The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

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JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager

Calendar for June, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 3rd day, 2h., 21.8m., a. m. S. W.
Last Qtr., 9th day, 5h. 37.4m., p.m., N.
New Moon, 17th day, 5h, 45.2 a.m, S. W.
First Qtr., 25th day, 9h., 41.1m., a.m., N.E.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m			
1	Sun	4 18.7	38	6 0	3 24	9 13
2	Mon	17	38	7 16	3 54	9 58
3	Tues	16	39	8 31	4 30	10 39
4	Wed	16	40	9 40	5 17	11 25
5	Thur	15	41	10 33	6 15	aft 11
6	Fri	15	42	11 23	7 29	0 58
7	Sat	14	43	morn	8 37	1 50
8	Sun	14	44	0 2	9 55	2 42
9	Mon	14	44	0 30	11 12	3 45
10	Tues	13	45	0 54	af 27	4 57
11	Wed	13	45	1 18	1 38	6 12
12	Thur	13	46	1 40	2 48	7 19
13	Fri	13	46	2 2	3 58	8 13
14	Sat	13	47	2 27	5 7	8 58
15	Sun	13	47	2 55	6 15	9 39
16	Mon	13	47	3 29	7 19	10 18
17	Tues	13	48	4 8	8 21	10 55
18	Wed	13	48	4 55	9 14	11 33
19	Thur	14	49	5 48	10 2	morn
20	Fri	14	49	6 49	10 38	0 10
21	Sat	14	49	7 51	11 10	0 45
22	Sun	14	49	8 14	11 38	1 22
23	Mon	14	49	9 51	morn	2 1
24	Tues	15	50	10 2	0 6	2 43
25	Wed	15	50	aft 3	0 20	3 32
26	Thur	16	50	1 13	0 45	4 33
27	Fri	16	50	2 21	1 2	5 30
28	Sat	16	50	3 35	1 25	6 51
29	Sun	17	50	4 50	1 49	7 53
30	Mon	4 17	50	6 7	2 23	8 48

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY!

—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1886, - - $20,371,960.79

TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the past twenty-two years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN.
Agent.

Corner Queen and Water Streets,
Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1888. 1y

Liebig Company's

EXTRACT OF MEAT.

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

P. G.

Are the initials for a reliable article that

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

W. B. should be in every HOME.

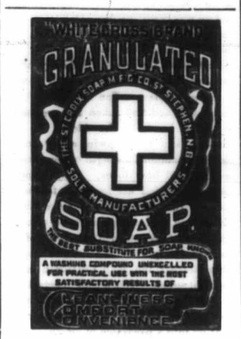
Blank books, bill heads and receipt forms in the best style, printed at the Herald Office.

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

Hullo! What's Up Now?

DON'T you see McCOUBRY & CO. intend giving their customers great bargains during the Xmas Holidays in Light Driving Harness. They have a large stock of their own manufacture on hand, and are determined to dispose of it by the first of the new year. Don't forget the prices are away below anything you have ever seen. Come one, come all, and get a bargain.

Don't forget the place, Great George St., opposite S. W. Crabbe's Hardware Store.



A

Pure dry Soap in fine Powder.

WONDER-

ful cleansing properties.

Price 5c.

The Charlottetown Hospital.

UNDER the management of the Sisters of Charity, visited daily by a staff of skilfull physicians, supplied with all the conveniences for the treatment of special cases, private rooms at moderate charges for private patients. For admission and other particulars apply to the Lady Superior or to any member of the medical staff.

March 12, 1890.—tf.

COAL TAR! COAL TAR!

FOR SALE,

170 bbls. Coal Tar,

put up in Kerosene Oil Casks. Apply at the GAS WORKS, Charlottetown.

April 23, 1890.—2m.

BLACK PILOT,

The Famous Trotting Stallion,

BLACK PILOT will make the season at the owner's stables, three doors east of Myrick's Fish Market, Grafton Street.

