic shadow over the turbid Tiber. Angle-crowned it stands in the Leonine city, just where Rome's finest bridge spans the classic stream. This historic fortification was not always thus named. Built by the pagan Emperor Adrian to be his gorgeous mausoleum, it was covered with the most precious marble that Rome's conquered world could supply; and long after the glory of the Cæsars had departed it bore the pagan appellation of "Adrian's Mole."

In the year 593, when Gregory the Great so gloriously won the tiara Rome was swept by a merciless scourge for which the people had no name. The epidemic corresponded in every particular to our present influenza, only in a far more acute and terrible form. The victims were seized with sneezing, and they died in an incredibly short time. The entire city was filled with mourning and dread; and it seemed as if the exterminating angel would not leave a single human being within its walls.

In the midst of the desolation the Great Pope Gregory ordered universal public prayers and penitential austerities with the hope of staying the smiting arm of God, and, placing himself at the head of the supplicating people, they marched in prayerful procession through the city, imploring the Great God to have mercy and to spare. Then, whilst gazing with tearful eyes to Heaven, lo, he saw St. Michael, the Archangel, sheathing a sword, as if to give assurrnce, like another rainbow of promise, that the destroying hour had past. The scourge immediately ceased; and in gratitude for the gracious mercy, the Pope and the people broke forth into a soul-felt "Te Deum" of thanksgiving.

The grateful Gregory, then, recalling the face and figure of the angel, had both moulded into exquisite marble; and, in memory of the wondrous event, placed the statue upon the pinnacle of Adrian's Mole, which from that day to this has borne the name of the Castle of St. Angelo.—*Catholic Union.*

A great monastic community within the four seas of Britain is very exclusively French. The sanitary inspector of the district pays an official visit. "Has any of your number taken the influenza?" "No," answered the superior, "the only Italian publication we take is the Civilta Cattolica." The father only knew the epidemic by its French name, la grippe.—*Weekly Register.*

SWIMMING NIAGARA is an easy way to end life, and suffering dyspepsia to exist is an easy way to make it miserable. Taking Burdock Blood Bitters is an easy way to cure dyspepsia and it never fails to thoroughly tone and strengthen the entire system at the same time.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT.—Sirs,—We have used your Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for severe coughs and colds and can recommend it to be just what it is represented to be. We could not be without it. H. Sabine, Cataract, Ont.

HE YIELDED TO PERSUASION.—"For years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose, friends persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and after using five bottles I was completely cured." Neil McNeil, Leith, Ont.

A CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—There have been many remarkable cures of deafness made by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great household remedy for pain, inflammation and soreness. Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, sore throat and croup, and is useful internally and externally for all pains and injuries.

THE CANDID TRUTH.—I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil this winter for the first time for croup and I must say I find no better remedy for it. Minnie Reid, Listowel, Ont. Yellow Oil is a specific for croup and sore throat, it never fails.