The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14. 1888. VOL. XVIII. NO. 3

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS ISSUED—

EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE:

Corner of Queen and Richmond Streets,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

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, Manager,
Charlottetown.

Calendar for November, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 3rd day, 7h., 49.9m., a.m., S. E.
First Quarter, 10th day, 0h. 3.5m., p.m., E.
Full Moon, 18th day, 11h., 5.4m., a.m., N.
Last Quarter, 25th day, 1h., 5.0m., p.m., W.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets.	High Water Ch'town
		h.m.	h. m.	morn	aft'rn	after'n
1	Thur	6 47	4 41	4 22	4 6	8 35
2	Fri	48	39	4 29	4 55	9 41
3	Sat	50	38	5 36	5 6	10 25
4	Sun	51	36	7 17	5 40	11 7
5	Mon	53	35	8 37	6 20	11 51
6	Tues	54	34	9 52	7 4	morn
7	Wed	56	33	10 59	8 3	0 43
8	Thur	57	31	11 56	9 5	1 23
9	Fri	58	29	aft 42	10 11	2 16
10	Sat	7 0	28	1 22	11 16	3 14
11	Sun	1	27	2 1	morn	4 25
12	Mon	3	26	2 36	0 24	5 43
13	Tues	4	25	3 44	1 29	6 45
14	Wed	6	24	5 7	2 33	7 50
15	Thur	7	22	6 29	3 33	8 34
16	Fri	8	21	8 52	4 27	9 15
17	Sat	10	20	4 16	5 40	9 46
18	Sun	11	19	4 46	6 41	10 22
19	Mon	13	19	5 16	7 42	10 55
20	Tues	14	18	5 56	8 43	11 29
21	Wed	16	17	6 43	9 47	aft 5
22	Thur	17	16	7 32	10 51	0 41
23	Fri	18	15	8 21	11 56	1 29
24	Sat	20	14	9 17	aft 1	2 2
25	Sun	21	13	10 28	0 38	2 51
26	Mon	23	13	11 48	1 10	3 49
27	Tues	24	12	morn	1 3	5 0
28	Wed	25	11	0 56	2	6 19
29	Thur	26	11	2 11	2 3	7 28
30	Fri	7 28	4 10	3 37	3	8 27

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

SULLIVAN & McNEILL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES — O'Halloran's Building
Great George Street, Charlottetown.

☞ Money to LOAN.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C. | CHAS. E. MACNEILL.
jan. 17, 1884

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien

LOANS on Mortgage for periods not exceeding 10 years without sinking fund, and from 10 to 50 years with sinking fund.

The borrower is privileged to pay off his loan in whole or in part at any time.

Circulars giving detailed information can be obtained on application at the offices of Messrs. Sullivan & McNeill, Solicitors Charlottetown,

W. W. SULLIVAN,
Agent for the Company.
Jan. 2 1885

FRUIT & CONFECTIONERY

B. BALDERSTON has a full supply of the purest and best

CONFECTIONERY,

Manufactured on the premises every day. Customers can rely on their Candies being fresh and pure.

We want every country dealer to call on us and see if he cannot save money by getting his Confectionery from us.

Choice Fruits in their Season.

Best GROCERIES at Low Prices.

Colgate's Soaps & Perfumery.

B. BALDERSTON.
Charlottetown, July 27, 1887.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale TWO BUILDING LOTS at Montague Bridge, well situated and fronting on two streets. On one Lot is a well built Dwelling, 20 x 30 feet, two storeys, with flat roof, containing six rooms; also closets, etc., etc.; on the other and adjoining Lot stands a Stable.

Also Four Acres of Land situated on the North side of Bridge, and fronting on the Brudenell Road, opposite the Upper Baptist Church.

The above Properties will be sold at a bargain. If preferred, a portion of the purchase money can remain on mortgage, with 6 per cent. interest.

For further particulars apply to A. C. Macdonald, Montague.

WM. J. SULLIVAN.
Montague, Sept. 26, 1888—wp 3m.

1888.

Boston Direct

—BY THE—

Boston, Halifax & P. E. Island Steamship Line.

THE ONLY DIRECT LINE WITHOUT CHANGE.

Charlottetown to Boston.