PILOT and his Stock are two well known to need any puffing.

REPORTER, the 6 year old Stallion, will also occupy stables in the same barn.

Pedigree—Reporter was sired by Hernando; first dam Bay Jenny, the dam of Pilot.

Terms, etc., made known on application to the undersigned.

GEO. A. DOCKENDORFF,
Owner

WILLIAM HORRIEL, Manager

Ch'town, May 14, 1890.—3m

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

B. B. B.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure saltrheum or eczema, ringworm, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA

We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Watches. Watches.

SOLID GOLD Ladies' and Gents' Open or Hunting Case Gold filled do., do., warranted to stand and wear better than a cheap gold case.

Silver and Silveroid, in key or stem-wind, with works thoroughly tested and warranted, from $5.00 up to $40.00. Cheaper can be supplied, but not warranted as reliable time-keepers.

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

Good value in every department.

G. H. TAYLOR.

Aug. 21. 1889. North Side Queen Square,

Grocery & Tea House!

P. MONAGHAN,

—IMPORTER AND DEALER IN—

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Confectionery, Flour, Molasses, Pork Ham, Lard and Choice Groceries.

ALL THE ABOVE ARE CHOICE AND VRYE CHEAP.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Try our 20c Tea. Nothing like it for the price.

Next to Miller Bros., Upper Queen Street.

Charlottetown, January 19, 1890.—1 yr.

Hardware, Hardware

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

CARPENTERS' HARDWARE A SPECIALTY.

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

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

FARMERS GET EVERYTHING THEY REQUIRE.

Splendid Steel MUD SHOVELS, English and American.

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

SELLING AT VERY LOW PRICES.

DODD & ROGERS.

Charlottetown, Dec. 24, 1888. QUEEN SQUARE

General Hardware!

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

NORTON & FENNELL,

May 28, 1890,

"Why don't you buy your clothing at Prowse Bros. Didn't I tell you you could buy a suit for yourself and a D e s for me for the price you pay for a suit any place else?"

"Let me down and I will always trade there in future. Prowse Bros. are always the cheapest."

PROWSE BROS.,

The Wonderful Cheap Men, 144 Queen Street.

The Dishonored Degree of D. D.

(A CLERGYMAN IN THE CHICAGO ADVANCE.

"This is the time when I am anticipating letters from men asking me to use my influence with a college to secure for them the degree of Doctor of Divinity. I write this not so much in self-defence as in reference to what is an evil custom. Yes, it is a custom, and it is a custom altogether too common as well as evil. The matter is somewhat of this sort. Mr. X. Y. thinks the time has come when he wants to write "D. D." after his name. He looks over the list of colleges among the officers of which he has friends; he writes to one of them; his friend replies that he will do all he can to secure the degree for him. He then writes to some distinguished and able minister, saying that there has been some mention of himself as a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Divinity in ——College, and he is sure that if this distinguished and able minister will be so good as to write a letter to the trustees of the college a letter from a gentleman so distinguished will have great weight. The distinguished and able gentleman writes the letter. He multiplies this distinguished and able minister by some six or ten. The impression created among the trustees of ——College is that the world is demanding that the degree of "D. D." be conferred upon this man, and, in nine cases out of ten, conferred it is. All this is bad. It is bad for the man who receives the degree. The degree is somewhat of a lie. It is not conferred as an honor, but is conferred as the result of his own personal application. It is bad for the college, which is dragooned into giving a first rate degree to a third-rate man. It is bad for the meaning of the degree itself, debasing it. It is now in certain ways more honorable not to have the degree than to have it."

