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The Passion Flower.

By JOEL BRYSON.

The late Countess de Chamburn, whose fine character and purity of life had been published in the volume containing her verses.

Behold, as hastens my decline— The flower I vain would cherish mine—

But what imports my fancy name? A wreath of thorns a heavenly dame,

It blooms at times with hope's relief, Again it purples with grief;

It breathes with joy's or sorrow's breath; It speaks of birth and signals death.

It seems to note my life's decline— This flower which I have christened mine;

As fade the sunlight and the day, In all our joys, our pain and strife,

Behold it now! It fades away— To bloom again some future day.

Raymond's Monthly.

"Expected."

By TERESA B. O'HARE.

When you come home, Will you steal in, I wonder,

Just as long years ago you stole away, And kissed me smiling, though my tears

When you come home, Methinks I see you kneeling

Beside my chair with laughter in your eyes, And I can feel your arms around me stealing,

While tears of joy are falling from eyes, When you come home.

When you come home, We'll kneel before the altar,

Our mother's shrine you always called your own, And I will tell you how I asked our

Father, To hear my wanderer's prayers before my own, When you come home.

When you come home, We will not speak of sorrow,

But I will tell you how I kneel each day, And ask our Father in His gracious

mercy, To keep even passing dreams of wrong away, When you come home.

When you come home, Let it be soon, my darling,

Or you may know, and I will be at rest, And then I knew the child that loved me

always, Will humbly kneel and say, "God knoweth best," When you come home.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Rev. Father McCarthy answers "United Canada."

In the Star, Western and Free Press.

Sir, I am sorry to have to add a few lines to the multiplicity of written

nowadays on the much threshed-out school question. It is not to add fuel to the flames, but to enable fair-minded

publishing facts as against the fables so presently circulated in this press.

Yesterday's issue of the Free Press quotes from United Canada, which has a wrangle with the Catholic Truth

Society of this city—this society by the way, enjoys the sanction of ecclesiastical authority. In this quotation,

besides errors, it is sought to establish that nationality is at the bottom of the contention; that it is the French who

went separate schools. I am an Old Country Irishman, residing in Manitoba for nearly twenty-eight years. I assisted Archbishop

Tache in opening the first Catholic separate school in Winnipeg—the present St. Mary's academy—in 1869.

But neither His Grace nor I could have succeeded as soon as we did, were it not for an ardent Irishman, Mr. Kennedy. He ably organized the

sections were the best of neighbors, in spite of occasional demagogues who were restless spirits, trying for their own ends, to set the people at each other's throats.

I further bear testimony to the fact that the French and English speaking Catholics worked harmoniously together, and with equal generosity aided in the

turbulence of church and school interests. Furthermore, I always observed that those Irishmen who were

and are ever harping on the ice: that the Irish alone pay the very men who never give anything themselves

"Empty vessels make the most noise." The French night-school which seems to oppress Mr. O'Donohue makes him

the Irish people's school money and property misapplied—used for church purposes, sent off to France, etc., etc.

"As I was here all through these school managements, and being an Irishman like Mr. O'Donohue, I was a right to speak too." The facts are that the school sites, houses, furniture, etc., were provided by money sent from France, except as I said

what Mr. Deschambault paid (\$1,500) the English and French paying their quota of taxes, or subscriptions to pay teachers, etc. I respectfully request

Mr. O'Donohue to produce evidence that they were not so paid, which by the bye, should have been done before

the accusation was made. In 1836 and 1837, two new school houses were erected, the present

Brothers' school and the Holy Angels school, with money borrowed by the

fathers of St. Mary's (\$4,750), which schools were used by the trustees of the Winnipeg Catholic school district, and for which they agreed to pay the

fathers \$200 interest or rent yearly. This was paid for two years, till the

wolf came down on the fold, and since 1839 instead of the fathers receiving the fruits of their generous people by personal sacrifices amounting to several

hundreds of dollars yearly. I would like to know where we get the money Mr. O'Donohue tells United Canada

want it so badly at home just now. The fact is that the great bulk of funds for church and school purposes in Winnipeg came from France, with

out counting the clerical education of all the priests who came here. St. Joseph's and Immaculate Conception schools were erected and equipped on the same lines.

