The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13 1889. VOL. XIX. NO. 3

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Wednesday

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE,

CONNOLLY'S BUILDING,

Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

Contracts made for Monthly, Quarterly, Half-yearly, or Yearly Advertisements, on application.

Remittances may be made by Draft, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

All Correspondence should be addressed to the HERALD Printing Company, or to

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager.

Calendar for November, 1889.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 11h., 52.7m., a. m., N.
Last Qtr., 15th day, 4h. 23.3m., p.m., N. W.
New Moon, 22nd day, 9h. 31.1m., p.m., N. W.
First Qtr., 29th day, 1h., 16.2m., p. m., E.

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

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

TRADE MARK

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST, CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.
Manf'r of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

North British and Mercantile
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY!
—OF—
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
Total Assets, 1886, - - $29,371,980.79

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

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

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent.
Corner Queen and Water Streets, Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1888. 1y

1889.

Boston Direct

Boston, Halifax & P. E. Island

STEAMSHIP LINE.

Only Direct Line without Change

CHARLOTTETOWN to BOSTON

The Staunch and Commodious Steamships

Carroll and Worcester,

Having been thoroughly refurnished and put into first-class condition in every respect, will, during the season of 1889, run as follows, commencing with the

CARROLL,

From Charlottetown, Thursday, 9th May, at 6 p. m.

One of these vessels will leave Boston for Charlottetown EVERY WEDNESDAY, at Noon, and Charlottetown for Boston EVERY THURSDAY, at Four o'clock p. m.

Excellent Passenger accommodation. Low rates.

FARES—First-class Passage Berth in well-furnished Cabin, $5.50. Stateroom Berth, $2.00 extra.

Lowest Rates for Freight, which is always carefully handled,

CARVELL BROS., Agents, Charlottetown.
HARRISON LORING, Treasurer,
R. B. GARDNER, Manager
Lewis' Wharf, Boston.
May 8, 1889—tf

NOTICE!

HAVING resigned the onerous position of Express Agent, I am now prepared to devote my whole time to business; and in order to still further extend its proportions, I purpose giving attention to a

Wholesale Department,

in conjunction with my retail trade. Country dealers will find the stock of

Miscellaneous Works,
School Stationery,
School Supplies,
School Books,

Cheapest on P. E. Island.

With additional room and increased facilities for trade, I am determined to give even

Better Value than Ever.

Give Me a Call.

THEO. L. CHAPPELLE.
Diamond Bookstore, Queen St., Queen Sq.
Charlottetown, July 24, 1889.

GENERAL AGENCY,

Donald McKenzie,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,

Insures both men and women on all plans of

Life & Accident Insurance

In the Manufacturer's.

Rt. Hon. Sir John A. McDonald, President.

Also dealer in the Celebrated Farm Machinery, made by A. Harris, Son & Co., J. O. Wisner, Son & Co., Brantford, Ont., and B. Bell & Son, of St. George, Ont.

Charlottetown, Oct. 9, 1887.—6m

JAMES H. REDDIN,
Barrister-at-Law,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
OFFICE, CAMERON BLOCK
(Head of Stairway),
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Collections carefully attended to. Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.
Nov. 21, 1888—1y

STRONG TESTIMONY.

Mrs. John Ross.

For the past eleven years I have been a great sufferer with a cankerous sore on my ankle, for which I tried several remedies that did me little or no good, until I applied your Magic Healer Salve, which I began using about three months ago, and am now perfectly healed. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one similarly afflicted.

MRS. DANIEL COMPTON.

Georgetown, July 11, 1889.

THE above testimonial was voluntarily given by the lady whose name is appended to it. The SALVE here referred to is manufactured in Charlottetown and for sale throughout town and country, being within the reach of all.

For any skin injury, test the MAGIC HEALER, ask for it and take no other until its merits are fairly proven.

Sold at 25 cents per box, and supplied wholesale by

JOHN ROSS & CO.
(*Formerly of Ross' Weekly.*)
P. O. Box 457, Charlottetown.
Ch'town, July 17, 1889.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

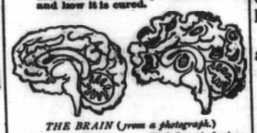
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

THAT TERRIBLE PARESIS.

Are the Canadian People Becoming a Nation of Lunatics?—The frightful increase of this most peculiar Insanity and how it is cured.



THE BRAIN (from a photograph.)
It Healthy Condition. With Paresis Lesions.

