The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Wednesday

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE,

CONNOLLY'S BUILDING,

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

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager.

Calendar for October, 1889.

MOON'S CHANGES.

1st Quarter, 1st day, 9h. 20.6m., p.m., S. W.
Full Moon, 8th day, 9h. 13.3m., p. m., S. E.
Last Qtr., 16th day, 8h. 25.0m., p.m., N. E.
New Moon, 24th day, 10h. 13.4m., a.m., SE
First Qtr., 31st day, 4h. 18.1m., a.m., N.

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

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.,

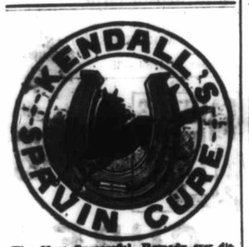
OFFICE, CAMERON BLOCK

(Head of Stairway),

Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Collections carefully attended to. Money to loan at lowest rate of interest.

Nov. 21, 1888—1y



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered. It is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

BRATTLEBORO, P. O., May 6, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen.—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavins and also in cases of lameness and Stiff Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours, CHARLES J. BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 18, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my cow, which was suffering from Infusoria in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully, P. P. WHALEN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

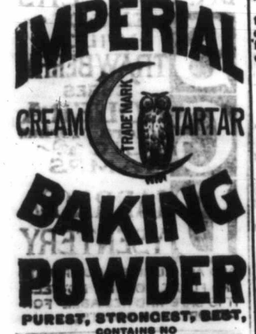
FORT SELLER, MAS., May 14, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly, M. J. O'KEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by any address on receipt of price by the DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



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

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, - - $20,371,980.79

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. RUDDELL, Agent.

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

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.

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.

1890. 1890.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

WEEKLY EMPIRE,

CANADA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER.

PATRIOTIC IN TONE, TRUE TO CANADA, TRUE TO THE EMPIRE.

THE EMPIRE IS NOW

THE GREAT WEEKLY PAPER

OF THE DOMINION,

and special arrangements are being made to add new and attractive features which will greatly increase its interest and value.

We have made arrangements with the Weekly Empire by which we are enabled to supply it and the HERALD from now till the end of 1890 for two dollars. Address the

"HERALD."

Charlottetown, Oct. 9, 1889.—2i

It Made Mother Strong

"My mother has been using PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND for nervous prostration, accompanied by melancholia, etc., and it has done her a world of good. It is the only medicine that strength ens the nerves." G. H. BEERS, Ordessia, Pa.

"I am in my 67th year. Have been afflicted several years with loss of sleep, had no appetite, no courage, low spirits. I commenced using Paine's Celery Compound, and feel real young again. I now have an appetite, can sleep well, my spirits are good and courage good. It is the best medicine in the world." S. T. LINELAND, M. D., Wheeler, Ala.

Paine's Celery Compound

Strengthens and builds up the old, and cures their infirmities, Rheumatism, Indigestion and nervousness yield quickly to the curative power of Paine's Celery Compound.

A Perfect Tonic and Invigorator, It GIVES NEW LIFE.

"I am now 69 years old and have tried several remedies, but none had any effect until I used Paine's Celery Compound. I feel entirely different for the short time I have used it. I can walk nearly straight, sleep sound and well, and feel as though there was new life and energy coming into my whole system." H. MYLES, Cleveland, Tenn.

Paine's Celery Compound is of unequaled value to women. It strengthens the nerves, regulates the kidneys, and has wonderful power in curing the painful diseases with which women so often silently suffer.

$1 per bottle. Ask for it. At Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. MONTREAL.

DIAMOND DYES True to Name and Color. Nothing can Equal Them.

YOUR BABY will be rosy, plump and merry if given LACTATED FOOD.

Beautiful Killarney.

DESCRIPTION OF THE OLD TOWN.

DUBLIN, Sept. 16.—The tourist season has brought the usual number of visitors to Ireland, and when the train from Dublin carries the traveler to the terminus among the trees, right opposite one of the best hotels in Killarney, he finds the broad steps covered with figures in traveling coats and capes, ladies with curious little cloth caps on their heads, men in deer-stalking costume, a few children half-dazed with fatigue and half-excited with their first experience of travel. It is evening, and cars and wagonettes wheel into the graveled space in front of the hotel and its gardens laden with hungry excursionists, who have spent the day in gloom and shine between the hills or on the lakes, filling their minds with pictures not easily effaced and their ears with never-to-be-forgotten echoes. At present they are extremely hungry, and think more about dinner than scenery. As you stand at the open window of your bright bedroom you see glimpses of deep purple mountain walls between the waving of vividly-green trees. Yonder lies the fairy-land from "Dina's green isle to Hena's wooded shore," and from the Gap of Dunloe to Innisfallen, which beguiles plodding feet out of the common road of life, and holds them spell-bound for a while by wood-paths and waterways full of an indescribable and irresistible enchantment. The clear chimes of the Angelus drop lightly down from a neighboring belfry and presently a ringing and martial bugle call pierces the upper air. All sights and sounds, even the luxurious arrangements of the crowded hotel, would persuade one of foreign surroundings, and the mere Irish person could scarcely believe himself in Ireland only for the homely fragrance of the burning turf which hangs in the moist atmosphere, and leads him to peer among the trees for ruder roofs and gables than meet the eyes in a continental hill-country.

The town is first at hand, and a walk through its streets soon convinces us of the fact that we are nowhere but in the very heart of Erin's Isle. There are worse towns in this country than Killarney, yet it is far from being as clean or as neat as it ought to be. This is the evening of the market day, and the streets are full of country people. One looks about for pretty faces, and a few can can be just guessed at, but the large blue cloak or less graceful shawl is so folded about the head that mouth and chin are almost hidden, sometimes the nose is done away with, even the eyes can scarcely be sought for without impertinence on the part of the seeker. A young woman comes smiling down the street leading a donkey by the head. The donkey draws a small cart, and in the cart are various stores and provisions bound for the plenishing of some little brown-thatched home in the stream-watered green country over yonder among the violets of the hills. The mists and shades of evening gather about the turf-smoke, and light springs up in the Franciscan church, which is but a three minutes' walk from the hotel. Here is faith, prayer, and peace; God at home in his own house, with his children around his knees. As one sees the brown-robed figure of the Franciscan, in cord and sandals and shaved crown, pass down the church to minister to the wants of the poor, one remembers gratefully the century-old devotion of this most blessed order to the suffering Irish in their darkest and dismalest need. As St. Francis preached to the birds, so do these his followers care for the lowliest, simplest, and most helpless of God's creatures who came across their path. In the morning, early, you find them at work again, leading poor souls, and if you are eager to be a poor soul for God's sake you will meet with no better sanctuary on your way than this; a sanctuary in which to catch a little of the light and fire that descend on an Irish altar with the morning sunshine. If your heart should be carrying with it by mail and rail a care or a sorrow heavier than the baggage in the van of the train or well of the car, you can unload and ease it here as well as anywhere this side of heaven. Have you anxious prayers to offer, or blessings to despatch for the dead or the living, near or far, no where will you feel more secure of answering mercy and swift and willing messengers. If, however, you are only a curious traveler from beyond the seas in search of old world churches, you will not find much to stare at in the church of the Franciscans at Killarney. The cathedral, at another end of the town, is a finer specimen of the best ecclesiastical architecture we possess. It is gothic; the interior, noble and simple, though cold and undecorated. Some will think the exterior massive and heavy, as the unpierced rock of nature's providing, the doors so low and small as almost to repel one from entering, suggesting the effort of creeping into subterranean regions, or within the recesses of a mausoleum. These are, perhaps, uncalled-for criticisms, and certainly Killarney has a right to be proud of its cathedral. Near this pulpit one may hear the more serious order of ancient countrywomen, sitting in a weird, hooded row just under the preacher, make audible remarks on the matter of the sermon, as it progresses, cheering his reverence by their quick understanding or warm approval of his sentiments, expressing horror and dismay at the wickedness that incenses him, and groaning with delight at the wisdom of the counsel he bestows on them. It may have been here that, on the occasion, grown too rare, of the preaching of a sermon in Irish, sundry old ladies in hooded cloaks, on hearing the sound of the familiar tongue, at once descended from the benches and seated themselves on the floor, hugging and rocking themselves in anticipation of a real treat, which they were resolved to enjoy unrestrainedly, after the manner of their mothers and grandmothers. Without doubt, however, the Franciscans' is the more popular church; whether on the principle that a smaller and more homely church is often found more devotional by people in general than a vast building, or merely because the Franciscans have been from all time the chosen fathers of the Irish poor I do not know.

Your few days at Killarney will know a good deal of variety. Probably you will shoot the rapids in a burst of sunshine, and be driven across the lower lake before a bewildering squall which will threaten to wreck you on Inisfallen, but lands you there safely. Having explored the fairy island and rejoiced in the return of good weather, you will find your squall waiting for you with your boat, ready to hurl you across to Ross Castle, chased by a swarm of white-mouthed waves which seem as eager to swallow you as though Lough Leane were a little Atlantic. Looking back upon your peril you will see wooded Glena smiling at you radiantly under a coronal of golden clouds and making believe to be as innocent of the existence of tempests as was the garden of Eden. When you reach the Eagle's nest you will think of Tennyson's

"Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying!"

and, when the breast of the great rock begins to play like an organ, and to send solemn and reverberating replies to the shrill challenge of the bugleman, you will get a surprise, not having correctly imagined the thing that takes place. The music plays and stops and begins again when you think it is all over and is as hard to silence as the pain in the human heart that has once been set quivering by a careless or impertinent home thrust. You cannot but think that this deep heart of rock is full of feeling impossible to fathom, and that it is a dangerous delight to meddle with it. When its last wild, sweet cry has died in your ears, when the last musical moan has been smothered, and rapture and grief are crooned away to silence, it will seem to you as if you heard the spirit within retreat to its remotest sanctuary to escape further profanation, and you will slide away between the shining waters on either side of the ferny banks and braes with something of remorse mingling with your gratitude, as though for a favor that has been done you at too great a cost.—*Rosa Mulholland, in Pilot.*

Scotland of To-Day.

GLASGOW, Sept. 23, 1889.—You came very near being without a letter this week, as I have suffered for several days with the most distressing of colds. I caught it immediately after I arrived in London, having left all my heavy wraps in Liverpool. I did not expect to suffer from the cold during my stay in this country. I fell upon a spell of cold, wet weather in London, and before I knew it I was brought completely at bay by a regular London cold. On the following Sunday I celebrated solemn Mass in one of the city churches, and in the evening delivered a lecture. I met this double misfortune through the well-meant friendship of a Carmelite, who had assured the head priest that I was one of the greatest men in America. During the Mass a gentleman from St. Louis and a journalist from Philadelphia recognized me and called afterwards to pay their respects. I had seen all of London I cared to see, but my Philadelphia friend knew some places of supreme importance I had omitted, and I was hustled into a carriage for a long, cold drive. I leaped from the steps of the carriage to mount the steps of the pulpit. This will explain how I got my cold.

I hurried over to Liverpool for my heavy clothes and wraps, and started for Edinburgh. It is a most interesting city, but has no business. I took great pleasure in talking Irish politics with these hard-headed Scotchmen; not that I expected to obtain any information, but I was curious to hear anyone in England or Scotland speaking a good word for Ireland. I had a half-formed suspicion that the Home Rulers of Scotland were not sincere. I now learned my mistake. It is not that they love Ireland more than they did in 1800, but they love England less. They want to clip the wings of the mighty nation to the South, whose national emblem has come to mean to them the lion's share England claims in the trade of the Empire. They say the partnership is getting on immensely, but ninety-five per cent for England and five per cent for Scotland is not a fair division. In Glasgow I find the people more disposed to support the Tories. This is a city of nearly, if not quite, 800,000, and handles more ready cash than any city in the Empire after London, and we do not see how it is possible to take her shipbuilding trade from her.

THE STORY OF HER RUINS.

In Italy I saw the ruins of the Empire, the only real Empire the world ever saw. In England and in Scotland I have seen the ruins of the church, I am bewildered, I can't account for it. The men in church and State were not exceptionally bad in the sixteenth century. I fancy the clergy of Great Britain were a strong body of men. But the civil government of a part of the country was in the hands of weak lords, and the rest, spiritually and temporally, was in the possession of abbots, good men, whom a bad system had made tyrannical. In the cathedral of Glasgow, which John Knox tried to pull down, I saw the broken images on which the rebels had spent their fury. I was anxious to see the frieze over the choir, as I had read somewhere that the reason it was mutilated was because the figures were immodest. I am loaded for the next man that makes the assertion. There was a redundance of drapery on them all, and only on two can a little bit of the feet be seen. The reliefs were wrenched from the walls, the statues hurled from niche and pedestal, not because they were nude, but because they were "craven images." These "craven images" have come back in troops, but they belong to a different breed. This same cathedral has now splendid storied windows, one a present from the queen. These people are over their sixteenth century madness but with return of reason there has not come love for the old church. The church-going people of Scotland to-day are more pagan philosophers than Christian believers. They talk morality in the language of Pluto and Seneca, and worship a god about whom they profess to know absolutely nothing. It is fashionable in Rome and Athens to attend the lectures of the philosophers. When in the cathedral to-day I felt very cold and was disposed to follow the example of others and wear my hat. I had a scruple, knowing the grand old temple had been consecrated. When the keeper informed me that Cromwell had preached from that pulpit, I thought there could be no doubt of its thorough and effectual desecration. The educated people of Scotland are re-reading the history of their country, but whether it will incline them to the old faith is a question. If a Scotchman ever changed his opinion on any subject the fact has not yet crossed the Tweed. We shall have to convince him that he can become Catholic without surrendering any of his religious opinions.

WHAT IS COMING ON IN FRANCE.

I told you in my last of the French elections. It turned out as I predicted. Of course the majority of the deputies are Republicans, simply because they do not know what else to be. If the Republic falls they have no one ready to place on the throne. When the man is ready he will find the throne dusted for him to sit on. Rival parties are in conference hourly, and an agreement may be reached. In the mean time all want the present government to go on. They had a very quiet election as I surmised they would.

TROUBLE BREWING IN THE EAST.

There are many magazines lying in exposed places along the Balkans, and any one of them may explode before either the Triple Alliance or their allied foes expect or desire. The language of the courts continues cordial, but things are taking place every day, which, to an outsider appear extremely uncivil. Natalie may prove another Helen, with ten thousand fold increased capacity of "hurling souls into Hades." I shall be in Ireland by the 29th, and after a stay of two weeks in that country, I shall make for home as fast as wind and steam can drive the City of Paris.—*Rev. D. S. Phelan, in Western Watchman.*

A Pious Custom Which Should Be General Among Catholics.

Formerly the pious custom of saying the daily prayers together was very generally observed in families; but in proportion as people are growing worldly wise, these good old Catholic customs are disappearing. A serious effort, however, should be made to keep up the practice of family prayers, for it is one of the most efficacious means to preserve the spirit of piety to keep faith alive, and even to preserve the spirit of union in the home circle. The labors and cares of the day are at an end; the shades of night surround the earth and invite to repose; the hour is favorable for the Christian family to join in prayer. What a charming spectacle to behold the whole family in this action! We can see them in imagination kneeling before the crucifix and an image of our Lady, the father and mother, the venerable grandparents, the children, and servants. The father or mother says the prayers aloud, the others answer, thus imitating the choirs of blessed spirits; and their prayers are carried up by angels as incense to the Lord. Then having made a commemoration of all the faithful departed, especially of those of their own family circle, all retire in silence to take that repose which seldom fail to visit refreshingly the peaceful conscience.

This simple and brief outline of what family prayers mean will suggest to the pious reader some of the beneficial results that are calculated to flow from the practice. Prayers made in common remind a person of his principal duty here below—that of adoring God. Solitary prayer is often made with less care and earnestness; sometimes it is hurried over and shortened; sometimes it is quite forgotten. When the whole family are accustomed to join regularly in this devotion, such faults are in a great measure, if not altogether removed. There is in this union of the members of the family at the foot of the crucifix a persuasive eloquence which speaks to each one of his duty to God, his neighbor and himself. And this gathering together for a common purpose each evening is calculated to have the most happy effects on the family itself. When the father and mother are thus exercising a species of priesthood in the midst of their children, does it not inspire feelings of greater respect? If some have been grieved and vexed during the day by any of those thousand and one little miseries that may disturb peace and harmony everywhere, will they not be disposed to forgive and forget when, at the foot of the crucifix they repeat: "Forgive us our trespass against us." He that has fallen into sin, will he not be disposed to repent of it when he makes his short examination of conscience at night and joins in the Confiteor and the Act of Contrition?

Fathers and mothers, and other heads of houses, will be doing much for their own souls and the souls of those under their care by introducing and maintaining the custom of family prayers. It is generally difficult, often impossible, for the family to meet for morning prayers; but in the evening there is seldom any difficulty. All that is required is the good will of the father and mother. If the family cannot be assembled immediately before the hour of retiring, let the prayers be said just after supper, or at any other convenient time. It is not necessary that the prayers be long: let them consist simply of the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "Creed," a short examination of conscience, the "Confiteor," the "Acts," and the prayer of St. Bernard to the Blessed Virgin. These prayers will not take ten minutes, and, when said with attention and devotion, they will be more readily and more abundantly heard by God for being offered in common. "If two of you shall consent upon earth concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by my father who is in heaven. For when there are two or three gathered together in my name, there I am in the midst of them." (St. Matt., xvii, 19, 20.)—*Exchange.*

Cardinal Newman.

The infirmities of extreme old age do not prevent Cardinal Newman from taking an active interest in the events of the age. He was present at the oratory in Birmingham recently when the Pope's Allocution was read on the Giordano Bruno demonstration. We clip the following from the Liverpool *Catholic Times* of Sept. 20th:

On Sunday the congregation were delighted to know that the Cardinal was well enough to be present during the reading of the Allocution, and the words of singular beauty and grace which he addressed to them were listened to with breathless interest. His Eminence stayed during the reading of the Allocution in the pretty little chapel of St. Philip Neri, on the right of the church. He was attended by one of the Fathers, and appeared to be in tolerably good health. Feeling unequal to reading the Pope's letter, himself, he wrote on a piece of paper the following words which were read by Father Paul, who also read the Pope's Allocution. "Since last Sunday I have had the opportunity of reading the authoritative documents which the Holy Father has sent us from Rome; and I have been inexpressibly shocked to be informed of the infidel declarations brought to our notice in them as presoned in the Holy City. As I have not the vigor and the force to bring them before the minds of my people, I am obliged to rely on what is left to me still as means of expressing my horror at what I read. Sympathize with me, then, my dear children, if my words require to be patiently listened to by the hearers, and pray God to make up for me in your hearts, in the grave interests of the church, what is wanting in my words on this occasion. I have the awful but necessary task of bringing these accounts in their detail before my hearers. I cannot be wrong in thus feeling, since I have learnt that the enemy of mankind—the 'Lawless One'—has been made an object of worship in the Holy City. Agreeing with the very words of Scripture as used by St. Paul (2nd Epistle to the Thess., ch. ii.) May God keep us from what seems before us."

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an article on the Irish University question, in which he says that there is not a single Nationalist ecclesiastic in Ireland who would compromise with the Tory Government for the sake of any university education measure. "I very much wish the English public," says Mr. McCarthy, "had the advantage which I have had of reading the memorandum prepared by the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, on this whole subject. It ought to have been published for the benefit of all the people in Great Britain, who take an interest in the subject of Irish education."

"THE CENTURY" CLOSES ITS NINETEENTH YEAR.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE closes its nineteenth year with a number, for October which, besides its leading serials on Lincoln and Siberia and the Masters, contains several papers of peculiar importance. One of these is a study of "Moliere and Shakspere," by the eminent French comedian M Coquelin, accompanied with a frontispiece portrait of Moliere as Cæsar' and a portrait of Coquelin as Masrarille. Another striking paper, "Reminiscences of the Herschels," is by the celebrated American astronomer, the late Maria Mitchell. With the latter article is a portrait of Miss Mitchell, and a picture of her last observatory, at Lynn, Massachusetts. Miss Brackett has an appreciative "Open Letter" on Miss Mitchell in the same number.

A group of brief illustrated articles on manual training present this subject from three different points of view—the articles being by Professor Butler, of the New York College for the Training of Teachers; Professor Thorpe, of the Philadelphia Manual-Training School; and Dr. Felix Alder, founder of the Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten of New York.

There is great variety in the story element in this number of The Century. The "Strange True Story" this month is the "War Diary of a Union Woman in the South," edited by Mr. Cable. A story which every newspaper man, woman, and boy in the country will especially appreciate is Mr. Allison's, "The Longworth Mystery," supposed to be told by the 'City Editor.'" It is a story not only showing a thorough knowledge of newspaper life, but also decided dramatic ability. Mr. Allison is a "new South writer," a Kentuckian, who in this case has eschewed dialect. On the other hand Mr. Maurice Thompson, with an explanatory preface, publishes a dialect story which the author declares has "a trace of allegory in it." The main situation in Mr. Thompson's "Ben and Judas" is certainly one of the most striking, humorous, and significant in modern dialect literature. In the same number Mr. Harris's three-part serial is concluded.

An extremely timely illustrated paper is that from the expert hand of Mr. Walter Camp, and entitled "Base-ball—for the Spectator." Mr. Wilson has a paper on "Three Jewish Kings," which will especially interest those who are following the International Sunday-School Lessons. Mrs Mary Hallock Foote, in her "Pictures of the Far West," portrays a "Pretty Girl" of that part of the country, and the letter-press philosophizes on her existence, her illusions, and her dangers.

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