The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15, 1911 | Vol. XL, No. 7

BUSINESS MEN

Will require new supplies of

Office Stationery

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Beginning with the NEW YEAR, we carry a splendid up-to-date stock of

Blank Books, in *Ledgers, Cash Books, Day Books, Letter books, Bill books, Journals*, and Blank Books of all kinds and sizes.

Office Supplies in Invoice and Letter Files and Binding Cases.

Carter's "Success" Binding Cases (none better) complete at $2.50 per dozen in dozen lots, $3.00 in less than dozen lots.

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Wholesale & Retail. Lowest Prices.

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Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices.

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For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of

Hardware

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Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

W. J. P. McMILLAN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

148 PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

June 15, 1910—tf

D. C. McLEOD, K. C. | W. E. BENTLEY

McLEOD & BENTLEY

Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors.

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Offices—Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers.

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We are adopting the Cash system in order to sell cheaper, and are marking in

Blue Ink

our goods, and the newest things as they arrive at the lowest price we can afford to sell at for cash, which we call

True Blue Prices.

By this method those who live at a distance, can insure, that they buy as cheap as those who personally select their goods.

Any orders you favor us with shall have our prompt and strict attention.

For the Home.

Clocks and Alarms, Barometers, Thermometors.

A FINE STOCK OF SILVER GOODS.

E. W. TAYLOR,

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We are headquarters for Tea Party and Picnic Supplies. We carry a large stock of all requirements for the catering business, such as Confectionery, Cigars, Nuts, Fruits, etc.

SODA DRINKS.

We also manufacture a full line of Sodas, such as Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Raspberry, Iron Brew, Hop Tonic, etc.

We have just been appointed Agents for the

Land of Evangeline

Pure Apple Cider

The Pure Juice of Choice Nova Scotia Apples.

This Cider is quite non-intoxicating and can be handled by stores, restaurants, etc. It is put up by a special English process which prevents any excessive amount of alcohol, but retains the exquisite avor of the Annpolis Valley Fruit. No chemicals of any kind are used in the manufacture—it is just a Pure Fruit Juice, and will remain sweet and clear and sparkling indefinitely in any climate.

A READY SELLER.

In Casks, Pints and Split Bottles. Write us for prices.

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EUREKA TEA.

If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and our sales on it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTETTOWN.

The Catholic Church and Progress.

(Sermon by Rev. J. F. Johnston)

"Euntes, docete omnes gentes" (Going teach all nations) Matt. xxviii. 19

In the eternal city of Rome, my dear friends, there exists an institution which for centuries has been the centre of the missionary activities of the Catholic Church. It is called the Propaganda. Connected with it is a college in which during all these ages have been educated a vast number of zealous young men from all nations to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ into every land, and over the main portal, through which they daily pass are the words of Christ which I have chosen for my text: "Euntes, docete omnes gentes"—going teach all nations. For this is the Divine command which sends them on their missionary career—the commission which Christ gave to His Apostles and their successors—the authorization of their Apostolate. The Church of Christ is essentially missionary. She does not accept the deposit of faith and like the unprofitable servant, abstaining from all activity, rest satisfied with merely preserving what God has given her. No her life is one of ceaseless activity and for her there is no repose while the command of Christ lacks fulfillment and the Gospel is not preached to every creature. This is the spirit which animated the Catholic missionaries from the time of the Apostles. It was this spirit which sent a Patrick into Ireland, an Augustine into England, and a Palladius into Scotland. Whatever may have been the motives to actuate discoverers, explorers, or settlers in strange lands, for the Catholic missionaries who accompanied them, there was always only one desire—the fulfillment of the command of Christ—to go and teach, and, as far as they were able, to do their part in bringing all men to a knowledge of the truth. Ask for the Patron saint of every nation in succession and you will find that he who first carried Christianity there was a Catholic priest or a Catholic bishop. The old Church, to which we have the happiness to belong, antedates all those mere human forms of Christianity which surround us and, notwithstanding her old age, there is not a wrinkle on her brow, no decrepitude in her limbs, but she possesses at this moment all the vitality, energy, and zeal which characterized her when she issued from the upper chamber in Jerusalem on Pentecost day. She is ever growing, ever increasing, and as we behold her growth and her success our hearts are filled with joy, and, in the exuberance of our spirits, we cry out with the Psalmist: "Prospere, procede, et regna"—Go on in prosperity, thou Grand Old Church, and continue over us thy sweet and blessed reign.

And yet, my dear friends, there are those who, not recognizing her Divine character, would wish the world well rid of her. They say that she is the promoter of ignorance, the opponent of civilization—the enemy of progress, when as a matter of fact, she is the very source of progress and all departure from her means retrogression and decay. Even among those who claim to be her children there are those who seem ready to extol all that is without the Church and to ignore what is within. In the presence of Secularism and Socialism, with their many boasts, they seem shy of the Catholic Church as of a poor relation. This is an age of progress and the Catholic Church is behind the times, we are told. She teaches that Jesus Christ is the Son of the Living God who came down from Heaven when Gabriel saluted Mary of Nazareth and she answered: "Be it done unto me according to thy word;" while the outside world, the live, progressive world, discusses the Indian Myths—the legend of Krishna, the great Brahim teacher who preached against wickedness and laid down his life that he might conquer it; or, of the classic Orpheus with his beautiful form, his golden locks, and the sun upon his brow, came down from the hills to speak things of goodness and war against vice; or, of Jesus Christ, if you will, greater perhaps than either but He, as they, shall pass into the twilight of fable. Again, my dead friends, this wise, progressive age has its spiritualistic *Sceances* and we are behind the times because we are compelled to say: the Church forbids, as of old, God forbade Saul to consult the witch of Endor. The uniformity of Nature's laws is upheld and therefore miracles are not possible, the opening chapter of Genesis is untrue, for it is against the conclusions of science. In the face of all this, my dear friends, it may sound old-fashioned to say that the Church teaches that there are miracles and that the Book of Genesis is the Word of God. And Why should it be so when it is the simplest and the wisest of answers, for the authority of the Church is the Word of the Spirit of Truth? whether is it better to be ashamed of the Grand Old Catholic Church, wide as the earth, ancient as the centuries, the nurse of empires, still without decrepitude, passing on her course with perrennial youth and vitality, or to bow down before the spirit of the age?

What is this boasted progress we hear so much about, my dear friend? Let us examine it and see in what it consists. In the first place, it consists in those material things which have transformed the surface of the earth — railroads and steamships which have well nigh eliminated the barriers of distance; luxury in building, in furniture, in food, bringing together the markets of the East and of the West; in that system of commerce, so universal and so engrossing; in that net work of industries whose din and clang have silenced the music of the birds, the smoke of whose furnaces has clouded the heavens themselves. But what are we the better for all this? If we could stand apart, or, like the Angels, look down from above should we not doubt and wonder and ask ourselves: is this progress? Men and women toil in the great hive of labor from morning till night, from youth to age, and pass away and still the clang continues. What has it been for them or for those who enjoy the produce of their toil? They move more quickly, the vistas of earth are opened more widely and they hurry through them, but are their thoughts deeper or their sympathies more enlarged? Perhaps not half as much as when the pilgrim moved through the valleys and across the hills on foot to the shrines of sanctity and learning. These things are not very much after all, my dear friends, for they do not touch the man. Real progress must be in the man and not in the things around him.

In the second place, my dear friends, the boasted progress of the age is in science. Surely here we have much. If the age is anything it is a scientific age—an age of intellectual activity,—yes, it is true, through the world there is that spirit of inquiry which S. Paul found at Athens—men are always seeking some new thing. But intellect without guidance is like a blindfolded man the more active he is in limb, the more likely he is to stumble and fall over the cliff. Cardinal Newman has pointed out that reason left to itself will tend to unbief and unbelief means loss of Knowledge. What is lost and what is gained by the science of which we boast? We have lost the things of faith and gained the things of science—exchanged the sure things of Heaven for the doubtful things of earth. Science, it is true, has made wonderful strides. It has denied the Canticle of Job, for, it has searched the heavens, measured the star-depths, taken them in its hand and weighed their substance. It has commanded the thunder and set reigns upon the lightening. Science has peered into the caverns of the earth and read in the buried strata the book of the world's history, unfolded its plastic youth, its period of giant vegetation, its great animal reign, passing through limitless time before it came to man. It has analyzed man—the subtle texture of his brain, the wondrous eye, and the beating heart, and the world is proud of all this. Yet what of it all? We must not, my dear friends, undervalue the science of the day. It opens up fields of knowledge which should lead our minds with greater insight to the contemplation of God's wonders in His works, but since it let go the hand of the Church its losses have immeasurably outweighted its gains. Science is valuable in proportion as it is effective but how do these things touch the essense of the man? They lead not to affirmation, not to perfection, but to negation and decadence.

Again, my dear friends, this age of ours boasts of its progress in philosophy. And what is this philosophy? It is a philosophy of doubt, of mere speculation, or of absolute negation There is the material philosophy formulated by Herbert Spenser who in his latter days confessed it a failure. The world began its course with its atomes and its flaming hydrogen. How it began it, it is not said. Motion, condensation, and the following on of water, and of earth, and atmosphere, and herbs, and plants, and forests, and life, from the homogenus came the heterogenus and the complex, culminating in man and the diversified and beautiful world. The wheel moves onward in its revolutions, the heats grow cold, the green herb withers, the animal Kingdom sinks into silence, the frost of age dries up the springs of life, the complex is made simple once again, the heterogenus becomes homogenus and all has vanished. Where? No one knows. Man for a moment has appeared then passed like a ship in the night; struck from his place among the immortals he has perished utterly nor left a trace behind. There is the Hegelian philosophy and it is no better. The world in all its varied phases and man himself is but the manifest expression of some unknown and unintelligible energy which breaks forth into form and consciousness, which then falls back absorbed into the primal silence. Man with his conscious faculties and individual life, for a moment has appeared—the light of being set aflame, then quenched in endless night. Out of the dark we come, into the dark we go, from nothing into nothing, or pure negation. But the teachers of this age will cry: it is not the individual man it is humanity for which we hope the golden age and lengthy generations. This is Goethe's weed: "Man does not progress but only mankind." What does this mean? What is mankind and what is humanity? It is an abstract, it has no being, it is nothing. Close your hand upon it and behold! it is not there. The progress of the age, my dear friends, ends in this: the denial of the soul and immortality. This is the gospel of despair spoken by men who are the product and expression of this age of progress and we cannot be in grateful admiration of it when this is its conclusion.

But from this system of negation, this boasted progress of the age let us turn to the Grand Old Catholic Church. And what do we find? We find her affirmative, positive, aggressive, leading man—the individual man—to life, to greatness, and perfection. She knows the scope of man's life. She knows whither he is bound and step by step she leads him forward. Mysteries may cross her path, obstacles may arise before her but she treads the way wisely and securely. We need not fear while we hold the Church's hand. Why do men call her the enemy of progress? I know not. It may be that knowing that the end of man is eternal life she cares nothing for things material; it may be because with Jesus Christ before her eyes luxury and pleasures are far from being her ideals. And yet, though no seeking the things of earth, she has made them infinitely better. She has civilized the nations of the world. Under her slavery has been abolished and woman placed upon a pedestal. The Blessed Virgin Mary is the type of perfect woman and the beauty of purity was set forth in her. Men and women were united in one bond of brotherhood—members of the mystical body of Christ. She has fostered freedom; it was the Bishops of the Church together with the nobles who stood around King John and made him sign the Magna Charta. Learning was saved by her and under her patronage the great Universities of Europe arose and were thronged with students, greater in number than has ever been in later years. Art was supreme after the decadence of Greece and Rome and it grew around the dogmas of the Church. Painting, and Music, and Architecture reached under her a perfection which never will be reached by Secularism because great art cannot be where ideals are not lofty and spiritual. Whatever may be said, my dear friends, it is an ungrateful thing to turn against the Church and speak of her as being behind the times since this age, of which we boast so much, has inherited from her so abundantly the riches of the past.

But, my dear friends, is she behind the times in science? Perhaps, because her official censor condemned Galileo, because her authority puts bonds upon the intellect, some might think her so; but her methods are sure and she never goes back upon her track. She knows that hasty resolutions, quick conclusions, and uncertain experiments, are causes of suffering and retrogression far more than a short delay. If her discipline retarded the Copernican system, the motive of her discipline was good—she was watchful for souls because she values them and would guard against a scandal in what might seem a conflict, arising from imperfect knowledge, between the written Word of God and science. She loses nothing in her progress As a living thing she assimilates truth and with unerring instinct she rejects error but she is busy with the truths of revelation and of faith. She only puts bonds upon the intellect so far as to direct it in the way of truth for it is no privilege to err. There is more room for activity of mind in the Church than outside of her because there is more assured matter on which the mind may work. She is neither afraid of the intellect nor to discuss the legends of the Ancients which are only the seed of a primitive revelation grown rank without that special

(Continued on fourth page.)

THERE ARE FEW PEOPLE

Who Have Never Experienced A HEADACHE.

Headaches effect all ages and both sexes alike, but the female sex is naturally the more effected through the higher nervous development and more delicate organization of the system.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we feel sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others during the past thirty-five years.

Mrs. C. Meadows, Clarksburg, Ont., writes:—"For years I was troubled with sick headache and dizziness, and was also constipated. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I only took three bottles of the medicine; now I feel like a new woman. I find I am completely cured, and I can truthfully testify that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Patience—'Do you remember my sister who was on the stage?'

Patrice—'Oh, yes.'

'Well she married.'

'Oh, got a speaking part at last, has she?'

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

One of the most attractive things about story-book people is that they don't spend much time earning a living.

Mr H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont, says:—It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

Lady—Customer—'Do you keep coffee in the bean?'

New Clerk—'Upstairs, madam, this is the ground floor.'

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Do you tell your wife everything you do while she is away?'

'No, the neighbors attend to that.'

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

Hospital Physician—'Which ward do you wish to be taken to? A pay ward or a—'

Maloney—'Iny of thin, Doc, thot's safely Dimocratic.'

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dispepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

'There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to get married.'

'How do you know?'

'I've proposed to several.'

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effetcs whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

Butcher—'Twenty-eight cents a pound.'

Mrs. Murphy—That's awful high. I guess that's the aviation meat Oi've been reading so much about.'

Milburn's Sterling Headach e Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

'What is your favorite wild game?

'Football.'

Was Troubled With Liver Complaint For Three Years.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will regulate the flow of bile to act properly upon the bowels, and will tone, renovate and purify the liver, removing every result of liver trouble from the temporary but disagreeable headache to the severest forms of liver complaint.

Mr. S. Nelson, North Sydney, N.S., writes:—"I have used your Laxa-Liver Pills. I was troubled with liver complaint for three years, and could get no relief. I was persuaded by a friend to try your remedy, and after taking one vial I got relief. After I had taken three more I was cured completely, and I have not been troubled since, thanks to your valuable medicine."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.