The Charlottetown Herald.

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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	Ther	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 8	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 32	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 58	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.

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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

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Office of CHARLES A. SPENCE, Agent of CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING HORSE BREEDER, BLACKWOOD, Ont., Nov. 15, 1888.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.
Enclosed I have always kept Kendall's Spavin Cure on hand, and I have sold of the same many bottles, I think it is the most reliable remedy on earth. I have used it on my stock for three years.
CHAS. A. SPENCE.

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A. H. GERMAIN,
Manager Troy Laundry Machine.

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Enclosed find my order for your celebrated Spavin Cure. I have used it for years, and it is the best remedy I know of for the purpose intended. I have shown it to some of my friends.
Respectfully,
MARTIN DOSTER,
Attorney Tenguin, Marion County, Ohio.

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

Good value in every department.

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FUR CAPS and ROBES in great variety at JAMES PATON & CO'S.

MILLINERY. A big Stock to select from at JAMES PATON & CO'S.

For all kinds of DRY GOODS call and see JAMES PATON & CO'S.

JAMES PATON & CO.

London House

HARRIS & STEWART.

Our Fall Stock
—OF—
READYMADE CLOTHING

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

NAPCLOTH OVERCOATS,
PILOT OVERCOATS,
WORSTED OVERCOATS,

MEN'S SUITS,
MEN'S SUITS,
MEN'S SUITS.

REEFING JACKETS,
REEFING JACKETS,
REEFING JACKETS,

BOYS' SUITS,
BOYS' REEFERS,
BOYS' OVERCOATS.

HARRIS & STEWART.

Charlottetown, October 23, 1889.

Important Notice!

OWING to the almost entire loss of our goods by the fire, we have been obliged to purchase a new Stock, which cannot be excelled for good value, and which we will offer very low for CASH as we need the money. We have a GENERAL LINE of

HARDWARE, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES,

Dry Goods,

Consisting in part of Dress Goods, in great variety of material, new and Fashionable Shades; Ulster Cloths, Astrachans, Sacque Cloth, Millinery, Felt Hats, and Trimmings, &c.

WOOL GOODS, in Squares, Clouds, Scarfs, Hoods, &c., &c.

HOSIERY, in wool, from 20c to a fine Cashmere, 75c.

Ladies' Under Vests, Gloves, Shawls.

Gents' and Boys' Linders and Top Shirts, splendid value, all wool, for 50c to $1.50.

In BOOTS and SHOES we have a most serviceable line, in Men's Boy's, Child's, Ladies' and Misses'—whole stock—Buff, Oil Goat, Grain, &c.

Owing to our severe loss we have to request payment in full of our Accounts this Fall. Thanking those who have remembered us already and are doing so now, We are, yours respectfully,

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.,

November 20, 1889. LONDON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

From Tadusac to Chicoutimi.

BY FRANK C. KELLY.

The river nobly foams and flows:
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns discloses
Some fresher beauty, varying round.

He, who having visited the beautiful, grand and sublime scenery of the Saguenay, reading the words of Byron, quoted above, in praise of the majestic Rhine, can scarce resist the temptation to apply them to the scenes he has just beheld: Scenes which may be justly styled Nature's perfection, being equalled by but few spots in the globe, and surpassed by none, for sublimity and savage beauty.

Yet the poet has pictured to us but a faint idea of the sublime river, which "nobly foams and flows" in the falls and rapids constantly occurring in its course from the Mother Lake, till it reaches that quaint and old fashioned little town called Chicoutimi, nestled among rocks and cliffs. From this spot it continues its course smoothly and swiftly till, at a distance of about ninty miles from the lake which gave it birth, and from between monster pillars of rock, it empties its dark waters into the majestic St. Lawrence.

The river is indeed the "charm of this enchanted ground," for enchanted the ground seems to be so wild and beautiful does it appear, and truly also does its "thousand turns disclose some fresher beauty." I call it beauty, and to every lover of Nature the name is especially welcome; for what can be more beautiful, call it aslo grand and savage if you will but yet beautiful, than the mighty cliffs rearing their green-covered forms from the dark water, to distance varying from 300 to 1900 feet; while indigo tinted hills and mountains, rising up in the distance, lend to the scene a magic hue which at once captivates the eye and kindles the enthusiasm. At every turn of the river a new bluff or cliff of a different cast from its predecessor meets the eye. Here the river widens and here it narrows, but everywhere the same grand, picturesque scenery is visible: and when our wondering gaze stops at the imposing bluffs of Eternity and Trinity, we marvel how nature could assume such an aspect.

