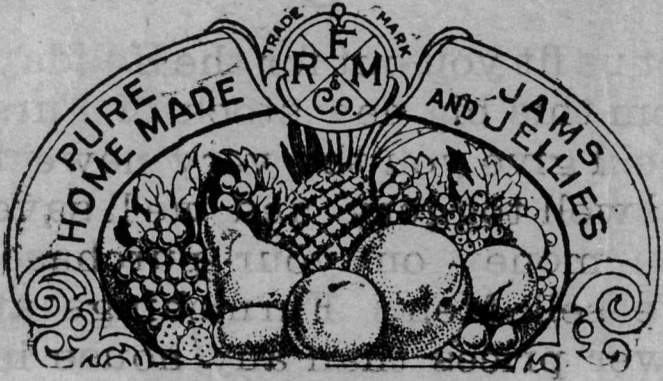


# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6, 1912

Vol. XLI, No. 49



MANUFACTURED BY  
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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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Nov. 30, 1912.

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American Catholics are beginning to realize this principle of Christian life. Get in touch with the Acts of present day Apostles among heathen peoples.

Read:—The Field Afar.

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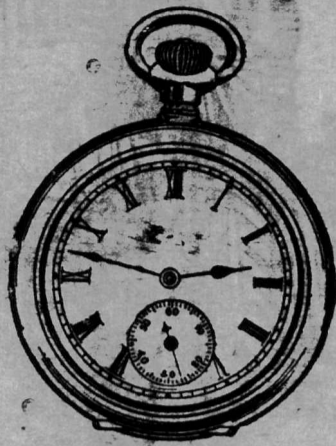
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THE FIELD AFAR

HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

July 5, 1912-21



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MONEY TO LOAN.

**W. S. STEWART, K. C. & M. A. CAMPBELL**

July 3, 1911-1912.

Job Printing at the Herald Office.

## St. Joseph's Church Re-Opening.

Powerful Discourse By The Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., of Guelph.

IT IS A RICHLY ADORNED EDIFICE.

(From the Acton (Ont.) Free Press of November 21st. Father Drummond, the preacher on this occasion, conducted the laymen's retreat at St. Dunstan's College during the past summer and preached in St. Dunstan's Cathedral at the O. M. B. A. celebration. He has many friends here.)

Last Sunday the formal re-opening of St. Joseph's Church was fittingly celebrated after the completion of skillful and artistic decorations of the walls and ceilings. This important work was very satisfactorily executed by Mr. P. C. Brown, of Toronto, who has a wide reputation for church decoration. The interior of the sacred edifice now presents a most attractive appearance. The backgrounds of the walls and ceilings are of carefully contrasting shades of buff. The ceilings are paneled and bear artistically executed symbols of the evangelists, with borders of neutral tints and gold leaf embellishments. Over the altar arch the well known text, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," is beautifully illuminated, and in the rear of the altar the "Sanctus" is similarly made prominent. New electroluxes of neat design were put in, and new sanctuary carpets, and cork matting in the aisles have been laid. The monogram S. J., for St. Joseph's, is prominent on the frescoes of the walls.

The church was filled to its capacity both morning and evening.

At 10.30 a. m. Rev. Father Traynor, the pastor, preached from Col. 3: 18. "Whoever you do in the world or work, all things do ye in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." He thanked his people for their generosity in contributing to the beauty of this temple of the Divine Presence and for the general interest manifested in this good work.

At 7.30 p. m. after the recitation of the Rosary, Rev. Father Drummond, S. J. of Guelph, preached from Psalm 44: 12 "The King shall greatly desire thy beauty: for he is the Lord thy God, and Him they shall adore." He said in part: "The connection between the Lord God desiring the beauty of any creature, and the command to adore that God alone, leads to the fundamental principle that all beauty reveals the adorable power of God. As the great English poet said: 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, its loveliness increases.' That is the deep truth to which we owe the unsurpassable and inviolable beauty of the cathedrals of the middle ages. The men who built them were enthusiastic adorers of God. They deemed nothing good enough for Him. This spirit created, even in the small towns of Europe at that time, craftsmen whose equals cannot be found today. In the thirteenth century, which witnessed the beginning of some of the matchless cathedrals of England, the population of some cathedral towns did not exceed two thousand, the most populous city of England did not number forty thousand and yet these comparatively small groups of population produced skilled workmen such as we cannot find nowadays unless we scour the whole world.

Four or five huge cathedrals are now building in the United States, and for these it is necessary to import the best craftsmen of Europe, because the hundred millions of North America cannot boast of one such craftsman as the smallest town in England could produce seven hundred years ago.

The explanation of this fact is to be found in the Catholic belief that Christ is really present in all churches in which a duly ordained priest has consecrated and reserved the Sacred Host. This belief is held by the majority of professing Christians. They number at present about 550 millions—250 million Catholics, 100 million orthodox Greek or Russian, 50 million Lutherans and eight or ten million High Church Anglicans. The preacher went on to develop the proofs of the Real Presence as found in the latter part of the sixth chapter of St. John's gospel. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" Had he been minded to give them only a piece of bread and a sip of wine in memory of His passion, He would surely have quieted their fears by saying so. "But he did no such thing. He solemnly reaffirmed in six different texts the objective reality of His Presence. He even faced the possibility of his own chosen twelve balking at this mystery of faith and love when he said: 'Will you also go away?'"