From all this it appears that our Catholic colleges are not alone in their folly of conferring degrees that mean nothing on persons, that in great part do not deserve even degrees that mean nothing.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

The Last Painting.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

There dwelt once in a stately castle a beautiful dark eyed boy, the last of a noble race, and a fair, golden-haired lady, his mother. Far and near was this lady known for her gentle goodness, her sweet charity, and hardly a peasant bent his knee at evening beneath the shadow of the great castle, but asked God's blessing on her head. Many years before, when the boy was but a toddling thing, the grim call of war had taken from her the lord of the castle—her husband. She uttered no complaint, she made no moan, when in the great wide doors he stood and with white lips kissed her and the boy, then sprang upon his horse and dashed away, not daring to look back at the picture of silent anguish the great doors framed. And the young wife took up her burden of suspense, dread and weary waiting and bore it with gentle patience, though the rose faded from her cheek and her blue eyes grew sad and wistful. Then one day the waiting came to an end, when, through the gates of the castle they bore its dead lord wrapped in a blood stained flag, under whose stand he had bravely fought and fell. And the young wife knelt beside the cold, dead form and prayed heaven to give her strength to bear her trial, and as though in answer to that prayer, a little child stole to her side and slipped its baby hand in hers, and that touch brought something of peace even there beside the newly dead, and clasping the small form closely to her murmured another prayer. "Oh, God, take my little one in Thy care; never let him stray from Thee; keep him ever pure and true to the faith of his fathers."

The years went on, and the young lord of the castle grew from childhood to boyhood environed by a mother's tender love, guarded by a mother's prayers, taught all that is purest and best from a mother's gentle lips. He was beautiful, with the dark beauty of his father's race; he was proud, impetuous, daring; but he was innocent and pure of heart. Early in him the fire of genius began to glow, and sitting at his mother's feet, his dark curly head resting against her shoulder, he would tell her of the ambitious dreams which filled his young mind; of how some day, in the years to come, he would be a great artist, whose fame would ring through the world and whose pictures would live forever. And the mother, as she listened and watched the flushed cheek and sparkling eyes, would sometimes sigh and answer thus: "Dear, always remember that the truest greatness is first to be noble and pure of heart; and no matter how we may appear before the world, how great, how high, it will avail us nothing if we are not pleasing in the sight of heaven." And the boy listened patiently and reverently sometimes bending his proud head to kiss the white, jewelled hand laid so tenderly on his arm. Then came a time when a first great sorrow darkened his young life and grief and gloom hung over the castle, for its sweet and gentle lady lay ill unto death. Just before death came she laid her hand on the dark, bowed head of the boy as he knelt in speechless woe beside her, and said to him; "My child live so that we may be united in heaven, where there is no more parting; do not forget what I have tried to teach you—to be noble and pure and good, and always remember I am waiting for you there."

The years had passed, the boy had become a man, and the ambitious dreams of his boyhood had all come to pass; no greater artist ever lived; his pictures were the wonder of the age; his name rang through the land. But had he one let throughout all the flattery and homage of the world, the teaching of that dead mother? Alas, no; it was an age of unbelief, and in the whirlpool of skepticism raging round him his faith was engulfed. He still cherished tenderly and reverently the memory of that loved mother, but he believed no longer in the God she had taught him to love in his innocent boyhood, nor in the heaven where she had said she would wait for him. One day, when a great church was being built, they came and asked him to paint a picture to hang there. But when they told him the picture they wanted was a thorn crowned head of Jesus Christ, he very reluctantly promised to paint it; for all his great pictures had been painted under that inspiration which lights the road to genius, and he felt no inspiration would come to him where he had no belief. It was some days before he could bring himself to begin, but at length he stood before the easel on which was the bare canvass, brush in hand, and listlessly, with a frown on his brow, began to paint. It was early morning, the soft summer air came through the wide-open windows and gently lifted the raven hair from his contracted brow; it was the fresh, quiet hour when inspiration had always come to his wooing. And in a little while his hand began to move more rapidly, his eyes lighted from an inward fire, his dark cheek flushed hotly, his breath came quick and fast.

