THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1886.

The Chambly Election.

THE Grits have at last scored a victory, and they are heartily welcome to all the satisfaction they can derive from it. They have carried the County of Chambly, the representation of which was rendered vacant by the acceptance by the late member of an office under the Government. We cannot say that we are surprised at the result, for knowing the nature of their canvass, we expected nothing else. It is well known that the Grits have no policy except that of undying hate to the Conservatives, and the only hope they have of securing an advantage is by raising side issues or appealing to sectional or religious prejudices. In Chambly their sole cry was the Riel question; this was the only issue presented to the electorate Their Quebec leader, M. Laurier, appealed to the constituency to "avenge the death of the murdered Riel," and it has done so. It was not the National Policy, the Pacific Railway, the Franchise, honest government, or any other great political issue that was brought before the people, but the question whether a French Canadian shall be amenable to the same laws which judge English, Irish, and Scotch residents of Canada.

Mr. Blake has seen fit to make the hanging of Riel the war cry of his party and he has partially succeeded. The man for whose head he offered $5000 reward when leader of the Ontario Government, he has canonized as a martyr, and by the worship of his relics he hopes to ride into power. We have been asked to regard Edward Blake as a statesman—a man of high principle and unblemished honor. But he has proved himself a frail mortal—he has prostituted himself and his position to gain a party triumph. Were we to look upon the result of last week's election as anything more substantial than the effervescence of demagogism, we should say that it indicated that hereafter justice in Canada shall be administered with respect to the race and religion of the accused and with a view of gaining political support, and that the verdicts of the highest Courts of the land shall be subject to the revision and approval of a mob. While the Grits may consider it fair game, and exhaust every artifice to lower Canada in the eyes of the world, they must not be allowed to impart the idea that a man, relying upon the support of a lawless political faction, may excite insurrection, commit murder and destroy property with impunity. The result in Chambly is valuable for the lesson which it teaches that the Grit party, under Mr. Blake, are prepared to adopt any means to gain power, even though it be the subversion of justice and the condoning of the grossest crimes.

Under such circumstances we do not envy the Grits their victory. While we regret the temporary success they have achieved, we believe that upon calm reflection, the sober sense, the manhood and independence of the Canadian people will assert themselves, and they will fully comprehend the fate that awaits them should they entrust their interests to the hands of so unscrupulous, and so time-serving a party as that controlled by Mr. Blake.

More Grit Rascality.

LAST week we published the substance of an Ottawa telegram which appeared simultaneously in the Canadian press and, in a largely exaggerated form, in the American papers, to the effect that a Newfoundland gentleman had arrived at the capital, soliciting assistance for thousands of persons whom he represented to be starving—hundreds having died—on the Northern shores of Newfoundland and on Labrador. Canadian sympathy was at once awakened and bountiful offers of relief came from every quarter. The desire to make political capital out of misfortunes is one that is ever present to the Grit mind, and, in this instance, the opportunity was too good to be lost. The Dominion Government was soundly berated by the Grit press for their neglect and inhumanity, and it was asserted that they had been aware of the distress for a month before it was brought to public notice. We were put on our guard by a friend who is intimately acquainted with Newfoundland, and who was very positive that the story lacked the essential element. As he anticipated the pitiful tale turns out to be hoax, the telegram having been manufactured, if not at Ottawa, at least by some contemptible, base-minded creatures, whose only object was to excite feeling against the Dominion Government.

The story having reached Newfoundland in the Halifax papers, the acting Attorney General promptly telegraphed the *Herald* of that city, in the following words:—

To the Editor of the Halifax Herald:

ST. JOHN'S, NFLD., July 31.—The telegram from Ottawa in your issue of the 29th inst. representing great destitution in Newfoundland, is utterly false. Please give the same an unqualified contradiction. Though hitherto the fishery has been unsuccessful, Newfoundland has no claim to be regarded as a recipient of charity. There is no such feeling as alleged. The whole story is a fabrication. The sole object seems to be a Dominion award directed against the Government of this colony.

[illegible], J. W. MARTIN,
Acting Colonial Secretary.
[illegible], Minister Marine, &c.

Presbyterian minister of St. John's, telegraphs the *Herald*:

ST. JOHN'S, NFLD., July 31.—The stories of death by starvation at Labrador and northern Newfoundland are wholly false. No destitution is reported here, though arrivals from those places are numerous. The fisheries are improving and the prospects are hopeful.

MOSES HARVEY.

It is impossible to estimate the harm that has been accomplished by these miserable falsehoods. There are a few wretched men, and they are all in the pay of the Grit party, whose sole duty is to depreciate and traduce Canada and everything Canadian before the eyes of the world. There is always something going on that threatens to rend the Confederation asunder. If it is not discontent and a desire for annexation in the Lower Provinces, it is Popish intolerance in Quebec or Orange aggression in Ontario, and when everything is lovely in Manitoba, there are sure to be signs of an Indian uprising further west. Everything is done to promote the idea abroad that Canadians are uncultured barbarians, unable to govern themselves, and that it is but a question of time when the American Eagle shall come over and swoop us all up. We trust that some steps will be taken to discover the cowardly authors of these bogus despatches, so that they may be held up to public reprobation and branded with the disgrace and infamy which their traitorous deeds merit.