Yet, strictly speaking, the charm of Saguenay does not lie in its wildness but in its harmonious blending of peace and grandeur. The waters, darkened by the reflected rocks is still and glassy, and gives to the imposing scenery, that air of quiet which prevails around, and why not peace rest here? Nothing is visible around us save the works of nature; her book is open before our eyes, and in but few places have the enchroachments of man soiled the open page. But where that spot is, where man has obtained a footing, his very presence in the midst of so much grandeur seems but to give variety to the scene. And those whose home is in this wild region seem to have been chosen for the place, so well do they fit their surroundings, with their simple manners and customs living in their white old-fashioned cottages nestled here and there in charming contrast, on the side of some forest covered mountain. Does not this lead us, in the words of the poet, to "look through nature up to nature's God," for

"The hand that tossed yon hills so high,
And gently spread this living green,
Called up our thoughts and formed our eye:
Father, in all thy hand is seen."

But we must not so swiftly skim over the surface; points of special interest there are which must not be passed by unnoticed. Let us return and join some admiring tourist, on board one of the splendid steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co., which is just now entering the noble Saguenay between its portals of granite.

Tadusac, the first place we touch at is a historical spot, interesting, not only as being formerly the capital of the French Trading Colony, but also as having been the home of the holy discoverer of the Mississippi, Father Marquette, who dwelt here with a band of Jesuit Missionaries in what is said to have been the first stone and mortar building ever erected in America. The ruins of this venerable pile are still to be seen, though veiled somewhat, by a clump of pine trees, which can boast of an antiquity of over 200 years. History tells us that from here went forth the courageous missionaries, who preached the faith to the savage; and how can we contemplate the ruins of an establishment from whose portals passed the holy men who devoted their lives to the missions, and many of whom, like Breboeuf, were martyred for their God, without dropping a tear and letting many a pious inspiration steal our soul? Here, also, is preserved in the simple and unassuming style of the time, the old church of the Jesuits, which is believed to be the smallest now existing in the world, and I do not care to dispute its title, for it appears to have good claims. Within its sanctuary, as the old legend tells us, the Pere Labrosse breathed forth his pure soul to God at the very hour and moment he himself had predicted, and in all the churches round, unseen hands tolled the saintly priest's knell, in the dead of a stormy night. The old church possesses three beautiful paintings, which were presented to it by Louis le Bon, King of France, and which are very fine and well-preserved relics. Now, a new parish church has risen, but the old and venerable structure to which such a history clings, is still preserved, and here the people oft assemble with their good "cure," to assist at the holy sacrifice of the mass, in fond and pious remembrance of former days, and of the saintly men who once preached and officiated within its diminutive and sanctified walls. The present cure is Rev. Mr. Lemieux, a pious and hospitable young priest, of whose personal acquaintance I can boast, and who unites in himself geniality, piety and wisdom.

The fame of Tadusac as a watering place draws numerous sightseers and tourists during the months of July and August, while the lover of the rod need go no farther up the Saguenay to find the gamy and delicious trout which frequent the waters and tributary streams of the river, or the nobler salmon who here, as Murray says, "swim and spawn against their will," for a salmon hatchery is one of the sights. The little settlement of Ste. Marguerite, on the tributary stream of the same name, which abounds in fish, is frequented by the salmon fishers. But as the steamer gives us just time to see the sights, we must hasten on board, as the hour of departure has arrived. We sail out again on the river, just glancing as we pass the beautiful bay hemmed in on three sides with solid rock.

The voyage up the river is not in the power of pen to describe. I fear to attempt it, for I know that I must fall but too far short of the original Imagine gigantic masses of granite, covered here and there with trees and plants, rising, some times abruptly, some times gracefully sloping from the waters edge, to a height, now of 300, now of 500, now of 1,000, and now of almost 2,000 feet; charming little bays and inlets in whose smooth waters sport numerous white porpoises, ever and anon frightened away by a paddle or oar, as a canoe or boat glides smoothly over the glassy surface; banks piled with moss-covered rock, whose beautiful green vesture is reflected in the dark water, and you have an idea of the beauty and sublimity of this region.

Thus it is till at a distance of some thirty miles from the mouth, the Capes of Eternity and Trinity loom out against the sky; though this seeming monotony of thirty miles, is broken here and there by such pretty bays as St. Jean and St. Etienne, on which are situated the white and picturesque villages of the same name, and by the tributaries of Ste. Marguerite and Petit Saguenay, which possess varied attractions to charm the eye.