The hours passed by, but he still labored on; no food had that day passed his lips, but he was unconscious of hunger. A strange, enrapt feeling held him, a strange power seemed to guide his hand, and the picture grew with marvellous rapidity upon the canvass. The long summer day drew to its close, the artist's face grew whiter and whiter the sweat of exhaustion stood thick upon his brow. Then as twilight crept into the room, and its dusky shadows hid the long day's strange work, his hand fell heavily to his side; with a sigh of complete exhaustion he sank upon the soft rug at the foot of the easel and sank into profound slumber. For hours he slept; darkness fell, then the moon rose higher and higher until its light poured through the window upon the picture upon the easel. As it stood upon, bathed in silvery light the artist awoke with a great start and looked upon it. Had he gone mad or was he dreaming, for surely his brain never conceived nor his hand executed that picture. A face infinitely, pathetically beautiful, with great, mournful, patient eyes, in which lay a world of saddness, and mute reproach. The soft, bronze-tinted hair was pushed back from the brows, and about them was pressed a crown of thorns, while the blood trickled slowly over the marble pallor of cheek and brow. The artist rose slowly, with fascinated gaze still bent upon the picture. The beautiful, pathetic eyes seemed to be looking their sad reproch right into his very soul, and his heart began to beat with a strange pain. Again he was a little child sitting at the feet of that sweet, dead mother listening to the sad story of how Jesus suffered and died. Bah! he was only a credulous child then, and now he is a man able to reason and think and how beautiful and how sad that face, how patient, how reproachful the mournful eyes; and those sharp and cruel thorns—what pitiless hand had pressed them into the delicate flesh. Sin had fashioned them and unbelief pressed them there. Bah! what thoughts were those? Had this face which had grown so strangly under his hand, made a weak fool of him? He will blot it and his weakness out forever. He caught up a brush and raised his hand to dash it across the face, but his hand fell again heavily to his side. No, no, he could not while those eyes looked up to his. Ah! beautiful, sad eyes, dark with the shadow of the cross, beneath the crown of cruel, mocking thorns, you have melted the ice above his heart. With a great sob, down on his knees the artist sank, and the tears fell heavily on his hands as he raised them, clasped to the pictured face. "Jesus," he murmured, "Thou hast conquered, forgive, have mercy." There the words died on his lips, he sank back and lay stunned motionless beneath the pictured dead.

And thus they found him in the morning, and thought at first he slept, for there was a smile on the lips and a strange peace on the face but when they tried to rouse him they found he was dead.

There hangs in a certain great church, whose fame has spread all over the world—a thorn-crowned head of Jesus Christ painted as no hand has or ever will again paint it. From the shadow of the glory the beautiful, sad eyes look down upon kneeling thousands. The name of him who painted it will live forever and though long years have passed since they found him dead beneath the picture, tottering old men and women still tell why it is called "The Last Painting."—*Catholic Mirror.*

The Catholic World.

GERMANY,

GERMANY AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Leo XIII, in his letter to the archbishop of Cologne, directs that a new college shall be established in Germany to educate priests destined for the African missions. Already Germany possesses three missionary houses—one at Munster, in Westphalia, another at Reichenbach, in Bavaria, and the third at Steyl, on the Dutch frontier. This last institution has developed rapidly. In consequence of the Kulturkampft, it could not be founded in Germany, but the teaching staff and the students are German. Five years ago the Propaganda entrusted the missions of central Russia to the care of this house. A fourth German missionary house has just been founded in Rome, and the Propaganda has assigned to it the growing missions of Thibet. With the new college which is to be provided for African work, the Catholic church in Germany will be remarkably well equipt for the foreign missions.

HUNGARY.

