The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1895. Vol. XXIV. No. 24

Calendar for June, 1895.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 6h 47.6m. a. m.
Last Quarter, 15th day, 7h 15 2m. a m.
New Moon, 22nd day, 5h. 38.4m. p. m.
First Quarter, 29th day, 9h. 48.3m, a. m.

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	morn
1	Sat	4 17	7 38	1 25	1 11	6 10
2	Sun	16	39	2 40	1 27	7 17
3	Mon	16	40	3 58	1 46	8 15
4	Tues	16	41	5 25	2 5	9 3
5	Wed	15	42	6 31	2 27	9 48
6	Thur	15	42	7 44	3 1	10 31
7	Fri	14	43	8 47	3 38	11 12
8	Sat	14	44	9 38	4 27	11 53
9	Sun	14	44	10 29	5 26	aft 32
10	Mon	14	45	10 48	6 21	1 0
11	Tues	13	46	11 13	7 41	1 47
12	Wed	13	47	11 31	8 46	2 28
13	Thur	13	47	11 48	9 54	3 8
14	Fri	13	47	11 52	10 57	4 0
15	Sat	13	48	morn	aft 12	4 58
16	Sun	13	48	0 15	1 7	6 3
17	Mon	13	48	0 32	2 14	7 8
18	Tues	14	49	0 51	3 29	8 7
19	Wed	14	49	1 8	4 40	8 58
20	Thur	14	49	1 48	5 46	9 49
21	Fri	14	49	2 15	7 16	10 38
22	Sat	14	50	3 12	8 24	11 26
23	Sun	14	50	4 25	9 24	morn
24	Mon	15	50	5 45	10 1	0 8
25	Tues	15	50	7 8	10 35	0 52
26	Wed	16	50	8 35	10 56	1 36
27	Thur	16	50	9 56	11 16	2 21
28	Fri	16	50	11 16	11 32	3 11
29	Sat	17	50	aft 30	11 53	4 14
30	Sun	4 18	7 50	1 47	morn	5 28

DR FOWLER'S EXT OF WILD STRAWBERRY
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CHOLERA
CHOLERA-MORBUS
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Jan. 21, 1893.—1y

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Ch'town, May30—tf

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FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

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Farmers! As the production of Cheese and Butter is now being pushed forward on the farm, and the cow is now taking the prominence we gave the horse, it becomes every thinking farmer to provide for the winter keep of that animal. Therefore the turnip crop is a vital question, which is only settled by sowing the

Genuine Haszard Improved Turnip.

Price 45c per lb. Order by mail safely sent.

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H. T. LEPAGE'S OLD STAND.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 24, 1895.

At the Old Tea Store.

1000 LBS. TALLOW wanted, for which Cash or Trade will be given.

Eggs or Butter taken in exchange for Cash or Trade at Market Prices.

Manhatten Food for Horses, Cattle ond Sheep, which will effect a saving of over 20 per cent. on old system of feeding. The Poultry Food has no equal. The value of increased quantity of eggs will more than doubly pay cost of food.

A full line of General Groceries at away down prices for Cash only.

Remember, a dollar in hand goes much further than a dollar "on the books."

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Charlottetown, April 24, 1895.

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That Tired Feeling, Constipation and Pain in the Back

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"For a number of years I have been troubled with a general tired feeling, shortness of breath, pain in the back, and constipation. I could get only little rest at night on account of the pain and had no appetite whatever. I was that tired in my limbs that I gave out before half the day was gone. I tried a great number of medicines but did not get any permanent relief from any source until, upon recommendation of a friend, I purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which made me feel better at once. I have continued its use, having taken three bottles, and

I Feel Like a New Man.

I have a good appetite, feel as strong as ever I did, and enjoy perfect rest at night. I have much pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES STEELE, with Erie Preserving Co., St. Catherine's, Ontario.

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All sorts of School Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods at very low prices.

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D. A. BRUCE.

A Saintly Priest Murdered in Paris.

(Paris Correspondence of the Philadelphia Catholic Times).

The week ending May 18 witnessed one of those crimes which have the effect of arresting the shocked attention of a nation. The Abbe de Broglie, and prince of the famous house of that name, a man of letters and a saint, was brutally assassinated by a woman whom he had loaded with benefits, and whose confessor he had been for a considerable period. Without a single exception the Paris press, good and bad, united in paying a tribute of respect and veneration to the saintly priest's memory. The dramatic features of this case prompt me to give them in detail. The murderess belongs to a class of women which is on the increase, and reveals the fact that the Catholic clergy have frequently to endure a martyrdom in their pastoral office not less painful and meritorious than death itself.

Maxence Amelot was a single woman, aged 49, living in a small flat on the fourth floor, 5, Rue Notre Dame des Champs, Paris. Up to the age of 33 she worked as a milliner, by which time she had sufficiently prospered to retire from business on a little income of about 1,500 francs. She was then free to follow her bent, which consisted in passing her days in the churches and practicing devotions. With all her piety, however, she was remarkable for singularity of conduct. For several years she went constantly to confession to the Abbe de Broglie, but about three years ago by his advice, she chose another director. It was then that she began to display eccentricity, and she became a devotee with a grievance. She asserted that she was being persecuted, that she was being surrounded by enemies, that people turned their backs on her, and she attributed all this to the clergy, and particularly to the Abbe de Broglie, whom she roundly accused of having broken the seal of confession. In her folly she actually wrote to the Prefect of Police on the subject. In the meanwhile, although she had chosen another confessor, Amelot gave the Abbe de Broglie no peace. She "shadowed" him in every direction, forced herself into his presence and pestered him with long letters. The good man bore all this with extraordinary patience and gentleness but his tormentor showed him no mercy. Finally she began to threaten and his friends counseled him to take steps to put an end to what was a public scandal and danger, but the abbe, in dispensing his charities, had been so accustomed to threats that he laughed at these forbodings. Two months ago the woman more and more excited, bought a "bull-dog" revolver, saying to her acquaintances she could "now defy the clergy, and if they continued to persecute her she would kill them."

The Abbe de Broglie was a professor of the Catholic University in the Rue Vangirard. Every morning about 7 he said his Mass in the adjoining chapel of the Carmes. Last Friday morning voices were heard in the sacristy. Amelot had forced her way in and was hotly demanding a "retraction" from the Abbe de Broglie who was still in his vestments after saying Mass. To calm her and avoid scandal he promised to called on her at 11 the following morning. The die was cast. True to his word, at the appointed hour the clergman ascended the steep stairs and was received by Amelot at the door, which she quietly bolted as he passed in. They then passed along a narrow passage until they came to a sitting-room, where the abbe was invited to take a chair. It was a low easy-chair or fauteuil. The woman sat on an ordinary chair close at his right hand. She began the old story, upbraided him for calumninting her, and demanded a written retraction and apology. She also showed her revolver and threatened to shoot him if he refused to comply. "You must be mad to give way to such thoughts" said the priest. At once she started up and fired, hitting him on the left cheek. The abbe tried to lay hold of the weapon but received another shot through the right hand. He then made for the door, which he was unable to open owing to its having been bolted. Amelot followed him and fired three shots in succession, the last ball inflicting a mortal wound in the back of the neck. The poor abbe de Broglie fell to the ground in a pool of blood, death being instantaneous. This scene is depicted from the avowals of the murderess and the police examination of the apartment The right arm of the fauteuil on which the victim had sat, was saturated with blood. There were signs of a struggle in the room, and a trail of blood runs all along the passage. The priest's hat was found at the back of the easy-chair. The look of the door was bedabbled with bloody finger prints, from the vain efforts of the murdered man to escape.

After committing the hideous crime Mademoiselle Amelot coolly washed her hands and changed her dress and [illegible], which were covered with crimson stains. Seeing that the blood was flowing under the door of the apartment, she mopped it up with towels and left them there. She then went to Pere Buliot, a Marist Father, professor of the Catholic University. To him she disclosed what had happened, but in a tone so quiet and natural that he refused to believe her, until he noticed what appeared to be spots of blood upon her ears and her boots. Stricken with a horrible fear, he seized the holy oils and returned with Amelot to her residence. The news, alas! was too true. On opening the door he perceived the unfortunate abbe stretched on the floor at full length and bathed in a perfect sea of blood. He gave absolution sub conditione, and then, pale and trembling, he hurried off to M. Chobert, secretary of the university, and directed him to inform the police. Pere Buliot himself went for Dr. Tison, who could only testify to the decease. M. Chobert, after giving information to the authorities drove to the Rue Solferino, to the house of the Duke de Broglie, the abbe's brother. The Duke was just rising from table to go to the French Academy, of which he is a member, in company with the Count d'Haussonville, the accomplished leader of the Royalist party and nephew of the dead man. In reply to a question of M. Chobert relative to the health of the Abbe de Broglie, the Duke replied that his brother was very well indeed and had dined with him the night before. This quite upset M. Chobert, and, not daring to break the sad news himself, he took Count d'Hausssonville by the arm, begging him to inform the family of what had happened.

So far the neighborhood knew nothing of the tragedy in their midst, but the news spread like wildfire on the arrival of the Commissaire de Police and the relatives of the deceased. The effect was almost one of general consternation. Great crowds gathered in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, waiting for hours until the remains were transported to the rooms of the Abbe de Broglie at 11 Rue Paul Louis Courier. Amelot was placed under arrest, but maintained the same calm attitude, supremely satisfied with what she had done.

The funeral ceremony took place on Wednesday morning in the magnificent Gothic Church of St. Clothilde. The catafalque was very simple. There were no flowers. Over the pall were the sacerdotal vestments of the deceased priest and his cross of the Legion of Honor. By the request of his family, military honors were not rendered. The immense building was thronged with sympathizers. There was a very large attendance of clergy, among whom I noticed Pere Didon, the famous Dominican preacher. The list of mourners included H. R. H., the Duke des Chartres, the Duke de Bisaccia, the Duke de Luynes, the Duke de Montmorency, the Duke de Blacas, the Duke de la Force, the Duke de Broglie and the family, M de Mackau, nearly all the French academicians, including M. Francois Coppee, M. Jules Claretie, M. Gaston Boissier, M. Henri Houssaye and the Vicomte Melchior de Vogue, the Russian Ambassador the Italian Ambassador and the Ministers of Denmark and Belgium. The Mass was celebrated by Mgr. d'Hulst and the Bishop of La Rochelle gave the absolution. In the afternoon the remains were conveyed to Broglie (Eure) and placed in the family vault.

From the list of distinguished personages given above, it is evident that the Abbe de Broglie was no ordinary individual. In fact, he was a well-known character in Paris life, and few there are here who were not famliar with the refined and handsome face of the old prince-priest. The Abbe Paul de Broglie was born in Paris, January 20th, 1833, and began life as a naval officer. After twelve years' service he retired with the rank of lieutenant. From his earliest years he was fond of prayer and retirement. On receiving his liberty he devoted himself to years of charitable work in the streets of Paris. Although possessed of a large fortune, his alms were far beyond his means, and he was always poor. He was ordained priest somewhat late in life, about the time of the Commune. His self-sacrifice during that period of French history was remarkable, and he barely escaped with his life. The revolutionaries could not bear the thought of any one bearing the detested name of De Broglie escaping their hands. One unfortunate priest, Abbe Planchat, was actually shot by the Communists, being mistaken for De Broglie. The heroic conduct of the subject of this sketch merited for him the cross of the Legion of Honor. Since 1876 the abbe has been a professor at the Catholic University and a close personal friend of Mgr. d'Hulst, the rector. His piety, charity and learning soon made him a great figure in Catholic circles, and it became to be understood that the Abbe de Broglie was the dispenser of the charities of the aristocratic Catholic families of Paris. For years past, on two days of every week long lines of poor people might be seen waiting their turn in front of the Abbe de Broglie's house to receive their weekly or bi-weekly doles. The abbe's own fortune was considerable, but everything went to the poor. On one occasion he was even unable to to pay his quarter's rent, small as it was, for he had quite forgotten to make any provision for it. His bed was a little iron camp bedstead. His rooms were simple and poor. His cassock was shabby enough for a country curate. His patience in dealing with the faithful was proverbial, and indeed it is almost attributed to him as a fault that he allowed himself to be too easily talked over. Any tale of alleged misery was sure of being listened to by the dear old abbe. And now this beautiful Christian example is lost to us through the criminal madness of a jealous and vindictive woman, determined on any act of diabolical wickedness rather than labor under the sense of wounded self-esteem. The latest inquiry would seem to indicate that Amelot is not so mad as was at first thought.

The Abbe de Broglie was a learned and erudite writer who has left quite a series of remarkable books. Amongst these I may refer to his "Problemes et conclusions de l'historie des religions," two big volumes on "Positivism," "Nouveaux historiennes d'Israel," "L'Unite du Sanctuarie en Israel," "Morale sans Dieu" "Le Present et l'Avenir du Catholicisme ed France." "La Reaction contre le positivisme," "L'Idee de Dieu dans l'Ancien Testament" (two vols.) and a collection of essays on controverted subjects, entitled "Melanges." The deceased priest occupied the chair of apologetics at the university with much distinction. R. I. P.

A Martyr's Bones.

There is now in New York city the body of a martyred saint—complete in holy vestments—with jeweled crown and many relics of his martyrdom, complete even to the little bottle of his own life-blood, which flowed from his wounds as the Roman pagans put him to death This sacred relic is the one of the most important, the most valuable and the most highly prized of all the treasures of the Church in America. St. Peregainus—for that was his name—was put to death in A. D. 187. The Roman Emperor Commodus decreed that he must make a public denial of his religious faith and make sacrifices to the Roman gods or die. Though but a youth of seventeen years he unflinchingly entered the arena of the Coliseum, submitted without a murmur to the tortures of leaden scourges, to the horrors of the rack, the iron hooks, the thumb-screws, and at last the frightful agony of burning torches thrust into his bleeding flesh. Three of his friends, Eusebius, Pontianus and Vincentius, were put to death with him because they refused to worship the Roman idols. The remains of St, Peregrinus were removed at night from the scene of tortures by his friend and preceptor, St. Rufinus, and buried in the Catacombs between the Appian in the Triumphal Ways. They remained there until 1731, when Killian Kneuer, Abbot of the Monastry of the Benedictine Fathers at Neustadt-on-the-Main, in Bavaria, while on a visit to Rome, observed them, nothing that they were in an excellent state of preservation—as they are yet. He secured the consent of the Church authorities, and, armed with proofs of the genuiness of the relic of the days of martyrdom, transferred it to the monastry of which he was in charge.

Wrapped in a silken winding sheet and inclosed in a plain casket, the bones of St. Peregrinus were brought to this country on the Steamship Saale which arrived on last Good Friday. They were conveyed after Father Gerard Spleman, O.S.B., who obtained them, had explained to the customs officers that it was against the canon law to break the seal of the sacred relic until it had been authenticated by the proper ecclesiastical authorities to the house of the Benedictine Fathers, which adjoins the Church of St. Anslem, at Tinton avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-second street, New York, a locality which prior to annexation, was known as Woodstock. Already one remarkable cure as a result of contact with the casket has been reparted. The relic, in the eyes of the devout Benedictine Fathers, who are now its custodians, and of all the Catholics in America, has a value which no other of the relics ever brought here possessed in that the remains are complete. Other relics, which lie under the altars of Catholic churches, are but parts of the bodies of martyred saints. Here in a house of worship that is yet of humble proportions, lie the bones that 1,708 years formed a man and were animated with life. Another value attached to what the Catholics of this country will, when they become aware of of its presence, regard as an acquisition of the greatest importance is of a material character. It is accoutred with the jewels and silks that were placed upon and about it when it reached the Bavarian monastery.

These articles are dimmed by age, and their worth intrinsically, can only be estimated. But it must be thousands of dollars. Of pearls alone there are declared to be 800, and in addition there are amethysts, rubies, emerald, aqua marina and quantities of gold and silver thread.

The purpose of the presence in this country of so remarkable a relic is that which it served in Bavaria. There it was venerated by thousands who, firm in their faith in the efficacy of close association with it, sought relief from mental and physical affliction, or, confident of its power of intercession as a consequence of martyrdom, prayed for an increase of the favor of God. Such satisfactory evidence exists of the absolute indentity of these remains—which accompanied them and which had been pronounced incontestable by many European Catholics in authority—that it is small wonder that confidence of benefit should have been in Europe, and will undoubtedly be here, inspired among many. The documents brought over by Father Gerard are merely official, but details regarding the veneration for St Peregrinus in Europe are expected by the Benedictine Fathers to arrive shortly, in which there should be much of interest. In obtaining for their church the body of this martyr the Benedictine Fathers considers themselves especially fortunate, and they are properly grateful to Father Gerard Spellman. to whose efforts its possession by them is in the main due.

At the beginning of this century all religious communities were driven from Bavaria, and Count Oral von Loewenstin, a pious Catholic, came into possession of the monastery at Neustadt-on-the-Main and of the Church adjoining it, under a side altar of which the form of St Peregrinus was reposing. The vast estate is now in the hands of the son of the Count. The son is the leader of the Catholic party in Bavarian politics, and his two daughters are Benedictine nuns in Belgium. Father Gerard, who is young and energetic, visited Rome last winter, and while there conceived the idea of securing the body of St Peregrinus for St Anslem's Church. In March he went to Neustadt-on-the-Main to further his object. When the subject of parting with the body of the martyr was presented to the Count he announced that the remains should not be moved from the shrine they occupied while he lived. But Father Gerard persisted, reminding the Count that the relic, in equity, belonged to the Benedictines, as one of their Abbots had brought it from Rome. As it was proposed to place it in a Benedictine church, the Count, in view of his daughters relations with that organization, relented. The Bishop of Wurzburg subsequently approved of the gift and gave to Father Gerard documents certifying to the indentity of the body. When the report of the consummation of the transfer proceeding spread through Neustadt there was great sorrow among the Catholics throughout Bavaria and elsewhere, for the presence of the remains of the Saint had been a constant solace. Father Spellman then had the body packed in a stout oak box, six feet long and three feet wide. This was secured by two heavy padlocks. When he sailed from Bremen-on-the-Saale, the box, which, besides the body, contained the valuable garments, was in his stateroom, and there he kept it, watching it almost constantly until New York was reached.

Upon the arrival of the casket it was transferred without ceremony to the house of the Benedictine Fathers adjoining St. Anselm's Church. Father Gerard handed to the Right Rev. Alexius Edelbrock, O. S. B., the Abbot, the identification documents, and he, in turn, gave them to Archbishop Corrigan, who verified them, and then the work of preparing the body for exhibition in the church was begun. The body was placed in a case about 12 feet long and 4 feet in heighth with a glass front. This was hermitically closed—the body is to remain where it is permanently—and Archbishop Corrigan placed his seal at intervals along the top edge.—New York World.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Godless Schools in France.

Look to France for the results of purely secular education! For about twenty years there, the schooling of youth has been entirely divorced from religion, and whatever moral instruction was imparted was dispensed on the basis of a purely non-religious system Several years ago the baneful results of the government's interference were pointed out by leading educators, and since then many eminent statesmen have pronounced the departure from the traditional religious training of pupils a great mistake. The subject is once more before the people of France through published interviews in the press, and the opinion voiced by the eminent authorities appealed to are all in one direction; namely, that the immorality which is increasing at such a terrible pace throughout the country is attributable to the expulsion of religious instruction from the education of the nation's children. The best minds agree that to check the loose moral code, and the lack of discipline in character everywhere noticeable to a deplorable extent, religious and moral instruction must once more be given their old places in the curriculum of the child's studies. Among the foremost of the advocates of the abandonment of the present system are *M.* Berenger, vice president of the Senate' M. Felix Pecant, the general school superintendant, himself a liberal in religious matters, and Professor Earnest Lavisse, the apostle of Idealism, who has flatly declared over and over again that the fundamental reason for the failure of the educational system in France is its non religious character. Professor Lavisses, statement received a signal endorsement from no less a personage than the recently deceased minister, President Burdeau, who, although he had left the Church altogether, wrote to M. Lavisse in these words: "I am firmly convinced that what you say is the truth. By making the only goal of our endeavor the prosperity of man, we forget that the true lever is the world and the safest source of happiness is found in self-sacrifice. As much as I admire the Greek philosophers, especially Socrates yet I am of the opinion that it was Christ who spoke the greatest word when he declared that the supremacy of the earth and of the heavens belongs to those who know how to love and to sacrifice."—Donahoe's Magazine.

Rev. James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis), the Passionist is soon to preach a mission at Kenyon, O., the place where stands the Protestant Episcopalian seminary of which he was the president some thirty years ago before he became a Catholic. Dr. Stone's return to the scenes of his former labors in another faith will doubtless recall many memories to him, as well as to those who knew him when he was the head of Kenyon college. The learned and eloquent Passionist appears to be in great demand as a missionary, and he is called to all parts of the country, so eager are pastors to secure his efficient services in behalf of their flocks.

For a long time I suffered with Rheumatism in the Back so severely that I could not even sit straight. My wife advised a D. & L. Menthol Plaster. I tried it and was soon going about all right. S. C. HUNTER, Sweet's Corners.
Price 25c.