The Charlottetown Herald.

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

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager

Calendar for August, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Qtr., 7th day, 10h., 6.3m., a.m., W.
New Moon, 15th day, 0h., 7.2m, p.m, S.
First Qtr., 23rd day, 9h., 7.2m., a.m., N.
Full Moon, 30th day, 0h., 22.6m., a.m., S.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'tow
		h m	h m	after'n	morn	morn
1	Fri	4 47	7 25	8 28	5 7	11 7
2	Sat	48	24	9 2	6 30	11 50
3	Sun	49	22	9 25	7 48	aft. 32
4	Mon	50	20	9 49	9 9	1 12
5	Tues	51	21	10 11	10 24	1 53
6	Wed	52	19	10 35	11 38	2 38
7	Thur	53	18	11 1	af 49	3 33
8	Fri	55	17	11 30	1 58	4 40
9	Sat	56	15	morn	3 5	5 57
10	Sun	57	14	0 6	4 9	7 10
11	Mon	58	12	0 48	5 1	8 10
12	Tues	59	10	1 38	5 57	8 58
13	Wed	5 0	9	2 33	6 40	9 41
14	Thur	2	8	3 34	7 15	10 19
15	Fri	3	6	4 38	7 44	10 53
16	Sat	4	4	5 40	8 8	11 26
17	Sun	6	3	6 45	8 30	11 57
18	Mon	7	1	7 49	8 50	morn
19	Tues	8	0	8 53	9 9	0 28
20	Wed	9	6 58	9 58	9 30	0 59
21	Thur	10	56	11 5	9 52	1 34
22	Fri	12	54	aft 14	10 17	2 14
23	Sat	13	52	1 25	10 49	2 56
24	Sun	14	50	2 37	11 28	4 7
25	Mon	16	49	3 45	morn	5 33
26	Tues	17	47	4 41	0 20	7 3
27	Wed	18	45	5 39	1 23	8 18
28	Thur	19	43	6 21	2 37	9 17
29	Fri	21	42	6 55	3 59	10 9
30	Sat	22	40	7 23	5 21	10 51
31	Mon	23	38	7 48	6 42	11 33

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, 1888. } 1y

Liebig Company's
EXTRACT OF MEAT.

For improved and economic cookery, use it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes. In flavor—*incomparable*, and dissolves perfectly clear in water. Makes delicious Beef Tea and *keeps in all climates* for any length of time. 1 lb equal to 40 lbs of lean beef. Only sort guaranteed genuine by Justus von Liebig and bears his signature in blue, thus: J. v. Liebig

BEST AND SAFEST.

The Dominion Government Analyst reported

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

compounded of ingredients, the BEST and SAFEST for manufacturing Baking Powder.

All kinds of Job work executed with neatness and despatch, at the Herald Office.

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

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.

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 VERY 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.

Hardware, Hardware

CARRIAGE HARDWARE, in Iron and Steel Shoeing Tire Steel, Spokes, Rims, Hubs, Axles and Varnishes.

CARPENTERS' HARDWARE A SPECIALTY.

NAILS, GLASS PAINTS, LOCKS, and everything they require in our line.

For Blacksmiths we have an immense stock of Horse Nails, Horse Shoe Iron, Steel, Files, Rasps, &c.

FARMERS GET EVERYTHING THEY REQUIRE.

Splendid Steel MUD SHOVELS, English and American.

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

SELLING AT VERY LOW PRICES.

DODD & ROGERS.

Charlottetown, Dec. 24, 1888. QUEEN SQUARE

General Hardware!

Barb Wire Fencing, Bar Iron, Cut Nails, Roofing Material, Builders' and Painters' Supplies, Carriage Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

NORTON & FENNELL,

May 28, 1890

BOSTON STEAMERS!

JULY 2.

From this date the Steamers Carroll and Worcester will run regularly for remainder of season, leaving Charlottetown for Boston every Thursday, at 6 o'clock, p. m., and leaving Boston every Wednesday at noon.

CARVELL BROS.