THE staunch and Commodious Steamships CARROLL and WORCESTER, having been thoroughly refurnished and put into first class condition in every particular, will, during the season of 1888, run as follows, commencing with

THE CARROLL, ON SATURDAY, 5th MAY.

One of these vessels will leave Boston for Charlottetown every SATURDAY, at noon; and Charlottetown for Boston every THURSDAY, at 5 o'clock, p. m.

Excellent Passenger Accomodation! Low Rates!

FARES—First-class Passage Berth in well-furnished cabin, $4.50; Stateroom Berth, $8.50.

Lowest rates for Freight, which is always carefully handled.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
Agents, Charlottetown.

HARRISON LORING,
Managing Director and Treasurer,
Lewis Wharf, Boston.
Ch'town, May 9, 1888

DR. FOWLER'S

·EXT: OF· ·WILD· STRAWBERRY

CURES

CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC
CRAMPS

DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,
New York City.

Administration Notice.

THE undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of James Smith, late of Fort Augustus, Lot Thirty-six, in Queen's County, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, Trader, deceased, intestate, hereby notifies all persons indebted to the said Estate to make immediate payment to her; and all persons having claims or demands against the said Estate are hereby required to exhibit such claims and demands, duly attested, to her for payment within Six Months from the date of the publication of this notice.

Dated this 18th day of Sept., 1888.

CATHERINE SMITH,
Administratrix.
Fort Augustus, Sept. 26, 1888—3m

BREADMAKER'S YEAST.

BREAD made of this Yeast will keep sweet and fresh for 48 hours in hot weather.

Over 10,000 ladies have written to say they prefer it to any other Yeast.

It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, buns and biscuit. Ask your grocer for it. Baker in nearly every town in Canada are using it.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

10000 PRESENTS

TO FIRST APPLYING, WHILE THEY LAST.

We will send by mail an appropriate gift to each maiden, wife, mother or cook—one to a family—who will try the BREADMAKER'S BAKING POWDER

Cut the red circle from the label and send it in a letter stating honest opinion after fair trial. Either a 5, 10 or 25 cent size will secure the gift.

Any grocer or storekeeper knows where to get it if asked for by you.—*Address*—

CHURCHILL & CO., TORONTO

D. A. MACKINNON, LL.B.,

ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR,

Notary Public, &c.,

Has Opened his Law Office,

—IN—

Georgetown, King's County.

Where he will attend to professional work, and loan money on Real Estate.

Georgetown, June 6, 1888—6m

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

JOHN NEWSON.

ON HAND AND TO ARRIVE, the greatest assortment of all kinds of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

The Cheapest Place in Charlottetown,

Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, Parlor Suites, Chamber Suites, Mirrors, Picture Moulding, Chonagnen Window Blinds (the newest styles), Handsome Window Furniture. Poles, Cornices, Rings, Rollers, Holders, Bands, Chains—EVERYTHING. Woven Wire Mattrasses, all kinds of Mattrasses and Beds.

PICTURES FRAMED CHEAP.

Everything Cheap, Best Quality.

☞ CALL AND EXAMINE.

JOHN NEWSON.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1888—6m

There are 165 Cities

IN the World that contain over a Hundred Thousand Inhabitants, and there are a hundred and one little ailments brought on by an overworked constitution, which might be prevented by the timely use of

PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

It is in diseases of this origin that it has achieved, and is achieving, such marvelous results. Rev. R. T. Brine, Pugwash, N. S., says: "Being fully convinced that sufferers from exhaustion, brain weakness or rheumatic attacks will gain speedy relief from the use of Puttner's Emulsion, I feel it a duty to make known to such the remediable effect upon my system." Dr. H. J. Forsyth, St. Peter's, C. B., says: "Judging from the results obtained from Puttner's Emulsion in the course of my practice, I cordially recommend it to possess all the virtues ascribed to it as a medicine."

Young and growing children thrive on Puttner's Emulsion. For sale by all Dealers at 50 cents.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Sept. 26, 1888. Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

The Busiest Place in P. E. Island.

MARK WRIGHT & CO'S

Furniture Factory.

If you doubt it, call and see. You will then understand why it is that we sell many lines of our own manufacture

VERY MUCH CHEAPER

Than anyone in the trade.

We are prepared for a rush in repairing and re-upholstering spring, and will give all our patrons quick despatch and good value.

We invite inspection of our immense stock in Show Rooms.

