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# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## THE REVIEW.

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### Mother, Dear Mother, Come Home.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now.  
The clock in the steeple strikes one; You said you were coming right home from the club,  
As soon as the season was done.  
The baby has spasms, and father's worn out  
By long nights of watching and care; His face is a terrible thing to behold,  
For a week's growth of stubble is there.  
Mother, dear mother, come home right away,  
The clock in the steeple strikes two; The country will wobble along for a while without further guidance from you.  
The home you deserted is chilly and bare,  
There's nothing left in it to eat,  
And father, poor father's converted the last  
Clean tablecloth into a sheet.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now.  
The clock in the steeple strikes three; The hired man's wearing your bloomers and O,  
He's a terrible object to see!  
We've run on the rocks and the deuce is to pay,  
Since you have deserted the ship—  
Come home, dear mother, come home, come home—  
O, mother, dear mother, come home!  
Cleveland Leader.

## TWO MARITIME PROVINCES.

### THEIR CATHOLIC CENTRES.

JAMES ANGUS MCKINNON, IN DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.  
Nearly three hundred years have passed into history since the Huguenot De Monts, and the Catholic Champlain grounded their craft on the Nova Scotian shore. With the passage of the centuries, Catholicism in Acadia has grown and ramified till, to-day, in every town and in nearly every village of the sea-girt province a Catholic church bears eloquent testimony to the missionary zeal of the Catholic priesthood.

Priests and people of those early days have long since passed from mortal ken; their little chapel of rough-hewn logs on the summit of Port Royal has crumpled into dust; but the faith they loved lives on, illumining hundreds of altars.

The eyes of faith see beautiful visions, and who shall say but that to those exiled devotees the rude walls of their wooden temple were those of the New Jerusalem in the vision of St. John?

Catholic colonization means poverty, toil, and sacrifice. All three fell to the lot of the early Nova Scotian settlers, and internal strife incited by the fanaticism of the Huguenots added not a little to their difficulties. The Micmac sagamore, Memberton, was the first convert to Catholicity. With his wife and children he was solemnly baptized by Father La Pléche, and became the good missionary's faithful ally. This work of conversion was zealously pursued among the wigwags of the Micmacs till Christianity replaced heathenism, and the children of the forest knelt in prayer with the self-exiled sons of France.

The story of growth from this humble inception of Catholicity in Port Royal to the culmination of Catholic effort in the erection and development of an archiepiscopal see in Halifax, the commercial and legislative capital of Nova Scotia, is best told by the number of churches, convents and colleges, bringing to bear upon life in the peninsula the productive forces of civilization ennobled by religion.

In the summer of 1749 the site of the city of Halifax was an unbroken wilderness; in the autumn of the same year three hundred log-houses surrounded by a palisade of brush and defended by two forts, gave shelter to nearly three thousand colonists, sent out by the "Lords of Trade and Plantations" to found a settlement on Chebucto harbor, one of the finest har-

bors in the world, admirably adapted to purposes of defence. The governor's residence was erected on the site now occupied by the Provincial Parliament building, and with most imposing ceremonies the name Halifax was given to the town in honor of the Earl of Halifax the patron of the Honorable Edward Cornwallis, the first governor. Though founded under favorable auspices the new settlement suffered much, particularly on the outskirts of the town, where the settlers lived in constant dread of the scalping knife in the hands of hostile Indians. Despite such difficulties, however, Halifax grew rapidly in population and importance, and stands to-day the stronghold of British power in Canada, and one of the wealthiest cities of its size on the continent.

In material composition and character Halifax is essentially aristocratic. No iconoclast has dared to defy the dictates of established taste by employing gingerbread architecture or gaudy trappings in the erection of private dwelling or public hall. Solid, and massive, and gray with the grayness that speaks of age and honors, the city impresses strangers as being the abode of sombre respectability, undisturbed by modern activity. The bastions, guns, and massive gates tell of hidden forces, but these are times of peace, and no flag of truce is needed to gain admission to the city. The traveler is welcomed within its gates, and after a brief residence the peculiar spell of life in a garrison town holds the stranger in its thrall. There is a total absence of the hurry, bustle, and hideous noise characteristic of life in American cities beyond the border; there are no extravagant exhibitions of wealth or no pitiful displays of the depths of poverty; the happy medium prevails in the fortunes of the people, and their quiet content is the result of immunity from care, they being neither embarrassed by riches nor harassed by want. In the olden days this famous seaport reaped a golden harvest from its maritime advantages, to-day it relies upon its manufactures and commerce.

The principal thoroughfare is Barrington, a lengthy street with a marked craving for variety proclaimed not only by the differing character of the buildings upon it, but also in the numerous names it assumes before completing its course. Other important streets are Brunswick, George, Granville, Upper and Lower Water. Through these channels the tide of commerce flows steadily, and is none the less deep for being almost silent in its movements. This quiet strength is characteristic not only of the place, but also of the people. You feel that the force is there, dormant it may be, but waking into aggressive life at the pressure of exigency. Perhaps this is the secret of the city's growth. In less than a century and a half Halifax has attained prominence before the world as an exemplar of political and commercial success, internal peace, intellectual development, power and wealth.

What has the Catholic Church done to aid in this phenomenal growth?  
Her acknowledged position in the capital of to-day is the most fitting answer to this question.

Sixty-eight years after Halifax was founded, Catholic interests had acquired such importance that a Vicariate-Apostolic was established, and a quarter of a century later Right Rev. William Walsh, D. D., was consecrated first bishop of Nova Scotia, which in 1852 was raised to the dignity of an archbishopric. On his death in 1858, Most Rev. Thomas L. Connolly, D. D., O. S. F., was promoted to the vacant see of Halifax, and during seventeen years of devoted service his marvellous power of organization and strong personality gave new impetus to the Catholic cause, and added much to Catholic dominion. His death was a national sorrow, and even those most bitterly opposed to him as a Catholic prelate paying generous tribute to his worth as a man. Most Rev. Michael Hannan succeeded, but his time of service was brief. For five years he labored among his people, and then passed from the church militant.

If as Von Humboldt asserts, the finest product of our civilization is a man, it follows that there can be no finer product or Catholic civilization than the resultant of such character forces as mould the priest, patriot and litterateur. Such is the three-fold right of His Grace the Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, the present archbishop of Halifax, to high place among men as the honored head of the hierarchy in the maritime provinces.

The Church in Halifax has made ample provision for the spiritual needs of her children and for the instruction of Catholic youth. Saint Mary's Cathedral, a magnificent structure of graystone and granite beautifully situated on Spring Garden road, is an enduring monument to the enthusiasm and religious zeal of Catho-

lic Halifax. In massive architecture, decorative splendor, and chaste beauty of detail, it stands unrivalled. Saint Joseph's, a very pretty church, and Saint Patrick's are other centres round which cluster Catholic interests. In connection with these churches numerous sodalities, clubs, total abstinence and benevolent societies are actively engaged promoting Catholic welfare and extending Catholic influence.

In the death of Monsignor Carmody the late respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, the Church has sustained a severe loss. Long and closely identified with every movement relative to Catholic advancement he can ill be spared, but the lesson of his life lies open before his people the beautiful lesson of a noble career.

Educational opportunities are within the reach of all. From the kindergarten to the college no barrier intervenes. Free schools with the privilege of denominational instruction after hours are open all over the country; no section is without its school. In the city proper, class-rooms rented from the church authorities are occupied by Catholic children taught by the Sisters of Charity and a staff of lay teachers. In connection with St. Mary's is the Cathedral school instructing nearly one thousand children, and the schools in the parishes of Saint Joseph and Saint Patrick provide for upwards of five hundred more. These are entirely free, the city and government defraying all expense, and assuming control of all matters relative to the conduct of the schools during the hours of instruction decreed by the Board of Education. The Sisters wear the garb of their order, and are permitted to take the Normal School course in their motherhouse, but otherwise are subject to the same regulations as lay teachers. This famous teaching order with its headquarters at the Mount has won recognition beyond the boundaries of the province; the parochial school attached to Saint Patrick's church, Roxbury, Mass., conducted by Sisters from the Mount being considered one of the best in the State. The handsome academy now in course of completion at Wellesley Hills, will without doubt add to their laurels. The Mount itself beautifully situated on Bedford Basin is deserving of more attention than can be paid it in the limits of a magazine article. Beginning as an academy for private pupils in less than a quarter century it became the great educational source of the archdiocese with missions at Church Point, Eelbrook, Metaghan, Prospect, West Pubnico, Hamiltion, and in four parishes in the diocese of Antigonish. In addition to its work as a teaching order it also conducts the orphan asylum, and infirmary in Halifax.

Other religious orders identified closely with the growth of Halifax and its intellectual development are the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Eudist Fathers, and the Christian Brothers, each order doing noble service in its special mission, and all uniting in zealous effort to advance the interests of Catholicism.

The Catholics of Halifax stand well in the esteem of their fellow citizens. Their acknowledged patriotism, undoubted ability and progressive character have placed them in the highest positions in the gift of the people. A Catholic governor controls the interests of the province. Catholic mayors have administered civic affairs, Catholic legislators have their voice in all matters of public interest, and the Catholic vote, there as elsewhere, is a most important factor in all political issues.

It is a just cause for pride that in the recent election Catholics supported the whole ticket of their party irrespective of creed, another proof of the incorruptibility of the Catholic vote. Their honorable mode of procedure stands out in marked contrast to that of a certain element comprising members of both political parties who saw fit to satisfy prejudice at the expense of conscience, their desire to exclude the Catholic candidates driving them to the employment of tactics abhorred and condemned by honest men of all denominations.

The Acadian missions in this Archdiocese form an interesting study, those in the district of Clare, along St. Mary's Bay being of special interest, as the scene of the labors of Abbe Sigogne, who lived for the weal of his expatriated countrymen, and lives to-day in the loving memory of thousands of their descendants. Their very love for this pioneer priest makes it difficult to extract from the Acadian French a correct outline of his history; with the old it is surrounded by a halo, with the young it is a beautiful tradition, with all time and place are of less importance than the kindly deed, the broad Christian charity, the tender grace, and noble self-sacrificing character that marked Jean Mande Sigogne God's chosen apostle among His Acadian people. On a desolate waste on the Nova Scotian coast

the sea moaning at his feet, a gray sky overhead, a dreary stretch of sparsely-settled country in the back-ground, alone, with the possibility of many years before him, years of toil without congenial companionship or the consoling associations of home, the young priest realized that he had found his life work and bravely accepted his mission. Forty-six years of loving service, and then—the end is best told in the words of one who followed in his footsteps:—

When the Vespers of All Souls were sung in the year of grace 1844, the Abbe Sigogne was nigh to death, and while yet the echo of the requiem was sobbing and moaning on the Autumn air, while the trees and the shrubs he had loved so well were standing all bare and lonely, as if in mute sympathy, his pure soul went out to meet the reward of its exile, and sorrow, and labor.

The fruits of his labor were known to all when a few years ago the churches of Clare could not contain the multitude assembled to do him honor. So out in the open field round the altar stone on which he had inscribed "Hic stetit ura Christi" knelt thousands of Catholics thanking God for the gift of faith. Over the remains of the revered missionary was placed a massive monument of white marble, and out on the Point a more lasting memorial has been erected to do him honor, the college of St. Anne, conducted by the Eudist Fathers for the higher education of Acadian youth. May every graduate passing from its walls carry into the world with him the singleness of purpose, the purity of life, and the incomparable zeal for the service of his Maker that characterized the holy exile, the pioneer priest of Clare.

Another name very near to the hearts of Acadian Catholics is that of the Rev. James Daly, who for nearly forty years has labored for their welfare, has shared with them their times of need, and, thank God, has been spared to share with them their merited prosperity. The beautiful brick church at Metaghan, the Star of the Sea, is the pride of St. Mary's Bay. May the years be many before its honored and beloved pastor ceases to minister at its altar.

In the eastern counties Catholic interests centre in the Diocese of Antigonish, to which town the see was transferred from Richat in 1886. The memorable occasion of the silver jubilee of the Right Reverend John Cameron, D. D., the present Bishop of Antigonish, was fittingly celebrated in June of last year, when in Saint Ninian's Cathedral, His Grace the Archbishop paid eloquent tribute to the worth and works of the much beloved prelate. The following extract from his Grace's sermon is a masterly resumé of the chief events of Bishop Cameron's administration, and of the results of a quarter century of Catholic effort.

Twenty-five years have come and gone since that May day in 1870, when in the Chapel of the Propaganda College, Rome, where the quiet and earnest student, John Cameron, had made a solid and brilliant course of studies, the Rev. John Cameron, D. D., in the prime of manhood, was consecrated a Bishop. And now, after those years, you have assembled to congratulate him, and to praise God with and for him and for his labors on your behalf. I was one of the chaplains at his consecration and thus I am link between that event in Rome twenty-five years ago and this demonstration to-day. Naturally on an occasion of this kind we survey the field of his labors and make a reckoning of his achievements. "By their fruits you shall know them" is the heaven-given gauge of man's character and professions.

I shall not attempt, neither is it necessary when addressing you, to enter into the details of the Episcopate of Bishop Cameron. The spiritual good effected can be known to God only; some faint idea, however, may be had of it when we remember that he has visited six times the whole of his extensive Diocese, thus periodically blessing by his Episcopal labors and ministrations his people, and enheartening them in the strife against sin; that he has approved of and encouraged the erection of numerous pious sodalities and confraternities, whereby a spirit of piety has been engendered and fostered in the souls of many; that the organization of parishes and parochial work has been improved; that the number of convents—these blessed centres of knowledge, piety and true refinement—has been increased from two to twelve, and that twenty-three new churches have been built and dedicated to divine worship.

There are other works, which, whilst material in their nature, are nevertheless necessary for the growth of piety, knowledge, and religion in the Diocese, and of these there is a goodly showing. It is true

that unaided by priests and people, a Bishop, how zealous soever, could not accomplish them. But it is also true that to him, as leader and chief executive, their successful issue is to be chiefly attributed. A few of these works may be mentioned. This grand cathedral, a monument of faith and generosity, was burdened by a debt of \$36,000 when his Lordship assumed control of the Diocese. In a few years that debt was paid off. A new college was built at a cost of \$30,000, and endowed to the extent of \$23,000. Moreover, an Episcopal residence and twenty-five commodious parochial houses have been erected. All these are pleasing evidences of the steady progress of religion, of the enlightened zeal of the Bishop, and of the large-hearted generosity of priests and people.

The college of Saint Francis Xavier founded by Bishop McKinnon is accomplishing noble work in the education of Catholic youth. Its reputation for thoroughness of training is drawing to Antigonish students from all parts of the Maritime Provinces. The cultured, zealous faculty may well be proud of the success of their efforts.

The missions connected with the Church in Antigonish are many and cover every field of Christian labor.

Every church and wayside chapel in the Province of Nova Scotia discloses a chapter of Catholic history, a sublime recital of heroic deeds, unremitting endeavor and self-abnegation, that will never be fully known except by Him, who calls to His service, "The spirits of angels and the hearts of men."

(To be Continued.)

## Stranger Than Fiction.

### IS THE TRUTH CONCERNING JOHN GIBBONS, OF EAST LONDON.

He was Tortured With the Pains of Sciatic Rheumatism—Tried Doctors all Sorts of Medicine and Went to the Hospital in Vain—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him When all Else Had Failed.

From the London Advertiser.

There are two things in this world which Mr. John Gibbons, a resident of Queen's Avenue East, will henceforth place implicit confidence in. One is the judgment of his wife and the other the curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In his case the two went hand in hand, Mrs. Gibbons thought of the remedy, the pills did the rest, and to-day Mr. Gibbons is a well man where last fall he was virtually a cripple. An Advertiser reporter called at the house the other evening and was met at the door by Mr. Gibbons, to whom he told the object of his visit, and was cordially invited in. The reporter had no sooner got comfortably seated when Mr. Gibbons went into an adjoining room. The sound of clinking bottles floated through the half open door and when Mr. Gibbons reappeared he had in his arms a whole basket of bottles—all he has to show for many and many a hard earned dollar spent in useless drugs. As Mr. Gibbons was busy showing the bottles and discarding upon the impotency of the medicines they had contained, the reporter had abundant opportunity of marking the personal appearance of the man. His speech betrays his English birth and his face still bears the marks of suffering, but his frame is erect, his step light and elastic, and when he tells you that he can work, run, or jump with any man, you cannot help but believe him. He is 29 years of age and was born in Bow Road, Stratford, England. He came to Canada in 1882 and located at Galt, where he is well and favorably known. He worked for the Hon. Mr. Young, member of parliament, for a long time and seven years ago he married Miss Alice Mann, also of Galt. After Mr. Gibbons removed to London he settled down near the car shops and did every well, always having plenty of work and always having the strength to do it. He cared nothing about a wetting until one day a year ago he took an acute attack of sciatic rheumatism following wet feet. "I lay down on this floor," said Mr. Gibbons, in telling his story, "night and day suffering terrible agony. I could not get up a step and my wife had to help me up from the floor. I felt the pain in my back first. It then apparently left my back and got into my hips. Doctors came here to see me. They gave me prescriptions but none of them seemed to do me any good. The neighbors could hear me all over Queen's Avenue when I would get an attack of the pains. Last fall I was taken out of this place in a hack and taken to the hospital. I remained there about three weeks and the doctors did what they could for me but could not give me any relief. At the end of three weeks I came home again suffering as much as ever. My wife got hold of a

pamphlet which told of a number of remarkable cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we determined to try them. I took about three boxes and felt myself getting a little easier. I took thirteen boxes altogether, and it is over two months since I felt the least suggestion of pain." "Do you feel that you are entirely cured?" asked the reporter. "Yes, sir, I can go out and do a day's work just as well as ever I could. I feel perfectly strong and have a good appetite." "No, I don't want another attack of sickness like that," said Mr. Gibbons, as he lighted the reporter to the door.

Mrs. Gibbons was not at home on the occasion of the reporter's first visit. Subsequently he called on her and received an entire confirmation of Mr. Gibbons' story. "He was home all last summer," said Mrs. Gibbons, "and last August the pains were so severe as to bring him down on his knees, and to save himself he could not get up. I had to lift him off the floor many a time. He seemed powerless. The bottles he showed you had almost all of them been repeatedly filled so that the number of bottles is no criterion of the amount of medicine taken. Before he took the pills," concluded Mrs. Gibbons, "I thought my husband would never be able to stand upright again. But now," she added in parting, "he is as well as ever he was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

A venerable friend past her four-score years, and serenely looking on toward the milestones still before her on the road, related this incident to me, from her personal knowledge. She had a neighbor, fifty years ago, the widow of an eminent clergyman. This gentlewoman, struggling to bring up her family, on very small means, found herself one wild January day, in a bleak New England town, with a scanty supply of coal in her cellar. Had coal been plenty, it would have been a comfort, and yet just then it would have done her little good, for the furnace was very much out of order. Bundling the children up as warmly as she could, the mother sent them to school, and then went to her room and knelt by her bed in an agony of prayer. Even as her tear-wet face was bowed on her hands, a knock resounded through the house, and going to the door, the lady met a stranger, who pressed upon her a roll of bills. "I haven't time to explain," he said, "but madam, it's an old debt I owed your husband, and here it is with the interest." The coal bin was supplied, and the furnace repaired, and around the father's bible that night mother and children knelt and acknowledged the goodness of their ever-loving, ever-caring God.—Margaret Sangster.

### Kidney Facts.

In Jan 1892 my son was taken with kidney disease. Though attended by three physicians and change of climate he grew worse and by '93 had fallen from 195 lbs to 95 lbs. In ten days from starting to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills we were able to move him home. In four months he gained 40 lbs, and was fully restored to health by the use of this medicine. J. S. Hastings, 23 St. Paul St., Montreal.

### Dearest Girl Extant.

The young woman in the taffeta smiled sweetly at the girl in grass linen and said: "Now, of course, you know that Charles Reginald and I were engaged once. Well, he was stubborn and I was proud. We quarrelled, and it was just simply impossible to make up, so we sent back each other's letters and quit. It had been such a romantic affair, too. He proposed near a big rock up on the banks of the Hudson no matter where, I was doing something in water colors then and he was continually asking me to make a picture of that rock. I promised him that I would and didn't, and then we quarrelled I got an invitation to his wedding the other day.

"I suppose you will think that it was mean, but I couldn't help it. I made an exquisite water color of that certain rock up on the Hudson and sent it to the young couple as a wedding present. I saw him on the street just now and he looked daggers and poiards at me."

For immediate relief after eating use K D C

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.