July 9, 1890.—tf

WHEN THE HAIR [illegible] Hair Vigor. This preparation [illegible] promotes the growth [illegible] hair, restores the natural color to [illegible] hair, and renders it soft, [illegible] no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequaled for dressing [illegible] and we do this after long experience [illegible] This preparation preserves the health of the scalp, and all diseases of [illegible] scalp, stops rough and bristle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it [illegible] hair, those who have used the Vigor [illegible] stimulate the roots and color [illegible] hair, gray, light, and red hair, [illegible] the color to

A Rich Brown

[illegible] It will not soil the pillow, [illegible] pocket-handkerchief, and is elegant [illegible] All the dirty, gummy hair [illegible] should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who no [illegible] heads looking like "the freshest [illegible] should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Daily South*, Atlanta, Ga.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations in being perfectly harmless."—From *Home and Housekeeping*, by Elizabeth R. Parker.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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.

Johnson's Stomachic Aperient,
—OR—
EVERYBODY'S PILLS,
—FOR—
Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness and the many Ailments consequent upon the sluggish action of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Sent by mail on receipt of price. Sample free on application. Prepared only by

Arthur S. Johnson,
Corner Kent and Prince Streets,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

For sale by J. A. Gourlie, Summerside; G. H. Aitken, Tignish; W. A. Dyer, Alberton; D. Darrach, Kensington: J. C. Ferguson, Victoria; J. T. Robinson, Montague Bridge; J. H. Hooper, Souris: John Muirhead, Summerside.

Get your business cards printed at the Herald Office

A Rare Opportunity,

THAT desirable block of ground situate and being in the front and centre of the City of Charlottetown, and known as the "REVERE HOUSE" property, and comprising nearly one acre of land, and a most magnificent site for a Railway Passenger Station or first-class Hotel, is now offered for sale by tender.

Tenders will be received by the Lady Superioress of the City Hospital for the purchase of the whole block only up till the 31st of December, 1890, reserving the right to accept or reject any tender.

Further information respecting bounds and conditions can be had on application to Lady Superioress at the City Hospital, or to

M. P. HOGAN, Agent.
City of Charlottetown.

Aug. 13, 1890—tf

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.

THE Farm, formerly owned by Mr. Peter McBourke, at Mill View, in Queens County, consisting of about

315 Acres of Land,

With the Dwelling House, Barns, Cloth, Carding and Saw Mills thereon. This property is situated in a fine farming settlement, convenient to Churches, Schools, &c. It will be sold *en bloc*, or in lots to suit purchasers.

For terms and particulars apply to C. F. MacNeill, Solicitor, Charlottetown.

July 23, 1890.—tf

Dublin Letter.

IV.

All that part of Dublin, which circles about Thomas, Little Britain and Green streets, is full of memories of the men and the tragic incidents of '98. Aesthetically, it is the least attractive,—historically, it is the most interesting section of the Irish capital.

Close by No. 60 Thomas street is the spot where Lord Kilwarden, then Chief Justice, was killed on the evening of Emmet's insurrection, by a mob who mistook him for Lord Carleton, the judge who had hanged the brothers Sheares. Lord Kilwarden, it will be remembered, was in a carriage along with his daughter and nephew. The men were dragged out and murdered, but the unfortunate lady was rescued by a man who, rushing forward, took her from her carriage, and conducted her through the rabble to a place of safety. There is a story that the man who rescued her from her terrible situation was Robert Emmet.