Mark Wright & Co

Charlottetown, March 28, 1888.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1888. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1888.

On and after Friday, June 1st, 1888, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom	Accom
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown..dp.	6 00	8 45	3 30
Royalty Junction.	6 14	9 17	3 49
North Wiltshire...	6 48	10 02	4 25
Hunter River.....	6 58	10 15	4 35
Bradalbane.....	7 25	10 48	5 28
Emerald Junction	7 30	10 56	5 40
Freetown	7 40	11 10	5 55
Kensington.....	7 53	11 29	6 17
		P. M.	
Summerside { ar.	8 15	12 00	6 50
Summerside { dp.	8 30	1 05	
Miscouche	8 45	1 20	
Wellington.....	9 05	1 52	
Port Hill	9 15	2 25	
O'Leary.....	10 30	4 00	
Bloomfield	10 47	4 23	
Alberton.....	11 14	5 15	
Tignish ..... ar.	11 55	6 05	
			P. M.
Emerald Junc..dp.			5 45
Cape Traverse..ar.			6 35

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	1 10	6 00	
Alberton.....	1 50	7 05	
Bloomfield.....	2 15	7 41	
O'Leary.....	2 32	8 10	
Port Hill.....	3 23	9 25	
Wellington	3 52	10 18	
Miscouche	4 11	10 44	
Summerside { ar.	4 25	11 05	
		P. M.	A. M.
Summerside { dp.	4 55	12 00	6 15
Kensington.....	5 17	12 31	6 48
Freetown	5 39	12 50	7 10
Emerald Junction	5 40	1 04	7 20
Bradalbane.....	5 47	1 12	7 29
Hunter River.....	6 13	1 45	8 14
North Wiltshire..	6 22	1 57	8 13
Royalty Junction.	6 56	2 41	9 17
Charlottetown..ar	7 10	3 00	9 35
			A. M.
Cape Traverse..dp.			9 25
Emerald Junc..ar.			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	P. M.	A. M.
Charlottetown.....dp	2 15	8 20
Royalty Junct'n.....	2 30	8 50
Bedford	2 42	9 02
ar	4 25	9 05
Mt. Stewart Junc...		
dp	4 30	9 25
Morell	4 50	9 01
St. Peter's.....	5 20	9 35
Bear River	5 55	10 25
Souris ..... ar	6 25	11 00
	P. M.	A. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc.....dp	4 20	9 25
Cardigan.....	5 20	9 55
Georgetown ..... ar	5 45	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Accom.
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown .....dp	7 00	2 40
Cardigan		3 00
Mount Stewart Junc..ar	8 10	4 15
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris ..... dp	6 35	1 20
Bear River	6 45	2 10
St. Peter's.....	7 20	3 02
Morell	7 42	3 35
ar	8 10	4 20
Mt. Stewart Junc..		
dp	8 15	4 40
Bedford.....	8 40	5 17
Royalty Junct'n.....	9 05	5 55
Charlottetown ..... ar	9 20	6 15

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

J. UNSWORTH,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown June 6, 1888—6i

The Old St. Omer's.

There can be no doubt that one of the most interesting excursions from Boulogne, especially to an English or Irish Catholic, must always be to St. Omer. The name alone suggests the penal laws, and recalls images, not a few, of our persecuted forefathers. At their head, but last on the list, stands O'Connell, for, immediately after his return home, the great college in which he was educated became a hospital, and so continues to the present hour. It was impossible, at the termination of the Boulogne fêtes, to resist a longing to see this spot, hallowed by so many memories and by its influence upon and hospitality to our ancestors, which is so directly beneficial to ourselves. Nor was this difficult of accomplishment, for a railway now connects the two towns, and though the distance by road is considerable, one hour and three-quarters suffice for the journey. Leaving Boulogne at 9 a. m. we reached St. Omer at 10.45, and were back at the Boulogne station shortly after five the same afternoon.