There are many well known men confined in our Asylums who but a short time ago were prominent among our business and social circles.

Why are they there?

Paresis!

Did it come on at once?

Not at all. It was a gradual but positive growth. They overtaxed nature. The drain on their vitality, their nerve powers, their brain tissue, was too great, and they gradually but surely sank under it. The things they did to bring this sad end about are precisely the same things that are being done by thousands of men and women to-day. It is not necessary to name them. They all end disastrously unless checked or regulated.

Prof. Phelps, of Dartmouth College, knew this fully when he began his experiments which resulted in the discovery of the wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. He realized that paresis (consumption of the brain) was our great National weakness. He knew that the brain and nervous system must be fortified to meet the great strains which modern life bring upon it. He saw that men were becoming debilitated and women weakened by the pressure and demands of life, and he sought and discovered the remedy Paine's Celery Compound, if rightly taken, will renew the brain and build up nerve tissues as fast as they become exhausted. It is not a narcotic. It contains no drugs, no nostrums. It is perfectly pure. It is absolutely harmless. The high character of its discoverer guarantees this, and the indorsement of the medical and chemical Professions prove it.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

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

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

DISCOUNT SALE!

During the next Thirty Days I will allow a

Discount of 20 per cent.

—ON THE—

Balance of my Stock of CLOTHS

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

P. J. FORAN,

Next Door to J. D. McLeod's.

Charlottetown, July 17, 1889.

Here We Are Again!

McLEOD & McKENZIE,

Merchant Tailors. Merchant Tailors.

For years it has been well known to the people of this city and Province that we are

THE PEERLESS ARTISTS OF OUR DAY.

We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that we are prepared to guarantee the highest satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom.

Our Cloths are the best in the market; our styles are the very latest; our Mechanics are unsurpassed, and our Cutters are unequalled in this Province, consequently we are in a position to furnish a suit of Clothes superior in material, style and workmanship to any other Clothing House in the Island. In order to be convinced of this fact you have only to call and leave your measure with us.

Hats and Gents' Furnishings in the very latest styles.

McLEOD & McKENZIE,

Ch'town, May 8, 1889. FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILORS

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 timekeepers.

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.

Wholesale Trade.

DEALERS who will send us specifications of their wants for Fall Trade will find our Jobbing Prices lower than any other Hardware Supply House in Canada. Order at once for importation.

Axes, Cross Cut Saws, Forks and Shovels,
Nails, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes,
Iron, Chain, Bolts, Traces, &c.

AND ALL SHELF HARDWARE.

NORTON & FENNELL,

CHARLOTTETOWN.

August 28, 1889.

A Charge Against Cardinal Newman.

Anything concerning Cardinal Newman is always of interest to both Catholics and non-Catholics. Hence we publish the following correspondence.

CALGARY, N.W.T., April 13, '89.

Dear Sir,—Let me remind you of our conversation lately respecting Cardinal Newman.

You said, according to the best of my recollection, that the Rev. Mr. Barber, some time ago incumbent of All Saints (Anglican) church, Winnipeg, had freely stated to yourself, Mr. L. M. Fortier and others that while he (Mr. Barber) was a student, somewhere in England he and several of his fellow students had serious thoughts of becoming members of the Roman Catholic church: that in this frame of mind they went together to consult Cardinal Newman on the matter and that the Cardinal, after hearing what they had to say, replied in effect: "You think we (Roman Catholics) are all united and that there are no dissensions among us, but you are quite mistaken: I advise you not to join the Roman Church but to remain where you are" (that is, remain Anglican.) The distinct impression Mr. Barber conveyed was, you said, that Cardinal Newman did not feel at home in the communion of Rome really, did not believe all she taught and thought that Anglicans were foolish to become Roman Catholics. Now as I said to you I am absolutely certain that this is an utterly false representation of anything that may have occurred between Mr. Barber, his friends and Cardinal Newman. Similar sentiments have often been attributed to the Cardinal and he has more than once taken occasion publicly to repudiate them in the distinctest manner. Writing at home I am now able to quote his own words on some of these occasions.

(1) A letter written to the author of a book entitled "Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman."

The Oratory, Birmingham
April 18, 1889.

My Dear Sir:—I suppose Dr. Manning's account of the matter is the right one. It irritates the judgment, feelings and imagination of Protestantism to know that religious men have deliberately, and at great sacrifice, acted on the conviction that Protestantism is not a safe religion to live in or to die in. It is a great difficulty in their way, and the fact of this deliberate sacrifice on the part of men now alive is argued against them by others, and unsettles those whom they wish to keep contented in Protestantism. The consequence is that they are always hoping that Dr. Manning and I may come back; and from wishing and hoping they proceed to mention that it is likely, and those who hear them say that it is likely, misinterpret them on account of their own similar hopes and wishes, say that it is to be expected; and then the next hearer says that it is a fact which is soon to be, for he has heard of the expectation on the best authority: and then the next hearer says that he has the first authority for saying that Dr. Manning or Dr. Newman is coming back in the course of the next few months. And then lastly some one puts into the newspapers that he knows a person who was told by Dr. Newman himself that he had discovered the unreality or hollowness of Romanism, and meant to return in the course of April, May or June to the bosom of the establishment. Thus can I account for the most absurd and utterly ungrounded reports which ever since I have been a Catholic have been spread abroad about the prospect of my return from the mother of saints to the city of confusion.

Very faithfully yours,
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

(2) A letter written to the Editor of the "Globe."

Sir,—A friend has sent me word of a paragraph about me, which appeared in your paper of yesterday, to the effect that "I have left or am about to leave my Oratory at Brompton, of which I have been for several years past the head, as a preliminary, in the expectation of my private friends, to my return to the church of England." (The letter after correcting the reference as to the Brompton Oratory, where he had not been for years, continues:

I have not had one moment's wavering of trust in the Catholic church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold, and ever have held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ; and I ever have had, and have still an unclouded faith in her creed in all its articles: a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline and teaching; and an eager longing and a hope against hope that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness. This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention of leaving the Catholic church and becoming a Protestant again, would be superfluous, except that Protestants are always on the lookout for some loop-hole or evasion in a Catholic's statement of fact. Therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess *ex animo* with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the thirty-nine articles makes me shudder. Return to the church of England? No. "I should be a consummate fool to use a mild term) if in my old age I left "the land flowing with milk and honey" for the city of confusion and the house of bondage.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN H. NEWMAN,

The Oratory, Birmingham, June 28, 1862.

(3) A letter written to the Editor of the Liverpool "Daily Post," 1874:

Sir,—I beg you to do me the favor of allowing me to contradict absolutely the assertion of one of your correspondents that "at one time I was on the point of uniting with Dr. Dollinger and his party, and that it required the earnest persuasion of several members of the Roman Catholic episcopate to prevent me from taking that step."

This statement in both its clauses, and from beginning to end, is utterly and ridiculously false. And it is a crime in an anonymous writer to make allegations against another, of a nature to damage him in the eyes of his brethren, without a tittle of evidence to bear them out.

Yours, &c.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

(4) A postscript appeared to the fourth edition of his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," issued in April, 1875, in answer to a remark by Mr. Gladstone, (for "April" read "February." The "Letter" appears to have issued from the press in 1876, N. D. B.)

"From the day I became a Catholic to this day, now close upon thirty years, I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that church which the apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has "the adoption of sons, and the glory, and the covenants, and the revealed law, and the service of God and the promises," and in which the Anglican communion, whatever its merits and demerits, whatever the great excellence of individuals in it has as such, no part. Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction, since 1845, that it was my clear duty to join that Catholic church, as I did then join it, which in my own conscience I felt to be divine.

Persons and places, incidents and circumstances of life which belong to my memory and my affections; morever, I have had more to try and effect me in various ways as a Catholic than as an Anglican; but never for a moment have I wished myself back, never have I ceased to thank my Maker for his mercy in enabling me to make the great change, and never has He let me feel forsaken by Him or in distress or any kind of religious trouble."

Such explicit declarations as the above will, I think satisfy you that Mr. Barber's account of his interview with Cardinal Newman is a misrepresentation, without accusing Mr. Barber of deliberate falsehood, which I have no wish to do, the only explanation of the occurrence I can give is the one I suggested to you; namely:—that Cardinal Newman plainly perceived from the remarks of Mr. Barber and his friends that they held certain views or theories about the Catholic church, which they ignorantly thought could be in the communion of the Roman church, and which they were unwilling to give up and they were consequently not ready to place themselves under instructions much less was it possible in their then frame of mind to receive them into the church. Perceiving this the Cardinal may have dismissed them with a remark to the effect: "I could not in conscience receive—into the church" (as of course he could not, for the Catholic church by reason of her divine infallible authority demands unquestioning absolute submission of the understanding and will in matters of faith and morals) adding "You had (therefore) better go back to where you came from." What else was to be done in such a case except to stay where they were until humility should prepare them to be admitted into the one true fold.

As to the reference to "dissensions" and "want of union" I do not believe the words were used. The conversation may have turned on questions on which the church has not spoken and which therefore are open to discussion among theologians but these discussions are not disunion nor dissensions, nor signs of it.

At our conversation I said to you that I wished to lay before Mr. Barber what it is alleged he stated for his explanation and if he reasserted it, to lay it before Cardinal Newman himself. You agreed to this, asking me however to give you an opportunity to confirm your recollection of Mr. Barber's assertion by consultation with Mr. Fortier. I write now in order to have your word whether I have correctly set down Mr. Barber's statement. You will understand that I shall feel at liberty to make any use I see fit of all correspondence in connection with this matter.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) N. D. BECK.

F. FITZROY DIXON, ESQ., WINNIPEG.

The O'Donoghue.

The O'Donoghue of the glens is dead. Three decades ago the news would have sent a thrill of pain through Ireland. Now it passes almost without remark. A generation has grown up which knows not the once popular Tribune. His figure has long faded from the Irish canvas. For years he has been no more than an echo, a shadow, an outis. When his name was casually turned up men shook their heads and said: "Ah! where is he?" or wondered were he still alive, or lightly remarked that he had married money and disappeared from view.

And now we learn that the chieftain passed away at Ballinahown Court—the seat of his father-in-law, the late John Ennis, the railway and bank magnate—quite recently, after a brief illness, in his fifty-sixth year; passed away literally, we mean. He had virtually passed away long, long before—perished for the lack of moral backbone.

There never was a young man who entered public life under more propitious auspices, or who gave more glorious assurance. He was of the line immortalized in legend and song—the line of the white horse of the lakes, of the Knight of Lever's penciling, and no distant relative of O'Connell. His political sponsor was George Henry Moore. He was returned for the premier county—Tipperary—after a contest unexampled in enthusiasm and self-sacrifice. In appearance he was remarkably well-favored—tall, handsome, and straight as the mountain pine. He was active as a deer, and frank and fearless in bearing. There were stories concerning him which almost invested his personality with a romantic halo—for instance, stories of having run up a Kerry mountain to win a wager from an Englishman, of plucky escapades at Aldershot Camp, of a renowning in imperial Paris such as might only have been expected from one of Dumas' heroes. He was the idol of Ireland, the pet of his younger countrymen and indeed of his fair countrywomen too.

When he stood up in the House of Commons honorable members flocked in to stare at the disheveled "pathriot" with the humbugging ancient title. And lo! instead of a gaunt savage in tattered raiment, grunting ungrammatical gutturals, they were confronted by a faultlessly-dressed gentleman, perfect in manners, and speaking choicest English with ease, precision, and a musical intonation. It was a revelation to them, as it is to some of those vulgar, pretentious Americans who stare at a true Irish patrician as if he were a curiosity.

It was reported that the Irishman in common with the Prince of Wales had his clothes built by Poole, and it was hinted that he was not exactly the fellow to be snubbed or sneered at with impunity. When he threw up his major's commission in the Kerry militia, and for being too Irish was deprived of the commission of the peace, the reader may be sure he did not drop out of favor at home.

It was whispered that he was the friend of Mitchel and Martin, and strange hopes sprung to life in the bosoms of the more ardent. When the episode of his challenge to Sir Robert Peel occurred, his place was closer than ever to the Irish heart. Of course the duel is an absurdity, an anachronism, and very sinful to boot; but some how there was a secret joy among the most peaceful of Irishmen that the insolence of the then Chief Secretary had been chastized. This was how it came about: Sir Robert Peel described a meeting in the Rotunda, over which the O'Donoghue had presided, as one of "mannikin traitors." Our countryman sent him a message by Major Gavin, and was referred to Lord Palmerston, who played buffoon for his colleague and brought the quarrel before Parliament as a means of securing peace. "Punch"—at that period the paper was not guided by a delicate-minded wit, but was too often the practise-ground of low Cockney jokers—"Punch" had some satirical verses ending:

Now in the Commons House,
Tame as a beaten Spaniel,
Sits *The* O'Donoghue,
Whose real name is Daniel.

This is how history is written. The cap fitted the other head. It was felt in every West End club that blood had told: in questions of honor of that kind it was safer to back the man of ancestry than the descendent of the cotton spinner.