In the house No. 119, on the north side of Thomas street, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was for several days concealed, while the authorities were hunting for him. Further west, on the same street, a short distance is St. Catherine's church, a low-fronted, gloomy-looking edifice, of tragic interest, for the reason, that immediately in front of it was erected the scaffold on which Robert Emmet was executed. This spot was selected as the place of his execution, because of its being close by the depot which Emmet made his chief military headquarters, and from which he sallied out on the evening of the 23rd of July, 1803, for his daring but ill-fated attempt to capture Dublin Castle. Here he had a number of men employed fitting and preparing weapons for his followers, and making uniforms, and here he spent most of his time for days and nights previous to the outbreak. "Emmet," writes Dr. Madden, the biographer of the United Irishmen, "after the explosion in Patrick street, took up his abode in the depot in Marshalsea lane. There he lay at night, on a mattrass, surrounded by all the implements of death, devising plans, turning over in his own mind all the fearful chances of the intended struggle, well-knowing that his life was at the mercy of upwards of forty individuals, who had been, or still were, employed in the depots; yet, confident of success, exaggerating its prospects, extenuating the difficulties which beset him, judging of others by himself, thinking associcates honest who but seemed so; confiding in their promises; and animated, or rather inflamed, by a burning sense of the wrongs of his country, and an enthusiasm in his devotion to what he considered its rightful cause, that had taken possession of all his faculties, and made what was desirable to them seem not only possible, but feasible." Emmet had fixed the 23rd of July for his insurrectionary endeavor, but owing to some disappointments which occurred in the course of that day, he would, in the afternoon, have postponed it if he could. While still in the depot, and uncertain what best to do, some persons came hurriedly in, and informed him that a body of military were on their way to the place. Then, rather than be taken ignominiously, without an opportunity of striking a blow, he put on his uniform, and calling his little party of men about him, at nine o'clock in the evening he sallied forth. The speedy and utter failure of their attempt it is needless here to relate.

The scaffold erected for Emmet's execution was "a temporary one, formed by laying boards across a number of empty barrels, that were placed for this purpose nearly in the middle of the street. Through this platform rose two posts, twelve feet high, and a transverse beam was placed across them. Underneath this beam, about three feet from the platform, was a single narrow plank supported on two slight ledges, on which the prisoner was to stand at the moment of being launched into eternity. The platform was about five or six feet from the ground, and was ascended by a ladder." On the 20th of September, 1803, the execution took place. A large force of military guarded the scaffold and kept at a distance from it a mass of sympathizing and sorrowing people. "A short time after the execution," we read, "within an hour or so, the daughter of Mr. James Moore, in passing through that part of Thomas street, observed near the scaffold, where the blood of Robert Emmet had fallen on the pavement from between the planks of the platform, some dogs lapping up the blood. She called the attention of the soldiers, who were left to guard the scaffold, to this appalling sight. The soldiers, who belonged to a Highland regiment, manifested their horror at it; the dogs were chased away, and more than one spectator, loitering about the spot, approached the scaffold when the back of the sentry was turned to it, and dipped his handkerchief in the blood and thrust it into his bosom."

From that time, this spot has been regarded as almost a holy place by the people of Ireland. Every public procession of a national character in Dublin is brought along this route, and here, as it passes, every head is reverently uncovered. The funeral procession of William Smith O'Brien, and Terence Bellew MacManus, the great procession in honor of the three Fenian prisoners executed in 1867 at Manchester, and the funerals of many humbler men, adherents of their principles, were all brought this way in solemn commemoration of the death of Robert Emmet: and the observance is one which is not at all likely to be discontinued.

Further west still, along Thomas street, is another house of dark and gruesome interest. In one of the apartments up stairs, over the doorway numbered 153, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arrested after a desperate and fatal struggle on the 19th of May, 1798. For some weeks previous to this occurrence Lord Edward had been concealed by his friends in houses about this neighborhood. The circumstances of his arrest are thus summarized by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, in his interesting work "The Sham Squire":—

"After Lord Edward had spent a few hours lying in the valley of the roof of Murphy's house, he ventured to come down. The unfortunate nobleman had been suffering from a sore throat and general debility and his appearance was sadly altered for the worse. He was reclining, half-dressed, upon a bed, about to drink some whey which Murphy had prepared for him, when Major Swan, followed by Captain Ryan, peeped in at the door. 'You know me, my Lord, and I know you,' exclaimed Swan; 'it will be in vain to resist.' This logic, however, did not convince Lord Edward. He sprang from his bed like a tiger from its lair, and with a wave-bladed-dagger, which he had concealed under his pillow, made some stabs at the intruder, but as yet without inflicting mortal injury. An authorized version of the arrest, evidently supplied by Swan himself, appears in the Express of May 26, 1798:—