Nothing can be better than the road. Passing from Boulogne to Paris one carries away such recollections of vast tracts of sand and treeless coast till past Abbeyville, that one is apt to fancy all the "Boulonnais" must be of the same description. But such an idea would be quite erroneous. The instant you turn inland the lanscape becomes a smiling one. The ground everywhere is undulating, and, thus protected from the fierce ocean blasts, shows valleys of green crops or long stretches of golden grain, while the pretty hills are well timbered—remnants of the ancient forest of Boulogne—and carefully administered in view of the precious fuel they afford to the inhabitants of the Pas de Calais. The clean, industrious mode of agriculture along the line is itself, a notable and refreshing sight, not a weed to be detected far or near, and the symmetrical stacking of the corn when cut, ready to be carted home, can only be compared to rows of soldiers drawn up in line by some disciplinarian, strict and thoroughly experienced. Probably much of this exquisite cultivation has been learned from the neighboring Flanders, and what looks like a poor soil has been thus rendered fruitful. The cottages and scattered farm-houses amid their clumps of trees are comfortable looking, two-storied dwellings, in striking contrast to our wretched Irish cabins, and the whole country wears such an outward aspect of industry and prosperity that, as the train advances, one makes no speculation on the vexed question of peasant proprietorship. The towns, also, and hamlets clustering round their old churches, have their own air of comfort. One, Desorest, boasts thriving factories of faience, in imitation of "being Rouen," whilst another is known for its linen; but cattle in the open field are nowhere visible, until suddenly we enter upon one verdant plain filled with dunbrown animals, its horizon skirted by a fringe of trees, above which rise the cathedral tower of St. Omer, and the equally imposing one of the ruined abbey of St. Bertin, his contemporary.

The railway station is not only outside the town, but "without the walls" by which it is encircled. Whether these are of any substantial value in this our day, a military expert alone can say. But to "pilgrims" like ourselves they were infinitely dear, as presenting to us the same gates through which so many generations of confessors, men of our own race and blood, must have passed when they sought instruction behind their protecting shelter. A canal of heavily-laden boats now replaces the former moat, and inviting, well-kept walks, under full-grown trees, speak of a peaceful present; still the picture is so quaint and rare in this age of demolition, and so like the views of Flemish or Picardian towns in the paintings at Versailles of the Louis XIV wars, that one almost expects to see the "Grand Monarque" himself, as there represented, attitudinizing on some gaily caparisoned horse, surrounded by his bewigged and all-admiring staff. A very different group meets our eye. It is the school "long vacation" time, and onward come six or seven lads just budding into manhood, taking an early walk, but chatting earnestly meanwhile with a central figure, a christian brother, one of that noble band of men who have earned the gratitude and admiration of the French nation, even of its ultra "anti-clericals," not only for their devotion to the cause of education, but for the heroism with which they rushed forward in the war of 1870, tending the sick and dying on every battle-field. No doubt in like manner O'Connell and his young compatriots sauntered with some favorite teacher on this very walk just one hundred years ago, discussing the sad political state of their own and of this land, and bracing themselves up for the dark future then opening before them.

The town, despite its many old-world features, has somewhat more of the nineteenth century appearance. Wide, smoothly-paved streets, far ahead in this respect of Boulogne, lined with handsome houses, nay, one may call them mansions, showing the latest Parisian pattern of door and door-handles, singularly good dwellings for a French provincial town, tell of a resident bureaucracy, if not an aristocracy, and make one see that those English who were here "immured" by Napoleon as prisoners of war, could not have had much to complain of had their finances only been more flourishing. On the other hand, they are, to outside observers, entirely lifeless, for not twenty people are visible as we pass along. There are no shops, it is true, in the principal thoroughfares, simply these well-to-do residences, and the hour is noon, the universal dinner hour, as it has been for centuries recorded among other places, in one ex-voto at our Lady's shrine, and noteworthy as proving that, notwithstanding their frequent revolutions, the French in their domestic customs are essentially conservative. The main street especially is long, broad and stately; and in its centre, not hidden away in some obscure corner, we find our college. I call it "ours," for who can deny that it is looked upon as such by many an Irish family? My own grandfather, with his brothers, spent several years under its roof, sent hither by their parents this long distance from the south of Ireland. The great uncle of a friend was likewise educated here, and transmitted traditions of it to his elders; few, indeed, are the Catholics of the Pale or the Celts who have not some link with the building now before us. It is no wonder, then, that the heart swells as we read an inscription over the entrance which clearly tells its story. It runs thus:

"Fondo par les Jesuites Anglais en 1592. College Royale en 1760. Hospital Militaire depuis la guerre de 1793. (Founded by the English Jesuits in 1592. Royal College in 1760. Military Hospital since the war of 1793)."

