

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1899.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 15

Calendar for April, 1899.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Third Quarter, 3rd, 7h. 43.2m. a. m.
New Moon, 10th, 3h. 8.2m. a. m.
First Quarter, 17th, 6h. 30.6m. p. m.
Full Moon, 25th, 3h. 9.3m. p. m.

Day of Week.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon rises.	Moon sets.	High Water.	Low Water.
1 Saturday	5 40	6 27	11 58	3 39	4 27	10 44
2 Sunday	5 38	6 28	11 44	4 27	4 27	10 44
3 Monday	5 36	6 29	11 30	5 16	4 27	10 44
4 Tuesday	5 34	6 31	11 16	6 05	4 27	10 44
5 Wednesday	5 32	6 32	11 02	6 54	4 27	10 44
6 Thursday	5 30	6 33	10 48	7 43	4 27	10 44
7 Friday	5 28	6 35	10 34	8 32	4 27	10 44
8 Saturday	5 26	6 36	10 20	9 20	4 27	10 44
9 Sunday	5 24	6 37	10 06	10 09	4 27	10 44
10 Monday	5 22	6 39	9 52	10 58	4 27	10 44
11 Tuesday	5 20	6 40	9 38	11 47	4 27	10 44
12 Wednesday	5 18	6 41	9 24	12 36	4 27	10 44
13 Thursday	5 16	6 42	9 10	1 24	4 27	10 44
14 Friday	5 14	6 43	8 56	2 13	4 27	10 44
15 Saturday	5 12	6 44	8 42	3 02	4 27	10 44
16 Sunday	5 10	6 45	8 28	3 51	4 27	10 44
17 Monday	5 08	6 46	8 14	4 40	4 27	10 44
18 Tuesday	5 06	6 47	8 00	5 29	4 27	10 44
19 Wednesday	5 04	6 48	7 46	6 18	4 27	10 44
20 Thursday	5 02	6 49	7 32	7 07	4 27	10 44
21 Friday	5 00	6 50	7 18	7 56	4 27	10 44
22 Saturday	4 58	6 51	7 04	8 45	4 27	10 44
23 Sunday	4 56	6 52	6 50	9 34	4 27	10 44
24 Monday	4 54	6 53	6 36	10 23	4 27	10 44
25 Tuesday	4 52	6 54	6 22	11 12	4 27	10 44
26 Wednesday	4 50	6 55	6 08	12 01	4 27	10 44
27 Thursday	4 48	6 56	5 54	12 50	4 27	10 44
28 Friday	4 46	6 57	5 40	1 39	4 27	10 44
29 Saturday	4 44	6 58	5 26	2 28	4 27	10 44
30 Sunday	4 42	6 59	5 12	3 17	4 27	10 44

1899

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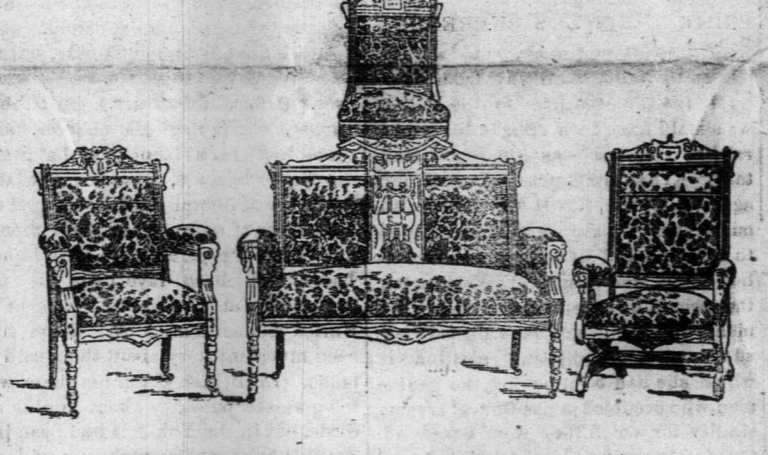
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Under the skillful management of Mr. Sixtus McLellan has been a complete success. We employ the best staff of workmen on P. E. I. We import our cloths from the very best houses.

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Sir Charles' Great Speech.

"Kit," the famous lady writer on the staff of the Toronto Mail and Empire heard the opening speeches on the address in the house of commons. This is what she says of Sir Charles Tupper: A moment later and silence fell as the deep, clear (sonorous tones of Canada's grand old man rang through the splendid chamber. Sir Charles was on his feet, that great head of his set well between his shoulders, his dominant chin thrust forward, his lips twitching as if the hurry of words on his tongue could with difficulty make exit. Never did he look so well, so strong, so leonine. Never did he make a grander, more concise, more well-prepared and thoughtful speech. He was complimentary—in a deep and deadly way—to the honorable member for East Prince, congratulating the premier on having gained such a benchmark. Then came the tearing to pieces of Mr. Bell's beautiful fabric as to Canada's prosperity being the outcome of liberal rule. You should hear the laughter, the cheers, the jeers, the applause. Soup kitchens were all that the liberals were able to conduct—soup kitchens! Mr. Pickwick was not more amazed and affronted when he was confronted with a warming-pan than was one dear old Brit who sat beside me in the gallery. Soup kitchens! Chops and tomato sauce! The conservatives changed all this. ("No, no," from the old man). The national policy fettered the country out of the deplorable bog hole into which it had fallen and set it on its feet again. Then came figures. Sir Charles simply breathed figures—he was a fine old figure himself—dates, sir, and dollars, sir, sixty millions of men spent in improving inland navigation—all fairly ras from the lips of the sturdy old chief, the conservative ladies clapped their kid gloves together and almost cheered; the liberal ladies looked strongly at the reporters' gallery. Trade, revenue deposits, railway mileage, exports—there wasn't a thing Sir Charles hadn't at the point of his tongue and his fingers. Then came twine and tariff. Why the latter should have deliberately destroyed the former we women did not know, but it was because these dreadful liberals were in power and it was deplorable. Something had happened our coal oil, too. The Americans had gobbled it—those "batty" Americans! We suddenly jumped to boundary questions. Off with us to Alaska. Every woman thought of the danger to her next year's seal coat and shuddered. Sunny ways are lively at tea and things, but they went keep the cold out in a blizzard. Jesting aside—Sir Charles made the speech of his life. He waxed more and more eloquent as the hours sped. His nimble mind was almost too active and alert for our slow mentality to keep pace with. He spoke sadly enough of the fiasco in which the Washington affair ended, and repeated poor Lord Herchell's almost dying words: "It is too bad to have spent six months here and to have got nothing but a broken rib."

Life in Mexico.

(From the Ave Maria.)

If the people of Mexico cared at all for public opinion in the United States, there are two Protestant Americans to whom they ought to erect statues. One of these is Mr. F. R. Guernsey, whose letters have opened the eyes of all honest men to the true character of our Southern neighbors; the other is Mr. Charles F. Lummis, whose "Spanish Pioneers" so justly estimated the great virtues of the Mexicans of old; and whose later volume, "A Wakening of a Nation," draws such a pleasing picture of the Mexicans of today. One can not help agreeing with Mr. Lummis that the new-born prosperity of the neighboring Republic is one of the greatest marvels of the century; and, in the face of the nonsense uttered about the "decay" of the Latin races, there is much that we should like to quote from the pages in which that prosperity is so enthusiastically described. We are told by Mr. Lummis, for instance, that in no State of the Union is property so safe from marauders as in Mexico; that "infantile" in any degree, is a civilized invention as yet wholly unknown in Spanish America; and that "the American missions to convert Mexicans from one Christian religion to another meet a notable tolerance in Mexico, considering their errand; and maintain small congregations of the lower class, who attend for motives not wholly unselfish or religious." Indeed, the Mexican idea of toleration, coupled with the old-world habit of gubbing up the property of the Church from

time to time, would lead the casual observer to suppose that Protestantism was really welcome in that country,—a supposition ludicrous enough. Thus Mr. Lummis says: To do much of anything of importance in the modern city (of Mexico), one must go to church. The Reforma was a movement in who-er swift thoroughness public necessity took no heavier hand than private greed. Diverted from the Church, the edifices were looted of their plate, their silver altar rail, and their Marillo; one gentleman—since happily dead—got \$90,000 at a pawnshop for the paintings he had collected by this simple process. The buildings themselves were promptly "denounced," and sold for beggarly sums—many of them for beggarly ends. You cannot sample far among the hotels without lodging in an ex-convent. You may have your livery turn-out from another. If you visit school or barracks or hospital, it will be in another. And if you chance to go to prison, you would be (up to just now) inside of church walls. Of course it all results in more costly and artistic school-houses, hospitals, and prisons than are fashionable in lands which have not had the opportunity to get ahead of their Maker.

The liberties of the Church have been assailed as well as her properties; and Catholics, as such, have far less personal freedom in Catholic Mexico than in the "Protestant" United States. Church processions in the streets are forbidden, and, as is well known, priests are not permitted to wear "churchoy" garments outside the churches. But Mr. Lummis gives the comforting assurance that the position of the Church is improving:

I seem to detect even now traces of its gradual coming to a juster average. There is talk that the Sisters of Charity may presently be allowed to return; and while I have no means of knowing that this is true, my very faith in human reason makes it seem probable. Those who have watched the Yellow Death when it walks a city, who have seen men fall rotting by the curb, deserted by brother and mother, but picked up by these daughters of God—aye, and has himself felt their tender mercy upon his broken shell—such a one will hope for Mexico thus much alleviation of its severity.

"Daughters of God"—there is a phrase! Mr. Lummis' sympathy with Spanish-America extends even to the beggars, about whom the vulgar globe-trotter shakes his head so solemnly. This is how Mr. Lummis shakes the globe-trotter: One reason why mosquitoes seem so numerous is that we can not get away from them. So with the Mexican beggar. Wherever you go you see all there is of him; and meeting fifty people, of whom two are beggars, you naturally conclude that the same proportion holds good throughout the whole population. But 'tis a generic blunder. As a matter of fact, long field study in both lines leads to a conviction that there are probably not so many professional beggars per cent in Mexico as in the United States. But the tramp is never content; and only the curious student, the railroad man on a transcontinental line, and the police authority dream how enormous is our army of mendicants. The Mexican mendicant, too, has a different stock in trade. His capital is to look as poor, diseased, and repulsive as he possibly can—maybe with a vague intuition that the pneumogastric nerve has a large voice in the congress of the emotions. He has not learned the broader platform of innocence, bulldozing, and alternative crime. He clings to the traditions of his craft; for it is a profession, and inclined to be a gentle one. He whines, it is true,—because he is of a people to whom a white sound is pitiful, and not contemptible; but his appeal is as perfect in its fine rhetoric as in its humility. And when you have bestowed the copper piece, which is all that he expects, he says (simply and without a dream of irony), "God give more to you!"

One charge against the Mexican this kindly writer abjectly admits. He says: "There is no sensational journalism in Mexico. The newspapers are modeled after Continental rather than United States fashions. One is always impressed by the lack of 'nose for news'—particularly news that smells." That is very nearly done, as this whole book is.

In Mr. Guernsey's latest letter to the Boston Sunday Herald, written from the town of San Angel, we have a picture of Spanish-American life, which he assures us is "a pretty good sample of the daily exhibit." Nothing could be more charming, or in more attractive contrast to life in a typical New England vil-

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The people are genuinely happy, and strangers within their gates are made welcome with a hospitality not excelled in any part of the wide world. Mr. Guernsey understands the secret of the happiness and prosperity of the Mexicans. "The Christian religion," he says, "is an active principle of life and rule of conduct in Mexico." Let us quote further: The ladies all go to Mass in the morning, some of them very early. They wear plain print gowns, and throw a raboso, or scarf over head and shoulders. So rich and poor go to church, not making divine worship a place of dress parade. In this is a sign of a high civilization. . . . It is a pretty sight, that of the well-behaved and decorous people going to church simply clad. The woman who in the city has her great house, her carriages and her many servants, when here in her country-house attends church so simply gowned that no one unfamiliar with Spanish-American ways would dream of her being a great lady. Many men attend Mass daily; some are busy men in business or finance in the city, but they find time for their morning devotions. Most of them are the salt of the earth. You can leave a load of jewels with them and have no fear.

Until travellers like Mr. Guernsey went to Mexico we used to hear very much to the discredit of its clergy. Protestant missionaries still indulge in calumnious accusations against the priests and people of our sister Republic, representing them as bigoted, ignorant, etc. The Herald's correspondent has something to say on this subject in the letter before us. We shall quote his words at length, because so many Americans—there are Catholics among them—consider the clergy of Mexico a dishonor to Christianity. Mr. Guernsey says:

The young priests have to minister to many flocks in the Indian villages up in the Sierra. They often have to be on horseback at four o'clock in the morning, and in the winter season it is a ripping and an eager air that one meets on sallying forth at such an hour, fit only for stout-hearted men. And these young priests have no food to fortify their stomachs; for they eat not until after they have reached their destination and said Mass. They are a devoted little band, and will, if they do not die prematurely (as they have a way of doing), come to be men of spiritual authority. . . . I see here no selfish, busy, self-indulgent clergy. They lead a life a West Point cadet might not envy. It is work, and it is hard work, and very plain fare. . . . A more self-respecting lot of young clergymen I have never seen.

The poor are all fed. A laborer's family through illness falls into distress, and word goes from the priest's house that here is a chance to exercise the Christian grace of benevolence. Result: relief, and no talk about it. . . . When you see the poor fed, even tables set out for them, with soup and bread and meat in the kitchen of the rich; when you see a general charity of opinion, and courtesy, always, you begin to reflect on what makes all this. . . . If Catholicism is a dead and dying thing, there is no evidence of it here. It is immensely vital and effective. It is a spiritual food that makes a very robust sort of Christian.

What of the intellectual life of the Mexicans? It will be a-kyd. It is not so much in evidence in any public way, Mr. Guernsey tells us, but he also informs us why it is not. There is nothing "mushy," he declares, about the education or the religion of the people!

There are no clubs, no societies. And yet we have learned men and women here. One of the greatest of living Americanists lives here in summer in his country-house. I refer to Don Jose M. de Agreda, last count of that ancient Spanish title. He is a man of erudition, of simplicity of habit, a fervent Catholic, and is immensely kind to the poor. We have wise doctors and men who have many books and read much; we have ladies who have been abroad and are full of story and anecdote. But Spanish-American women are not given to clubs; the attraction of home life is too strong. . . . Here you have the normal human being untouched by fads of any sort. A literary society would be bankrupt after half an hour's session. . . . That the people have not travelled

and read; some of them are of Parisian residences for years; others have lived and loafed in sunny Spain; others have large book collections; and several learned pundits go into town in second-class cars, not to save money, but to prevent commonplace bores from interrupting their reading with discussions on international politics. A country without shams or fads must be a delightful one to live in. Such a country is Mexico. The poor are contented; the rich are distinguished by their good behavior, their simplicity and generosity. There is no vulgar parade of riches, no pretensions to superiority on account of having a heavy bank account. Mr. Guernsey declares that there is more pretence in a Massachusetts manufacturing town among the mill owners than one ever sees in Mexico. "There is a man in this town [San Angel] worth \$10,000,000; he speaks to everybody most familiarly, and is much liked. People seem to be glad he has those \$10,000,000. I am."

Writings like those of Mr. Lummis and Mr. Guernsey ought to bring the "superior Saxon" to a right mind as regards his soft-eyed Latin brother. But, as Mr. Lummis remarks, "ignorance always dies hard—doubtly hard when religious and political prejudices beat under its ribs."

Religious Events Briefly Recorded.

(Catholic Standard and Times.)

The Rev. Lord Archbishop Douglas, who was one of the passengers on the wrecked steamer Castilian, and who conducted religious services on the deck of the vessel as she rested on the rocks, is a brother of the well-known Marquis of Queensberry, and is a convert to the Catholic faith. Father Douglas has traveled over a large part of England and Scotland, preaching to the poor and lowly. For some years past he has been interested in the work of sending Catholic orphans to Canada, and has several times visited the Dominion in connection with the work. The society which has it in charge—the Southwick Catholic Emigration Society—has a farm and home in Manitoba, and Father Douglas was returning from a visit to the institution when the steamer was wrecked.

In reparation for the act of sacrilege perpetrated at St. Mary's Star of the Sea, Whitehouse, in January, it is proposed to add to that church a new tower and spire, with a peal of bells, which will be one of the finest in Ireland. This will fully complete the church which was opened in 1877. The additions are reported from Athens that the Greek Catholics are about to improve, and improvements, exclusive of the bells, will cost £3,000. Mr. Philip Jordan, J. P., of Jordanstown, has ordered the peal of bells, which will cost the donor £1,200.

The Duc d'Alençon has visited Lourdes for the purpose of presenting a banner made out of one of the dresses of the Duchess, who perished in the Paris charity bazaar fire.

organize a pilgrimage to Rome, which will be their first. The chief organizer is the Archbishop of Athens, and he is ably seconded by the Archbishop of Corfu. The Greek Catholics are divided into three metropolitan provinces, with three archbishops and five bishops. Most of the Catholics are in the Ionian Islands, the Cyclades, Syria and a few other places. The pilgrimage is to take place in May next.

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A Sufferer—As I had lost five children with ailments I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to stomach troubles and were not very strong. They are now healthy and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. E. Frazee, Pembroke, Ont.

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