Alas! in matters touching honor of another kind, The O'Donoghue was not so scrupulous. Suffice it that he disappointed his supporters, alienated the confidence of his admiring friends, and lost his hold on the people who at one epoch would have hauled his chariot in triumph. We think he was not wicked so much as weak. Financial embarrassments first set him wrong. Political dry rot subsequently set in, and it may be presumed the Whiggish circle, into which he was plunged by his matrimonial alliance, finished the process of decay. In an active Irish party he became impossible. But he is not to be put into the category of the O'Connor Powers or the "Frank Hughes," or other lesser fry, although we are inclined to look upon them with a certain leniency, the one as a poor devil whose ambition overshot the mark, the other as a dupe of intellectual conceit. They were mutineers, The O'Donoghue was an accepted leader. Connection with Irish Nationality to him was a social loss, not gain. While physically intrepid he was mentally lymphatic, had not the courage to face poverty, the good sense to retrench instead of "flying kites," or the moral independence to turn with scorn from the counsel of pompous financiers, the covert gibes of a set of haw-haw noodles, or the raillery of silly fashionable woman kind. And so he gave up to a coterie what was meant for Ireland. The voice which might have inspired the Senate became the oracle of the drawingroom; he who promised to be the Moses to lead his people out of bondage degenerated into the indolent country squire.

Yet some how we cannot think of The O'Donoghue with enmity. Our feeling is rather that of commiseration. We know him in his youthful prime amidst the misty hills of Tipperary. The last time we met him was in Fleet street, and intuitively both turned after they had passed a few yards. He had grown portly and iron grey; there was a wistful recognition in his eyes; a glance, a move, and there would have been an inevitable handshake. We half-regret now that there was not at least a personal reconciliation. But no. That is the most grievious trial in this tough struggle of ours that the Irish instinct of friendship must be suppressed, and that, as a matter of duty we must present our back to those who have faltered or strayed in the bye-path. Otherwise, there would be no distinction between the O'Donoghues and men with spinal marrow like The O'Gorman Mahon. Still we feel that The O'Donoghue in his inmost soul must have been faithful to his first love, and must have looked back with yearning to the season when the boys gathered in the glen of a summer night, and "the Kerry piper's tuning make them wild with delight." To think of it, to dream of it, in the words of Molly's song, must have often filled his heart with tears. Alas! for the unredeemed vows, the balked aspirations, the wasted career. And yet, recalling what he once was, what kindly Irishman will refuse to echo "God rest his soul."—*London Universe.*

The Pope's Representative.

Mgr. Francis Satolli, Titular-Archbishop of Lepanto and President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, who is to represent the Holy See at the inauguration of the Catholic University at Washington and the celebration of the centenary of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, is already well-known to many of the clergy in this country, having held the chair of Dogmatic Theology for nine years at the Urban College of the Propaganda, where the students of the American College also attend lectures. He is one of the most learned and eloquent professors of the present day, and one esteemed and held dear for his great abilities and kind and genial courtesy to all who know him, and especially to his scholars. The Right Rev. Bishop Keane, sought to persuade Mgr. Satolli, to accept the chair of Dogma in the University; but nothing could prevail upon the learned Prelate to leave Rome, whither the Holy Father had brought him from Perugia to propagate the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas throughout the world, for which purpose he appointed him to fill the chair of Dogma at the Urban College of Propaganda.—*S. F. Monitor.*

The Marquis of Ripon, in speaking of education on a recent occasion, dwelt on the necessity of persevering with it beyond school. Experience has demonstrated the fact that education really begins out of school. The one is the rudimentary stage, the preparation for the combat; and to succeed we must keep our weapons keen and ourselves in perpetual condition. The Marquis advocated continuity of instruction, or the benefits of the elementary training would, to a great extent be lost. How many of us recollect a tithe of the acquirements which were put to our lip in youth? Life should be one persevering study. It is not given to every one to have the memory of Cardinal Mezzofanti, who never forgot what he once had read.

The November MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART (Philadelphia, Pa.,) furnishes a very fine variety of solid and entertaining matter. It opens with an account of a monastic settlement on the wild, rocky, coast of Kerry. It is called "Skellig Michael," and the description of the scenery is drawn with such graphic skill and in language so beautiful that the splendid illustrations are scarcely needed to have a perfect picture before the mind. More articles from the writer will increase the Messenger's fame and value.

"A Breton Missionary" is a very elaborate account of the life and labors and sufferings of Blessed Grignon de Montfort who was accustomed to style himself "the unworthy slave of Jesus and Mary." On reading this article one learns to understand more fully why it was that the learned Oratorian, Father Faber, bestowed such unlimited praise upon de Montfort's treatise, "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." The man's life and character illustrate the meaning of his apostleship.

"Pater John's Maggie" is brought to a gratifying close and will no doubt, give a pleasant surprise to the readers who were forced to break the thread of the narrative last month, in the midst of a fierce domestic broil.

"Wandering Thoughts in Mexico" are brought to an end, very much to the regret of many readers who have found them both rich and instructive. The articles on "The Scapular" and "The Promises of the Sacred Heart" are remarkable for the clear precision of their theological expositions of somewhat difficult points of Catholic doctrine.

The "Reader" and the "General Intention" are both excellent, the latter being specially worthy of praise for the amount of condensed information it gives concerning the struggles and the triumphs of the Church in the "Republic of Colombia," S. America. This whole number of the Messenger is one of the most interesting that has appeared.

November begins the twentieth year of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The opening pages are devoted to a generous installment of the long-expected autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. Jefferson begins the account of his early life by a description of his "playhouse," namely, "behind the scenes" of a theater. "And what a playhouse it was," says the author, "full of all sorts of material for the exercise of my youthful imagination!" He presents the most frank and humorous recollections of his childhood: he describes Chicago and the West in 1838 and 1839; a significant adventure at the home of Lincoln, Springfield, Ill., and the voyage of his family in a flatboat. He also gives his recollections of James Wallace, Sr., the elder Booth and Macready. The illustration are numerous and include portraits of Jefferson himself, his parents and grandfather, Tyrone Power, James Wallack, Macready, and Junius Brutus Booth.

The same number begins several other serials; notably, Mrs Barr's novel, "Friend Olivia," in which it is evident that the selfish and fascinating Anastasia is to divide with the saintly Olivia the interest of the story. The scenes is laid in Cromwell's time and Cromwell and Fox figure in the plot.

Another serial begun in this number is Stockton's "The Merry Chanter," illustrated by C. D. Gibson.

The first of the "Present-day Papers" is entitled "The Problems of Modern Society," and it has a preface signed by the group who are putting forth these timely essays. Dr. Langdon writes this paper. The other members of this group are Professor Shields, Bishop Potter, Drs. Mulger and Dike, Seth Low, and Professor Ely.

Mark Twain's contribution to this number, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is one of the most daring of the inventions of this most famous of American humorists. It is illustrated in a lively manner by Dan Beard. The wander-Yankee is the hero of Mark Twain's forthcoming book, which will have the same title borne by the magazine style.

OUR GIRLS AS SUCCESSFUL WOMEN.

A wealthy woman recently gave $200,000 to establish a summer resort for poor mothers and their children. God bless her; this is only one instance among thousands where women have conceived and executed grand ideas. Women are rapidly entering every branch of the useful arts, and aspiring to every money-making employment. "What shall we do with our girls" is no longer a mighty problem for mothers and fathers to solve. Some one has said "It takes a woman to set a hen," and so it does. The most successful poultry raisers are women. We have in mind a woman who has for years raised finer poultry and got more eggs from hens at less expense, than her male neighbors,—practical men too. Let your girls engage in the poultry industry, as many are doing. Give them a fair share of the profits, and they will soon convince their fathers that girls are mighty handy persons to have about the old home. With the aid now offered any person can make hens lay even in cold weather. Out of twenty-four gold coin premiums offered last winter for best results, one third were won by the women who used Sheridan's Condition Powders to make hens lay. For example, Mrs. Henry Baker, Holliston, Mass., won $10 and got from 18 hens during the three month's trial 1359 eggs; Mrs. L. J. Wilson, Northboro, Mass., got 3243 eggs from 100 hens. Mrs. Edwin Brown, East Greenwich, R. I., from 35 hens got 2454 eggs! Mrs. E. Bartley, Freeport, Pa., got 2039 eggs from 32 hens; Miss Ada L. Rose, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., from 15 hens got 886 eggs; and Miss Maggie Croushorn, of Otobine, Va., got 2002 eggs from 30 hens; each of the last five ladies also won a $5.00 premium from I. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass. Every person who sends this firm now $1.25 for a can of Powder, and desires it, can have his name entered as a competitor, if the premiums are again offered. For 50 cents, they will send two 25 cent packs of Powder! for $1.00 five packs postpaid; six cans for $5.00, express paid; a large can of Powder, also one year's subscription to Farm-Poultry Monthly, both sent postpaid for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 6 cents. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials sent free.