It is easy to fill up this framework; for do we not all know that when the Jesuits were expelled from England at the time of the so-called "Reformation," they came hither, and irrepressible as God's servants must ever be, they built and sustained this college for well nigh two hundred years? Its community was composed almost exclusively of English and Irish fathers; its pupils, sons of those English and Irish families who, braving the laws and severe penalties against Catholic education, sent their children at all risks across the seas, a system which in those times of difficult locomotion perforce included many years of separation, rather than expose them to the loss of that faith in which they gloried. History, it is said, repeats itself, but in a reverse order sometimes, hence we cannot help pausing to remember that the French Jesuits, driven away from Boulogne within the last ten years, have settled themselves at Canterbury, and that their college was instantaneously filled by exclusively French children.

Foreseeing the storm that was brewing against them, the St. Omer fathers changed the title of their college in 1760, adopting that of "College Royal." But without avail, for on August 6th, 1762, an act of parliament was passed in Paris expelling every Jesuit from France. Instantly they handed over their building and their pupils to English secular priests, in whose hands it remained until 1792, while they themselves moved on to Liege, in Belgium, finally crossing the channel to England, which formerly, stirred by bigotry, had ruthlessly rejected them. Not so on this occasion. Furthermore, meeting with a princely-hearted friend, he bestowed upon them Stonyhurst, since the cradle and Alma Mater of numberless holy souls. Some of their pupils followed them to Liege, but others remained, and thus it was a few years later that O'Connell came under the secular Irish and French priests.

Innocent of all architecture, the building presents a striking contrast to a new, large, and highly decorated brick college alongside, "Le College de Bertin," happily under the Bishop of the diocese, and so well attended that it gives the most gratifying evidence of the faith, in this district, at least, not being quite extinguished. But it has as yet no history, while the plain edifice of "Jesuites Anglais" teems with recollections only too many to enumerate. In 1836 a portion of it was burnt, apparently the front, but the main portion is quite old. Being a hospital, and a military one, it was difficult to visit the interior, but in the spacious inner court, full of shady trees, we conjured up pictures of the past; of those brave missionaries who, after years of meditation, sitting perhaps on those same stone seats, or pacing up and down those paths, crossed the Channel in open boats, ready to face martyrdom, or, at least, persecution for justice sake, while ministering spiritual comfort from the hiding places of the Catholic homes in Protestant England, or on the hillsides of that Irish land whose devoted peasantry and Catholic gentry sheltered them even to the point of death.

And then came the fearful 1792. Here it was that O'Connell, among others, heard of the scenes taking place in Paris, from 1789 to that last most fatal year. Here, where amidst the realities and not only the simple theories of the unbelievers, his mind was so well trained as instinctively to view them with indignation, and to recoil with horror from Sherard, the United Irishman, when he showed him, on board the packet to Dover, the handkerchief which he had steeped in the blood of Louis XVI. Of what use that training was to Ireland, if only by inspiring him with detestation of "physical force revolution," and concentrating his powerful energies on constitutional agitation, is now patent to the whole world. Who, therefore, can stand unmoved or ungrateful to that spot from which, since 1592, so many blessings have flowed upon our race and native land? It was in the fitness of things, moreover, that, in their times of distress, Irish students should come to the town of St. Omer. For this great saint, the apostle of these parts, was educated, and for twenty years a monk in the Monastery of Lingen, near Besangon, founded by St. Columbian, who, with other Irish monks, originally evangelized large tracts in the north of France, and then settled there.

St. Bertin, likewise, the ruins of whose celebrated monastery are one of the sights at St. Omer, also came from the same seat of learning, so that the young Irishmen in the Jesuit College, when studying the lives of these saints, must have felt themselves in a land of friends. The Cathedral, founded by St. Omer himself (about 650), on the site of a Temple of Minerva, and dedicated by him to the Blessed Virgin, stands close to the old college, that is to say, the second church built on the same foundation, for the present one only dates from the eleventh century—one of those many splendid piles which earlier ages spread all over France.

Here, too, in its stately nave and aisles, the young men must have attended the Offices of the Church, walked in processions and carried banners, as is still the wont of most French public schools. This, in itself, must have had an inspiring influence on the Irish boys, whether from Dublin or far-off Kerry, and made them feel their religion was not everywhere despised, but worthy of the highest honor, and that their persecution, for its sake, was not only an injustice but a folly. That such was often their frame of mind, as well as the result of their foreign education, is visible in many an old letter preserved by their descendants. Without any doubt it was one of the abiding causes which made O'Connell, from the first, distinguished for his manly bearing, and his aversion to the cowering attitude which timid souls occasionally showed when in contact with members of the ascendancy. From every part of St. Omer, therefore, he and his fortunate companions must have gained advantage. Since then, of course, this fine Cathedral has lost some of its treasures, bereft of many during the reign of anarchy. But it now contains the chief glory of the country, the shrine of Notre Dame des Miracles. Despite its title, no miraculous story is attributed to its origin, and the name is due simply to the cures without number which have taken place from the days of St. Omer to our own, recorded by tablets and agostos on its oaks. How the blind have gained sight, the dumb speech, cripples walked, and hearts are still lightened of their aches and burdens, according to the grateful testimony of all masses.

Hither, likewise, came in humble pilgrimage the great St. Louis, with his pious but strong-minded mother, Blanche, in 1231. Aye, and twice he visited the church and shrine, as an inscription tells over the door through which he entered. Through the opposite door, centuries later, came another man of quite a different stamp, Louis XIV., with his Queen and Court, in the same way commemorated by an inscription. But somehow this interests us little, for the humility and sanctity of his noble-minded predecessor were wanting to make his presence worthy of much record.

In recent restorations some of the original Thuringian pavement—probably that placed by St. Omer himself—has been found, with rude statuary of the same period. Of curious mediæval fragments the Cathedral is also full. Tablets, most realistic, representing the taking down from the Cross, and Judas' money piled in small heaps upon one of its arms; on another is the celebration of Mass, where the canons assisting wear the self-same piece of ermine drapery on their left arm still seen at High Mass in all French Cathedrals. Several tombs also exist of priests and bishops in those large flowing chasubles so much advocated by the first Pugin; numberless curiosities, in short, cherished by archæological or ecclesiastical students. It was long before we could tear ourselves away, and when we at last were recalled to modern times by the inevitable railway train, it was with feelings of increased interest and gratitude we bade good-bye to St. Omer.—*London Tablet.*

Dr. Johnson's Reply to Boswell.

Dr. Johnson, that grand Coryphæus of English literature of the last century, whose sayings we are fond of quoting, instinctively gave utterance to the truth which commends itself to every candid mind when, in answer to the question of Boswell, what he thought of the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, he replied: "If I understand the Catholic doctrine of purgatory it is this: Catholics believe that the great mass of mankind are neither so good as to deserve to go straight to heaven, nor so bad as to deserve to go to hell, and therefore, a middle state has been prepared where those who die in smaller or venial sins may be purified and prepared for the immediate vision of God. I don't see that there is anything objectionable in that." Certainly, every candid man must acknowledge that there is a good deal of reason in it, and we believe our separated brethren will, as time goes on, come more and more to see its reasonableness, and be led to adopt the true Catholic view. Meanwhile how is it with our own people? Do they appreciate the blessedness of purgatory, the consolation of praying for their departed friends and helping them in their dire necessity by their suffrages? In a matter of this kind there is nothing like being practical. You profess to love your departed friends, a parent, a brother or sister. How much do you love them? How do you show that you love them and cherish their memory with gratitude, reverence and affection? We know there is nothing more acceptable to Almighty God, nothing more efficacious in securing the happy passage of our friends to the land of eternal peace and blessedness than the Holy Sacrice of the Mass. How many Masses have you procured for them? There are some good Catholics who are not satisfied with an occasional Mass, but have made arrangements with their spiritual directors to have a regular Mass offered at least every month; sometimes oftener. We should think such a practical demonstration of affectionate remembrance and sympathy would commend itself to every heart. It is good to have a habit of virtue. The habit helps to keep alive the sentiment and prompt to renewed acts of virtue. If all else fails, let the selfish thought that, with what measure we mete to others, it shall, in the providence of God, be measured to us in our extremity.—*Catholic Review.*

Anecdotes of Lady Fullerton.

A correspondent writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette:*

That was an interesting notice of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's life I read the other day in your columns. Perhaps three anecdotes about that good woman—anecdotes that I can vouch for, because I had them on unimpeachable authority—may interest your readers nearly as much as your review interested me.