Then Simon Peter, the spokesman of the Catholic church, replied, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." This is the answer of all true Catholics. The Lord has said in words so plain that

even Luther the virulent enemy of the Pope, could not deny their meaning, that He had done this wondrous thing, and we believe that He can do what He says. For He is the Lord God Almighty, the creator of the laws of nature. How can a living, glorious body exist under the appearance of a wafer of unleavened bread? We do not know. He knows because He is the author of nature's laws. We know nothing about the constitution of matter. We see electricity, but neither we nor Mr. Edison, the wizard of electrical invention, know anything of the true nature of electricity. Yet we use it with perfect and reasonable confidence in its laws, so do we Catholics know nothing of the true inwardness of the mystery of the Real Presence; yet we use it and delight in its effects. "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day; for my flesh is, most indeed and my blood is drink indeed."

The church was crowded with a most attentive audience, one-third Protestant. The music at both services, morning and evening, was ably rendered by St. Joseph's Choir, assisted by members of the Holy Cross Choir, Georgetown.

## The Revenge.

A Legend of Valombrosa.

(From The Tidings.)

It was a summer's eve in the year of 1073. The cool shades were rising from behind the rugged Apennines and were gathering over the pale cloister in the deep valley of the Arno, and the weeping willows of Valombrosa seemed yet more sad, as the gloom was falling upon them. In one of the cells of the noble monastery that towered high above them, a monk was dying; he was the Ruler and Abbot of that monastic home, and for years had guided his spiritual children with such a gentle vigilance and fatherly love that they could hardly realize he was so soon to be taken from their midst. By the side of his cot, kneeling in tears, and often and anon he would press his lips to the hand of the dying Abbot, which as "dean seemed to bless him." And as that aged monk thus knelt, what was it he was thinking of? His mind was wandering back to bygone days when he and the dying Abbot were noble youths of the city of Florence. A scene of those early years flashed before him more vividly than ever; and as he thought, he hid his face in his hands and wept. What was it which thus agitated him? An act you worthy to be remembered to the end of time.

"It was a beautiful morning of some fifty years previous, when a body of armed men might have been seen standing in a shady valley without the walls of Florence, around the dead body of a youth, fair and noble even in death. The gore in which he lay betokened a violent death. Near him lay a blood-stained dagger, and his unheated sword told that he had been taken by surprise. At his side stood an old man, the Lord Gauberti, his father, and close beside knelt his younger brother, Hugo, my son! at last cried out the aged Gauberti, as he again bent over the lifeless body before him. "My son, Hugo, my first-born, my joy and my glory! And shall all none be found to avenge thee? Would that the arrow of youth still aimed my frame!" At these words the youth before mentioned rose up, and exclaimed with an air of avenged dignity: "Sire and noble father; cease to lament. There is one who shall avenge my brother's murder. I, though young, will blot out this stain on the house of the Gauberti!" And as he uttered these words his eyes for the first time leaped the dagger. He took it up from the ground and wiped off the blood. He knew it well. "Count Stefano, thou shalt rue this deed! And with these words he started off in pursuit of the murderer.

Several weeks have passed, and it is the morning of Good Friday. Count Stefano had fled on discovery of the murder, knowing well that revenge was sure to follow; but Giovanni, true to his evil resolve, was still in pursuit of him. He had followed him from village to village, across the mountains and through the valleys of the Florentine territory, where he sought to hide himself. But, as yet still determined, Giovanni had returned to the city on this Good Friday morning and, with the other members of his family had gone to assist at the services in the Cathedral. He knew not how it was—and yet it was so—that his heart seemed so cold and insensible to the grand mysteries at which he was present. He could not pray? The least movement he heard drew his attention. He was present only in body. Poor youth! He never thought

of the passion of revenge which had taken such hold on him was the cause of all this. He was blinded. To him—son of a noble house—revenge seemed a duty. But Divine Grace is stronger than human passion, and his hour of grace was nigh. When the time for the touching ceremony of the adoration of the Cross had arrived, the priest addressed the people, speaking to them of the love of the Crucified Redeemer, and of his exceeding great mercy to all, even to His very murderers. The truth of these words went straight to the heart of Giovanni. Yet when the people, upon the priest's invitation, went up to venerate the Cross, the youth held back. Revenge was still in his heart. He hastily rose up, left the Church, mounted his horse, and rode away. Yet whether? He scarce knew himself. He had no heart to meet any of his fellowmen; he knew not why. Some superior power seemed to have seized on him, and yielding to it, he turned off from the streets of the city to a by-path within the walls, when he was suddenly aroused from his pensive mood by the voice of his valet, who called out: "The murderer! Count Stefano!"—and in a moment the two nobles stood face to face. "Alas, I have thee, Count Stefano, unarmed, alone!" exclaimed Giovanni passionately, and he unsheathed his sword. "Thine hour has come, murderer he continued. 'God has delivered thee into my hands, and none shall rescue thee.' Count Stefano seeing no chance to escape, dismounted, threw himself on the ground before Giovanni, and besought him in a trembling voice for pardon and forgiveness. 'Mercy! Count Giovanni, mercy! I pray you in the name of him who was crucified this day for you and for me, and who when you forgive His murderers, I acknowledge my foul deed and grieve for it from my heart. Even now I was on my way to your abbey to expiate my crime by a life long penance. Mercy then O noble Count; for Christ's dear sake, have mercy."