Civic Matters.

WE are glad to learn that our City Fathers are at last bestirring themselves in the matter of providing a Fish Market, although we think a better site might have been selected than directly under the noses of the guests at our leading Hotel. However, we suppose it must be at some person's door, and so long as the nuisance is removed from Queen Square, one good thing will be accomplished. We trust that the City Council will now follow their hand, and attend to other abuses that call loudly for abatement. Although considerable improvement has been effected on our streets, many of the sidewalks are in a wretchedly dilapidated condition. Not only are they dangerous, but they are most unsightly, and it is high time for the Corporation to enquire if some more durable material cannot be employed in their construction than is at present used.

Charlottetown residents are not notorious for their extravagance in the use of paint, but when they do commit the enormity of applying the brush, they generally make the coat last as long as possible. The Market House was painted last year, but who, viewing it to-day, would ever think so? Its exterior is plastered over with advertisements, and presents the appearance of having been daubed with paste during a hurricane of paper scraps. Hideous porches used as stalls for the purveying of confectionery, spruce beer and rusty herring, deface it on all sides, and generally it is anything but a credit to our city. Again, what need is there for the 8 x 10 Weigh Scales which adorn the Square? We shall be told that it is a necessary adjunct to the Hay Market, but why not remove the Hay Market to Pownal Square, and sow the plot of ground now used as such with grass seed: we suppose the cultivation of a flower garden would be a trifle beyond the capacity of our City Fathers. Parks and Squares are popularly called the lungs of a city; then why not make the most of the little of Queen Square which remains to us, and instead of allowing it to be a dust breeder, convert it into a lawn.

Is anything being done in the matter of securing Waterworks?—we fear not. Our city is at the mercy of fire and pestilence. We have no sewerage, and our soil is daily becoming more and more putrid, and the emanations arising therefrom are not only offensive but fraught with positive danger to the public health. Are the Board of Health enforcing the laws relating to water closets and cess pools? Our sense of smell affords the evidence that proper and necessary attention is not paid to cleanliness by a large number of property owners. In some parts of the city piggeries are as numerous as tenement houses, and vast accumulations of filth and rubbish are allowed to fester and ferment, which should be regularly removed by a scavenger. In no well-ordered city would such irregularities (a mild word to use) be tolerated. Our citizens cannot be ignorant that they are standing on the edge of a volcano which is liable at any moment to belch out destruction and ruin. Will they still persist in doing nothing?

THE meanness of the Grits is unbounded. At the installation of Cardinal Taschereau, Sir Hector Langevin was confined to the house by sickness at Riviere du Loup, and now the Grit papers are reporting that his illness was an excuse to avoid attending the ceremony, the Cardinal and he being opposed in politics. We know nothing about Cardinal Taschereau's political sympathies or whether he has any, but this much is true that four members of the Ottawa Government, viz.: Sir Adolphe Caron, Messrs. Chapleau, Costigan, and Thompson were present at the installation, and there is no doubt that Sir Hector would have been there also had he not been suddenly taken ill.

To Our Patrons.

WE desire the favor of a few words with our readers upon a matter of considerable importance to us. There are some—happily, not many—of our subscribers who have paid us nothing since the HERALD was revived, while a larger per centage are in arrears for one, two or three years. We would remind our patrons that our terms are "payment in advance," and that there is a point at which patience ceases to be a virtue. With the expiration of three months we shall complete four years of the HERALD under its new management; we have exerted ourselves to make it a readable paper—a caterer of the latest and most interesting news, and an exponent of the most advanced and progressive political ideas. We cannot do all this for nothing, and therefore, while acknowledging the very liberal patronage which we have received, we call upon *all* our subscribers to square their accounts *without delay*.

We have upon our lists the names of several hundred subscribers resident abroad—from them particularly a remittance would be very welcome; and we must here announce our determination to accept no new names of this class, unless the subscription price is paid in advance. Hereafter also, to save trouble, we shall acknowledge the payment of all subscriptions received by mail, and where no office receipt is granted, in our columns; our patrons will kindly take such acknowledgment as a receipt.

There are also other amounts due us for advertising and job work, the majority of them by persons who seem to consider that they are under no obligation to pay the printer. Having exhausted the usual methods employed for collecting bills, we intend to adopt a new plan, and we shall soon publish, for the benefit of persons afflicted with short memories, a list of the amounts so due.