"His Lordship then closed upon Mr. Swan, shortened the dagger and gave him a stab in the side, under the left arm and breast, having first changed it from one hand to the other, over his shoulder (as Mr. Swan thinks). Finding the blood running from him, and the impossibility to restrain him, he was compelled in defence of his life," adds Swan's justification, "to discharge a double-barrelled pistol at his Lordship, which wounded him in the shoulder. He fell on the bed, but recovering himself, ran at him with the dagger, which Mr. Swan caught by the blade in one hand, and endeavored to trip him up." Captain Ryan, with considerable animation then preceeded to attack Lord Edward with a sword-cane, which bent on his ribs. Sirr, who had between two and three hundred men with him, was engaged in placing pickets round the house, when the report of Swan's pistol made him hurry up stairs. 'On my arrival in view of Lord Edward, Ryan and Swan,' writes Major Sirr, in a letter to Captain Ryan's son on December 29, 1838—"I beheld his Lordship standing with a dagger in his hand, as if ready to plunge it into my friends, while dear Ryan, seated on the bottom step of the flight of the upper stairs, had Lord Edward grasped with both arms by the legs or thighs, and Swan in a somewhat similar situation, both laboring under the torment of their wounds—when, without hesitation, I fired at Lord Edward's dagger-arm (lodging several slugs in his shoulder) and the instrument of death fell to the ground. Not until a strong guard of soldiers pressed Lord Edward violently to the ground by laying their heavy muskets across his person, could he be bound in such a way as prevented further resistance. When they had brought the noble prisoner, however, as far as the hall, he made a renewed effort at escape, when a dastardly drummer from behind inflicted a wound in the back of his neck, which contributed to embitter the remaining days of his existence." Ryan died immediately of the injuries received at the hands of Lord Edward; he was wounded in fourteen places. The reader will find other and graphic accounts of this tragic encounter in Dr. Madden's biography of the United Irishmen, and Sir Jonah Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," and in Luby's "Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell."

Lord Edward died of his wounds in Newgate prison, Green Street, on the 4th of June, 1798. The remains of this old prison may still be seen by the visitor for whom the scenes of the memorable incidents of '98 possess a personal or sentimental interest. Several years ago, the prison was condemned as unfit for further use, and the Dublin Corporation engaged a contractor to raize it. For some reason, however, the work was not completed, and the prison has been only partially demolished. In it most of the leaders of the United Irishmen were confined, and from the gallows, which projected over the iron gate on the east front, many of them were executed. It was here, too, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald died, raving with the fever and agony of his wounds, and shouting out in his delirium, so loudly as to be heard at the opposite side of the street, words of defiance to his enemies. In the adjoining court-house—which was connected with the old prison by a passage—may still be seen the veritable room—if not indeed the veritable dock—in which the '98 men stood as they were brought up for trial. In it is the old table by which Curran stood and eloquently, but vainly, pleaded for the lives of his doomed clients. Here, in 1834 the young and gifted Robert Emmet delivered that oration of marvellous power, and brilliancy, and pathos, which has thrilled, as it will never cease to thrill, millions of Irish hearts. Here he was sentenced to death by the infamous Lord Norbury, whose name is execrated in Ireland as heartily as is Jeffries' in England. Behind the bench is the chair in which Norbury is believed to have sat and delivered judgment. Later, in this room, the men of '43, John Mitchel, Martain, and Charles Gavan Duffy, were tried for treason-felony, and most of them convicted, and, later still, in 1865 and 1867, several of the fenian prisoners were sentenced, some to death and others to long terms of penal servitude. Of all the historic spots in Dublin this one is the centre of the most tragic recollections.

A little north and westward from the Four Courts is the old Church of St. Michan's, the graveyard and the vaults of which are perfectly interesting. An uninscribed stone is shown there as that which covers the grave of Robert Emmet, but in truth there is not at present before the public any certain information as to the spot

"Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid."