Eternity Cape is just presented and we behold a promontory, almost perpendicularly terminated at the height of between 1900 and 2000 feet. This sight is truly grand. It makes me realise how incapable I am to describe it, much less to attempt the description of that sister giant, still more sublime, which rears its triple head across the bay. A cataract leaps and plunges down the mountain behind Eternity, which sets off an already glorious picture, contrasting beautifully with the rocks and primeval forests as yet untrodden by the foot of man. We sail around the bay to observe more closely the sublime sight, and as the steamer blows her whistle, we mark the re-echoing shriek, becoming fainter and fainter till at last it dies away in the distance. The effect of the echo, produced by the surrounding rocks, is very fine.

But we have reached the side of Trinity, where the water is so deep as to baffle the efforts of a 1000 foot line to find bottom. We seem to be able to almost touch the rock, so near we appear to go; but we are deceived, for the strongest man on board can scarcely strike, with a stone, that rock, which looks to be so close. Verily, it is a case of a thing being "so near and yet so far." Look up and the sight is one of fear and awe. A perpendicular wall of rock, 1800 feet high, frowns down upon us, threatening to fall and crush our boat to atoms. I never felt my littleness so much as when I stood on the deck of the "St. Lawrence," and gazed upward to Cape Trinity's summit. We glide from our seemingly dangerous position to the front of the rock which rises in three terraces. The first terrace bears a statue of the Most Holy Virgin, 30 feet in height, but which looks to be very small from the foot of the Cape. On the second steppe a large cross has been erected while the top is crowned with bushes. Here a number of students and ecclesiastics sang the Ave Maris Stella, which seldom sounded sweeter to the ear, sung, as it was, in the midst of this wild and beautiful region, with the Holy Virgin's statue looking down from a lofty throne.

We part from this sight with reluctance; and after passing Cap Diamant and Trinity Bay we come in sight of the Tableau, or in English, the "Blackboard," another of the marvels of this marvellous river. This is a perpendicular rock, 600 feet high and 300 feet wide, smooth and black. From its appearance it receives its name.

The scenery continues to be grand, but to be mentioned with this pile of grandeur it must be sublime; so that we pass silently by, admiring the rocky shores till we enter, between two high capes, that renowned "Ha! Ha! Bay," which at first sight, appears to be a river. It is named from the circumstance of the French discoverers breaking into laughter on finding their supposed river turn out a bay. It is quite a run in and we must be patient, but ere long we are rewarded when the steamer stops at the wharf of St. Alphonse. As we have ample time given us we must needs see the town, which is situated at the foot of lofty mountains. My first visit was to the "cure," Rev. Mr. Sirois, who knows full well how to give a Canadian welcome, and who looks to be one of the favored sons of Canada, if we read from his smiling face and ample corporation. Father Sirois is one of the best known and most zealous of French Canadian priests, and is beloved by all for his amiable qualities. Here I visited a "little gem" of a church, which is one of the sights of St. Alphonse. An excellent view of the bay can be obtained from the verandah of Mr. McLean's fine new hotel. Sitting here with the beautiful little town bathed in sunlight at our feet, and its sister town of Grand Bay in the distance, peacefully resting among the hills and rocks, and the glassy bay stretching far off till hidden by the forests and cliffs on the shore, to a lover of nature happiness seems to be actually complete, so far as this world is concerned. St. Alphonse is a rising town, and its attractions in the time of trout fishing and shooting draws many tourists from Canada and the United States, yearly. To lovers of the rod, who learn that trout varying in weight from ¾ to 8 pounds are caught here, and that ordinary catches are often composed of a number of four pounders (no fish story mind), the town of St. Alphonse has real charms.

But time slips by and we again board our steamer Leaving St. Alphonse we renew our voyage, and after passing High Point and St. Fulgence, the river narrows and we appear to go through a split in the rocks, which rise up on either side After rounding the Point of the Islet, the town of Chicoutimi is seen, and as we are nearing the end of our journey, we prepare to disembark.

Chicoutimi is reckoned to be the most important port on the Saguenay, and is the seat of a bishop. A fine seminary, college, cathedral, convent and hospital are among its attractions. Its situation is very picturesque, being at a bend of the river, and completely surrounded on land by hills and mountains. It possesses two pretty little waterfalls. The population of 3000 souls, depend for subsistence, principally on the lumber industry, which is very flourishing here. Hotel Martin has ample accommodation and is a splendid house generally. Chicoutimi has also its share of tourists, who spend part of the summer here, fishing and shooting. The Grand Seminary is situated on rising ground overlooking the town, and is presided over by Rev. Pere Marcou, who is one of the worthiest and most prominent priests of the Saguenay district. The college is under the directorship of Rev. Eugene Lapointe, a young priest with splendid endowments of wit and sense. It is a fine sight to see the students marching out in their college uniform, with their black-robed professors guarding their charges; and indeed it is surprising to find here such a splendid institution of learning in the midst, one may say, of a wilderness. A trip, surpassed by none in America for attractions, is over, and we return well pleased with our vacation, spent among the hills and rocks of the Saguenay.

Of the origin of this river, there can be but one opinion, viz., that it is the result of a mighty upheaval of the earth, which split open the chasm through which the river runs. The banks are masses of granite, thrown up in various shapes and heights and covered with forests. Around Chicoutimi and Ha! Ha! Bay, agriculture is carried on to some extent. The farmers are contented and happy and a few even rich. The soil is good at some distance from the river, but in the principal parts of this country the foot of man has yet to tread. Meanwhile it remains

"—stern and wild
Meet nurse for a poetic child."

Of the inhabitants too much cannot be said in praise of their good qualities, but they hold with a firm grasp to the customs, language and laws of their French ancestors, which to us appear a little behind the age. As well might you try to turn the St. Lawrence from its course as attempt to change either the language, customs or laws of this people. I have found the French Canadians to be a happy, hospitable race, having a devoted love for their country and their God.

Well, I suppose that we cannot depart from this region of wonders without following in the footsteps of others, and stop to moralize. The words of an Italian sonnet, translated into our tongue, helps me to the end, for it contains the thoughts which I desire to express. Let them sink deep into our hearts, for no one, after visiting this country of nature's wonders, can deny their truth:

"Is there no God? The stream that silver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God."

Diocese of Antigonish.

PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CAMERON.

JOHN, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, BISHOP OF ANTIGONISH.

To the Clergy and Laity of his Diocese, Health and Benediction in the Lord:

Dearly Beloved—When Christ foretold that the gates of hell could never prevail against His Church, but should rather, because of the never-failing presence of His Divine Spirit, yield to her the victory, His language implied that Satan and his implacable hosts would always though in vain, rage against her. Ever since the arch-enemy of souls seduced Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, he has been incessantly going about, like a roaring lion in quest of prey and exercising such superhuman, though restricted might, that Scripture styles him the prince and god of this world, and assures us that our wrestling is not merely against weak mortals composed like ourselves of flesh and blood, but against "principalities and powers," whose combined attacks we cannot fustrate or withstand unless we are securely clad in the panoply and complete armour of God. But while the warfare to be waged in self-defence by the church Militant against the deceits of the devil is perpetual and imposing upon her the duty of overlasting vigilance, there are critical times in which the malice of the evil one vents itself with exceptional fury—times in which, elated by success, he seems partly to forget his usual preternatural cunning by inspiring his tools to an impudent boldness of inquiry, calculated, if taken due advantage of, to result in thwarting his nefarious designs and covering him and his with confusion—times in which even the most lukewarm and apathetic of Christians can easily be roused not only to a vivid sense of danger, but also—unless they have lost every germ of supernatural faith—to such a firm assurance of his inability to harm them without their own free consent that they will manfully shake off their lethargy, indignantly crying: "Begone, Satan, for it is written, The Lord thy God shalt thou worship, and Him only shalt thou serve," and that, in virtue of this resistance, offered in a spirit of humble submission and obedience to heaven, they shall infallibly put him to flight according to the words of St. James: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

Through one of these shocking ordeals, in which Satan openly seeks to establish his worship in Christian lands, is the Church now passing. The hell inspired revolution, which, through the malign agency of the oath bound secret societies, visited her in so many forms in diverse times, robbed her visible Head, twenty years ago, of the temporal principality providentially conferred on him to secure his independence in his spiritual government of the universal Church, and has held him a close prisoner in his palace eversince, without as much as a feeble protest having been raised by any civil government against such sacrilegious usurpation and indignity. At first, in order to deceive the simple and those who would be deceived, the revolution hypocritically proclaimed its pretended desire to respect his spiritual authority, to honor his sacred person, and to guarantee his liberty of action in the fullest measure; yet it gradually seized upon the entire property of the Church, took forcible possession of the sanctified homes of the religious Orders, disbanded their inmates, and worried and persecuted the secular clergy in an endless variety of ways. Emboldened by its long impunity and the ill disguised sympathies of blinded governments, far and near, with its success, it has at length attained, by a novel step, to a climax of iniquity sufficient to unmask completely its impious hypocrisy before all, even the most dim sighted. Its ruling powers, having decided to inaugurate what they term "a new era" by deifying the spirit of anarchy and irreligion, fittingly choose Rome, the capital of Christianty, for the execution of the unheard of enormity. To render the blesphemous pageant as realistic as possible, they erect a monument in honor of Giordano Bruno, because he, more than most miscreants, personified their impious principles. This restless spirit having, three centurys ago, assumed the holy habit of St. Dominic, instead of living the life of a faithful monk, soon declared war against all the hallowed tenets of the christian faith, quitted his monastery at Naples, but continued for some time, through characteristic duplicity, to impose himself on the kind hospitality of other houses of the same order in Italy. Having found his way to Geneva, he was received by Beza into the sect of Calvin. Presently a feud with Beza put him to flight. Next we find him dogmatizing in Lyons, then in Tolouse, and soon after in Paris under royal auspices. Here, as elsewhere, he soon makes himself intolerable to those with whom he came in contact, and so he is compelled to betake himself to London, where he is to enjoy the distinguished patronage of de Castelnau, the French ambassador there, and of Sir Philip Sidney. Even there he finds no permanent home, and so we catch a glimpse of him within two years back again in Paris and thence suddenly flying to Wittenberg in Germany, where it suits him to embrace Lutheranism. Will he stay here? No, he is already in Marburg. From Marburg he is soon off to Helmstadt. Here at last he will find the desired rest, for he is appointed professor by the Duke of Brunswick. Not at all; our unique knight errant escapes to Frankfort, stops not long there, but scampers back to Italy setting up his abode in Padua for two years, after which only Venice, Rome and death await him. A rare or rather unequalled combination of pride, arrogance and aggressiveness, rendered this haughty dogmatizer's company simply unbearable, and doomed him, like the impure spirit of the Gospel, to find rest no where. His doctrinal enormities are recorded in the books he published, but cannot all be recounted here. According to him all religions are equally false. The verities of Judaism and Christianity are ranked with the foul fables of paganism and idolatry, and even the Incarnate God is called wicked, "*nutriato.*" In philosophy Bruno is a double dyed pantheist and therefore an atheist; for although pantheism retains theistical conceptions around which the religious sentiments may linger for a while, yet it is undoubtedly a real, a fatal departure from theism, and when developed to its legitimate conclusions, is rank and complete atheism or the denial of God. Finally, the gross and disgusting immorality of two especially of his works is worthy of the very demon of impurity, and could never have been panned by any other than a consummate lecher. To honor this monster as the truest impersonation of the anti-Christian revolution, the worst Christ-haters, errorists, and miscreants of Italy and the surrounding countries are invited and flock in their tens of thousands to the trysting place. Thence they march triumphantly to *Campo de Fiore* to unveil his statue and exhaust their ribald eloquence in heaping indignities on the Vicar of Christ, and the Church of God. Numerous anti-religious banners are unfurled, conspicuous among which are the standards of Satan, "the old serpent, the seducer of the whole world." Here the revolution and its accomplices stand out openly the confessed aiders and abettors of the foul fiend and father of lies, the declared enemies of Christ, and His Vicar, and they call upon all to side with them in order to dethrone the Living God under the banner of the arch-rebel. All this, be it remembered, has been accomplished in open day and with the undisguised approval of the usurping government of the Quirinal. "Why do the Gentiles rage, and the people devise strange things? He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh at them: and the Lord shall deride them. Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and trouble them in His rage" (Ps 2). May we not hope that there is enough of Christian spirit yet in the world to create a sound public opinion which will force all Christian governments to withdraw their sympathies from the imprisoners of the Holy Father and peremptorily bid them respect his independence and the practical means of securing it? It is the duty of all Catholics to promote at all hazards such a vigorous public opinion as this. It is the duty of all loyal lovers of Our Lord Jesus Christ to brand the above-mentioned satanic impiety of the inaugurators of this "new era" of irreligion.

Meanwhile, Beloved Brethren of the Clergy, let this letter and the accompanying Allocution of His Holiness be read, on the first available Sunday after their reception, in each church of the diocese by the pastor, who also shall see that the Blessed Sacrament shall be exposed at a convenient hour, the rosary recited and benediction imparted in reparation of the outrageous insult offered to religion, to appease the Divine wrath, and call down God's mercy on all souls redeemed by the Divine Blood.

The grace of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

† JOHN CAMERON,
Bishop of Antigonish.
Antigonish, Jan. 6th, 1890.

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Charlottetown, Oct. 9, 1887—6m

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Mrs. John Ross.

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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.

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