It takes all sorts of people to make up the world, and newspaper publishers meet with some extraordinary specimens. Their efforts to satisfy "many men of many minds" afford an apt illustration of the fable of the old man and his donkey. Some people complain because we do not publish the Market reports, although they are inserted regularly as we receive them—others are displeased because we do not publish a monthly calendar, although for the small sum of twelve cents they can obtain Chappelle's Almanac, which gives them a whole year's calendar, and any amount of other information besides. Some complain of too many advertisements—others of too much politics; some grumble because we do not give enough Irish news—others because we give too much; while the most absurd complaint of all is that the type is too small, when it should be remembered that the smaller the type the more reading matter.

But what shall we say of the mean man, and occasionally, we regret, mean woman, that takes the paper for a year or two and then moves somewhere else, leaving it to be returned by the Postmaster, with the endorsement, "Left the place" or "Not called for?" Such instances are not rare, but if we can manage it, they will be less frequent in the future.

We have written at greater length than we intended to, but we have been threatening to speak for some time, and now that we have done so, we feel relieved. We trust that what we have said will not be lost upon our delinquent patrons.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Examiner* objects to the space at our Exhibitions being taken up by Sewing Machines, Organs and other articles not manufactured on the Island. We think the objection is well founded, and trust the Commissioners will take steps accordingly.

SAYS a California paper;

"The aping of English manners, accents and words is carried in some cases to ridiculous extremes, but there are a few of their ideas we might copy with benefit. Principal among them is the use of man for gentleman. With us every thing over 21, wearing legalized bifurcated garments is a 'gentleman.' No matter his state, condition, education or bearing, he is a 'gentleman.' This cheapening and corrupting of the real article constantly forces more or less explanation. The English 'man' is the only proper word. A man is always a man. But a man is very often not a gentleman. If we were as particular as the English about this, our term, 'gentleman' would be worth in itself a thousand fold its present value."

If our California contemporary lived on this Island he might enlarge his remarks so as to include the use of the title "Esquire." No discrimination is made by educated or uneducated, clergy, press, legal or medical profession in the application of this term. We laugh at the profusion of American Judges and Colonels, but did we see ourselves as we are seen we might blush at the ridiculous figure we cut with all our "Esquires." A "gentleman" is not necessarily born one—it is when he becomes so that he earns the title; so with "Esquire." Do let us have a reform in this matter; what say you, *Examiner*?

DISCOURSING of Boston Journalists, the *Evening Record* of that city makes the following highly complimentary reference to two natives of Charlottetown:—

"Another example of the hardworking and retiring journalist is Mr. Stephen O'Meara, night editor of the *Journal*, who gets every ounce of news in that paper as a driver holds the reins over a six in hand. Mr. O'Meara was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in 1854, and came to Charlestown in 1864. In 1872 he graduated from the Charlestown high school, having, as a high school boy, done some work on the Charlestown *Chronicle* under John H. Holmes. He became the Charlestown reporter of the Globe in 1872, and soon after a regular reporter on that paper. He won his journalistic spurs by beating the rest of the reporters by his masterly management of the Mill River disaster. Called to the Journal in 1874, he became city editor on that paper in 1879, and general news editor in 1881. The Journal has no 'managing editor,' so called, but Mr. O'Meara performs that function as well as that of city editor, and his working day covers from 11 a. m. to midnight. He is a remarkably handsome man, alert, quick witted, and a man of refinement and gentlemanly bearing. He is emphatically one of the growing kind of journalists. He is a man of family and lives under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. His sister, Miss Kathleen O'Meara, has won no little literary reputation by her work on 'Madame Mohl and her Salon' which first appeared serially in the Atlantic."

Reviewing another work of Miss O'Meara's the *Catholic Review* says:—

"Miss Kathleen O'Meara's 'Life of Bishop Grant' ought to have a wide circulation in this country. All who read Miss O'Meara's picturesque and most spirited biography will never need again to ask 'Who was Bishop Grant.' When an observant biographer, such as Miss O'Meara, unrolls the veil of privacy from their lives, we find that the Church is as rich to-day in great and heroic prelates, in saintly lives, and even holy martyrs as ever she has been. We cannot have too many lives of our recently dead Catholics, if in life they are as great as Bishop Grant was, and if, after death, they are fortunate in such a biographer as Miss O'Meara."

News from Egmont Bay.

THE HON. MR. AND MRS. ARSENAULT CELEBRATE THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

