

A Letter to the Public

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Nov 21, 1892-1y

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CAIRNS & McFADYEN,
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We want to tell you that you can get better value for your money here than in any other store in Charlottetown. We give the highest

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We give good, fresh Groceries. We give our customers good attention. We deliver all goods at train, steamboats, or anywhere you require inside the city limits. We want you to give us an order.

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Containing NITROGEN, PHOSPHORIC ACID and POTASH in the most soluble and available forms known. Each ingredient sold under guaranteed analysis and consequently thoroughly reliable. Sold unmixed and therefore adaptable to all crops and conditions. 25 per cent. (the manufacturers profit) cheaper than any mixed and so-called "Complete Fertilizers" on the market. The Only Fertilizer farmers can afford to use, and those who know most about artificial manures will use no other.

AULD BROS.
April 2, 1902.

Notice to Subscribers.

We, the undersigned publishers of Charlottetown, respectfully beg to announce that we have unanimously adopted the cash in advance system for subscriptions. The advisability of pursuing this course has been shown by the fact that for some time past a large proportion of our subscribers have strongly urged us to do so. In yielding to their wishes we are merely falling into line with the leading publishers all over Canada and the United States.

By inaugurating the cash in advance system we shall be enabled to give our subscribers an improved paper for their money—a portion of which is now expended in furnishing papers to those who do not pay. We confidently believe that the new system will meet with the approval of the general public.

The uniform rate for our weekly papers will be \$1.00 per year. Immediate payment is respectfully requested for all unpaid subscriptions up to the present time, as well as for all unpaid subscriptions expiring between this date and Dec. 31st, 1902, at which date all then unpaid will be discontinued. Those whose terms expire at any date after January 1st, 1903, will be notified before the date of expiration, and any who fail to renew when their year has expired will have their papers discontinued. No new subscribers can be accepted from this date unless paid in advance.

We respectfully ask that all join cordially with us in making the cash in advance system an unequalled success, as it is in their own interests to do so.

Signed by the publishers:
The Examiner,
The Herald,
The Patriot,
The Guardian,
The Watchman,
The Prince Edward Islander,
July 23, 1902.

The Church in Norway.

Few even of well-informed Catholics are aware of the missionary activity of the church. An occasional magazine article, the annual collection taken up for the propagation of the faith, or an international incident like the recent troubles in China, make us dimly conscious that one of the marks of Christ's Church is her universality, but so many other interests claim our attention that this consciousness passes away until the collection comes round again, or some soldier from the outposts of Christendom, in the person of a missionary, bearded generally and grown gray in the service of a struggling mission in some remote corner of the world.

Yet it is literally true that "from the rising of the sun to the going down is there sacrifice," the Catholic priest is found in the frozen regions of the North as well as in the burning climes of the tropics. Norway is generally a stronghold of Protestantism, but there is a Catholic population within its borders, small indeed in numbers, and scattered from Christians to Hammerfest, but firm in faith and unwavering in allegiance to the successor of the Fisherman. A bishop and twenty-three priests have the spiritual care of this small flock, and no where in the world is a more devoted body of priests to be found. Their zeal is apostolic, their untiring effort is to keep the spark of faith alive in the flock committed to them, while by prayer, preaching and godly lives, they address themselves to the other sheep without the fold—those whose descendants were robbed of the faith by the cupidity of their rulers. It is true that little progress is yet made along this line, but from time to time notable conversions cheer the missionaries and spur them to new efforts. Two years ago a noted Protestant pastor of Christiania, the author of a book of theology, surprised his flock by resigning his pastorate to enter the Catholic Church; whilst a little later a young Lutheran of good family, who had his attention first called to Catholicism by the Corpus Christi procession in Christiania, was received into the Church and is now in an ecclesiastical seminary preparing himself for the priesthood.

Twenty-five years ago Norway was made a Vicariate Apostolic, and Bishop John Fallize was sent to take care of the vast territory that stretches from Kristiansand to the North Cape.

Bishop Fallize has worked untiringly; parishes have been multiplied, the number of priests increased, hospitals and schools erected and the old spirit of prejudice against the Church, born mostly of ignorance, has in many parts died out. In fact, Protestant Norway might read a lesson in toleration to some of the Catholic countries of Europe. The Sorthing, the Congress of Norway, wished to pass a law a short time ago on cremation, which could conflict with the conscience of the Catholic population. Two articles of the law had already been approved, when the bishop, who was away on visitation of his diocese, heard of it and sent a protest to the President of the Sorthing. The protest was respectfully considered and the law modified to suit the Catholic position.

When the bishop wished to build a church at Stavanger, on the west coast of Norway, the municipality aided him to acquire property, opened a street to give access to the church, and put an army of men at work to have it ready in time for the dedication. Yet in all the parish of Stavanger there are only ten Catholics and these do not belong to the wealthy class.

Christiania, the capital of Norway, and the largest city in the kingdom, rejoices in the presence of two Catholic churches, the cathedral of St. Olaf, and a more modest edifice, dedicated to God under the title of St. Halvard. The rector of the cathedral is a classmate of some of the younger priests of the Brooklyn diocese who studied in Rome. He is an indefatigable worker, an earnest preacher, and is well liked by his Protestant neighbors. One of his assistants a Roman student also, is the director of the school and the editor of the only Catholic paper in Norway.

At the foot of St. John's hill near the cathedral, stands a handsome modern hospital conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. It is a monument to the energy of the bishop, who was aided in its erection by the charity of Catholics and Protestants alike. In the winter of 1899 a banquet held in Christiania under almost entirely Protestant auspices for the benefit of the hospital netted a substantial sum; the best physicians of the city are on the staff, and all Christiania takes great pride in this Catholic charity.

In the Provincial House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, which is near the hospital, thirty-six novices are preparing for the arduous work of mission life in Southwestern Norway. They come from nearly every country in Europe—generous souls, with a zeal that overcomes every obstacle and that has prompted them to leave father, mother, home and all that life holds dear to follow Christ and make Him loved by the children of St. Olaf.

The Northern portion of Norway, washed by the waters of the Polar Ocean, where there is but one day and one night in the year, is given over to the Sisters of St. Elizabeth, but they have a convent in Christiania, a home for convalescent sisters who have not been able to endure long the fatigues of the Arctic waters. Their stay at Christiania is temporary; as soon as health returns they are back again at Tromso or Hammerfest.

Bergen, the second largest city in Norway, as well as one of the oldest and most picturesque, has a Catholic population of two hundred. The Church of St. Paul, where they worship, was built thirty years ago by Father Stab, who is buried behind the altar. Father Stab was born in Bergen, of Protestant parents, but early in life was received into the Church, joined the congregation of the Barnabites in Italy, was Provisional for some time, and finally came back to his native city to devote himself to the few Catholics there. He erected the Church of St. Paul with money left by his parents and ministered in it until his death. His successor, a classmate of Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn is an indefatigable worker, his spare time is devoted to refutation of calumnies against Catholic faith and practice in the public press. He is a Truth Society in himself. Nothing escapes his vigilant eye, no attack goes unanswered. The newspapers take all he writes and consider it "good copy."

But there are other Catholic churches in Bergen where Catholic doctrine is no longer taught nor the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered. They are monuments of the early faith of the people, as well as witnesses of the artistic development of the Middle Ages. Mary's Church built in the twelfth century, was used by the merchants and clerks of the Hanseatic League, that immense fish trust of early days. The now Protestant cathedral of St. Olaf was originally a monastery church; it was built in the thirteenth century. But it is in Trondheim, the cradle of the kingdom of Norway, that he is brought into the fold he will

that the devastating influence of the Reformation is best seen.

In the Middle Ages, Trondheim was one of the largest and richest towns in Norway. It was founded by St. Olaf, who was afterwards buried in the cathedral. The fame of his sanctity attracted hosts of pilgrims. Fourteen other churches and five monasteries were built. A magnificent cathedral, the finest in all Scandinavia, was erected over his tomb. An unending stream of pilgrims from Sweden and Denmark flowed to Trondheim and Trondheim expanded to receive them. An impetus was given to commerce, wealth flowed into the coffers of the merchants, and humble dwelling gave place to more pretentious edifices. But the most imposing monument of all was the cathedral. It was built of Norwegian marble, and revealed in every delicate detail of its Gothic features the exuberant imagination of its designer.

The Reformation; the rich reliquary that contained the bones of St. Olaf was stolen, the church itself taken from the Catholics and allowed to fall into ruin. Several fires helped the work of destruction, and this monument of the faith and of the taste of early Norway had almost perished, had not the patriotism and the artistic sense of modern Norway restored the magnificent pile to something like its pristine grandeur.

But there is a Catholic Church in Trondheim to-day where a handful of the faithful worship. It is situated in the suburbs and is at once church, convent and hospital. It has more than a passing interest for the Catholics of Brooklyn, for it was built by a Brooklyn priest, Father Dumabat, who now looks after the spiritual interest of the scattered Scandinavian Catholics of Long Island.

Within the Arctic circle, on the west coast of Norway, there are two Catholic churches, one at Tromso and another at Hammerfest. Tromso is situated on an island that abounds in birch and wild cherry trees. It is the headquarters of the walrus hunters and whale fisheries of the northern regions, and is the starting place of most of the expeditions in search of the Pole. The Baldwin-Vogler expedition sailed from Tromso last July. The Catholic Church is situated in the market place, and the little congregation gathers there every Sunday from the village and the neighboring islands to assist at the Holy Sacrifice and listen to the words of God. They are simple people—poor, but docile—the little ones to whom God has promised the Kingdom. There is a Lapp settlement at Tromsod, on Tromso Sound, that attracts tourists in the summer time.

Few of the Lapps are Catholics, and those who are, lead such a wandering life that a priest would have to become a nomad to quicken the little faith they have. The Lapps are the aborigines of Norway. They belong to the Mongolian race, having the high cheek bones and slanting eyes that are characteristic of the Chinese. They are low-sized, dirty, but very active, with great powers of endurance, and are marvelously cunning. They wandered from Norway to Sweden with large herds of reindeer, and in summer do a thriving trade in very primitive curions that are eagerly bought up by the American tourists. There are 18,000 of them in Norway, but most of them are fisherman who reside in villages and mingle freely with their Norwegian neighbors. They are nominally Christians, but they still preserve many of their pagan customs and rites, and are but little influenced by the civilization around them.

The nearest parish to Tromso is nearly two hundred miles further north, at Hammerfest. It is the most northern parish in the world, and the pastor of the little congregation that worships in the small church on the harbor's edge has the proud distinction of having the North Pole within the boundaries of his parish. He hasn't much else to boast of. The entire population of Hammerfest is only about 2,200, and of these only a handful is Catholic. The Association for the Propagation of the Faith helps him to pay the expenses of church and rectory, yet he is happy, is doing much good and is loved by his Sisters, where the poor of the village, irresolute of creed, are received.

Russian traders from the White Sea, who have fallen ill on their journey, are often brought here for treatment.

While the progress of the church in the land of the Midnight Sun is slow, almost inappreciable, it is real. The influence of the small band of devoted missionaries is great; the spiritual life of the Catholics has been intensified, and the barriers of prejudice have been removed by their presence and labors. The Norwegian peasant is deeply religious, and when in God's good time he is brought into the fold he will

help to make the church in his native land all that she was in the days of Olaf, and Trondheim.—Rev. W. J. White, D.D., in St. Vincent's Visitor.

DOMESTIC READING.

A drop of ink may make a million thick.

It is easy finding reasons why others should be patient.

The most ferocious natures are soothed and tamed by innocence.

God pardons like a mother that kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.

An "unkindness has no remedy at law," let us avoidance be with you a point of honor.

As we grow older we eat a greater price upon fidelity; and where there are such faithfulness as in the cross?

The farther the author holds himself from the crowd, the more may he hope to find thoughts in which are hidden germs of immortal life.

Let us correct the habit of belligerence in men, and of placing our hopes in them; let us not correct ourselves of the habit of loving them.

He who unintelligently attempts what is beyond his power must leave undone his own proper work, and thus his time is wasted, to be ever so closely occupied.

However great the distance we should make it with pleasure, in order to have the happiness of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass and the sacred mysteries.

Do you wish to experience a great joy which concentrated itself in your soul embalming it for long hours? Do as much good as possible, as secretly as possible.

Four things are required of a woman—that virtue should dwell in her heart, that modesty should shine upon her brow, that sweetness should flow from her lips, and that labor should employ her hands.

If that knoweth not what he ought to know, is a brute among men. He that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts. He that knoweth all that may be known, is a god among men.

Our prayers are ships. We send them to no uncertain port. They are destined for the throne of Grace; and while they take a cargo of supplications from us they come back argosies laden with the riches of Divine grace.

I am sure that no man can know peace who has not come through storm. Peace follows battle. It draws its meaning from contest. And, oh, how inestimable the delight when the clouds break and the sunshine gleams forth!

"I have never understood," says Eugene de Guerin, "the confidence of those who present themselves before God with no other support than social good conduct, as if our duties were enclosed in the narrow circle of this world."

We are not called upon to leap and make ourselves laugh because the day is dark. Tears are good, and silence is a blessing. Only we must not let our grief be bitter or selfish, and our dark days must never be days of gloom or complaint.

The years of old age are stalls in the cathedral of life in which for aged men to sit and listen and meditate and be patient till the life is over, and in which they get themselves ready to say "Amen," at the last, with all their hearts and souls and strength.

Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical form, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand, or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired.

Opportunities do not come with their value stamped upon them. Every one must be challenged. A day dawns, quite like other days; in it a single hour comes, quite like other hours, but in that day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us. To face every opportunity of life thoughtfully and ask its meaning bravely and earnestly, is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come, whether open-faced or disguised.

—From the Catholic Register

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS L. M. WALLACE, WALLACEBURG, ONT.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.