What evidence there is on the subject is feeble and conflicting. The question is pretty fully discussed by Mr. Fitzpatrick, one of the most careful and best informed of Irish biographers, in the appendix to his "Sham Squire," and from the circumstances there stated the burden of probability would appear to be that Emmet's remains rest in the old church-yard at Glasnevin.

The remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald are deposited in a vault under the church of St. Werburgh. We made no mention of this when we spoke of St. Werburg's in a previous letter, for the reason that we preferred to visit the scene, and tell the story of the capture and death-struggle of that illustrious Irishman before standing on the spot where lie his remains, and, strangely enough, those of the men by whose hand he died. It is a curious and remarkable circumstance that Lord Edward and Major Sirr should sleep in death in the same burying ground. In one of Sirr's letters he speaks of having known Lord Edward when that nobleman was a British officer serving in Gibralter; when next we hear of the two men we find Lord Edward engaged in a movement designed to give freedom to his oppressed country and Sirr acting as a government blood-hound, tracking his footsteps and seeking his life. Then comes the scene in Thomas Street, when Sirr, affraid to grapple with his gallant enemy—who was at the time contending with two armed foes—fired on him from a safe distance, and inflicted on him a mortal wound. And in the end, here in this little plot—but happily at opposite ends of it—"after life's fitful fever," rests the relics of the patriot and his assassin. The grave of Sirr is at the further end, and in a neglected corner of the churchyard. It is a curious circumstance that, to this day, old kettles and other rubbish are often pitched on it from outside the wall. The slab which lay level with the ground, was broken some years ago, either by accident or design, and, when I saw it, was partly sunk into the grave, and covered with earth, and weeds, and stones, leaving only a portion of it visible. It should be remarked that in crossing the graveyard we see quite near us the rear of the houses in Hoey's Court, where Dean Swift was born. So historic a relic, it might be thought, would have been preserved, but unfortunately all the houses in the court are in a state of advanced dilapidation.

The remains of Lord Edward, as has been said, rest in a vault underneath the church. The vault is entered from the churchyard. Here the body was brought in a shell coffin a night or two after the patriot's death, where it lay uncared for during the reign of terror in 1798. A few years later the old coffin was enclosed in one of lead, and that in one of oak, on which was affixed a brass plate with the name of the deceased, and the dates of his birth and death. Later still, in 1874, it was again enclosed in a substantial case of polished oak, and raised on some supports to save it from the damp of the floor. And there it will remain an object of pious interest to generation after generation of the Irish race. I made it my business one day in Dublin to find the sexton of the church, and gain admittance to the vault. Making, by the aid of a taper-light, my way into the gloomy chamber, it was my privilege there to behold, and reverently lay hands upon, the outer coffin containing the mortal remains of as brave and loveable a heart as ever bled and broke for Ireland—the chivalrous and intrepid

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Shanid Aboo, in Toronto Catholic Review.

How a Protestant Invested an Archbishop.

The enthronement of the Most Rev. Dr. Anton Gracha, the new prince archbishop of Vienna, took place recently with all pomp. The clergy of Vienna, re-enforced by delegates from the diocese of the Province of Lower Austria, went in procession from St. Augustin's church to St. Stephen's amid enormous crowds of spectators. The military kept the way, and the bells of all the churches were pealing. When the procession arrived at the entrance, the keys of the Cathedral were handed over to the new prelate, who took the prescribed oath in the presence of the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Galimberti. On the conclusion of the service the archbishop proceeded to his palace, which was richly decorated. At noon Count Keilmansegg, the governor of Lower Austria, arrived in a state coach drawn by six horses, preceded and followed by hussars, and, as the representative of the Emperor, performed the act of investiture. Count Kilmansegg is a Protestant, and this is the first occasion when a prelate in Vienna has received investiture at the hands of a non-Catholic. At a banquet which took place at the archbishop's palace, Monsignor Galimberti attended, and so did the leading court dignitaries and the ministers. The new archbishop proposed the double toast of "The Pope and the Emperor."