MIXED MARRIAGES.—The religion of the children born of mixed marriages has become a hot question between the Hungarian government and the bishops. A law, passed in 1868, ordained that such children, if boys, shall be brought up in the father's faith, and, if girls, in the mother's. Last February, the minister of public worship, Count Czacky, for the stricter observance of this law, ordered that every minister who baptized a child born of a mixed marriage should, within eight days, send a certificate of baptism to the minister of the religion of the other parent, in order that their child might be educated according to this law; and every infraction of the order was to be punished by a money fine of fifty to one hundred florins. The cardinal-primate of Hungary, before the promulgation of this decree, wrote to Count Czacky, protesting that it would give rise to endless difficulties and differences, adding that, if it was insisted upon, dispensation for such marriages would in future be refused. Nevertheless, the decree was published, and the Hungarian bishops held a meeting at which it was decided to ask for instructions from the Holy See. Cardinal Simor went to Vienna to submit this resolution to the Emperor; while the archbishop of Erlau left for Rome where he is still detained. A hope is now expressed that the matter may be satisfactorily arranged between the curia and the government, as such religious difficulties in Hungary have always been hitherto. And the fact that Count Czacky is a settled fervent Catholic quickens the hope.

Drunkenness the Ruin of Nations.

It is a remarkable historical fact, says a European exchange, that the great ruling nations of the world were water drinkers, and for centuries increased in greatness and prosperity until they became enervated by wine and other luxuries. The Persians, until the reign of Cyrus, were water drinkers, but they gradually became intemperate and were conquered. The Greeks, in the first year of their grand empire, led temperate lives and conquered many nations under Alexander, who became master of the known world; but he fell an untimely victim to intemperance, having quaffed off the large wine cup in honor of Bacchus, after which he was seized with fever, and died in the bloom of his manhood and the zenith of his glory and power. Rome, the great mistress of the world, held boundless sway over all nations as long as her brave sons remained sober, but as her rulers introduced the luxuries of the East among her temperate inhabitants and worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus, she was crushed, ruined and fell, and tremendous was the fall thereof. Holofernes, the great general of the Assyrians, would have conquered Israel as he did other nations, but, being a slave to drunkenness, he lost his life at the hands of his magnanimous Judith. The liberation of Israel from the cruel foreign invaders was lost by the drunkenness of the brave Machabeus and his sons and followers, who were treacherously slain by Ptolemy and his soldiers whilst they were intoxicated. The battle of Hastings, which decided the destinies of England, was lost by the intemperance of the English soldiers, who spent the night before the battle guzzling beer, whilst the hardy Normans under William were strengthening their bodies and souls by wholesome prayer for that eventful battle which they bravely fought and nobly won, and by which they became masters of England. The freedom of Ireland was lost also by intemperance. During 1798, as long as the Irish remained temperate they defeated their enemies, routed them to a man, but as soon as they gave themselves to intoxication they were defeated.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

The London Tablet reports that the English bishops have unanimously decided to call upon the whole Catholic body in England to unite with them in an earnest and persevering endeavor to stem the tide of evils occasioned by the national vice of intemperance, and that a document on the subject is to be read from every pulpit on the first Sunday in every month. This important document or appeal is not yet published, but we understand that it is exceedingly comprehensive, inviting the co-operation of all, however restrained or however generous that co-operation may be. The Catholic church has now for over twenty years been engaged in grappling with this vice of intemperance, both by missions and various confraternities as well as by total abstinence societies, which have been more or less widely spread throughout the country. But no uniform measure, embracing every diocese and parish within the kingdom, has till now ever been adopted; and we doubt whether any other religious body has adopted a more comprehensive method of appeal. It will be easy for the English bishops to agree upon a uniform measure, because in the Catholic laity of England the offensive and irreconcilable Prohibitionist is unknown.—*Exchange.*

Roman Notes of Interest.

Since the Papal Mass for the German Pilgrimage, on the 10th ult., the Holy Father has enjoyed a season of respite, merely one or two Bishops, come for the visit ad limina having been received in private audiences. Thursday May 15, he admitted to collective audience in the Hall of the Throne, the new Abbot-General of the Cassinese Benedictines of the Primitive Observance, the new Superior General of the Clerks Regular, known as the Somaschi, and the new Praepositus General of the Passionists, accompained by their respective Procurators General and by the Capitular Father, come to Rome for the election of their respective Superiors General.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites in the session of May 13, pronounced a favorable decision relative to the validity of the several processes which, by virtue of apostolic delegation, have been made by the Bishop of Belley, regarding the cause of beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, John Baptist Vianney, Cure of Ars. On May 27th, in ordinary session, the same Sacred Congregation treated, among other matters, the revision of the writing of Venerable Isidore Gagelin, one of the martyrs of Cochinchina.

The Difesa, of Venice gives to the public the following decision of the tribunal of the Sacred Penitenzieria, in reply to the dubium proposed by a parish priest of the diocese of Mantua, relative to the case of a penitent professing openly the opinion that the flames of hell be not real fire but merely metaphorical; that is, that the pains of hell, be they what they may, are styled fire, so to say; because that element producing the most intense suffering, the torments of hell are indicated thereby, as no other image could so fitly convey the idea of excessive physical and mental pain. This opinion being widespread in that part of the land, the petitioner demands if it be lawful to permit the said opinion and to give absolution to those professing the same? The Sacred Congregation responded thus: "Penitents of this kind are to be carefully instructed, and the contumacious are not to be absolved."

The periodical, Il Rosario e la Nuova Pompei, publishes a Pontifical Brief bearing date March 28, 1890, wherewith the Sovereign Pontiff takes under his protection the Sanctuary of the Virgin of Pompei, erected under advice and by the authoritative permission of the Bishop of Nola, by the pious zeal and munificence of Advocate Longo and his consort, Countess De Fusco, and already enriched with copious spiritual privileges and a conspicuous centre of popular devotion and pilgrimage. This Brief, in contradistinction to all other Briefs, bears the sign manual of Leo XIII., who chose to subscribe it with his own name in token of his special deference and affection for the Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompei, is that of consecrating the altars of the church and of naming a Vicar for the exercise of the functions, in accordance with these faculties, "the two founders of the Sanctuary of Pompei now depend wholly and exclusively on the Cardinal Protector, and to him alone are called upon to render account of their proceedings relative to the Sanctuary." His Eminence has already appointed the Vicar, the Rector of the Temple and the Confessor of the Sanctuary Church, and has made known his entire approval of all that has hitherto been done by the two founders for the furtherance of their benevolent enterprise.

The New York Catholic Review pertinently says: "Some of our excitable brethren whose dread of the Catholic church in America is tremendous, ought to attend the services to be held at the Paulist church on Sunday evening. Nineteen veteran organizations of the soldiers who fought in the late war will fill the vast edifice, and two veterans will conduct the service. Father Walter Elliott, Paulist, late sergeant in the Fifth Ohio volunteers, and Father James Boyle of Massachussetts, late lieutenant in the Thirty-seventh New York volunteers. The latter gentleman will preach. This gathering of the veterans within the walls of a Catholic church has its significance, and the fact that two old soldiers are the priests to conduct the service is still more significant. They are not the only veterans who, having given their country special service, are now specially devoted to the service of Christ. In more than one diocese of the country can be found the priest who in his youth went to the front and offered his life for his country. Catholics do not care to boast of these things until they are made to by the outcry of such creatures as Josiah Strong. But it is well for all our brethren to understand the strength of the grip we have on our native land.

A MARVELLOUS RECOVERY.—I was so ill with inflammatory rheumatism in 1882 that I was given up, and had all my earthly business put in order. One of my sons begged me to get Burdock Blood Bitters. After the third bottle I could sit up alone and eat a good meal, and in six weeks I was out of bed, doing better than I ever felt. I take three bottles every spring, and was never ill. Mrs M. N. D. Benard, Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

LAME BACK CURED.—"Seven years ago I was troubled with lame back and could scarcely move. Several remedies failed, but on trying Hagyard's Yellow Oil, I found immediate relief, and two bottles effected a complete cure." Mrs. Humble, Cobourg, P. O., Ont.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE