The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

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—BY—

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JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager

Calendar for December, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Qtr., 4th day, 9h., 14.1 a. m., S. W.
New Moon, 11th day, 10h, 58.4, p. m, N.
First Qtr., 18th day, 4h., 23.8 p. m., S. E.
Full Moon, 26th day, 1h., 44.6., a.m., S.S.W.

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	morn	after n
1	Mon	7 29	4 10	8 52	11 51	1 39
2	Tues	30	10	9 56	af 22	2 22
3	Wed	31	9	11 0	0 48	2 8
4	Thur	32	9	morn	1 10	4 5
5	Fri	33	9	0 4	1 30	5 8
6	Sat	33	8	1 8	1 49	6 12
7	Sun	35	9	2 14	2 9	7 15
8	Mon	36	9	3 19	2 27	8 6
9	Tues	37	9	4 30	2 52	8 52
10	Wed	38	9	5 43	3 21	9 37
11	Thur	38	8	6 58	3 57	10 21
12	Fri	39	8	8 10	4 48	11 5
13	Sat	40	8	9 16	5 42	11 59
14	Sun	42	8	10 13	6 50	morn
15	Mon	42	8	10 57	8 7	0 36
16	Tues	43	9	11 31	9 28	1 24
17	Wed	44	9	aft 0	10 44	2 14
18	Thur	44	9	0 23	11 59	3 8
19	Fri	45	10	0 45	morn	4 13
20	Sat	46	10	1 6	1 13	5 28
21	Sun	46	10	1 28	2 26	6 38
22	Mon	47	11	1 54	3 39	7 44
23	Tues	47	12	2 23	4 51	8 45
24	Wed	48	13	2 59	6 3	9 21
25	Thur	48	13	3 43	7 10	10 4
26	Fri	48	14	4 37	8 12	10 43
27	Sat	48	14	5 35	9 6	11 23
28	Sun	48	15	6 36	9 48	aft 0
29	Mon	49	15	7 42	10 23	0 35
30	Tues	49	17	8 47	10 51	1 11
31	Wed	7 49	17	9 51	11 14	1 48

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY!

—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1888, - - $29,371,960.79

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

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

FRED. W. HYNDMAN.
Agent.

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

Liebig Company's

EXTRACT OF BEEF.

A vastly improved and economic preparation, for the Pantry, Kitchen, Sick Room, Soups, Sauces, Stews and Made Dishes. In flavor unimitable, and dissolves perfectly clear in water. Makes delicious Beef Tea and keeps in all climates for any length of time. 1 lb equal to 40 lbs of lean beef. Only genuine bearing the signature of Justus von Liebig in blue ink, thus: J. v. Liebig

THE LADIES!

A Rare and Brilliant Bloom of Health which is delighting Canadian Women.

Many scores of Them Blushed Fresh Complexion, Perfect Health and Superb Physical Beauty.

A great London Physician says that he notes a new and distinct form of nervous disease produced in Canadian women by worry about servants and overwork in caring for the home. This is only too true. It is why we see so many ladies pale, weak, languid, and suffering from headaches and intolerable weariness. They cannot stand the strain upon their nervous system. Many of them have found the means to sustain their failing strength, to give color to the cheeks, and new life and vigor to the body, in Paine's Celery Compound. This pure and scientific remedy is especially adapted to the needs of woman, and is daily making the most remarkable cures. Mrs. W. E. Cooper, 60 St. Hypolite St., Montreal, was for a long time troubled with nervous headaches, loss of appetite, low spirits, etc. After using the Compound, her headaches disappeared, appetite was good, and her spirits revived.

Annie Gourley, of River Beaudette, P.Q., found the Compound a certain cure for weakness, and now feels as well as she ever did.

Many a Canadian lady has the same reason to be grateful.

Paine's Celery Compound can be purchased at any druggist's for one dollar a bottle. If he should not have it on hand, order direct from WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., MONTREAL.

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ALL THE ABOVE ARE CHOICE AND VERY CHEAP.

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Charlottetown, January 19, 1890.—1 yr.

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May 28, 1890

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WINTER CLOTHING. WINTER CLOTHING.

We are selling cheap and the public are taking advantage of it. Call early and get a bargain.

Men's Reefers, Youth's Reefers, Boys' Reefers.
Men's Overcoats, Youth's Overcoats, Boys' Overcoats

FUR CAPS THE CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

Don't forget the place.

JAMES PATON & CO.,
Popular Store, Market Square

SPECIAL SALE!

We are offering a Special Lot 75 Suit Lengths of Tweed at from 20 to 30 per cent Discount on Regular Prices. Call and examine Stock and get Prices.

THE BEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED.

Soutané Goods always in Stock & Soutanes made to order.

JOHN MACLEOD & CO.

Charlottetown, April 2.

$1,000.

One thousand dollars reward to the man or woman who can find another stock of Men's and Boys Clothing on P. E. Island as large and cheap as the one to be seen at

PROWSE BROS.,

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN.

REEFERS, REEFERS, OVERCOATS,

REEFERS, REEFERS, OVERCOATS.

PROWSE BROS STORES,
136 & 144, QUEEN STREET.

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient I claim is

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health." —Wm. H. DeLaucett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took." — Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other cathartic I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Welmar, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES

DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES.

BITTERS

EPP'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"*Civil Service Gazette.*"

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets, by Grocers' labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Sept. 10, 1890.—9m

CAPT. JOHN HUGHES,

—DEALER IN—

Anthracite and all kinds of Coal

THE BEST QUALITY.

ORDERS left at OFFICE will be promptly attended to.

WATER STREET.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Aug. 13, 1890.—3m

Handbills printed at the shortest notice, at the Herald Office

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.

IN IRELAND.

BANTRY.

XII.

It is said that the bay of Bantry is unsurpassed by any harbor in the world for natural beauty and advantages—and the visitor to the south west coast can well believe it. From almost any point it exhibits—and on a scale of romantic magnitude—one of the noblest prospects the imagination can conceive. The grandeur of the view of this vast expanse of water is much enhanced by the rugged and majestic beauty of the surrounding mountains—particularly those on the western side. The bay measures 21 miles in length from Sheepshead and from 3 to 5 miles in breadth. The channel fleet visits it nearly every year, and the evolutionary squadron practiced in its waters in 1885. The coasts are wild, stern and precipitous, and vary from soft verdant landscapes to barren magnificence. The bay is studded with numerous islands; the largest of them, Bere, situated high and rocky within the mouth of the bay, its great bulk breaking the fury of the Atlantic's waves, and forming a shelter to this spacious and most sheltered harbor. A fine view of the bay and its surroundings is to be had from Whiddy, a fertile island at the upper end of the harbor, which at one time was Lord Bantry's deer park. This island was fortified for the French invasion under General Hoche in 1796, when the French fleet were scattered and dispersed by violent storms. In the centre are the ruins of an old castle of the O'Sullivan's, the ancient chieftains or princes of Bere, to whom much of this wild rugged territory once belonged.

The impressive and natural grandeur of the coast country has called forth glowing descriptions from the pens of many of its most brilliant writers. Mr. William O'Brien's description in his novel of the imaginary town of Drumshaughlin might pass for one of Bantry, the scene of his story, like Mr. Froude's Irish novel, being laid in the country between Glengariffe and Bantry. Describing young Rohan's leave-taking of the old town, we read:

"The bridge and the town clock and the tatterdemalion cabins in the suburbs flew past him like so many old friends reproachfully casting him off. He had never experienced such a pang of lonesomeness before in leaving the trumpery old town behind him. He was more astonished still, when they had cleared the last wreaths of peat smoke, to observe what a really noble place Drumshaughlin was, or, rather, not Drumshaughlin itself, which lay crawling like a tattered mendican at the foot of the shaggy-looking castle; but its environment—what mountains, the purity of stillness, and glimpses of an untamed sea. He knew and loved every glen and cliff of them, having a healthy heart for all beautiful things; but it was only now when he was leaving them that he quite realized that this roar of the mighty waves was music, and that the hills he used to shoot over and coarse hares were clad in colors like so many oriental kings. If you should not be able to find Drumshaughlin on the map, you will have to take it from me that Drumshaughlin is the capital of the ancient principality of Berra—that bold peninsula which forms the northern wall of Bantry bay and shoots its great ramparts unflinchingly out into the jaws of the Atlantic ocean. The principality was the scene of the last stubborn stand of the southern Irish during the Elizabethan wars, and seemed to have been swept bare up to the bald peaks of the mountains by those blasts of conquest under which castles, shrines and woods had withered away below. A mining shaft sunk here and there, with its reddish flow of copper following the gash, looked as though the conqueror had endeavored to uproot the very mountains. There they stood, however, the chain of storm-beaten warrior peaks that extend for the whole length of the principality from Glengariffe to the ocean—gleaning with the same grand organic voices of the winds and waves as on the days when Carew and Raleigh's cannon-shots first affrighted them; and the green valleys are as green as ever over the graves of the two races, and the withered woods have sprouted again, and the beaten clans have established themselves throughout the bare hills once more, even as the heather has managed to coax sustenance out of their stony hearts."

Not altogether dissimilar reflections are to be discovered in one passage in Mr. Froude's "Two Chiefs of Dunboy." Musing upon the profuse loveliness of this sea coast country, the majesty and grandeur of mountain and ocean, he is prompted thus to think:—

"The Sun never shone upon a land more beautiful than Ireland as Nature made it. It had possibilities of unbounded fertility if human industry and human sense would do as much for it as has been done for the most neglected corner in any other country in Europe. The people were passionate and emotional, capable of devotion and self-sacrifice, loyal and affectionate to any one who would lead them and care for them. Holy men had lived and died among them, and been respected and honored, and shrines and churches had risen above the spots where they were laid to rest. But the churches were roofless and the shrines were desecrated. The bells were silent which had once pealed over lake and valley calling the peasantry to prayer. The abbeys, lonely in their desolation, pleaded to men and angels against the hand which had profaned them. When the last rebellion was crushed, Ireland was a sheet of paper on which England might have written what character she pleased. Like a wanton child with a toy, she had no sooner accomplished her long task, than she set herself to work to spoil it again. But her own turn would follow. She would be face to face with the old problem either to make a new conquest or to retire with disgrace. She had wilfully neglected every duty which a ruling nation owes to subjects whom, for its own purposes, it has robbed of its independence. The proudest power can not forever defy Nature with impunity, and Goring found himself repeating the reflections which the sight of the devastated plains had forced upon Edmund Spenser. It could not be but that one day, a great humiliation would befall England for the heedless indifference with which she had treated that unhappy country."—SHAHID ABOO, *in Toronto Catholic Review.*

Sayings of Cardinal Newman.

"An admirer of Cardinal Newman has here brought together, for the benefit of readers who have not files of the Catholic newspapers for the last forty years, the reports therein given, from time to time, of occurrences of interest in the life of the Cardinal, and of addresses delivered by him in connection with them. Pains have been taken to correct obvious blunders of the reporter and printer; also to add such notes as seemed needed in explanation." Thus modestly does the Editor of a most charming an into esting little volume, set forth in a prefatory note the scope and character of the publication. And though the volume does not bear his name we think we are correct in saying that it comes from the same painstaking and appreciative hands that have given us at intervals within late years the admirable short biography of the sovereign pontiff—the pattern of what such a biography should be—and the two small volumes containing the "Letters" of Cardinals Newman and Manning, and the "Landmarks" of half their Lifetime—Mr. "John Oldcastle," the nom de plume occasionally assumed by the talented editor of the Weekly Register.

The greater number of the addresses contained in the present volume were delivered by the late cardinal in reply to addresses bearing to him tributes of the love and esteem in which he was held by the Catholic community for which he did so much; and perhaps one of their chief charms is the absence from them of any reaching after oratorical effect, and the presence instead, in every line, of a winning and gentle familiarity. "You have led me on to be familiar with you," he says in one of them; and it is this which has given to so many of them the charm of sweetness, and the interest of intimate personal reference. For example, we get a self estimate in the address in reply to from the cardinal secretary of state announcing his elevation to the cardinalate. Casting the account of his work, and laying aside, in his usual style, all claim to superior merit, he rejoiced to say that there was "one great mischief" to which he had from the first opposed himself. "For thirty, forty, fifty years, I have resisted, to the best of my powers, the spirit of Liberalism in religion. Never did holy church need champions against it more sorely than now, when, alas, it is an error overspreading as a snare the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look out upon the world the holy church as it is and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place if I renew the protest against it which I have so often made." It was as a warrior against the spirit of Indifferentism that he assumed the Roman purple.

On the relations between Protestants and Catholics in those days we find him using these words:

"And thus I am brought to what I consider to be a third and most remarkable instrument in the change of feeling in our favor which has taken place of late years among the Protestants. That change has arisen in good part from that very consequence which they anticipated and so much dreaded, and which has actually taken place—the conversions, which have not been few. The Catholics of England fifty years ago were an unknown sect among us. Now there is hardly a family but has brothers, or sisters, or cousins, or connections, or friends and acquaintances, or associates in business or work, of that religion, not to mention the large influx of population from the sister island; and such an interpenetration of Catholics with Protestants, especially in our great cities, could not take place without there being a gradual accumulation of experience, slow, indeed, but therefore the more sure, about individual Catholics, and what they really are in character, and whether or not they can be trusted in the concerns and intercourse of life. And I fancy that Protestants, spontaneously and before setting about to form a judgment have found them to be men whom they could be drawn to like and love quite as much as their fellow Protestants might be—human beings whom they could be interested in and could sympathise with, and interchange good offices with, before the question of religion came into consideration. Perhaps they even got into intimacy and fellowship with some one of them before they knew he was a Catholic, for religious convictions in this day do not show themselves in a man's exterior, and then when their minds turned back on their existing prejudices against the Catholic religion, it would be forced upon them that that hated creed, at least, had not destroyed what was estimable and agreeable in him, or at least that he was a being with human affections and human tastes, whatever might be his inner religious convictions. And I might have enlarged on this—that, much as members of a Protestant country may dislike their relations being converted to a religion not their own, and angry as they may be with them at first, yet, as time goes on, they take their part when others speak against them, and anyhow feel the cruelty as well as the baseness of the slanders circulated against Catholics when those slanders include those dear to them; and they are indignant at the slanderer and feel tender towards the slandered from the very fact that among the subjects of such calumnious treatment are persons who, as their experience tells them, so little deserve it."

It is not the opponent of Liberalism in religion, or the churchman however, who is most revealed in the "Sayings," but, as one reviewer has put it, the heart to whom was given "troops of friends." There is one extract in the volume which is not from a newspaper but from a letter. It is a description, by one who was present, of Dr. Newman as he then was, at the funeral of Henry W. Wilberforce— of the Newman that so many loved even before they gave their minds to his sway:—

"During the office a venerable figure come quietly up the aisle, and was going meekly to take a place on the chairs at the side; but H. saw him and took him into the sacristy, whence he soon made his appearance in cassock and cotta in the choir, and was conducted to the Prior's stall, which was vacated for him. This was dear Dr. Newman. He followed the office with them, but after a while could contain his tears no longer, and hooded his face in his handkerchief. And at the end of the Mass, Father Bertrand said something to Dr. Newman, and after little whispering, the venerable man was conducted to the pulpit. For some minutes, however, he was utterly incapable of speaking, and stood, his face covered with his hands, making vain efforts to master his emotion. I was quite afraid he would have to give it up. At last, however, after two or three attempts, he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us "that he knew him so intimately and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been so unexpectedly asked to do—to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years, and though, no doubt, there were some there who knew his goodness better than he did, yet it seemed to him that none could mourn him more." Then he drew a little outline of his—of the position of comfort and all "that this world calls good" in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement, "if he had been an ambitious man." "Then the word of the Lord came to him as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he hold dear and to become"—here he fairly hung up his head, finished his sentence—"a fool for Christ's sake." Then he said that he now "committed him to the hands of his Savior," and he reminded us of "the last hour and dreadful judgment which awaited us all, but which his dear brother had safely passed through," and earnestly and sweetly prayed, "that everyone there present might have a holy and happy death."

Among the most interesting of the "Sayings" are those replies of the cardinal to addresses of congratulation which came to him from Ireland—"that home of warm and affectionate hearts which I have wished in my humble measure to serve, believing that in serving Ireland I was serving a country which had tokens in her of an important future, and the promise of still greater works than she has yet achieved in the cause of the Catholic faith." The evidence of Irish esteem "surprised" him. "I do not think," he said to the representatives of Ireland who addressed him in 1879, "there is any other country which could have treated me so graciously as you have done." During his residence in Ireland he had had a continual experience of kindness, and nothing but kindness from all classes of people; and he was surprised to find that at the end of twenty years "a silent memory" was cherished "of a person who can only be said to have meant well, though he did little." That was in reply to the address read by Lord O'Hagan on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland. In reply to another address presented by the bishop of Ardagh on behalf of the Catholic University of Ireland he made this touching reference to a departed friend: "I ever had the greatest, the truest reverence for the good Cardinal Cullen. I used to say of him that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the saints of the holy city had been looking into it and he into theirs. And I have cause to know from the mouth of Pope Pius himself, that on a very critical occasion he promptly, emphatically and successfully aided my friend. That was in the year 1867. How sincere would have been his congratulations to me at this time. I am deprived of them; but by thus expressing my sense of my love I best relieve myself of the pain of it."

The last of the "Sayings" is dated in July last, the month before his death, and is strangely pathetic. "I may say of myself," he said to the Catholic Truth Society, "that I have had much sorrow that the hopes and prospects of the church have shown so little sign of brightening. There has been—there is now—a great opposition against the church; but this time and this day are the beginning of a revolution. I have had despondency; but the hour is come when we may make good use, and practical use, of the privileges which God has given us. We must thank God and ask for his blessing and mercy. May he sustain you. God is not wanting if we are ready to work. I beg you to pardon and to forget the weakness of my words. I am content to pray for you and for your works. God bless you."

This admirable little volume receives an added value from the portrait of the great man which precedes it. It was taken by one of the Fathers of the Oratory a few weeks before the cardinal's death, and is as pathetic as the utterances we have quoted. A writer in the Dublin Nation has said of it that there is more of the Newman of the beautiful portraits of his prime than in those with which we have been familiar recently; and an old Oratory boy told the present writer that it was the most faithful likeness extant of those expressive features as they were in late years. Book and frontispiece are alike a souvenir.—F. W. G. R., *in Toronto Catholic Review.*

Mr. Parnell.

What effect the sensational disclosures in the O'Shea divorce case will have upon the fortunes of the Irish party, it is too early yet to even surmise; but it is to be feared that one immediate result of them must be the relegation of Mr. Parnell to the limbo of lost leaders. However that may be, the result at the moment is wholly deplorable, both as respects the heavy blow which it deals to Mr. Parnell's reputation, and the consequences which it may involve to the historic cause with which his name has so long been associated.

The circumstances of the case seem to leave little room for a lenient judgment. In view of his great services to his country, and the hold which he had won in the esteem and confidence of his people, it is most sad and regrettable that Mr. Parnell should have done for himself what the Times and his bitterest enemies failed to do—wreck his own reputation. The overthrow of his great name and influence comes just at a time when a strong reaction in the public mind had set in in his favor as a man who had endured a great wrong, and had passed through, silently and with calm dignity, a great persecution.

The effect of Mr. Parnell's fall upon his party cannot as yet, as has been said, be conjectured. A change in the leadership is looked upon as inevitable, and in that case the succession will probably fall to Mr. Justin Macarthy, the vice-chairman of the Irish party, and its most distinguished member. The name of Mr. Dillon has also been put forward in this connection, and those of one or two other prominent Nationalist members. But in no other member of the Irish party are to be found the same high qualities, the tact, prudence and generalship that made Mr. Parnell so accomplished a parliamentary leader; and whatever may be the personal cost to him of his misconduct, it may be hoped that his colleagues will not be wholly deprived of his advice in their counsels.

One conviction remains, which we feel our readers will share with us: it is that however fatal may be the effect of this unfortunate episode upon Mr. Parnell's public career, there is something ungenerous in the readiness which has betrayed itself in some quarters, and which characterises some natures, to expedite the falling leader with a kick. Though at the moment Mr. Parnell's reputation and influence appear to be irretrievably ruined, there is one thing which, even in his fall, he has not lost—his claim to the gratitude of the people whom he has served through very trying years. The bitterest enemy of Mr. Parnell never questioned his consummate abilities as a public man and political leader. To his genius and generalship alone is due the great change in the positions of the political parties in Great Britain, the existence in such strength of the Irish party at Westminster, and the now measurable certainty of Irish Local Government. The least return that the recollection of these services entitle him to, is that his name should not be needlessly aspersed, nor his later years embittered by anything like ingratitude.—*Toronto Catholic Review.*

MADRID, Nov. 10.—In their address to Queen Christina and the little King Alfonso, 32 bishops who assisted at the Catholic congress at Saragossa asked the Sovereign of Catholic Spain to intervene to put a stop to the unjust treatment inflicted upon the pope by the enemies of the church and morality in Rome and Italy. In her reply, published in the Madrid Gazette, Queen Christina says: "In the fulfilment of my constitutional duties I have placed your petitions in the hands of my responsible ministers recommending them to give them their best attention."

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE