The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES | CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1890 | VOL. XIX NO. 51

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Wednesday

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE,

CONNOLLY'S BUILDING,

Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Subscription: One Year, in Advance, $1.00

ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

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

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

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

JAMES McISAAC,
Editor and Manager

Calendar for October, 1890.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Qtr., 5th day, 4h., 10.8m., p.m., N.
New Moon, 13th day, 7h, 52.5m, p.m, N.W
FirstQtr., 21st day, 1h., 24.0 a.m., N. W.
Full Moon, 27th day, 7h., 29.4m., p.m., S.E

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

North British and Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY!

—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1886, - - $29,371,980.79

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

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

FRED. W. CHYNDMAN.
Agent.

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

Liebig Company's

EXTRACT OF MEAT.

For improved and economic cookery, use it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes. In flavor incomparable, 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 sort guaranteed genuine by Justus von Liebig and bears his signature in blue, thus:

THE LADIES!

A Rare and Distinct Result of Disease Attack is affecting Canadian Women.

Slow sense of Them Experienced French Consultation, Medical Science, Experts 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 house. This is only too true. It is why we see so many ladies pale, weak, languid, and suffering from headaches and innumerable weaknesses. They cannot stand the strain upon their nervous system. Many of them have found the means to remake 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 women, and is daily making the most remarkable cures. Mrs. W. E. Cooper, 65 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 looks 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.

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 time-keepers.

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.

Grocery & Tea House!

P. MONAGHAN,

—IMPORTER AND DEALER IN—

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Confectionery, Flour, Molasses, Pork Ham, Lard and Choice Groceries.

ALL THE ABOVE ARE CHOICE AND VERY CHEAP.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Try our 20c Tea. Nothing like it for the price

Next to Miller Bros., Upper Queen Street.

Charlottetown, January 19, 1890.—1 yr.

General Hardware!

Barb Wire Fencing, Bar Iron, Cut Nails, Roofing Material, Builders' and Painters' Supplies, Carriage Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

NORTON & FENNELL,

May 28, 1890

Perkins & Sterns

Popular Prices for Standard Dry Goods.

Up to the 1st of August this season's trade with us has been exceedingly good—much ahead of last year. We attribute it to the fact that we have been giving excellent value in all kinds of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods. Those who have not traded with us in the past should do so now, and they will find we have the cheapest goods to be had. During August we will give some Rare bargains in Summer Dress Goods, Millinery, Parasols, Hosiery, Gloves, Muslin's etc. We have a job lot of Homespuns, suitable for Boys' wear (or even Men's), which we will clear at a low price.

NOW OPENING—A large stock of Grey and White Cottons, Cotton Warps, Bed Ticks, Fleecy Cottons, Ducks Drills, Blankets, etc. Having bought at the lowest point, we can sell them very cheap. Try

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, August 13, 1890.

BOSTON STEAMERS!

JULY 2.

From this date the Steamers Carroll and Worcester will run regularly for remainder of season, leaving Charlottetown for Boston every Thursday, at 4 o'clock, p.m., and leaving Boston every Wednesday at noon.

CARVELL BROS.

July 9, 1890.—tf

WHEN THE HAIR

[illegible] of falling, begins at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation [illegible] the scalp, promotes the growth of hair, restores the natural color to [illegible] hair, and renders it soft, pliable and glossy.

[illegible] no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequaled for dressing the hair. We do this after long experience [illegible]. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliable, and prevents baldness. While it [illegible] those who have used the Vigor [illegible] it will stimulate the roots and color [illegible] faded, gray, light, and red hair, [illegible] the color to

A Rich Brown

[illegible]. It will not soil the pillows [illegible] a pocket-handkerchief, and is always [illegible]. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go about with heads looking like 'the frost of a [illegible]' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta, Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From *Household Housekeeping*, by Eliza R. Parker.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

A Rare Opportunity,

THAT desirable block of ground situate and being in the front and centre of the City of Charlottetown, and known as the "REVERE HOUSE" property, and comprising nearly one acre of land, and a most magnificent site for a Railway Passenger Station or first-class Hotel, is now offered for sale by tender.

Tenders will be received by the Lady Superioress of the City Hospital for the purchase of the whole block only up till the 31st of December, 1890, reserving the right to accept or reject any tender.