The Hon. Joseph O. Arsenault and his esteemed life companion celebrated their Silver Wedding on the 29th ult. The circumstance coincided with the twenty-fourth birthday of their eldest son, Sylvere, theological student and teacher of music at St. Laurent College, Montreal. The day's programme began by High Mass; Rev. Father Boudreault officiated; Miss May Arsenault presided at the organ, and was ably supported by a powerful choir, led by Mr. A. A. McLellan of Summerside. After Mass the company partook of a sumptuous breakfast, immediately after which a select orchestra, composed of Mr. Arsenault's children, assisted by Mr. Angus McLellan, struck up a lively *old timer*, which carried us back a quarter of a century when *jigs* and *breakdowns* ruled supreme, and the waltz and polka were utterly ignored. A day so well begun could not but have a happy ending; and so it happened, for at 1 o'clock the invited guests, viz., grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, relatives, neighbors and friends of the family began to troop in amidst the joyful greetings of Mr. Arsenault's household. The elder part of the company, hardy Acadians, whose once haughty shoulders are now bent beneath the weight of many decades, grouped together, and after lighting the good old clay pipe, began to talk of old times, and to recount many mirthful incidents of their youths' experience. The ladies occupied another corner, and it was well worth the listener's while to watch them for a quarter of an hour. I assure you they made use of their vocal faculties as only such an aggregation of Acadian women can. Mr. Arsenault's family and their young friends occupied a spacious room specially prepared for the occasion. They had charge of the musical part of the programme, and acquitted themselves right well. A special feature of the musical part was the singing. The splendid soprano voice of Miss Hickey, of Charlottetown, was particularly admired. She sang three beautiful solos from the most difficult of her *repertoire*, and proved to evidence that she possesses a beautiful and well exercised voice. The baritone solos by Mr. A. A. McLellan were also the occasion for favorable comment, but his comic songs took the listeners by storm, and they were satisfied only by a response to the many and hearty *encores* with which the young gentleman was favored. Mr. William McNally, teacher, delighted the company by his masterly rendition of a few well selected songs, and to hear *that chorus* coming in to his aid was a thing that will long endure in the memory of the eager listeners. Mr. Arsenault's two sons, Sylvere and Joseph, who played several violin selections, were listened to with breathless attention, and retired amidst the applause of their numerous admirers. Mr. Placide P. Gaudet, genealogist, whose name is familiar to those who read the *Moniteur Acadien*, interested everybody by his wonderful facility in recounting some of the memorable incidents so numerous in the history of unfortunate Acadia. Now comes the last, but not the least, interesting feature of the programme, namely, the presentation of addresses and presents, followed by a grand wedding dinner. It was 6 o'clock, and the guests had already taken their places at the table, when five boys and four girls filed into the dining room. They were the worthy couple's nine children, Sylvere, Marie-Anne, Joseph, Jacqueline, Aubin, Bibiane, Antonin, Octavia and Toussaint. Each carried some of the numerous and beautiful presents sent by parents and friends. Sylvere, the eldest of the family, stepped forward, and after reading a touching address, the two youngest children, Octavia and Toussaint, presented to their dear father and mother two beautiful bouquets, emblems of their virtues, and, at the same time, a tribute of love and veneration to those who are dearest to them on earth. Mr. Arsenault, who was completely taken by surprise, replied feelingly in a few well chosen words, and blessed his beloved children. Another address was immediately read, and two costly gifts were presented by friends of the family from Shediac. The address was signed by the following ladies and gentlemen; Ferd. Robidoux, Mrs. F. Robidoux, O. M. Melanson, Mrs. O. M. Melanson, J. Val. Bourque, L. J. Belliveau, M. D., and Narc. Robidoux. All this ceremony took some time to go through, and as everybody felt like satisfying the inner man, the Rev. John McDonald, in the unavoidable absence of Rev. Father Boudreault, blessed the table, and everybody got to work without further ceremony. After dinner the young folks got up an *impromptu* concert, and the evening was agreeably passed away, after which the company dispersed, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Arsenault much joy and happiness, and expressing the hope that in twenty-five years hence they would have the pleasure of assisting at their golden wedding. Such were the proceedings of this long-to-be-remembered day in Egmont Bay.

Thanking you for your kindness in inserting this in your paper,

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours, &c.,
CAPEKOLUS.

Egmont Bay, July 29, 1886.

A DELEGATION of Island Lobster packers, consisting of Hon. J. O. Arsenault, Messrs. D. Rogers of Summerside, and G. D. Longworth and J. E. Grant of Charlottetown, interviewed the Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Sussex, N.B., last week, on the subject of the Lobster fishery. They claimed that the "close season" ought to vary in different localities, and they advocated the system of licensing. We understand that the delegation were much pleased with the result of their interview, and that the Minister promised them his answer in a few days.

Montreal En Fete.

Honors to the Cardinal and Archbishop

A MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION.

The ceremony of conferring the *Pallium* upon Archbishop Fabre was the occasion of a magnificent demonstration upon the 29th ult. The steamer *Montreal* from Quebec, in which Cardinal Taschereau and a great company of bishops and ecclesiastics had come, arrived soon after 7 a.m. Archbishop Fabre and a large number of the local clergy called upon His Eminence and soon after 9 o'clock the distinguished party were prepared to disembark. The procession was then formed from the steamer to the Kiosk. A rich carpet was laid on the wharf, the guns fired a salute, and the Zouaves and the 65th Battalion, under Colonel Hughes, saluted as the procession passed along. In the procession were the Civic Reception Committee, members of the Dominion and Provincial Governments, the representatives of Laval University, the presidents and representatives of the various Catholic Societies of Montreal, as also a large concourse of clergy. The crowds of people in attendance were immense.

Stationed on the wharf to the left of the Kiosk was a

GUARD OF HONOR

of one hundred men with the band of the 65th Mount Royal Rifles under command of Major Dugas. The Papal Zouaves were drawn up in front of the Kiosk, while detachments of the police force and fire brigade were stationed on the left. The choir of Notre Dame stood in front of the Kiosk, while four city bands formed a square in the rear. His Eminence, attended by the Ablegate and the visiting Bishops, proceeded directly to the Kiosk, where the address of the City Council was presented to the Cardinal who replied in a few impromptu words. The Irish citizens' address was then presented by Father Dowd, to which His Eminence replied in English, expressing his gratification and thanking the Irish Catholics of the city for their address. He said he had always taken an especial interest in the Irish nation who, through so many years of trial and persecution, had always evinced so deep an attachment to the Holy See. Their address was a proof that here, in this broad Dominion, in their new home, they had remained faithful to the traditions of their fathers; such devotion and sentiments of affection he would not fail to convey to the Holy Father.

After the address had been read the procession was re-formed and proceeded to the Church of Notre Dame, when at the entrance the address of the clergy was presented to His Eminence.

AT NOTRE DAME

the popular joy and triumph of the occasion of Mgr. Taschereau's first visit to Montreal as Cardinal, were sanctified by the most solemn and holy rites of religion, accompanied by the pomp and splendor which belong to the ancient ceremonial of the Catholic Church. Never under its lofty roof was an occasion of so much interest celebrated, and never within the majestic colonnades of that noble temple was a scene more imposing and magnificent displayed. The decorations were elaborate and tasteful, and were never surpassed by any former celebration, civic or religious, in Montreal. The procession moved into the Church headed by a halberdier gorgeously attired. He was followed by the beadles, the cross-bearer, and then came the ecclesiastics and priests, wearing surplices, the bishops and archbishops followed, and the Cardinal with his attendants came last.

CEREMONIES IN THE CHURCH.

As the procession entered the Church the organ pealed forth Gounod's Marche Romaine, after which the choir sang the Magnificat, in which the clergy joined, the Cardinal giving his blessing as the procession slowly moved up the aisle. The sacred proceedings consisted of a solemn Pontifical High Mass of Thanksgiving, at which His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau officiated as celebrant; a sermon was preached by Bishop Maes of Covington, U. S., and the Pallium was afterwards conferred on the Archbishop elect.

For a long time previous to the commencement of the High Mass almost all the seats were occupied by people of every description, and long before the arrival of that period the sacred edifice became filled with one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled within the walls,—a vast multitude at the same time filling the space in front of the church and some of the neighboring streets. As the doors were thrown open the crowd passed in, and notwithstanding the density of the throng the best possible order was maintained and not the slightest casualty was reported. Erected to the left of the altar on the Gospel side, was a throne beneath a lofty crimson canopy, and to the right of this and directly opposite, a number of handsome *prie dieus*, covered with purple, were placed for the bishops and archbishops. Among the ecclesiastical dignitaries present was Bishop McIntyre of this diocese.

THE MASS.

After Cardinal Taschereau was divested of his outer garment, which was replaced by a chasuble, he proceeded to the foot of the altar and mass was begun. After the Gospel of the day was sung, Mgr. Maes, Bishop of Covington, ascended to the pulpit and preached a very eloquent sermon. He said every nation had its mission in the world and was prospered or destroyed in the same measure in which it fulfilled its God-given mission. The bishop of Covington is a most polished preacher, with a sonorous voice and graceful equable delivery. Unfortunately the constant restless moving of the congregation prevented a large part of the audience from catching more than a few snatches of his words. The sermon was mainly a historical sketch furnishing arguments in support of his theme. France he lamented over as a country neglecting its mission as a soldier of the church. England seemed to come in for a generous share of praise and Canada was highly complimented as a country fulfilling its mission of evangelisation and works of charity, a fact which had been recognized by the Propaganda in the recent dignities bestowed upon the heads of the Canadian church. At the close of his discourse the Bishop faced the chancel, and addressing himself to Mgr. Fabre, congratulated him on his deserved promotion, wished him a further increase of success, the affection of his flock and final immortality.

During Mass the *Gloria* and *Credo* were intoned by the Cardinal from the throne. The Mass sung on this occasion was the Gregorian second tone, which consisted altogether of choruses. At the offertory *Tu es Sacerdos* was rendered by the choir. At this portion of the service the ceremonies were invested with striking and peculiar interest, and the effect of the general scene at the moment of consecration, with all the elevated and soul-stirring emotions which it was fitted to inspire, was such as will not be easily forgotten. All the music throughout the service was beautifully rendered and the well trained choir, with a full orchestral accompaniment, put forth their powers with admirable effect.

CONFERRING THE PALLIUM.

After mass was over the Cardinal retired to his throne and the Rev. Cure Sentenne ascended the pulpit and read the Papal bull, signed by Cardinal Jacobini, appointing Mgr. Fabre Archbishop of the Diocese of Montreal. The Cardinal then left his dais and sitting before the altar administered the oath to the Archbishop elect, who had entered robed in full canonicals. The Pallium which had been laid upon the altar was taken at the appointed time and placed by the consecrator on the shoulders of the newly consecrated Archbishop, who received it kneeling.

Then the Archbishop turning to the congregation gave his blessing. An anthem was then sung and forming in processional order the Archbishops, Bishops, priests, ecclesiastics, with acolytes, master of ceremonies and assistants, proceeded to the Seminary. On the way the faithful knelt and received the Cardinal's blessing as he passed along.

THE BANQUET.

Immediately after the service, the Cardinals, Archbishops and other prelates proceeded to the Seminary, where the banquet was to take place. The hall was very prettily decorated. The Cardinal, on his entry was received with many plaudits. During the banquet the Victoria Rifles played most admirably several selections. At the close of the banquet a congratulatory address by the Irish Societies of Montreal was presented to Monsignor O'Bryen, the Papal Ablegate. Several members of the different Irish Societies and also a large number of local and visiting clergymen were present when the address was being read and His Excellency Monsignor O'Bryen made a very feeling reply, thanking the Society for the honor they showed him and concluding by expressing the hope that he would shortly visit Montreal again and that he would not fail to report to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. that he held a warm place in the hearts of Irish exiles and their children on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Later in the day His Eminence the Cardinal and His Grace the Archbishop held a Levee which was largely attended by all classes and creeds. At night there was a magnificent illumination for a detailed description of which we have no space, as it occupies several columns of our Montreal contemporaries.

The following is the address of the Irish Societies to Mgr. O'Bryen:

To the Rt. Rev. Henry O'Bryen, Private Chamberlain to His Holiness Leo XIII., and Papal Ablegate.

In the name of the Irish Catholic population of Montreal we welcome your Excellency with all the warmth and affection of our Celtic hearts to the metropolis of the Dominion of Canada.

Your fame as a distinguished prelate of the Catholic Church, and as a trusted and honored friend of the Holy Father, preceded your coming to these shores, and provoked an eager desire on the part of the faithful children of St. Patrick, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, to do all honor to him whom the Sovereign Pontiff had selected for the high and important mission of Papal Ablegate.

But, Monsignor, if we find deep gratification in conveying to you an expression of the esteem and admiration which we entertain for the virtues that adorn you and the services that you have rendered to the Holy See, our hearts are all the more gladdened when we consider that your attachment to the true Faith has not weakened, but has fortified your devotion to Fatherland. If the Church has found a faithful servant in you, we are proud to proclaim that Ireland, also, has a true and devoted son in your Excellency.

When Ireland, in the sad days of her trials and tribulations, was in need of a friend at Rome,—when Irish freedom, menaced by force and intrigue, needed a defender at the Vatican to frustrate the evil designs of the enemy, your Excellency's vigilance and patriotism were not found wanting,—but with the Walshs, the Crokes and the Nulty's, who are to-day the glory of the Irish Episcopate and the pride of the Irish people, you aided effectively in saving the national movement and cause from a check as severe as it would have been undeserved. For this alone the Celtic race owe you a debt of undying gratitude. And to the payment of that debt the Irish people of Canada are anxious to contribute warmly and generously; for, although separated by time and space from that dear old island which cruel circumstances forced us or our fathers to abandon for a freer country, our hearts still beat in as strong a union as ever with the religious and national aspirations of the Irish race. Faith and Fatherland are still our motto, and our ambition is to be true to the one until death, while we serve the other until freedom and prosperity return to its shores.

Thus, Monsignor, when you return to the Eternal City to lay at the feet of the beloved and illustrious Leo XIII. an account of your mission and of the events attending it, you will not fail to assure His Holiness of our profound and filial gratitude for the tokens of paternal love and solicitude which he has given to the Church in Canada by conferring the exalted and signal honor of the cardinalate on one of her most eminent prelates and by creating two new archbishops in this province.

You will also not fail to assure our Holy Father that he has no more devoted and affectionate children than the Irish exiles and their descendants who have made their homes here on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Signed by the presidents of the Irish National, Literary, Temperance and Benefit societies.

THE REPLY.