There was a struggle in Giovanni's breast, but God's grace, which had already commenced to operate in his soul, gained the victory. In a moment he too dismounted and gently raised Stefano from the ground, embraced him in token of pardon and mercy.

"Thou has done well, Giovanni!" whispered a heavenly voice in his ear. "Nay, Lord, not I, but Thou has conquered in me!"

The next morning the two nobles—the forgiver and forgiven—knelt together at the foot of the altar to receive the habit of St. Benedict in the Abbey of St. Minas, outside Florence; and when these two new sons of the Holy Patriarch gave each other the kiss of peace at the conclusion of the ceremony, many of those who for joy and whispered to each other: "Truly, this is a noble revenge—the revenge of the crucified God."

Such was the remembrance which drew tears from the eyes of the aged monk; and well it might be so, for that aged monk was Stefano, and the dying Abbot was Giovanni, now known to us as St. John Gauberti.

## The All Canadian Route To Montreal.

Via the Intercolonial Railway Ocean Limited Express, the shortest, most comfortable and convenient mode of travel between all Prince Edward Island points, and Quebec and Montreal. Connection with this fast through express is made via steamer to Point du Chene daily except Sundays, and a train from the Points meets the Westbound Ocean Limited at Moncton. Tickets and reservations may be obtained at the office of W. K. Rogers, the local ticket agent. The Ocean Limited travels through a territory rich in scenic beauty and makes the fastest time of any through train from the Lower Provinces to the metropolis arriving in Montreal at 7.35 a. m. which is ample time to enable the traveller to make connections with the fast through trains of the Grand Trunk Railway for Toronto, Detroit, Buffalo, Chicago, and other Western points.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1912 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan

## HAD BOIL ON FACE AND BODY WAS TROUBLED FOR 8 YEARS.

Boils in themselves are not a dangerous trouble, but still, at the same time are very painful. They are caused entirely by bad blood, and to get rid of them it is absolutely necessary to put the blood into good condition.

For this purpose there is nothing so equal that old and well known blood medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters. Mrs. James Magean, Floral, Sask., writes:—"I was troubled for eight years with boils on my face and body, and I tried everything I could think of. My neighbors told me to drink water of my sour corn meal, but I found getting worse until one day a woman told me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. Why I didn't try Burdock Blood Bitters, my husband got me two bottles, and before one was gone my boils had all disappeared, and I feel like a different woman. I can't tell you how thankful I am for your medicine. I will recommend it to all suffering women."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Did you see my painting at the exhibition? I did. It was the only picture I examined with care. Splendid! Why was that? Because nobody else was looking at it.

## A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache 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.

A Boston girl who had just returned from her first trip abroad was asked if she was seasick. "Seasick!" she replied. "Why, I went into the steamboat and sat down on my best hat—and I did not care!"

## Minard's Liniment cures neuralgia.

Sony—Aw, p.p., I don't want steady arithmetic. P.p.—What a son of mine grow up and not be able to figure up baseball scores and batting average.

## Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

"Is it expensive to send a boy to college?" "No," replied the father, who had just received another request for funds, "but I find it's expensive to keep him there."

There is nothing harsh about Laza Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Diarrhea, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spills without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

## How—Why don't you run for office?

Powell—If I did I would have to walk back.

## Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Teacher—What's velocity, Johnny? Johnny—Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

## Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

When does your husband find time to do all his reading? Usually when I want to tell him some thing important.

## Had Pains in Her Liver Doctors Only Relieved Her For A Time.

When the liver is inactive everything seems to go wrong, and a heavy dose of torpid liver is a terrible affliction, as its influence permeates the whole system and causes Biliousness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Floating Specks before the Eyes, Jaundice, Brown, Bloated, Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, etc.

Milburn's Laza-Liver Pills stimulate the sluggish liver, clean away all waste and poisonous matter from the system, and prevent as well as cure all sickness arising from a disordered condition of the liver. Mrs. Wesley Eastbrook, Midgic Station, N. B., writes:—"For several years I have been troubled with pains in the liver. I have had medicine from several doctors, but was only relieved for a time by them. I then tried Milburn's Laza-Liver Pills, and I have had no trouble with my liver since. I can honestly recommend them to every person who has liver trouble." Price, 25 cents per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00. For sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.