Further information respecting bounds and conditions can be had on application to Lady Superioress at the City Hospital, or to

M. P. HOGAN, Agent,
City of Charlottetown,

Aug. 13, 1890.—tf

Notes of hand forms in good style printed at the Herald Office.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Sept. 10, 1890.—9m

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

THE Farm, formerly owned by Mr. Peter McBourke, at Mill View, in Queen's County, consisting of about

315 Acres of Land,

With the Dwelling House, Barns, Cloth, Carding and Saw Mills thereon. This property is situated in a fine farming settlement, convenient to Churches, Schools, &c. It will be sold *en bloc*, or in lots to suit purchasers.

For terms and particulars apply to C. B. MacNeill, Solicitor, Charlottetown

July 23, 1890.—tf

IN IRELAND.

LIMERICK.

VIII.

Only one other Irish town will be touched upon in these letters, and that the ancient and important city of Limerick. A great deal of history centres around it. The first authentic notices represent it as a Danish settlement until the eleventh century, when it became the residence of the kings of Thomond or North Munster until its conquest by the English. The strong castle of St. John, still standing, and one of the city's most interesting objects, was erected there by that monarch, and from the date of its foundation the place steadily increased in importance. During the entire reign of Elizabeth, and throughout the wars that devastated the surrounding province, Limerick maintained the most unshaken loyalty. At this period we read of it as a place well and substantially built, with walls extending round a circuit of about three miles. But, as our readers know, the great episode in the history of Limerick took place during the wars of William and James, when the events which then occurred fastened on it the name of "the city of the violated treaty." After the battle of the Boyne, the Loyalists, that is to say the followers of King James, established themselves in this city, where they were subjected to a protracted and sanguinary siege, first by King William of Orange in person, and afterwards by Ginkell. The story of "the siege," and of the conspicuous part which was played in the defence of the city by the brave women of Limerick, is too well known to need repetition here. It is enough to say that the city was never taken, and that hostilities were at length terminated by the celebrated treaty of Limerick, ratified on the 1st of October, 1691, and signed on a large stone near Thomond Bridge, within sight of the armies of Sarsfield and William. Nor is there need to speak here of how that treaty was broken. But the old treaty stone raised high in the air at the end of Thomond Bridge, and facing the battered front of the castle, tells its own mute testimony of English perfidy and of English fraud.

The old city of Limerick spreads itself out in a broad open plain, upon both banks of the Shannon, while behind, in the distance, are the gentle undulations of the Clare mountains. The Shannon is spanned by five bridges, three of them connecting the city with the county Clare. The streets are broad and well built, and contain some good business establishments. Limerick has long been celebrated for its lace manufacture of the finest and most costly description. In the streets, at the railway station, and at the hotel entrances are always to be met one or two poor women, clad in the unmistakable costume of the Irish peasant woman, having large baskets upon their arms filled with the results of their patient and skilful, and, it is greatly to be feared, unremunerative industry. Their little stock will probably for the most part be of lace handkerchiefs, ranging in price from two to four shillings, into which the patient workers have intertwined shamrock within shamrock, and innumerable little harps, the popular emblems. Each one of these little handkerchiefs, it makes the heart sore to think, is the result of days of patient work, and of work, too, that must be very trying to the health and eyes.

In the old cathedral of St. Mary's, which stands close by the castle of St. John and the bridge of Thomond, Limerick possesses one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland. It was founded in the twelfth century by Donald O'Brien, king of Thomond. It is not now the cathedral church of the city, having given place to a new and beautiful structure, the interior ornamentation of which, whether as respects altars, coloring, or statuary, is the most tasteful and artistic and classic of any church we have yet seen in Ireland. And the chair of this cathedral church has a worthy occupant, a noble-hearted, high-minded and foully-abused man, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick. It is a pleasure to us to pay, in passing, an humble tribute of respect to a prelate and an Irishman, whose love for his country and his people we know to be equalled only by his loyalty to God; to one who

'Defamed by every charlatan,'

still bears

'The grand old name of gentleman,'

and bears it, too, unsullied by abuse, undisturbed by detraction, going about the while, his work and his labor, like his divine master, calmly, and undaunted by the clamors of the passionate and senseless multitude.

For ourselves, however, it was not the antiquity of old St. Mary's that most strongly appealed to us; nor the ivy growing and almost concealing its time-blackened walls; nor its old battlemented Norman tower; nor the fine view that unfolds itself from its top of the golden vale which the Shannon waters; but it was as the centre of the legend which filled the imagination of boyhood's years. The old legend, which furnished the theme for a poem which in conception and in execution, in the strength and delicacy of its play upon the human feelings, and in the melody and stately cadence of its metre, has few equals in our poetic literature, had not lost its charm, or its old-time potency. For whether we approached the old church from the city, or from the bridge, or from the Clare side, or the Shannon, the mind went back musingly to the story of young Paolo, the Florentine bell-founder, of youth and happiness, of manhood and contentment, and of old age and vicissitude, which form the subject of the exquisite poem of Denis Florence Macarthy. Many, if not all, of our readers, will remember the story of the young Italian campanaro, and of his marriage with Francesca; of how prosperity smiled on his industry, and care left few marks on either his own face or those of his dear ones. They will recall how he resolved to cast, in gratitude for life's blessings, a wondrous peal of bells; how they were dedicated to the mother of blessings, and for years called him and his children, morn, noon, and night, to turn from their labors at the sound of the angelus and to recollect in whose presence it was that they lived and labored. Then, in the evening of life, troubles came to the old man. Death took away wife and children. War raged over his native land, and the places of his habitation were made waste. Worst of all, even the old church had been destroyed, and the bells, the children and the comforters of his years, sacriligiously borne away. The poet describes the dismay of the old man:

"When he felt that indeed they had vanished one fancy then flashed on his brain,
One wish made his heart beat anew with a throbbing it could not restrain,
It was to wander away from fair Florence, its memory and dream-daunted dells,
And to seek up and down through the earth for the sound of its magic bells."

And the rest of the poem describes his pathetic wanderings, his waiting, with eager listening ears, for the sound of the chimes from the sacred kiosks of Constantinople, and from the belfrys of the Tagus and the Rhine, a wanderer in all lands, and the pursuer of only a memory of home. At length the poem recites how, beaten down by age and by sore disappointment, he boarded a barque at Santiago, in Spain, to wander, whither he knew or cared not. The concluding verses of this exquisite legendary poem should be quoted:

A bark bound for Erin lay waiting, he entered like one in a dream;
Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon to the Shannon's broad stream,
'Twas an evening that Florence might envy, so rich was the lemon-hued air,
As it lay on lone Scattery's island, or lit the green mountains of Clare;
The wide spreading old giant river rolled his waters as smooth and as still
As if Donagh, with all her bright nymphs, had come down from the far fairy hill,
To fling her enchantment around on the mountains, the air, and the tide,
And to soothe the worn heart of the old man who had looked from the dark vessel's side.

Borne on the current the vessel glides smoothly but swiftly away,
By Carrigaholt, and by many a green sloping headland and bay
'Twixt Cratoe's blue hills, and green woods and the soft sunny shores of Tervoe,
And now the fair city of Limerick spreads out on the broad bank below;
Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners look o'er the town,
The old man sees nought but St. Mary's square tower with its battlements brown,
He listens, as yet all is silent, but now, with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear evening skies.

One note is enough, his eye moistens, his heart, long so withered, out-swells,
He has found them, the sons of his labors, his musical, magical bells.
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around him the sweet Arno shines,
His children, his darling Francesca, his purple-clad trellis of vines.
Leaning forward, he listens, he gazes, he hears in that wonderful strain,
The long silent voices that murmur, "Oh, leave us not, father, again."
'Tis granted, he smiles, his eye closes, the breath from his white lips hath fled,
The father has gone to his children, the old campanaro is dead.

Four miles from Limerick, and on the road thence to Adare, is the venerable ruin of Mungret abbey, said to have been founded in the fourth century. The psalter of Cashel states that this monastery had within its walls six churches, and, exclusive of numerous scholars, one thousand five hundred monks. A few broken walls only remain, but extensive foundations exist in the adjoining fields at a considerable depth beneath the surface. On a commanding site overlooking the Shannon is Carrigo-Gunnel, "the rock of the candle," one of the most striking and interesting ruins in Ireland. It was a fortress of the O'Brien's, kings of Thomond, and a place of considerable strength. Adare, a small town, eleven miles from Limerick, is the site of a castle built by the Desmonds, and at Rathkeale, a town some few miles further on, are three more castles of the Desmonds. All the lands about here, in the long ago, belonged to that house, but upon the forfeiture of their estates were granted to the Courtenays, now earls of Devon. Near Askeaton is Shanagolden, and near it the hill of Shanid, an artificial mound surmounted by a castle. This castle was held by the Desmonds, and the Geraldine war-cry, Shanid Aboo, is still retained as a family motto by the knights of Glin, a Desmond branch of the Geraldines. Glin is the seat of the knights of Glin, to whom the manorial rights have descended through an uninterrupted succession in the male line of more than six hundred years.—*Shanid Aboo, in Toronto Catholic Review.*

Father Dominic.

THE GREAT PASSIONATE PREACHER AND THEOLOGIAN WHO RECEIVED CARDINAL NEWMAN INTO THE CHURCH.

Dominic Barberi, the great Passionist divine, who received Cardinal Newman into the Catholic Church, was born at Paranzana, Viterbo, in 1792, and was the son of a poor farmer and wife, who died while Dominic was a child. Before the lad could read he formed a great desire to become a missionary to England, and to this idea he clung passionately, though he was eventually commanded by his uncle and advised by the parish priest to marry and follow his occupation as a shepherd. Dominic, however, was firmly impressed with the idea that God destined him for missionary purposes in England, and after recovering from a serious illness he entered the Passionist Order as a lay brother. His humility and good behavior gained for him the notice of the superior, and he was admitted as a clerical postulant, and finally ordained. By hard work he became well educated, and in 1821 was appointed lector, being transferred three years later to the house of his order at Rome. All this time he had continued thoughts of England prayed for her every day. In 1830 Dominic made the acquaintance of Hon. and Rev. George Spenser, better known as Father Ignatius, who had given up a family living (he was uncle to the present Earl Spenser) of £2,000 a year in order

TO BECOME A PASSIONIST MONK.

These two, in company with Ambrose Lisle Phillips, talked much of England, and Dominic continually sighed to visit the land he had thought so much of. In 1841 he held a dispute with Dalgairns in the Paris Univers. In 1842 the message he had waited for all his life came. He came over and settled at Aston and found discouragement everywhere. The people did not like monks; even the Catholics, especially the secular priests, did all they could to appose and thwart him, and but for Cardinal Wiseman, Dominic had been forced to retreat. He knew hardly any English, but he was full of pluck. In 1845 his reward began to come. He received Dalgairns, with whom he had formerly disputed, and then he received Newman. After this he was very zealous and succeeded in putting the Passionist Order on a firm basis in England, so that it is now one of the most influential orders in the country. Father Dominic was a peculiar being, and possessed a somewhat caustic style of wit. Faber told him one day that he would like to found an order on monastic principles. "Oh," said Dominic, "and what would you call it?" "The Congregation of the Will of God," answered Faber. "Better call it the Congregation of the will of Faber," said Dominic drily, and much to the great hymn-writer's confusion. When Newman felt that the time had come for his

SUBMISSION TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

he was somewhat at a loss how to proceed in the matter. He knew next to nothing of Catholics, and had hardly spoken to a Catholic priest in his life. Dalgairns, who had already been received, heard of Newman's intention, and it was arranged that Father Dominic should call at Littlemore. He proceeded thither on October 8, 1845, not knowing why he was sent for. It was pouring rain when he reached Oxford, and by the time he got to Littlemore he was wet through. As he stood by the fire, endeavoring to dry his garments, Newman entered the room and greeted him. And the foremost man in the Church of England knelt down before the poor foreigner, and humbly asked of him to receive him into what he had come to believe the one true fold. "It was" Dominic used to say, "an ample return for all my hopes and fears. I had been praying for England all my life, and at last God seemed to be rewarding me."

Scotchmen Everywhere.

A good many years ago, said an old colonel, we were going out to join the Turkish service. The most enthusiastic of us all was an Englishman, a jolly, empty-headed, good-natured sort of fellow, who was going out as an interpreter, having somehow picked up a smattering of Turkish, though of Russian and the other languages of Eastern Europe he knew no more than I did.

I found out by chance that his ruling passion was an unquenchable hatred of everything Scotch. We encamped at some unpronounceable place on the Lower Danube, with old Sauvarow's gray coats quartered within three miles of us. It was a few days after our glimpse of the enemy that the first taste of retribution overtook our friend.

We were strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, whose acquaintance we had made the day before, and the interpreter was abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, as usual, when to his utter astonishment (and mine, too, for that matter), Hassan Bey turned upon him, and broke out fiercely:

"I'll tell ye what, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse yer tongue upon ma country like thot, I'll gie ye a clout o' the lug that'll mak it tingle frae this to Holloween."

You should have seen the Englishman's face. I think I never saw a man really thunderstruck before.

"Why, good gracious," stammered he at length, "I thought you were a Turk."

"And sae I am a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," retorted the irate Glasgow Mussulman, "and a better ane than ye'll mak for-bye; for ye ken nae mair o' their ways than my father's auld leather breeks, that ne'er traveled further than just frae Glasgea to Greenock and back agin; but when I gang hame (as I'll do or lang, if it be heaven's wull), I'll just be Wully Forbes, son of auld Dady Forbes, o' the Gorbals, for a' that's come and gane."

A Priest Saves a Train.

Rev. C. F. Schilpp of St. Francis Xavier's church, Parkersburg, W. Va., saved a passenger train from being wrecked recently. The reverend gentleman was coming up the Ohio River Railroad to his home just as the north-bound passenger train was due. When a short distance below the city the priest found a cow which had just been struck by the passenger train which passed but a few minutes before, laying partially on the track. The cow was not dead, and in her struggles worked herself over on to the rails. Father Schilpp, knowing the train was due, ran back to a house and got a small lantern, and, returning, tried with all his power to remove the animal, but could not. While working desparately he heard the on-coming train blow as it turned the bend. The priest then, with great presence of mind, ran down the track and hailed the train, which he succeeded in stopping just as it got within a few feet of the crippled animal. Had the train struck the cow at that place it would have gone over a steep rocky bank and probably many lives would have been lost. The officers and passengers, when they learned the particulars, crowded about the reverend gentleman and warmly thanked him for his brave and thoughtful act.

Rev. Robert Stewart, an English Protestant minister, has received from his nephew, a missionary at Lake Tanganikika, a letter in which the writer says: "As to other missions on the lake, the Jesuit mission is the only other mission besides our own. I detest Jesuitism, but cannot help admiring the practical way in which they work. Outwardly, to all appearance at least, they are doing good work."

Some time ago the workmen engaged in the construction of the Lady vestry of St. Giles' cathedral, Edinburgh, Scotland, found the upper right arm bone of an adult lying on part of the plaster ceiling of the church. It is conjectured that this is the arm bone of St. Giles, which was a gift to the church by a pious Catholic many centuries ago, and was concealed with other relics at the time of the reformation.

By a decree of the minister of justice and public worship, based on the report of the keeper of the seals, the archbishop of Paris has been refused permission to accept a legacy of ten thousand francs, recently bequeathed to him for the church of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre, by a widow named Bonnet. In his report the keeper of the seals takes ground that too much money has already been subscribed towards the erection of this church.

The "Scottish Leader" says that coincident with the elevation of Monsignor Stonor to the Cardinalate, as the third representative in the church of England, three other English-speaking prelates will be elevated to the Sacred College. These are Archbishop William J. Walsh, representing the church of Ireland; Archbishop Kenrick, representing the church of America; and Archbishop Charles Eyre, representing the church of Scotland. The elevation of the last named will be hailed by Scotland with the same enthusiasm as the admission of Cardinal Newman to the Sacred College was by England eleven years ago. The last Scotch Cardinal was His Royal Highness the Cardinal Duke of York, who was the last member of the Stuart dynasty.

On the 21st of November of every year one hundred thousand nuns of France of the order of Sisters of Charity, founded by St. Vincent de Paul, are free, their vows are at an end, having expired that night at 12 o'clock. It is difficult to realize the fact that one hundred thousand nuns at a given moment are free to enter society and its amusements, nay, to marry if they please. But among all these thousands there is not one who will not at the 7 o'clock mass next morning joyfully and generously resume the chains which had just fallen off forever had she so willed.

Cardinal Manning says that the chief bar to the working of the holy spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. "Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know no cause that effects them with such universality of steady power as this curse of drink."

Cardinal Gibbons has a knack of condensing great truths in small sentences. Recently, in an interview with a Boston Herald representative, he said: "The whole drift of Catholic education is to inspire a love of God and a love of country." There is much food for thought in that, and some of our contemporaries might study it with profit.

The renowned pulpit orator, Pere Monsabre, is at present living quietly in the Dominican convent, Havre. He is, no doubt, engaged in preparing the advent sermons which he is to deliver at the church of St. Andrea della Valle, Rome, on the invitation of the holy father.

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