The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1893. Vol. XXIII. No. 8

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Wednesday

—BY—

Moran & Sullivan, Editors and Proprietors,

FROM THE "HERALD" OFFICE,

CONNOLLY'S BUILDING,

Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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☞ Correspondence should be addressed to the proprietors as above or to the HERALD.

R. R. MORAN, J. M. SULLIVAN.

Calendar for November, 1893.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 8th day, 8h. 44.4m., a. m., E.
First Quarter, 16th day, 1h. 32.1m. p.m., E.
Full Moon, 23rd day, 1h. 55.8m., p.m., N.
Last Quarter, 30th day, 6h. 55.4m. a.m., S.E

M	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun Sets	The Moon Rises	The Moon Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m	morn	after'n	after'n
1	Wed	6 47	4 40	0 0	2 22	4 46
2	Thur	49	39	0 4	2 47	5 8
3	Fri	50	37	1 20	3 4	7 16
4	Sat	52	36	2 40	3 18	8 8
5	Sun	53	35	3 40	3 25	8 50
6	Mon	54	33	4 48	3 31	9 27
7	Tues	55	32	5 56	4 10	10 2
8	Wed	56	30	7 6	4 29	10 34
9	Thur	58	29	8 14	4 54	11 10
10	Fri	7 0	28	9 21	5 24	11 46
11	Sat	2	27	10 21	6 7	morn
12	Sun	3	25	11 13	6 55	0 23
13	Mon	5	24	11 57	7 54	1 1
14	Tues	7	23	aft 33	8 58	1 44
15	Wed	8	21	0 59	10 5	2 29
16	Thur	9	21	1 21	11 15	3 16
17	Fri	10	20	1 40	morn	4 24
18	Sat	12	19	1 57	0 27	5 33
19	Sun	13	18	2 13	1 38	6 42
20	Mon	14	18	2 30	2 53	7 43
21	Tues	16	17	3 0	4 11	8 34
22	Wed	17	16	3 15	5 34	9 20
23	Thur	19	15	3 50	7 3	10 7
24	Fri	20	14	4 45	8 31	11 3
25	Sat	21	13	5 46	9 48	11 41
26	Sun	22	12	7 5	11 2	aft 31
27	Mon	24	12	8 31	11 52	1 21
28	Tues	25	11	9 51	aft 5	2 14
29	Wed	26	11	0 9	0 51	3 8
30	Thur	7 28	4 10	morn	1 11	4 11

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions.

mar 15, 1893—1yr.

North British and Mercantile FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1891, - - $60,032,727.

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 thirty years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent

Stamper's Block, Upstairs, Victoria Row, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Jan. 21, 1 893.—1y

Dr. T. C. Robins,

SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE:—Prince Street, Opposite St. Paul's Church Charlottetown, P. E. Island. mar 1st 93.

LET THE

HERALD PROCLAIM

we have just had made up a large assortment of

HEAVY,

SOLID

PLAIN GOLD

WEDDING RINGS.

E. W. TAYLOR,

Cameron Block

Farm for Sale.

50 Acres of Land on Monaghan Road, Lot 36.

THE undersigned offers for sale that farm of 50 acres, fronting on the east side of the Monaghan Road, Lot 36, lying between the farms of John McKenzie and Patrick McCarron, and formerly owned by Thomas Dennis.

There are about thirty acres clear. A good title and immediate possession given.

For full particulars apply at the office of

DAVIES & HASZARD, Solicitors, &c., Charlottetown

June 14.—tf

COAL! COAL!

LOADING AND TO ARRIVE

3,000 Tons Coal.

Old Sydney Round and Slack,
Victoria Round and Slack,
Acadia Round and Nut,
Intercolonial Nut,
Vale Nut,

All of which will be sold at the Lowest Prices.

C. Lyons.

Charlottetown, Oct. 11, 1893

WEEKS' For all Kinds of Goods.

WE BUY FOR CASH,
WE SELL FOR CASH,
BUY ALL YOUR DRY GOODS FROM US.

Buy your Mantles from Weeks,
Buy you Jackets from Weeks.
Buy your Furs from Weeks.

Dress Goods at 10 cents per yard, worth 15 cents.
Dress Goods at 15 cents per yard, worth 22 cents.
Dress Goods at 20 cents per yard, worth 33 cents.
This sale of Dress Goods till all is done.

ASTRAKAN JACKETS.

The sale for Astrakan Jackets has commenced. Sales daily.
Our Astrakan Jackets are the best.
Our Astrakan Jackets are the cheapest in Charlottetown.

Try us for Collars, Muffs, Tippets, etc.

W. A. WEEKS & CO.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Local and Special News

Hinard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action.

Hinard's Liniment is the Best

There are said to be nearly 450 varieties of trees in the Brazilian state of Amazonas.

Hinard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend

WELL ADAPTED.

The effective action on the glandular system and the blood, and the general regulating tonic and purifying action of B. B. B. especially adapt it for the billious, nervous, costive or scrofulous. From three to six bottles will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Hinard's Liniment is used by Physicians

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c. and 50c., at all druggists.

The number thirteen, it is said cannot be found as a street number in Frankfort-on-the-Main.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

Gentlemen.—We have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our house for over three years, and find it an excellent remedy for all forms of coughs and colds. In throat and lung troubles it affords instant relief.

James Brodie,
Columbus, Ont.

A PROMPT CURE.

Gentlemen.—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache.

Ethel D. Haines,
Lakeview, Ont.

A marble tablet, marking the birthplace of John G. Whittier, is to be erected at Haverhill, Massachusetts, shortly.

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Byard McMullin,
Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Mrs. W. W. Johnson,
Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. H. Bailey,
Parkdale, Ont.

The most powerful hydraulic crane at present existing, is reported to be one at the Italian goverment arsenal at La Spezia. It is capable of lifting 150 tons.

Police officers in hoodlum districts naturally expect to have many a rough experience.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

Gentlemen.—I suffered for a long time with constipation and tried many medicines without success. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters and very soon had great relief, so I continued its use and am now completely cured.

Joseph Philion,
Quebec, Que.

PREVAILING SICKNESS.

The most prevalent complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat; inflammations and congestions. For all these and other painful troubles Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy.

A spring poem has been happily described as a "writ of ejectment often served on the drawee."

A SURE CURE FOR BILLIOUSNESS.

Mr. M. Rooney, a well known Halifax Merchant, writes: I am using Hawker's Liver Pills and can recommend them as a sure cure for Billiousness." What Mr. Rooney says is endorsed by thousands who have tried these pills. Once tried they are always sought for when the trouble recurs. They are easy to take, exceedingly mild in their action and effective in a marked degree.

The bridle path—the middle aisle.

PERFECT CURE FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.

"It cased me of a severe cold in the head," is what Mr. A. D. McDonald of Framboise C. B., says Hawker's Catarrh Cure. Sold everywhere, only 25 cents.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

PRODUCE

We are again prepared to handle consignments either by cargoes or in lots of

Potatoes,

Turnips,

Oats,

—ALSO—

Butter, Eggs, Pork, Oysters.

to which we will give our personal attention.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

Quick Sales. Prompt Returns.

Bremner Bros,

19 Barrington Street. Halifax, N.S.

SHORT and SWEET.

CAN'T afford a large space. We sell at such small profits we can't squander time, space or money. But we sell the cleapest custom made clothing on P. E. I Call and see us, for Hats, Ties, Shirts and Pants, overcoats or pants.

JOHN McLEOD & CO.,
Merchant Tailor.

J. J. JOHNSTON,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

INSURANCE AGENT—REAL ESTATE AGENT

Stamper Block, Victoria Row

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

REPRESENTING

McKillop's Legal and Commercial Record, The American Bank Reporter & Attorney List, Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Co., etc., etc.

Money to Loan. Money Invested.

Sept. 6, 1893—1y

Book Review.

[Carols of Canada, etc., by Mrs. McLeod Charlottetown: John Coombs, Publisher. $1.00.]

Unfortunately, it is but seldom that we are called upon to notice poetical compositions of P. E. Islanders. Our people seem lacking in their devotion to the *Muse*. Rarely do we have poetry written here. J. Hunter Duvar, the Bard of Hernewood, and Mrs. McLeod are our only poets of any note. It is quite an agreeable event, then, to have published in our midst a volume of poems from so talented a witer as Mrs. McLeod.

The present volume contains many pieces of sweetness, delicacy and beauty. To us it seems that the authoress has a predelection for legend and story. The major portion of her poems are of this nature. She also describes personal feelings well. Self-introspection must prevail largely in her mental habits, for in all her pieces there is distinct evidence of her own personality. In many of the poems there are grand moral lessons inculcated. Thus of avarice she speaks:

Be't so or not, to me it seems
This cursed greed of gold
Shuts all the finer feelings out,
Deforms life's fairest mould.

Rends rare affection's dearest ties,
Transforms the friend to foe;
In battlefield of worldly gain
Smites with unsparing blow.

Repels all humanizing love;
In haste to reach its goal,
Draws o'er from the gates of paradise
The earnest, God-ward soul.

Speaking of *Maisonneuve*, the founder of Montreal leaving France, she says;

He had ta'en his last look of those terraced hills
Where the golden and green interflow;
Where song of the peasant doth sing in the rills,
As he gleaneth the fruit of the vine.

He had breathed fond adieux to his own loved land,
A land of rare science and art;
Where learning's vast treasure to gentle lands hand,
And knowledge enrobleth the heart."

of Canada she says:

"Exhaustless, boundless Canada!
Thy myriad forests wave;
Thy snow-capped mountains cleave the skies;
Thy shores two oceans lave,
Thy sea-wide lakes, thy rivers bold
Are worlds of crystal sheen;
And vast as empires famed of old
Thy prairies, rolling green."

"The Message" is a pretty little poem, the first and last stanzas of which are:

"Ye sweet summer birds! in your flight
Afar o'er the southern sea,
Will ye stoop from your cerified height
To whisper my lover, of me?

Yet—tell him through nature's vast range,
Reaped harvests, ripe forests aflame;—
Oh! tell him, through oceans of change,
I'll love him forever, the same."

Christmas is thus referred to:

"Hail Christmas! beacon ever bright;
Athwart the way-worn years;
Full lustred of celestial light,
Thy white-robed dawn appears.
Blest season! when our much beloved
Around one altar meet;
When voices from the spirit-land
Our longing spirits greet."

Someone has said that another Homer could make the Island another Greece. It is to be regretted that Mrs. McLeod has not devoted more of her talents to the description of our Island scenery. We have scenery here that for beauty is surpassed by but few places in the world. We think a view from Tea Hill, or from Forgan Hill, on the Monaghan Road, is quite capable of furnishing a poet with a grand subject for description. Our authoress writes of Orwell Bay and Point Prim. Of the former she sings:

"Sweet, pale-faced Queen of silent night!
Calm seated on thy azure throne,
Shed forth thy beams of silvery light
Till neither realms embrace thine own.
Till gleaming spire on tree-crowned hill,
With waving corn on valley land;
Till peaceful flood, and noiseless mill
Seem burnished of enchanter's wand.

And you, ye moonbeams! softly glide
Along Orwell's glittering wave;
And gently rest where all my pride
Lies buried, in my Mary's grave.
Oh! Mary loved of my youth!
Oh blissful dreams of early day!
When love was life, and truth was truth,
And hallowed shrine was Orwell Bay."

Point Prim is thus referred to:

"Far off from the smoke, and the city's glare
To the breath of the clover lea;
From the din and dust to the healthful air,
And the song of a tranquil sea.
Which falls on the ear like a holy psalm
From a world unknown of strife;
As the eye glides past in a blissful calm,
Like the close of a well-spent life.

Yet sighings of sorrow are heard in the foam
Which white-wreathe thy border, Point Prim;
As she telleth their fate, who left those to roam,
The eyes of the mother wax dim.
Of him who ne'er quitted dread danger's post
Till engulfed in the treacherous wave;
Or of him who favored on sultry coast,
And was launched in the sailor's grave."

The songs of Scotia are very nice: Bonnie Dundee pleases us perhaps more than any other of them. It commences as follows:

"Whene'er I hear the well-kent tune
My heart gangs owre the sea.
And communes with the loved o' yore
In the dear auld country.

Anee mair I run, wi' lightsome step
And spirits fe' o' glee
Ane o' a joyous, childish group
To school, in fair Dundee.

Ah! many a year has come and gane
Yet, time's long bridge atween
I overstep, and live the past
As if it happed yestreen.

Though many a hand is cauld in death,
And many a grave grows green
O' those that made the Yule-tide bright
And hansselled Hallowe'en.

We are hindered, by lack of space, from quoting further from this work. Mrs. McLeod is not unknown to readers of the Herald. Many of her pieces have already appeared in our columns. Those who appreciate a good thing in literature should not fail to obtain a copy of this work.

Catholic Notes.

The famous Jesuit College, in Mons, Belgium, was burned Wednesday. All the students escaped, but the splendid libraries and halls were burned. The Roman chapel and facade were saved. Three firemen were badly injured. The fire is known to have been incendiary.

Rev. John Morris, who died suddenly while preaching at Wimbledon, England, recently at the age of 67 years, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge and also at the English College, Rome, after he had joined the Roman Catholic Church. He had acquired much historical and antiquarian knowledge, and was the author of several works on the Reformation period, and of a life of St. Thomas A. Becket. He was at one time private secretary to Cardinal Wiseman, and at the time of his death he was engaged on a life of that ecclesiastic.

A solemn triduo has recently been held at the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Madrid in honor of the five martyrs of China lately beatified by the Holy Father; these Spaniards were Senores Sans and Serrano, and the Fathers Alcover, Royo, and Diaz of the Order of Preachers. On the first day the celebrant at High Mass was Mgr. Cretoni, the Papal Nuncio at the Court of Spain; on the last day the Archbishop Bishop of Madrid-Acala gave the Benediction after Mass, and then venerated the relics of the Beatified.

The position of non-Catholics is well limned by Mr. Mallock, who sums them under the head of "amateur Christians." He says: "The world, like Mr. Gladstone, has three courses open to it; to submit itself openly to the uncompromising dogmatism of Rome; to free itself from the fetters of Christianity altogether, or to attempt the construction of such a Christianity as these persons (amateur Christians) hope for." He then forcibly asks himself and all other non-Catholics; "If the traditional doctrines as to Christ's nature are to be discarded, is anything left us that we can honestly call Christianity." This is the touchstone of the situation, and it is given by a non-Catholic.—Kansas City Catholic.

"Rev." Joseph Cook says: "The theory Catholics work upon is the existence of the Church before the New Testament. Brother Joseph affects to be able to distinguish the wide difference between theory and fact. It is a fact, Brother Joseph, a fact, not a theory, that the year A. D. 33 occured before the year 100 when the New Testament was all written. It is also a fact, Brother Joseph, a fact and not a theory, that the year A. D. 33 occurred before the year A. D 400 when the New Testament was first brought together and given to the world cleansed from the mass of rubbish with which it had been mixed and confused. But Brother Joseph has no use for facts, his peculiar aberrations can proceed only from theory.

An amusing incident occurred recently at Rotterdam. The revolutionary Socialists of the city are about 300 strong, but they have an organ named De Vrijberd, which recently declared that the Catholic Church condemns individual property. This was denied in the Catholic journals, and a controversy sprung up in consequence. A meeting of the Catholic Workmen's Union was held in the usual course of events, at which the statement of the Socialist organ was repudiated; but the Socialists thought it a good opportunity to propagate their doctrines, and accordingly as the 1,700 members of the Catholic Union were coming from their hall, Socialistic pamphlets were freely circulated among them; whereupon the Workmen gathered all the pamphlets unread and gave them to a Catholic club to be sold as waste paper for the benefit of the Holy See. This use for their publication did not please the Socialists at all, but all Rotterdam enjoys the joke at their own expense.

The thoughts for Catholics during the month of November is, "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." We should pray without ceasing for the poor suffering souls, at all seasons; but we ought to pray with redoubled earnestness all this month, which is dedicated, with approval of the Church, to prayers for the dead, Our prayers have great efficacy when our voices are joined with voices of millions of the friends of God throughout the earth, calling upon Him to be mindful of His mercies; and when a holy violence of importunity, which He has promised shall prevail with Him, is offered, to secure the release of our departed fellow-members from their painful prison, and their admission to the place of refreshment, light and peace,

It is certain that we can help the souls in purgatory; it is certain that we have a binding duty to help them. The law of Charity, the love of God and our neighbors, is the great first law of religion, comprising all others. Our brethern who are in purgatory are in the sorest need. Their suffering is intense and hopeless, so far as they do anything towards their own relief. They call upon us in the most piteous accents to help them: "Have pity on me." It is a father, mother, brother, sister, who calls; perhaps it is the voice of some one in dire distress calling on us by name. Surely, if the law of charity ever binds, it must be binding in such a case as this. Our friends are in the flames, and the door of the house where they are confined is locked, and we have the key. And the key is prayer. Pray, therefore for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. Have masses said for your friends, by all means.

Are you troubled with knawing sensation, "gnawing" load at stomach? Take K. D. C., and be convinced of its great merits.

"The Bard of Cavan."

Cornelius O'Reilly, better known in New York by his self-assumed title of "The Bard of Cavan," died on the 15th ult. in Bellevue Hospital. In his early days some fifty years ago, in Belturbet, County Cavan, he was looked upon as a wild youth, where he "got into trouble" on account of his supposed connection with the "Molly McGuires;" but before the English authorities could act in his case he disappeared. His friends next heard of him in Cork, as a private in the Eighty-eight Regiment, known to fame as the "Connaught Rangers." In those days the soldiers of the English garrison in Ireland were marched to Church on Sunday, headed by their band; but, after the Protestants of the different regiment had been, with their officers, deposited at the Episcopal churches, the music ceased, and the Catholics had to go to Mass in silence. O'Reilly became aroused over this; and, one Sunday morning, stepping out of the ranks, he presented a pistol at the Bandmaster's head, commanding him, at the same time, to order his men to play up "St. Patrick's Day," on pain of instant death. The order was promptly obeyed; the band struck up the National air; and for the first time since the Jacobites, Catholic soldiers in the service of the English crown marched to Mass headed by military music. Private O'Reilly had been guilty of open mutiny, for less than which many a man had been summarily shot by drum head courtmartial. But, at that period, affairs in Europe were (as the diplomatists put it), in a ticklish position. The political atmosphere was charged at once with the elements of war and revolution. England herself was convulsed with domestic trade troubles, and the British authorities of the day recognized that their only safety lay in the loyalty of the regular army, over thirty per cent of which was then composed of Irish soldiers. Hence, O'Reilly's offence against the regulations was condoned; but the individual result to him was that he was made a marked man, for persecution and punishment in his regiment; and, as a consequence, he took advantage of the assignment to Cork of the detachment to which he belonged to take French leave of the Provost and Adjutant, and for a time there was a blank opposite his name in the roll of his company, which, at each muster, was filled in with the single word deserter—a term that means, to-day, more than it did then to the British military authorities, for their own official returns show that they are unable to keep up their military status, as the sum total of their annual loss by deaths, discharges desertions far exceeds the number of their recruitments.

But, a man of O'Reilly's strong individuality could not long remain in concealment; and, in a short time after he revealed his identity to the police who were looking for him, by plunging into the swollen waters of the river Lee, and rescuing a child, who was one of a number of people who had been swept down by a freshet. He was recognized by an energetic policeman, on landing with the rescued child; and being brought before a courtmartial, was sentenced to two months' penal confinement in a military prison, for the offence being "absent from his company without leave." The sentence exited so much public comment that O'Reilly, at the end of three weeks, was released, and being still in the hands of the civil authorities and having registered a vow that he would never again wear "the English Aed," he was shipped, in disguise, on an American bound ship, and safely reached New York, which, like so many of his co-patriots he subsequently made his abiding place, as a good citizen of the Great Republic.

Arizona Kicker.

CLEARING THE DOCKET.—Last Monday morning we paid off all our debts, made our will, wrote out full instructions for our foreman to follow in case of our death and then started out to clear the court docket of the half dozen cases standing against us. They were all libel suits based on some pleasant and entertaining article in THE KICKER. None of them were for less than $50,000 damages but we had not been worried any.

No. 1 was instituted by Jim Hoke, the faro man, because we published a 10 line article charging him with being an escaped convict from Joliet. Jim was the first man we visited on Monday. He was inclined to think he had a dead sure case until we exhibited our documents, when he caved, and ordered his lawyer to drop the suit. It was from Jackson, Mich., and not from Joliet, Ill., that he escaped. Our proofreader was to blame for the error.

No. 2 was a suit praying for $100,000 damages on account of a chirky little article in which our esteemed fellow townsman, Major Bliss, was referred to as a cow thief. When we called on the major at his office, he received us very cordially—that is, we had no sooner stepped foot into his office than we found two guns of modern make and excellent finish held on a line with our unprotected breast. It is needless to add that the major was behind the guns. We asked him as a personal favor not to monkey with the buzzsaw until we had submitted our documents, one of which was a tintype of the cow he was charged with stealing. Seven minutes later the major was telephoning his lawyer to get out from under the snowslide. We then went out and had a nip in unison and parted the best of friends. The major stole the cow right enough, but it was five years ago, and she wasn't much of a milker, and we are not the critter to hold a club over his head.

No. 3 was a $75,000 suit instituted by Colonel Harper of the steamboat line. About a year ago the colonel decided that editors ought to pay their way when they travelled, and the first thing we knew we hadn't any pass from this town to the railroad. We differed with the colonel on principle, and the way THE KICKER opened on his old caravan route made the wheels on every stage wobbel like drunken men. The colonel is an impulsive man, and his first move was to bring a libel suit. Four weeks later he sent us two annual passes and a dozen bottles of California wine. When we called to see him about clearing the docket, he couldn't move fast enough, and his entire demeanor was that of a man with a tender and loving heart.

Suit No. 4 was a modest little thing for $60,000 and was instituted by Bill Poole, the landlord of the Spread Eagle hotel. We used to board at Bill's, and when we published an article declaring that a hungry bobtailed wolfe would turn up his nose at the provender and that Bill himself was better fitted for a sawmill than a hotel we knew what we were talking about. Bill though we were bluffing on a pair of treys and started his suit. When we called on him the other day, we had our guns handy, but they were not needed. Mr. Poole not only fell on our neck and expressed regret at having made an ass of himself, but announced that he had traded the hotel for a sawmill over on Cedar run and would let go the landlordism next week. We wish him success in his new undertaking.

Suit No. 5 was for $50,000 and was instituted under a misapprehension. Judge Hemphill of Lone Tree came to this territory about 5 years ago from Ohio. He put it on the score of health. That's where the misapprehension came in. We discovered that the judge had three living wives and not a single living divorce, and when he bitterly opposed us as a candidate for senator we playfully alluded to his matrimonial affairs. He had changed his name, dyed his hair and shaved off his whiskers and left himself safe. When we went over to see him the other day, he thought we had come to compromise. We hadn't. We had come to prove that he had run away from four wives instead of three, and it wasn't over 10 minutes before he had tears in his eyes and was asking us to let up on him. We shall do so. The only thing we blame him for is in not bringing the five wives out here before he gave them the shake.

Suit No. 6 was a one horse affair for $75,000. It was brought by Jim Davis, foreman of the fire company, because we alluded to him as a drunken nuisance and a seven-day-in-the-week idiot. Jim didn't expect to prove to the contrary, but some one told him to sue, and he sued. When we went around to see him about clearing the docket, he expressed his sorrow that he had acted so foolishly and at once gave orders to quash proceedings. He asked us as a man and a citizen if we really thought he was what we alleged, and when our conscience forced us to reply in the affirmative he turned his head away and wept. Poor old Bill! We felt sorry for him. We wish he were not an idiot and a nuisance, but as long as he is is, what's the use of lying about it? The docket now stands clear of everything against THE KICKER, but something will probably bob up inside of a month to interrupt the monotony.

The Old City of Damascus.

A recent work on sanitary engineering says that Damascus possesses in all probability the oldest waterworks in the world. The city itself is the most ancient of existing cities, having seen the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman empires, of Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra and Jerusalem. When taken by the Saracens from the Romans, the waterworks already existed, and it is probable that the latter constructed the works which still exist and supply the town. Damascus lies in a valley on the river Albana, which flows from the Lebanon hills and is lost in the desert to the east of the town. In spite of a copious supply of excellent water, Damascus has no immunity from epidemics, owing to the fact that the double canalization for water supply and drainage, being more or less leaky, saturates the soil and raised the spring level nearly to the surface, and the sewers are rarely if ever cleaned, are not systematically ventilated, and they pass under many of the houses. It is not surprising, therefore, that Damascus is and always was an insalubrious town.

Class in Grammar.

Teacher—Parse the sentence, "Yucatan is a peninsula."

Pupil (who never could understand grammar anyhow)—Yucatan is a proper noun, nom'tive case, second person singular——

"How do you make that out?"

"First person Icatan, second person Yucatan, third person Hecatan; plural, first person Wecatan, second per"——

"Go to your seat!"—Chicago Tribune.

Are you troubled with dizziness, flatulency, flushings, fulness, general distress? Take K. D. C., the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you or money refunded.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Female Bandit Sent to Prison.

Kokoma, Ind., Nov. 15.—Miss Viola Deitrich, 20 years old, who last September led a band of young outlaws that waylaid six prominent citizens, was convicted yesterday and sent to prison for one year.

Overheated the Dynamite.

Joliet, Ill., Nov. 15.—Harry Tinsley and John Jones were instantly killed and John Riley and Patrick Roberts badly injured yesterday afternoon by an explosion of dynamite. The men were employed on the drainage canal and were engaged in heating the explosive. The report of the explosion was plainly heard in Joliet, though it occurred nine miles from that place.

The Beauties of Law.

A despatch from Lebanon, Penn., of the 15th inst says: $1,000 turkey will be served at dinner to-morrow by Hiram L. Light, and a number of friends will help to devour the expensive bird. About a year ago a turkey strayed away from the farm of John K. Light of Swatara township. A few days later it was found in the possession of Ezra H. Light. A lawsuit followed to determine the ownership, and before it ended the parties to the suit were out over $1,000. To-day the bird was purchased by Hiram L. Light.

Suspecting the Parson.

There are many tales told, most of them apocryphal, of queer incidents at weddings. I can vouch for the following: A workingman was being united to the lady of his choice at a certain church, and just before the moment for the production of the ring arrived the officiating clergyman leaned over toward the bride and whispered, "Please take off your glove." To his intense dismay the bridegroom resented the action, and cried, "Here, mister, no whispering to my gal."—London Figaro.

A Valuable Present

We understand that Mr. T. J. Dillon, inspector of cheese factories of this province, has presented His Lordship Bishop McDonald with one of the largest cheese made on the Island as well as several samples of the Ontario make. When making the presentation, Mr. Dillon referred to the many kindnesses he had received at the hands of the Catholic clergy throughout the Island and to the kindly interest they always manifested in the cheese industry wherever established. The kindness of Mr. Dillon is duly appreciated by his Lordship.—Examiner.

Church Re-opened.

St. George's Church at Grand River, Lot 55, was re-opened on Sunday last. His Lordship Bishop Macdonald pontificated, assisted by Rev. S. T. Phelan, as High Priest, Rev. J. C. McLean, Deacon, and Rev. P. Arsenault, Sub-deacon. Rev. J. C. McMillan was Master of Ceremonies. Rev. F. J. Macdonald, former pastor of St. George's occupied a seat in the sanctuary. Immediately before High Mass His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the above-mentioned clergy, blessed the beautiful statue of St. George placed above the High Altar. An able sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was preached by Rev. J. C. McMillan. A silver collection was taken up, which amounted to a considerable sum.—Examiner.

One of the stories that has drifted out of the Plaisance into the newspapers is of the mosque there, where prayers are said daily at regular intervals by the natives. A pious woman passing accosted a young Oriental and chatted with him, finishing with a nod toward his prayer house and the remark: "I hope you go to church every Sunday, like a Christian." "No," was the quick reply; "I go every day, like a Turk."

In the old code of Massachusetts and other New England States there were once very severe penalties prescribed against the use of tobacco in any form. A statute, dated 1632, forbade the use of tobacco by any person in any place, public or private, under a penalty of a fine of a penny for each offence. This law not proving effective, another was passed two years later of much greater severity. All tobacco users were ordered to discontinue the vile habit. Tavern-keepers were fined five shillings for permitting smoking on their premises, while the fine for every offence in private use of the weed, even in one's own house, was two shillings and sixpence for each offence.—Berlin News.

The Pope will shortly receive in solemn audience the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia. The event is noteworthy taken in connection with the recent visit of the Russian naval officers to France. The Grand Duchess will not visit the Quirinal during her stay in Rome.

Are you troubled with bad taste, belching, burning in throat? Take K. D. C., the King of Dyspepsia Cures. All druggists. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S. Canada, or 72 ...