A truly religious and Catholic spirit actuated the whole of our parishioners in Winnipeg in their dealings with church and school matters, and not a sectional or national spirit.

Of course, there was always a black sheep—one or two Catholics, who, not living up to the rules of our religion, were never in touch with church

interests—having some spleen to vent, time to time to create trouble, to criticize what they were ignorant of, and to lend a hand to the enemies of the peace of the country.

It was even tried to bring in the Irish priests and make people believe that nationality divided them on this

question of the schools. Their Graces, Archbishop Tache and Langevin never hampered or prevented us Irish

priests from comparing methods, and devising means of securing equal results with the public schools, but

requested us to follow up and improve the system by every means.

To sum up: Here are my answers to the three questions put by United Canada:

1. Is it true that the taxes, which are paid for school purposes, are not

entirely expended for those purposes, but are partially applied to other purposes? It is not true—I will rest upon the categorical denial, so long as

detached charges, specifying time and place, are not made, when an accurate record, the burden of proof lies on the accuser.

2. Is it true that a rental was charged for one of the schools, although the lands were a free grant, and the school built with the money of Catholic laymen?

It is not true. Here again I might avoid specific charges, and ask what school is meant. But I have given above a detailed answer.

3. Is the movement dictated solely in the interest of one dominant nationality, which, in Mr. O'Donohue's language, "does the bidding" while the Irish "do the paying" for the foregoing remarks on the subject sufficient proof of this third and last denial.

JOSEPH MCCARTHY, O. M. I. St. Mary's Presbytery, Winnipeg, April 31, 1895.

Japan.—Kumamoto Mission.

THE SICK AND DYING.

How sad is the sick and dying in pagan lands! To suffer without hope; to cease to suffer in this world, in order to suffer still more in the next, perhaps for ever! Can you think of this without shuddering?

Out of the vast pagan population confined to me, the number of these unfortunate must be counted by thousands and tens of thousands who pass every year in such a fate.

Of course, there are many kinds of sick. There are the adult sick and dying, and there are little children who have not yet the use of reason. There are the sick and dying in their hospitals; the sick and dying in their homes, but are lying by the roadside or in abandoned huts. There are the ordinary diseases; the contagious or epidemic diseases—dysentery, cholera, which so often depopulate small towns, typhoid, cholera, the four scourges which so often depopulate small towns; but above all, leprosy and syphilis, two evils no less terrible.

Close by Kumamoto, there is a hamlet called Honmijō, from the name of a pagoda, much frequented by pious Buddhists. This pagoda is also the rendezvous of all kinds of sick, especially of lepers and the syphilitic, who gather hither from all parts of the Empire. The greater part of these wretched creatures are outcasts for ever from their families, to whom they have caused dishonor and ruin. As the people of Kumamoto are very tolerant in their regard, many end by establishing themselves for good in the hamlet, where they form one of the most pitiable collections of beings to be seen in the whole world.

The state of these wretches is really terrible. They are piled one on top of the other in miserable hovels be-

B.B.B. THE SECRET CURES DYSPEPSIA SCROFULA CONSTIPATION

longing to other poor people, to whom they pay about a fifth or two-fifths of each, daily, for their lodging.

In general, they have only one garment, but what a garment! I have seen in one of these wretched holes a poor mother who had no feet, scarcely any hands, and no other clothing than an old piece of rag which scarcely covered half of her shoulders, with her little naked baby she strove to cover the rest of her person.

Those who can still walk, go about the city and the country begging. The more successful succeed on good days in getting as much as three or four cents. If they have no good luck, they return in the evening to Honmijō and sleep in the hovels just described. Some go a great distance and do not return for days or weeks. The villagers treat them with considerable humanity, but they cannot get a lodging anywhere; they have to sleep in the vestibule of a temple, in a corner of a field, or in the forest or on the naked earth, or on a plank of wood. To cook the few handfuls of rice which they have begged, they carry a little saucepan, worth about four or five cents, and prepare their poor meal far away from dwelling houses, wherever they can find a bit of dry wood to make a fire. Those who cannot walk, get themselves carried or drag themselves to the wide avenue or the steps leading to the pagoda, where from morning to night they implore the charity of pilgrims and passers-by. The maximum of their daily receipts is said to be from two to three cents. But often enough, through the want of visitors or other causes, they get only a few centimes, sometimes nothing, and many of these remain two or three days without eating.

As said above, they sleep in huts or common sheds. But when their disease reaches a certain stage, they become insupportable to their neighbors, and then they are expelled. From this moment they no longer appear with the rest, they sleep outside abandoned by all, without mat or cover, exposed to wind and rain, weeping, groaning, sighing for death, which generally is not slow in coming. Then nothing is left but to bury them. Four or five of their companions dig a pit. An old barrel is bought, the corpse is thrown into it, and the whole deposited in the ground, without priest or ceremonies. A burial costs eighteen or twenty cents. But where is the money to come from? As I have said, some of them have a little saucepan, this is sold. Each has also a rag of clothing; of course this cannot be left in the pit, so it is sold too, and may fetch eight or ten cents. Then, there are, beside the novels, drug-hops, and regular hawkers to poor farmers of the neighborhood as manure, and the produce serves to complete the cost of the funeral.

Some time ago I was desirous to ascertain the history of a certain number of these wretched inhabitants of Honmijō. Here are some of the details I obtained:

1.—Furuya Ukichi, of the province of Nagato, aged 28; a leper. Has three brothers, all very wretched, who are unable to keep him. Has been blind for two years. Came from home penniless, begging on the way. If he gets better, says he will return home. Adds that he has never seen anybody cured since he came. Says that he suffers very much in body and that his soul is very sad.

2.—Whitely speaking his tears roll down his cheeks, which are all eaten away with leprosy.

3.—Uyeda Utsu, province of Iyo, aged 30. Has had leprosy since he was 21, and has been three years blind. Efforts were made to cure him at home, and his parents have spent upon him about \$300, constituting their all.

4.—Ayuwara Ochoe, of the same province; 18 years old; of poor family, who are quite unable to attend to him. Has had leprosy only two years, but is already frightfully disfigured.

5.—Fukuzawa Kanekichi, of Sagami province, 28. Rides of a poor family, whose support he had been. Has been a leper three years. Thinks only of his parents and wonders what they now do to live. Sleeps in the woods, on the bare earth, or on a stone.

6.—Chikuba Teru, town of Shimabara, a girl of 19; has had leprosy three years. Says her people were comfortably off, but have spent all on trying to get her cured.

7.—Kato Matsuo, province of Tajima, 30. Has only his mother, who brought him herself to Honmijō. As he can't walk, she goes about begging for him.

8.—Nakamura Namō, of district of Akita, in Higo, girl 22. Has had leprosy since she was 15; has no relations.

9.—Tanaka Rihō, province of Sanuki, 33. Has had leprosy for six years. Nobody can remain near him on account of offensive odor, so he sleeps in the open air. Cannot walk; often has nothing to eat. Appears to long to die.

10.—Mikado Ukichi, of Chikugo province, 25. Has had leprosy since age of 22. Can walk a little, but cannot go beyond precincts of pagoda; begs alms from pilgrims, cats when he can, and sleeps outside.

11.—Matsubara Kaneshichi, province of Sanuki, 18. Can no longer walk, and sleeps outside. Seems discontented that he has ever been created.

Here then are ten specimens of lepers, in honor of the ten lepers of the Gospel. I think they will suffice. From them you can form an idea of the rest.

I dare not give any details regarding the sufferings from syphilis of both sexes, still more disgusting and more miserable than the lepers. "Who has sinned, these or their parents?" Answer: We are all sinners; let him that is without sin cast the first stone!

In conclusion. We must try to save at least the souls of these unfortunate pagans, who have our own nature, the nature which belongs also to Christ and His Mother, who are blessed in all ages! But to save their souls, we must begin with their bodies. A hospital is necessary. To found it will require from \$700 to \$8,000; and to keep it up, abundant resources yearly. Catholic nurses are needed to look after the hospitals and private houses so as to visit and nurse the sick, instruct and baptize them. Each one will cost some \$60 a year, besides alms to distribute to the most necessitous.

I recommend to your charity our poor pagans, sick and dying. He who has promised to reward a cup of cold water, will repay whatever you do for them. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Agonizing Heart of Mary, health, of the sick and comfort of the afflicted, pray for us, pray for the sick and dying pagans! Amen.

Letters reach me direct at the address: Rev. J. J. Corre, Missionary noble, Lord from Montreal, Japan, and Money-Orders may be sent by post, or to Father Hinard, Director of the Foreign Missions, 128 Rue du Bac, Paris, or to the Father Treasurer St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

J. M. CORRE, M. A. P. Imprimi potest. J. A. Ep. Nag.

Enter Fire at Ancient Florence.

One of the chief ceremonies of Holy Saturday is the blessing of the Paschal candle and its lighting from "new fire," obtained from a flint. In Florence, a picturesque modification of this custom dates back to the time of the Crusades. Foremost among the heroes who hastened to wrest the Holy Land from Moslem hold were the gallant cavaliers of Florence; and when Godfrey de Bouillon led the successful assault on Jerusalem, the first knight who mounted the walls is said to have been the Florentine noble, Lord from Montebelluno. He it was, amid a furious shower of Saracenic missiles, bravely held his ground, and planted the banner of the Crusaders on the ramparts of the Holy City.

For this deed, Godfrey crowned him with a mural crown, and presented him with three staves of the Holy Sepulchre. When Pazzi dei Pazzi returned home after his campaign, the inhabitants of his native city honored him with a triumphal entry. On the conclusion of the festivities, the knight went on foot to the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Porta and presented the three staves to it. Ever after that the "new fire" of Easter Sunday was obtained in Florence from the flint.

As a reward for the offering of a member of their family, the Pazzi were allowed to receive the blessed fire before anyone else, and permitted to light the pile in front of the church.

In time, however, the pile was done away with, and its place taken by a huge, pyramid-like box, placed on massive rollers, and which was drawn by a pair of old-fashioned oxen. This box is now centuries old, and the oxen which once drew it are now extinct, and the rest of the ornamentation has nearly all been destroyed. It is said that around the square four carved dolphins, which supported a mural crown. There are no traces of them left at present. On Easter Saturday, this car (the Carro dei Pazzi, as it is called) is moved in front of the Cathedral of Florence. The fire is obtained from the flint in the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Porta, and the Paschal candle, lit from it, is borne with great pomp through the streets to the Cathedral and placed on the steps of the high altar.

A rope is then made fast to one of the pillars on the altar, connecting it with the car. At the end, is gilded a white dove made of metal, holding in its beak a rocket with which it is to ignite the fuse of the ordinance. It is so lanced that it can easily shoot along the rope. The church and the square outside have meanwhile become packed with people, breathing the popular superstition among the Florentines, that if the dove does not succeed in firing the cannon, crops will fail. At last all is ready. The Gloria in excelsis is intoned. The Archbishop, who officiates, takes the Paschal candle and approaches the rocket. Like a dart the dove shoots along the rope against the fire. Now, then, is a moment when the crowd fairly fear to breathe. Did the sparks of the rocket ignite the fuse? All eyes are riveted on the car. At last the suspense is broken, the guns roar and thunder, the Cathedral chiming begins to sound, and soon the bells of every church in the city toll out the end of the Lenten season.

SICK HEADACHE and constipation are promptly cured by BURDOCK PILLS. Easy to take, sure in effect.

An Anecdote Of Bishop Manogue.

The late Bishop Manogue of Sacramento was a pioneer in the west. In the "sixties" his missionary labors extended over all the Sage Brush States and into parts of California.

It is related of him that once, in the winter of Piche, he found himself benighted some distance from the town. His horse strayed off the trail and carried the rider to a miner's cabin in a gulch. He dismounted and knocked for admission.

Two fence-looking fellows presented themselves with ready revolvers. The priest assured them that he had not come "to jump their claim." He was going to attend a sick man in Piche and had missed his way. After some casual talk he allowed him to picket his horse in the gulch, but would not permit him to enter the cabin. While talking with the prospectors he reached in and picked up a violin which stood by the cabin door, and placing one end of it to his shoulder drew forth such sweet, soul-stirring music, to the air of "The Coulin," as made the tears flow freely over the bearded cheeks of the miners. Their doubts were dissipated. They concluded that a man who had so much music in his soul could not be a claim jumper. They took him in, discovered that he was a genuine priest, and after supper accompanied him to Piche, where he attended to the sick man and celebrated Mass for his people.

Praying to the Mother of God. It is significant that not a few Protestant clergymen now recommend their hearers to pray to the Blessed Virgin. One of the innovators is the Rev. Lewis T. Watson, of St. John's Protestant Episcopal church, Kingston, N. Y. In a sermon preached on the subject of the Purification he declared that, "as Mother of God, the Virgin Mary should be especially venerated. It is time," he said, "to lay aside some of the Protestant prejudices on this subject; and when we pray, to ask Mary to intercede for us with God." Father Watson argued that if Christ listened to Mary's request at the marriage-feast of Cana, why would He not do so now when she is Queen of Heaven? The argument of the Rev. Father Watson is as old as the hills; novel as it may have seemed to many of his listeners; and it is as strong as it is venerable. Unquestionably, it was at the suggestion of His Holy Mother that Christ wrought the "beginning of miracles" in Cana of Galilee; and they have continued ever since. It is time—high time—as Father Watson maintains, for Protestants to lay aside their prejudices. But if it be lawful to invoke the intercession of the Mother of God, how refrained from doing so? And why, if she desired to be "especially venerated," have they not always honored her, as the Church does? A change has come over the mind of God, the denomination which Father Watson represents, but what is true does not admit of change.—Ave Maria.

Not an Easy Religion. Don't become a Catholic for any other reason except to save your soul. The Catholic religion is a religion of self-denial—of abstinence from meat on Friday, of fasting in Lent, of guard of the eyes and the tongue, of control of the lower passions, of the steady practice of virtue. It is not for Sundays exclusively, but for every day of the week. It is a hard religion to live by, but an easy religion to die by because it takes away from death its terror, it gives peace, grace and hope to the soul, and it gives its faithful children a moral certainty of immortality.—Catholic Telegraph.

Country Poem that Won the Prize at Goff Bros. When shoes you are wanting please give us a call, The rich man, the poor man, we keep stock for all. With figures so low and material so rare, You are hard to please, if you go elsewhere, The fine Button Kid and the Blucherette gay, Is the style for this season, so come on this way. Goff Bros., on Queen Street, their fame's far and wide, For their make and their finish, the Island's defied. If your boots or your rubbers perchance want repair, Call into Goff Bros, you'll find your man there. JOHN A. McDUGALL. Clyde River, Lot 31.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL. Truth is Mighty And will prevail. CARTERS' Seed Store WILL BE Removed. On Wednesday, April 17th, To the store lately occupied by the BAZAAR CO., Adjoining their present premises. GEO. CARTER & CO., Clothiers and Booksellers, Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 17th, 1895. This you can prove to your satisfaction by calling at our Store and examining our immense stock of the MOST FAMOUS CLOTHS IN THE MARKET. SUITS from these Cloths in wear for near two years are as bright and good color as the day they were made. BELWARPS are the best. Have them. The Finest Line of Hats in the City. John MacLeod & Co., MERCHANT TAILORS. Charlottetown, April 10, 1895.

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