The long-talked of railway into the heart of Africa seems to be approaching the domain of practicability. A committee has made a report on the financial possibility of the scheme, and so far as their report is reliable, the committee show that such a railroad would be a paying concern. The present expense of transportation in the Congo, traffic making use of men as carriers, is two million five hundred thousand francs a year. The expenses of running a road, which would cost five millions of dollars, would be a quarter of a million dollars a year. These facts therefore show that the road would at least pay expenses and a dividend from the commencement. The scheme seems all the more feasible, because of the immediate jealousy which rival companies are showing, a temper they would hardly exhibit if they did not consider the railway a possibility. No doubt we shall have a burning international question concerning Africa yet. But what a hope this railway offers to the missionary and the friend of humanity! It will be a great means towards the redemption of the continent, the abolition of the slave trade and the destruction of the slave bands. It will bring the peaceable blacks directly under the great powers, and if the commercial spirit can be kept within bounds, if England and France and Germany can shut out their idol-sellers, whiskey-makers, opium-poisoners, and other civilized kindred of the Arab slave-dealers, there is hope for Africa. Unfortunately, many of the Arabs of civilisation are watching this opening up of Africa.

In England there is great devotion to Blessed Thomas More, who was beheaded by order of Henry VIII. after being made to pass through the Traitor's Gate of the Tower of London. Many will be surprised to hear that at present mass is said in the Tower every Sunday, on account of the many Catholic soldiers in the garrison.

Monsignor Livinhac, Vicar-Apostolic of Nyanza, has returned to Zanzibar after an unprecedently short journey of forty-six days from the south end of Lake Victoria. His caravan met Emin Pasha, who was himself unwell, and one or more of his officers were dangerously ill. Monsignor Livinhac states that Mwanga, the Christain king of Uganda, is now firmly established in his capital, and that Mr. Jackson and his caravan were with him on April 10 last; also that Karema, who was placed by the Arabs on the throne of Uganda, is reported to be dead.

A despatch from Rome, dated Aug. 19th, says: Intelligence comes of a terrible tragedy, near Marini, in Umbria, about twelve miles from which place is located the ancient convent of Lospeca. Of late the convent has been inhabited by five friars. On Sunday two of the friars went to celebrate mass at a neighboring village while the other three adjourned to the refectory for dinner. While eating they were surprised by four masked men, armed with knives and clubs. The intruders attacked the monks with savage ferocity, and did not stop their assault until one friar had been hacked to death, while another lay weltering in his own blood with his throat cut, and a third had been fatally stabbed. The assassins then fell upon a boy and pounded him to death.

The pallium is a band of white woolen web about three inches wide, upon which black crosses are embroidered, it encircles the neck of the archbishop and from it two bands of the same material depend, one falling over the back of the wearer. Its material is the subject of much care and ceremonial. It is made wholly or in part from the wool of two lambs, which are blessed annually on festivals and in the church of St. Agnes. The pallium cannot be transferred from one archbishop to another, but must be received direct from the Pope. On the archbishop's death his pallium is interred with him. Its use is to symbolize the office of the good shepherd bearing lost sheep on his shoulders.

"Oh, if I had only taken this medicine earlier in life, what years of suffering it would have saved me!" was the touching exclamation of one who had been cured of rheumatism by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scores of such cases are on record.

There is comfort for the man with a prematurely gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never fails to color an even brown or black as may be desired.

A poem called "The Scythe Song" is out, but we want no mower like it.

"Beware of the dog" should be painted in large letters, so that he who reads may run.

Notwithstanding the fact that whiskey is made in a still it is apt to become noisy when drunk.

Once in a while people go around the world, but most of us are content to go through it.

It seems quite natural that the threads of conversation should sometimes produce a long yarn.

ONLY A SISTER.—"My sister and I each taked a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters with great success for bilious headache. We recommend it to all as a specific for headache." Miss Carrie Scherer, Bayham, Ont.

The sphere of the sewing-girl is not contracted; it is often a hem-isphere.

Forward watch—Eight bells and all's well. Seasick old lady—He wouldn't say so if he knew how badly I feel.

[illegible] in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE