

Why not try WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?

Doctors highly recommend it to those:

- Who are run down;
- Who have lost appetite;
- Who have difficulty after eating;
- Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;
- And to Nursing Mothers,

as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Like Last Year's Snow.

By Eugene Kelly.

Oh, after twenty weary years, when I come back to see
The little town that gave me birth, the home that sheltered me,
Grin rains meet my tearful eyes, no matter where they roam,
And not a soul to welcome back the exile to his home!

Deserted are the village streets, and unobscured every year,
Are all its low thatched shingles, its tenements of clay;
Dark are the hearths and faded the fires of long ago.

Like last year's snow!
I wonder where is Thady Rhu, a brave and valiant soul,
Who was the first at hurling, and always won the goal;
And what I ask me, how become of Shannon-Coppin who
Used play his pipes when bonfires danced with careless food and true?
And the blind beggar who came back with age, the wag and village seer,
Who used to write the Skellig list for shrovetide every year?
Gone—gone are they full many a day—'tis but too well I know—
Like last year's snow!

Oh where are the girlish who blossomed young and fair,
When I was one and twenty, and a bachelorette in Clare—
Young Kathleen with her golden hair, Nell of the liquid eyes,
And peg whose blouses rivalled the sunset in the skies?
And romping, laughing Maureen, who was so dear to me
And Brighten MacCaurea, and buxom Moll Magee?
Are they, too, gone where flowers were in winter time all gone?
Like last year's snow!

The chapel is in ruins now, the tinkling bell will chime
Its peals no more along the shore, as in the olden time
When blessed Sunday morning came, and from the altar and pews
The people all, the young and old, thronged on their way to Mass;
And Father John, the good P. P., he too, has passed away,
He sleeps among his buried flock 'neath the chryseid clay.
Oh, all are gone, I'm whispering in accents sad and low,
Like last year's snow!

And oh, the hopes that fired our youth, the dreams that seemed
To raise again o'er hill and plain the flag of green and gold,
And face the tyrant in his lair and win for us alone
The land that God from earliest time had chartered for our own—
Where are these hopes and bright dreams now that wake within us then,
When we used scorn the line of slaves and claimed the rights of men?
Have they, too, perished in death away, and lost their vestal glow,
Like last year's snow!

Old Papal Palaces.

As we stand in the marble halls of the Vatican, in the midst of surroundings which art and generosity have made glorious, the mind is carried back to the days when the Church was in her infancy, when her first Pope, hunted from place to place, scarce found whereon to lay his head. His first homes were in the catacombs, deep down under the earth, or in the houses of those wealthy Romans whom the grace of God called early to the faith. Such was the palace of St. Pudenziana, at the foot of the Viminal Hill, which was given as a residence to St. Peter by the patrician and Senator Pudens.

In this place, as also in the house now called St. Mary in Via Lata, the Papal court had its first humble beginnings. How long the Popes retained these residences it would be difficult to say. Doubtless the ever-changing fortunes of the Church made the catacombs a more permanent abode. About the year 254 St. Calixtus I. built the Church of St. Mary in Trastevere, now Cardinal Gibbons' titular church, and made his hereditary mansion contiguous to the first public residence of a Pope.

Thence, to the time of Constantine the Holy Father, deprived again of the right of public existence, was obliged to find shelter wherever he might. It was the extraordinary enthusiasm of Constantine which first put the stamp of imperial approval upon the Holy See, lodging it in quarters somewhat worthy of its high significance and establishing for it a place in Rome that thousands of years have not been able altogether to destroy.

The palace and basilica of St. John Lateran stand at the south-eastern extremity of the city and western end of the Vatican at the north-western end. The present structures comprise, besides the vast, square edifice of the palace, the noble basilica, the cloisters and the baptistry, all of which are connected so as to form one vast pile. A little farther away to the northward stands the chapel of the Holy of Holies, with its precious relic of the holy stairs.

The whole establishment has had a history as remarkable as its remains are magnificent. Tradition tells us that in the days of Nero there arose upon the Caelian Hill the sumptuous residence of one of Rome's most illustrious families, that of the Plantii Laterani. Saved from the fury of Claudius through the intervention of his uncle, Aulus, the unfortunate Plantius entered into a conspiracy against Nero. The crime was detected and he was sentenced to death. The executioner who was to strike the fatal blow was himself secretly one of the conspirators, whom a mere word from his victim could, in a moment, condemn to a like punishment. Plantius, however, preserved his secret even under the fatal axe; the executioner performed his work, and the noble victim was ushered into eternity. His great palace and gardens were then confiscated and added to the imperial domains.

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Catholic. The small chapel over the side altar contains, among other precious relics, the table upon which the apostles partook of the last supper.

Near the basilica is the Baptistery of Constantine, where, it is believed, that great Emperor received the saving waters of baptism. A curious historical event is connected with this little building—Rienzi, in his quality as tribune, unable to pierce the walls of the Vatican, and yet determined that his power should be consecrated by religious ceremony, made use of this place to give greater importance to his inauguration. He had already proclaimed himself the elect of the Holy Ghost—candidate of the Spiritus Sanctus, which title he had bestowed in a white mantle upon all solemn functions; but title and mantle were not sufficient to satisfy his desires. Son of a water carrier, he wished to be created a knight by the voice of the people. The tribune, in this place, and the place for the ceremony and, as the dubbing of knights was usually preceded by a bath to purify the candidate from all stain, Rienzi had the hardihood to bathe himself in the baptismal font which had served for the baptism of Constantine. The next day solemn Mass was celebrated in the basilica, and Rienzi, after having strapped on his spurs and sword, proclaimed his new power to the people. The halls of the Lateran were then converted into banquet halls and ball-rooms, and during the whole festivity of the day the great tribune caused wine and water to flow abundantly from the nostrils of the brazen horse of Marcus Aurelius on the Campidoglio. This was on August 1, 1347. A few months later the tribune, after wearing the people with his royal pretensions, was obliged to fly to Naples. He was finally put to death in 1354.

Not the least interesting feature connected with this palace is the Scala Sancta or holy stairs, a flight of twenty-eight steps, which, tradition says, belonged primarily to the palace of Pontius Pilate, and was that upon which our Saviour ascended and descended during his sacred passion. It was brought from Jerusalem to Rome by the Empress St. Helena. One of its steps is broken, the effect, it is said, of the fall of Christ upon it; two others are said to bear traces of the very sandals of the Lord. Friday the faithful of every rank and condition assemble in the vestibule of this chapel and await their turn for ascending the holy stairs. This is to be performed strictly upon the knees, no one being permitted willfully to put the sole of one's foot into a nightgown, or to wear shoes, or to be covered by exterior planks both for the sake of preservation and also out of reverence. It would require too much space even to mention all the parts of this illustrious palace. We go into the adjacent cloister, a night forest, charmed at the profusion of its attractions. The thoughts of the visitor weave themselves dreamily round the glory of its shrines, and call up pictures of Pope and Emperor in splendid apparel, of councils filled with long lists of sainted prelates, of cloisters wherein monks walked in the days of monastic life, of ermine clothed canons chanting the divine office, and as he leaves its sacred precincts to go out into the modern world, the words of its sweetest singing in his ears: "Non est in toto sanctorum orbis locus."

"There is no holier place in the whole world."

If the Lateran calls up the old traditions of the Church, its struggles and sufferings in the centuries of the middle ages, if the Vatican attests the spiritual power of the successors of St. Peter; if it sends forth over the whole world the brilliant rays of Catholic truth and life; if it is the depository and garden of faith, the science and art; if, in a word, it recalls the victories of the soul over paganism and materialism—yet the Quirinal also is not without its distinct and marked role in the history of the Papacy. For it was in this palace that for centuries the pontiffs gathered to accomplish the supreme act of Papal elections. From went forth the solemn words announcing to the world the promotion of a new Pontiff to the See of Peter. The palace of the Quirinal, now the residence of the King of Italy, is situated in that elevated part of Rome where, from the beginning, was concentrated all the force and grandeur of the Eternal City. First sojourn of the Sabines, who there established their fortress and kingdom, with their virile habits and austere virtues, the mount takes its name from the little town of Quirium, as its Sabine warriors bore the name of Quirites. Here was the habitation of Sabines, god of the Sabines; here ruled their chieftains, Tatius and Romulus, the god of Mars, and Numa, the King of the Romans; here lived the great families of Sabine origin—the Fabii, the Corneli, the Scipios; here, too, were established the sanctuaries of their divinities, Quirinus, Salus Fidius.

The palace is of comparatively recent date; Gregory XIII. was the first to conceive the idea of establishing there a pontifical residence upon the site of the ancient baths of Constantine. The building was begun in 1574, and continued up to the present day to receive new improvements and additions, until it ranks to-day second only to the Vatican. Among its attractions are its apartments, galleries and paintings. The Royal Hall is a vast chamber paved with rich marbles; it was the hall of honor for Pontifical royalty. You pass thence into the Pauline Chapel, so called from Paul V. It was the chapel of the Papacy at the Quirinal as the Sistine now is at the Vatican. Near by are the three halls of the consistory, of audiences and of congregations. Benedict XIV. placed in these galleries the porcelain vases from China, testimonials of the conquests of French missionaries over the half-civilized of the East. In the hall of receptions as in many of the private apartments of the palace, you would pause to admire the rich Gobelin tapestries. The most celebrated are those which hang from the walls of the Consistory Hall, representing the marriage of Louis XIV. and which were presented to the Holy Father by the same monarch

The rest was taken from the Tuilleries, whence Napoleon sent them as an offering to Pius VII. The walls contain many celebrated paintings: Jean Francois de Bourbon, Count d'Artois, and his wife have placed Scriptural subjects on some of the upper walls. Among the most remarkable paintings we should enumerate a "Saul and David," by Guercino; the "St. Jerome of Bergamo;" an "Ecce Homo," by Donichino; a "Madonna," of Guido; Guido Reni is seen in a little chapel; the "Annunciation" of this same chapel is justly considered the gem of the Quirinal. We can only conjecture what the glory of this quirely palace must have been in the days of the Papacy; to-day it stands alone in the midst of Christian monuments, the banner of desecration waving proudly over its doors, the guardians of usurpation treading proudly over its balconies, even over that one beneath which were held the solemn scenes of the conclave. It was in this palace that Pius VII. was arrested by order of the great dictator. Around it the mobs of 1848 howled their insults upon the saintly Pius IX.; at one of its windows fell King Victor Emmanuel by ball from the street, and it was from this same palace that, in that same year, the Pontiff escaped to take refuge at Gaeta. The Pope returned again to the Quirinal, but his stay there was brief indeed. The year 1870 marked the end of its old ecclesiastical glory. The invaders looked upon its splendors as but fitting for the surroundings of Vicar Emanuel; they placed the usurper upon the throne in its royal hall; they captured the interior placed upon its walls, and although statues of Christ and His Virgin Mother adorned its great doorways, their guardianship seems rather a warning to the faithful lest they sully their good name by stepping across thresholds that lead into what has now become the house of infidelity, where the abomination of desecration is seen sitting in the holy place.

There are other palaces of the Papacy scattered here and there in Rome and France, having, however, but a temporary importance. At Avignon, in Provence, there is still to be seen the gigantic palace of the Popes. It was begun in 1339 by John XXII. in the very midst of the troublous epoch of the Western schism. The celebrated pile, half palace and half fortress, stands on the rock of the Doms and with its huge, heavy, square towers, its naked, yellowish colossal walls, five yards in thickness, and its windows, in one of the most imposing creations of medieval architecture. In its strange combination of castle and cloister, prison and palace, this temporary residence of the Popes reflects both the deterioration and the grandeur of the Papacy. Other palaces of the Popes were those of St. Mark's, at Rome, now known as the Palace of the Venezia, the headquarters of the Austrian Legation to Rome. A small but exquisitely cosy palace of the Duke of Laks, Alton at Castel Gandolfo served until recently as a country villa for the Holy Father. But all of these palaces have grown old. Built for the Popes, the reason for their existence ceased as the Papal power ceased to govern their own peoples, and as yet, as imposing monuments of the grandest efforts of the Papacy seeming to defy time and rust, yet insensibly crumbling away in abandonment, all of them wreathed around with the glory of the days of old, when the austere rule of the Holy Church that comprised the whole Christian world—Rev F. A. Cunningham in Donahoe's Magazine.

Telling Lies.

Everybody agrees with everybody else that it is not right to tell lies, but the liar is a mean and contemptible person, that lying itself is not only wrong but very damaging to the liar and to the people in general, and yet, though this is a general, well settled opinion, which no one will contradict, many persons who hold the opinion tell lies just the same.

There are several kinds of lies which people tell, to which we are all accustomed. One man constantly tells his friends a lot of stuff about what he has done and what he is going to do, which he and his hearers know perfectly well that he is not telling the truth. This sort of lie is not so harmful as others, but it is silly and ridiculous.

Another lie, very common, is that told by persons who wish to avoid the truth. They tell a lie to do something that they should not do, they break some rule, or forget something, or make a mistake, and then are too proud to acknowledge their error, or perhaps really fear being scolded or punished, so they deny everything. This comes from pride and cowardice.

Some people tell lies for fun. They call them "yarns" or "stories" or "white lies." They give them all sorts of names in order to disguise their true habits and austere virtues. Some lies too do more harm than others, but the man who undertakes to decide for himself what lies he can tell innocently and without harm is on a very dangerous ground. When a lie is told, however slight, nobody really knows how much harm it may do.

Of course the most contemptible and wicked lie is that which is told with the intention of hurting somebody. The man who tells malicious lies to damage another's reputation, "to get square with him," to hurt him in business, or to injure his character, is doing as wicked a thing as can well be imagined.

Cowards, vain boasters, who wish to get more credit than they really deserve, scatterbrained and rattled persons who do not know what they are saying, malicious and hateful persons, will tell lies, but honorable, decent, sensible, conscientious and courageous men and women tell the truth.

Lies are sure to be found out and to be placed on his proper level. No matter what sort of person you may be otherwise, if you tell lies, your friends and acquaintances very soon find it out and it is perfectly well understood that your word is not to be depended upon. You will very

often find this to be a great disadvantage to you, but it is your own fault.

Lying is like drinking. It gets ahead of you. You grow weak and wobbly, and the only way to avoid complete ruin is by shutting down sharply and quickly. "Tell the truth and shame the devil," is a first-class motto.—Sacred Heart Review.

Eugene Kelly.

DEATH OF ONE OF NEW YORK'S FORMER MOST CATHOLIC CITIZENS

Eugene Kelly, the well-known banker, and one of the wealthiest and most prominent Catholic laymen in this country, died at his home in New York City a couple of weeks ago. He was stricken with paralysis and his advanced age made hopes of recovery doubtful from the first. Mr. Kelly was in his 87th year at the time of his death. He was born in Trelick, county Tyrone, Ireland, in 1807, and came to this country at the age of 20. His first position was that of a clerk in Donnelly Bros., dry goods store. He next tried gold mining in 1849, and later started the San Francisco banking house of Donohue, Kelly & Ralston. During the war he moved his business to New York, and lost considerable sums of money in Southern loans. He was active in the management of money at a great rate, until, when he retired from active business a few years ago, he was reputed to be worth between \$12,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

Mr. Kelly also took a deep interest in Catholic affairs and the Irish movement. He was one of the oldest trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral and of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, and Catholic Protector, and was active in nearly all the New York Catholic charities. He was one of the founders of the Catholic University, to which he gave \$50,000. In politics he was always a strong Democrat; but, although his name has often been suggested for a number of high offices the only one he would ever accept was that of Commissioner of Education—an unsalaried office in which he served several terms. He was one of the first to welcome Farrell to this country and his interest in the Irish cause is shown by his gift of \$50,000 to the Parliamentary fund when the party was in deep straits. Some years ago the Pope conferred on him the honorary appointment of "Comte de la Cape de l'Espe" in his household for his gifts to the Church.

USE COTTOLENE

instead of lard, you can eat pie, pastry and the other "good things" which other folks enjoy, without fear of dyspeptic consequences. Delicacy from lard has become a vice. Buy a pail, try it in your own kitchen, and be convinced.

Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.

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Complete sets of SCOTT Complete sets of PARKMAN. POETS in all bindings. BOYS & GIRLS OWN ANNUAL. Tucks' Christmas Cards, Booklets and Calendars. FANCY GOODS—All new and cheap. Store open until nine o'clock on evenings.

HASZARD & MOORE'S BOOKSTORE, VICTORIA ROW.

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OVERSHOES and FELT BOOTS

—GOOD VALUE AT—**GOFF BROTHERS.**

Epps's Cocoa

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"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 for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save many doctor's 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 attack 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., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. L. 4, 1883.—5m

John T. Mallis, M. A., LL. B.

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

OFFICE—London House Building.

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Did you ever make any; finding afterwards you might have been better suited, perhaps for less money.

If you needed a padlock, wouldn't 50 be better than 5 to select from? Suppose it were a stove or a pocket knife, is not choice an important matter.

Some dealers dabble in a multitude of things. There is a right place to go for all things. Ours is the right place for many! We are not dabblers. Call and see if we have not just what you want—or send for prices.

The Model Grand Range still takes the lead.

LOST!

Half the pleasure of cooking without a **HIGHLAND RANGE** (American).

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N. B.—The Sydney Coal that I handle is from the Old Mines at North Sydney, properly known as the Sydney Mines, and is the ONLY GENUINE Sydney Coal having a registered trade mark as such; and the public are cautioned against other Coals sold with the prefix "Sydney" that they are not the genuine "Sydney Coal."

R. McMILLAN.

Charlottetown, Nov. 14, 1894.

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For one of our Watches if you wish to keep either Standard or Local time. A reliable Waltham Watch for \$7.50 up. Silver and Gold, either Solid or filled Cases very cheap.

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Dr. Murray,

EXTRACTS TEETH FREE OF PAIN BY A **NEW METHOD.**

No Extra Charge.

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For 30 cts. we are offering 5 pounds good new Raisins

" 30 "	" 5 "	" Currants
" 40 "	" 5 "	" best layer Valencia's
" 45 "	" 5 "	" California Muscatels
" 22 "	" 3 "	" pure mixed Candy
" 35 "	" 10 "	" Raw Sugar
" 20 "	" 10 "	" Bars Dainty Soap.
" 50 "	" 10 "	" Surprise
" 60 "	" 10 "	" Seafoam "
" 64 "	" 4 gals.	" Canadian Oil.

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In this place, as also in the house now called St. Mary in Via Lata, the Papal court had its first humble beginnings. How long the Popes retained these residences it would be difficult to say. Doubtless the ever-changing fortunes of the Church made the catacombs a more permanent abode. About the year 254 St. Calixtus I. built the Church of St. Mary in Trastevere, now Cardinal Gibbons' titular church, and made his hereditary mansion contiguous to the first public residence of a Pope.

Thence, to the time of Constantine the Holy Father, deprived again of the right of public existence, was obliged to find shelter wherever he might. It was the extraordinary enthusiasm of Constantine which first put the stamp of imperial approval upon the Holy See, lodging it in quarters somewhat worthy of its high significance and establishing for it a place in Rome that thousands of years have not been able altogether to destroy.

The palace and basilica of St. John Lateran stand at the south-eastern extremity of the city and western end of the Vatican at the north-western end. The present structures comprise, besides the vast, square edifice of the palace, the noble basilica, the cloisters and the baptistry, all of which are connected so as to form one vast pile. A little farther away to the northward stands the chapel of the Holy of Holies, with its precious relic of the holy stairs.

The whole establishment has had a history as remarkable as its remains are magnificent. Tradition tells us that in the days of Nero there arose upon the Caelian Hill the sumptuous residence of one of Rome's most illustrious families, that of the Plantii Laterani. Saved from the fury of Claudius through the intervention of his uncle, Aulus, the unfortunate Plantius entered into a conspiracy against Nero. The crime was detected and he was sentenced to death. The executioner who was to strike the fatal blow was himself secretly one of the conspirators, whom a mere word from his victim could, in a moment, condemn to a like punishment. Plantius, however, preserved his secret even under the fatal axe; the executioner performed his work, and the noble victim was ushered into eternity. His great palace and gardens were then confiscated and added to the imperial domains.

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