Mgr. O'BRYEN, in replying, said he was proud to be welcomed as a Catholic prelate and as an Irishman by his fellow countrymen, who, like himself, also lived in exile. He thought that too much praise had been accorded his services to Ireland, but he would say that he was never ashamed of asserting his Irish nationality and of advocating Ireland's rights. He was a home ruler, and he considered that home rule was not a question of politics, but one of those sacred rights which belong to every people, and for which they should strive. The Holy Father, Leo XIII., was in sympathy with the Irish people and their struggles, for none more than the Pope knew what it was to be the victim of tyranny and of governmental robbery. The Pope, like the Irish, had been evicted, and it was only natural that he should feel for them in their days of trial, when dying by the roadside or rotting in the workhouse owing to the misgovernment of their country. He continued, it would give him great pleasure to tell the Holy Father of the devotion of the Irish Canadians to the Holy See, and of their love for old Ireland. He was about to visit Ireland, with the sanction of His Holiness, for the purpose of observing the progress of the national movement and of the state of affairs generally, and to report at Rome. He also alluded to a former visit he had made to Montreal and spoke of the Rev. Father Dowd as the best known Irish priest outside the United States. In concluding he returned his sincere thanks for his hearty and hospitable reception.

THE fishing cruiser *Critic* arrived in Georgetown last Wednesday evening, after a seven weeks' trip. The officers and crew speak in the highest terms of their commander, Capt. McLaren. The first part of the *Critic's* cruise was between the East Point and North Cape of the Island—thence she was ordered to Bay Chaleur—thence between Miramichi and our North Cape, and along the north coast of the Island. During the time the *Critic* was out, Capt. McLaren boarded about forty American fishermen, all of which, with one or two exceptions, received him courteously, and replied to all his questions in a gentlemanly manner. He also boarded the celebrated *Mollie Adams*, Capt. Sol Jacobs who received him most politely. Upon the subject of a treaty being mentioned, Capt. Sol said "Yes, give us a treaty. I have already this season lost more by this trouble than I would gain in five years duty." All the American captains with whom Capt. McLaren conversed spoke in a similar strain. They didnot wish to violate the regulations, and their uneasiness arose from fear that through ignorance they might commit a breach of them. At the time of our reporter's interview with Capt. McLaren there was good fishing about fifteen miles off land, between Bay Chaleur and Miramichi, but the inshore fishing was the best and most to be depended upon. The *Critic* sailed again on Friday.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

POTATO BUGS have made their appearance in several fields near the city.

THE *Patriot* speaks of *His Grace* the Earl of Clan William and Admiral O'McClintock. After this Sir John Maloney must take a back seat.

MR. JOHN P. MCGRATH, of Norway, Lot One, who has been attending Laval College for the past ten months, returned home a short time ago to spend his vacation.

THE Georgetown Regatta will take place on Thursday, 19th inst.; open to all rigs of boats not exceeding twenty feet keel. Customary rules. Entrance 50 cents. Every boat from Murray Harbor to Grand River invited.

IN a street row last Saturday night between some of the *Carroll* crew and several town boys, knives were freely used, and one of the latter had his throat so badly gashed as to require the services of Dr. Conroy to sew it up.

So brisk is the competition among commercial travellers, and so large the number of them at present on the Island, that last week, in a busy village not a hundred miles from Souris, one of that enterprising class was forced to open his samples in a church, while another had the good fortune to secure an *unoccupied* bar-room. Good opening there for the Salvation Army.

WE have received further information regarding the Roberts-Gardner Circus which is expected shortly to visit the Island. We learn that it is a miserable one-horse affair, that its performance does not exceed three-quarters of an hour, and that the members of the company are constantly deserting. We deem it due to our readers to put them on their guard against being duped by the concern.

THE Gloucester fishing schooner *Herald of the Morning*, homeward bound, with a full fare caught about ten miles off North Cape, called at Georgetown Monday evening She reports mackerel plenty, and vessels all getting good fares; she passed through a large body of mackerel between East Point and Georgetown. The captain is anxious to see the fishery trouble settled. This is the first American seiner to call at Georgetown since 1st July.

BROTHER JOHN, Principal of the Cathedral School, New York City, left Charlottetown this morning, having with him Master R. Emmet Hughes, son of Mr. J. W. Hughes, County Line Station, and John, son of Mr. James Flood, Kelly's Cross. Both these young men have given up their home and friends for the more secluded life and labors of this religious order. Four others will follow during the autumn. We wish our young friends health and many years of useful life in their new home and calling.

MR. JOHN CUMMINGS, a native of Charlottetown, and who left the Island over seventeen years ago, returned recently on a visit to his friends in Lot 49 and this city. Mr. Cummings is another example of the success of our young men abroad. We are pleased to learn that he has accumulated a valuable property, and is in receipt of a handsome salary as Postmaster at Indian Orchard, Mass., a town some one hundred miles outside Boston. Mr. Cummings leaves for his home on the *Worcester* to-morrow.

FROM Brae we hear of a deplorable occurrence. It was not an accident, but the result of one of those too frequent rowdy pranks, considered by a certain class funny. A man arrayed himself as nearly as possible in the popularly supposed costume of Old Solferino, paid a visit to two ladies, and they, becoming terrified, jumped out of the windows. One of them received a severe fracture of the knee, which the attending physician says is more dangerous than a broken limb. Such tricks as these should be matters for the Grand Jury.—*Journal.*

BOSTON MARKETS.—Eggs—market slow with easier tendency. Island firsts, 16 cents. There is not much change to note in the market for any kind of fish. Mackerel continue to arrive from the Bay, and prices are unsettled. Receipts for the week at outports and here 8,100 barrels. Sales in cargo lots at $1.50 to $5, fishermen's order. The shore catch shows no increase, and vessels arriving bring only a few barrels each. Dealers report a little more demand for small lots, but trade is still comparatively light. Old mackerel, of 1885 catch, sell slowly at $4.50 to $5 per barrel.

IN our advertising columns to-day will be found notice of a change which has taken place in one of the leading business houses of this city. The firm of Norton Bros. has been dissolved by the retirement of Mr. E. H. Norton, and the other partner, Mr. R. B. Norton, has associated himself with Mr. Robert Fennell, who is a man of large experience and one of Charlottetown's best mechanics, and we have no doubt that his connection with this well established house will prove of vast benefit thereto.

H. M. S. *Bellerophon*, the flagship on the North American and West Indian Station, arrived here last Thursday, having on board the Admiral—the Earl of Clan William. The *Bellerophon* is an armor-plated iron vessel of 4,270 tons, with engines of 1000 horse power, and carries some of the largest guns in the British Navy. On Thursday and Friday nights she gave exhibitions of an electric light of 5,000 candle power, as applied more particularly to the observation and discovery of boats approaching with hostile intent. The "searcher" flashed hither and thither with great rapidity, now along the water, then shooting across the heavens, and creating considerable excitement among our friends in the country who were at a loss to account for it. On Saturday night there was a Ball at Government House, and on Monday afternoon the Admiral entertained a number of citizens on board. On Saturday afternoon a Cricket Match was played between the officers and citizens, which resulted in the complete rout of the latter in one innings by 169 runs, the officers scoring 200 runs, Mr. Herbert making 122—to citizens $1. At the same time a Lawn Tennis match was played between sets of officers and citizens, which terminated in a victory for Charlottetown. Monday afternoon a shooting match took place between the Charlottetown Rifle Club and a *Bellerophon* team, in which the former were victorious by 105 points, making a total of 500 to 395. The *Bellerophon* sailed yesterday morning for Quebec.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

WE learn from exchanges that Mgr. O'Bryen, the Papal Ablegate, will visit this Island.

THE sidewalk in front of Perkins & Sterns' and Beer & Goff's stores is decidedly bad.

MR. JOSEPH MCCARRY, of the Charlottetown Post Office, is spending his holidays in Montreal.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. George H. Tanton, printer, formerly of this city, for late American papers.

WE regret to learn that Mr. Stephen Burke (Peter's son), of Rollo Bay, was drowned last Thursday while fishing.

SEVEN of a New York Club of large men paid this city a visit last week—their aggregate weight was 1,600 lbs.

MR. W. H. STEWART, of the firm of Harris & Stewart, left for England last week to purchase fall and winter goods.

CONDUCTOR KELLY ran the special train which brought Mr. Schreiber from Tignish last week at better than thirty-three miles an hour.

OUR friend, Mr. C. B. Bagster, arrived safely in Victoria, British Columbia, on 22nd ult. He will please accept our thanks for recent papers.

MR. EDWARD C. JARVIS, eldest son of Dr. Jarvis, of Summerside, has been appointed Assistant Inspector of the Merchants Bank of Halifax Agencies.

THE four storey brick building on corner Queen and King Streets was offered at auction last week, but only one bid was received, and the sale was withdrawn.

IN our description last week of the improvements recently effected upon the Irish Society's Hall, we were in error in using the name of Mr. McGregor as the architect.

THE Summerside *Journal* overheard a man saying, the other day, that he knew of two foreign dealers who have purchased nearly 4,000 lambs in Prince County, for delivery in a few weeks.

MR. SCHREIBER completed the inspection of our Railway last week. Mr. Archibald, Chief Engineer of the Intercolonial, is reported to have said that our road is in better order than the Intercolonial.

AND NOW we find the Newcastle (N.B.) *Advocate* crediting the *Examiner* with news which the latter borrowed from the HERALD, and which the *Advocate* might have obtained at first cost from *Le Courrier des Provinces Maritimes.*

MACKEREL continue very plentiful, and our fishermen are making good hauls. Last week Hughes Bros. of this city caught 10,000 in one dip at Little Miminigash. We hear that fifteen additional seine boats have been ordered by our Island men.

THE sea serpent has again been heard from, this time at Rockport, Mass. It is described by parties who saw it as one hundred feet long, as large round as a keg (?) and with a horrible head raised high above the water. We would like to know from Capt. Match if it is the same monster that he saw.

THE steamer *Merrimack* sailed for Boston last Thursday with general cargo and the following passengers: Mrs. Dominic McCormack,