Lady G. Fullerton was going on foot to Mass at a church in London one Sunday, or "Holiday of Obligation," and she stopped to ask an Irishwoman who was sweeping a crossing whether she had already been to church. The sweeper said she had not yet heard Mass. Lady Georgiana reminded the old woman that it was a duty that day to do so. The Irishwoman said, "It's well I'd like to go, ma'am, but I can't leve the crossin' the best hour in all the day." Whereupon her friend said, "I went early to church. I am not bound like you still to go. If you will go I will mind your crossing for you;" and with that Lady Georgiana took the broom by its shiny handle. At the end of her term of office she had, I forget how many pence to hand over to the sweeper, something over a shilling, as well as I remember. Lady G. Fullerton's dress would not have made her presiding at the crossing glaringly incongruous, as my second anecdote will show.

Two pious ladies were staying at Bournemouth several years ago. They were praising the music, the preaching and the building of the Jesuit's little church there; but they agreed that a congregation without poor people always left something greatly to be desired. Next morning the two ladies came in from church early, and met each other with the exclamation, "A poor old woman has come! We have our wish! And they agreed that they would find out where the shabby and devout fellow-worshipper lived, and then they would go and see her with a view to alms-giving. Their inquiries elicited the fact that the new comer was Lord Granville's sister, the writer of books they admired, and the patroness of over so many charities to which they subscribed.

That she did not dislike appearing to be a poor lady my third story will show. A rather vulgar, rich lady was expecting two early morning visitors, one being Lady Georgiana on business connected with some charity; the other a laundress anxious to secure the washing of the establishment. Lady Georgiana came first. A supercilious footman said, "Step into the hall; you can wait here." The lady of the house walked down the staircase a minute later, and, seeing a figure in rustic black, said, in a frigid tone, "You are the person from the laundry, I suppose?" Lady G. Fullerton thereupon introduced herself, greatly pleased, as she afterwards confessed, at being taken for one of "the poor," but she did not enjoy the spectacle of Mrs. Cœsu's embarrassment, which was overwhelming. Indeed, Mrs. Cœsu's profuse apologies, self-humiliation and helpless confusion would have been painful to witness even to a less charitable, sweet disposition than Lady Georgiana's.

The son of the late James A. MacMaster has just placed in the Bishop's Memorial Hall, Notre Dame University, all his father's books, pictures and correspondence. These, with several relics and the file of the *Freeman's Journal* used by the veteran editor of that paper, are to be arranged in an alcove of the Bishop's Memorial Hall, to perpetuate the memory of one who fought so nobly in defence of our Holy Religion at a time when a champion was sorely needed. Among the relics is the life-size bust of Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, which Mr. MacMaster always kept on his desk. When fighting for the faith the great editor often looked for inspiration to the features of the great Archbishop. A marble slab calling attention to the principal events in the life of Mr. MacMaster, and a life-size portrait in oil by Gregori will also be placed in the alcove devoted to the memoirs of this champion of the faith.—*Toronto Catholic Review.*

In 1881, as Mr. Chapleau was in the course of a speech to his constituents at Ste. Therese, Mr. John Talon Lesperance relates in a sketch of the Secretary of State which appeared from his pen many months ago, the bell of the parish church suddenly struck, whereupon the orator suddenly stopped, bowed his head for a moment, then casting a glance over the vast audience, said in a voice that betrayed emotion: "Forty-one years ago, my friends, that same bell rang me to my christening; its sound has guided my footsteps many a time since; and it has often recalled me to a sense of duty to you." The incident," says Mr. Lesperance, "is a key to Mr. Chapleau's character, seeking to make impression through the fancy, and softening the asperities of political discussions by delicate reference to the beautiful things of this world. There was both eloquence and statesmanship in the allusion.—*Toronto Catholic Review.*

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., is an indefatigable worker. Despite his multifarious avocations as lecturer and leader writer, and the many calls on him for political advice and addresses, he has found leisure to write a new novel in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell-Praed, the Australian authoress. Its title is "The Ladies' Gallery." The *Universe* wishes Mr. McCarthy could be induced to try his hand at an Irish story. For fifty men who can make a rattling political oration, not one is an adept at successful fiction.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.