

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29, 1908

Vol. XXXVII, No. 5

Carter's Big Holiday Bazaar

Bigger and Better Than Ever

Old and young are cordially welcome.

1st Floor (2 stores).—Books, Stationery, Calendars, Christmas Cards, Leather Goods, Fancy Goods, Chinaware, Sleds and Sleighs.

2nd Floor (Santa Claus Headquarters).—Dolls, Toys, Games, Dolls Cabs, Go-Carts, Rocking-Horse, Shoo Fly Rockers, Baskets, Dolls Carriages, and an endless variety of other Goods too numerous to mention.

COME ONE COME ALL.

CARTER & CO.,

Santa Claus Headquarters.

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Gents' Furnishing HATS and CAPS

Don't forget to give me a call first day you are in town.

When you buy your

SUMMER SUIT

I will save you a dollar.

When you want a HAT or CAP or anything in the Furnishing line I can show you by far the largest assortment of up-to-date goods in the city.

If you have any wool for exchange bring it along with you.

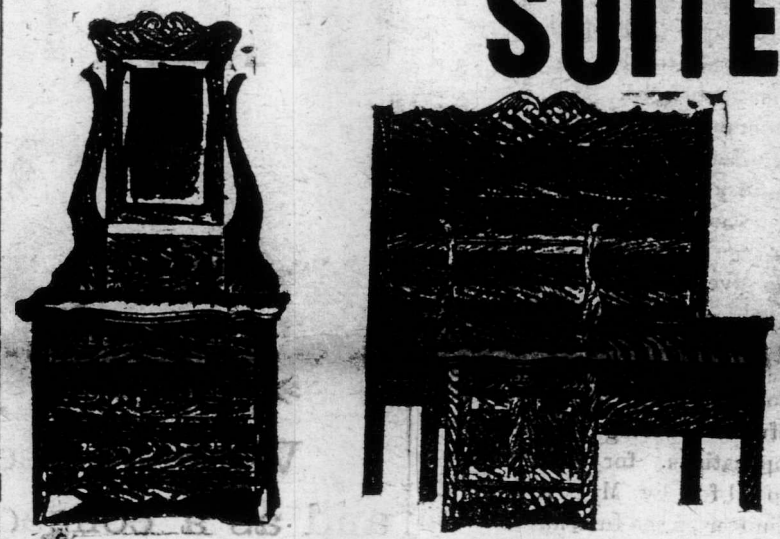
H. H. BROWN,

The Young Men's Man.

Queen Street, just around Hughes' Corner.

This Bedroom

SUITE



5 pieces as shown. \$12.50, at any station on the P. E. Island Railway.

We are headquarters for everything in

Furniture and Carpets!

And we guarantee you

Better Goods for Less Money

Than you'll find anywhere else.

MARK WRIGHT Fur. Co.

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,

Manufacturers of Doors and

Interior and Exterior finish etc., etc.

Our Specialties

Gothic windows, stairs, stair rails, Balusters New Posts, Cypress Gutter and Conductors, Kiln dried Spruce and Hardwood Flooring, Kiln dried clear spruce, sheathing and clapboards, Encourage home Industry.

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

PEAKE'S No. 3 WHARF.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

OAK BRAND TEA.

In order to introduce our Oak Brand Tea we will ship and prepay freight to any station or shipping point on P. E. Island an 18 lb. caddy, and if you are not satisfied in every way return at our expense, and we will refund your money. Cut this out and enclose \$4.00 and mail to us.

McKenna's Grocery,

Box 576, Ch'town, P. E. I.

Enclosed find \$4.00 for which you will send us a caddy of tea as advertised in this paper.

(Sign full name).....

(And Address).....

Spring & Summer Weather

Spring and Summer weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing.

We are still at the old stand,

PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

Giving all orders strict attention.

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN.

St. Peter's at Rome.

The Basilica of St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace together form by far the greatest continuous mass of buildings in the world. The Colosseum is 295 yards long by 156 broad, including the thickness of the walls. St. Peter's Church alone is 205 yards long and 156 broad, so that the whole Colosseum would easily stand upon the ground-plan of the church, while the Vatican Palace is more than half as long again.

The central cathedral of Christendom is so far beyond any familiar proportions that at first sight all details are lost upon its broad front. The mind and judgment are dazzled and staggered. The earth should not be able to bear such weight upon its crust without cracking and bending like an overloaded table. On each side the colonnades run curving out like giant arms, almost open to receive the nations that go up there to worship. The dome broods over all, like a giant's head motionless in meditation. The vastness of the structure takes hold of a man as he issues from the street by which he has come from Sant' Angelo. In the open space, in the square, and in the ellipse between the colonnades, and on the steps, 200,000 men could be drawn up in rank and file, horse and foot and gun. Excepting it be on some special occasion, there are rarely more than 200 or 300 persons in sight. The paved emptiness makes one draw a breath of surprise, and human eyes seem too small to take in all the flatness below, all the breadth before, and all the height above. Taken together, the picture is too big for convenient sight. The impression itself moves unawfully in the cramped brain. A building almost 500 feet high produces a monstrous effect upon the mind. Set down in words, a description of it conveys no clear conception; seen for the first time, the impression produced by it cannot be put into language. It is something like a shock to the intelligence, perhaps, and not altogether a pleasant one. Carried beyond the limits of a mere mistake, exaggeration by its common measures, it may acquire an element approaching to terror. The awe-striking giants of mythology were but magnified men. The first sight of St. Peter's affects one as though, in the everyday streets, walking among one's fellows, one should meet with a man forty feet high.

It is all very big. The longest ship that crosses the ocean could lie in the nave between the door and the apse, and her masts from deck to trunk would scarcely top the canopy of the high altar, which looks so small under the supercilious vastness of the immense dome. A man may well cast detail of history to the winds and let his mind stand free for the tremendous traditions of the place, since so much of them is truth beyond all question. Standing where Charles the Great was crowned 1,100 years ago, he stands not a hundred yards from the grave where the Chief Apostle was first buried. This was the place of Nero's circus long before the Colosseum was dreamed of, and the foundation of Christendom's cathedral are laid in earth wet with blood of many thousand martyrs. During 350 years every Bishop of Rome died a martyr, to the number of thirty consecutive Popes. It is really and truly holy ground, and it is meet that the air, once rent by the death cries of Christ's innocent folk, should be enclosed in the world's most sacred place, and be ever musical with holy song and sweet with incense. To feel one's smallness and realize it, one need only go and stand beside the marble cherubs that support the holy-water basins against the first pillar. They look small, if not graceful; but they are of heroic size, and the bowls are as big as bathe. Everything in the place is vast; all the statues are colossal, all the pictures enormous; the smallest details of the ornamentation would dwarf any other building in the world, and anywhere else even the chapels would be churches. The eye strains at everything, and at first the mind is shocked out of its power of comparison.

But the strangest, most extravagant, most incomprehensible, most disturbing sight of all is to be seen from the upper gallery in the cupola looking down to the church below. Hanging in mid-air, with nothing under one's feet, one sees the church projected in perspective within a huge circle. It is as though one saw it upside down and inside out. Few men could bear to stand there without that little desk in front of the stage, and a brisk fusillade of clapping broke out, when they saw it occupied by the slight figure in the plain black

head feels may make one doubt for a moment whether what is really a ceiling above, and whether one's sense of gravitation be not inverted in an extraordinary dream. At that distance human beings look no bigger than flies, and the canopy of the high altar might be an ordinary table.

And thence, climbing up between the double domes, one may emerge from the most terrible perspective to the open air, and suddenly see all Rome at one's feet, and all the Roman mountains stretched out to south and east, in perfect grace of resplendent outline, shoulder to shoulder, like shadowy women lying side by side and holding hands.

And the broken symmetry of the streets and squares ranges below out by the winding ribbon of the yellow Tiber; to the right the low Argentine, with the dark cypresses of the Protestant cemetery beyond, and the Palatine, crested with trees and ruins; the Flaminian on the left, with its high gardens, and the mass of foliage of the Villa Medici behind it; the lofty tower of the Capitol in the midst of the city; and the sun clasping all to its heart of gold, the new and the old alike, past and present, youth, age, and decay—generous as only the sun can be in the world and miserly world, where bread is not another name for blood, and a root of growing corn means a pound of human flesh.

It is worth the effort of climbing so high. Four hundred feet in the air, you look down on what ruled half the world by force for ages, and on what rules the other half to-day by faith—the greatest centre of conquest and of discord and of religion which the world has ever seen. A thousand volumes have been written about it by a thousand wise men. A word will tell what it has been—the heart of the world. The church is not only a real landmark. Astronomers say that if there were a building of the same dimension on the moon we could easily see it with our modern telescopes. It is also, in a manner, one of Time's great milestones of which some trace will probably remain till the very end of the world's life.

But you forget even Perosi from beginning to end of "The Passing of the Soul," the latest and the greatest and the shortest of these wonderful O-steries of his which have made his name famous all over the world. Here you follow the Christian soul through its agony, you hear it cry aloud: "I am all trembling and I fear the judgment * * * my heart is disturbed and the horror of death assails me," but above the fear and the horror soon rises the confidence of the Soul in the prayers of the just and the mercy of God; there is a harsh dissonance for a moment, representing the moment of the passing from life, the soul goes forth with the words: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," while the choir breathes forth a soft hymn of invocation to Paradise as the Soul is borne away to paradise by the Angels. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Rome, December 21, 1907. The formal prohibition of the Holy Father against Jubilee pilgrimages, which has lasted since last August, has been removed for the new year, but not in a very encouraging way, says "Rome," as will be seen from the following letter addressed by Mgr. Bialesti to Count d'Ursel, Honorary President of the Committee of Belgian Pilgrimages:—

"In your letter of November 18 you asked me for instructions concerning the organization of the pilgrimage which were to come to Rome to celebrate the Sacred Jubilee of the Holy Father, and especially with regard to the National Belgian Pilgrimage announced for next March. As you may easily imagine, the present state of society is not a joyful one and is anything but propitious for the demonstrations of the faith, even in this city of Rome. Hence His Holiness would prefer his children to celebrate the happy event at home, by praying and by working for the moral and material betterment of their brethren.

"Still if, notwithstanding the unhappy conditions of the times, they wish to come here in pilgrimage to lay at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff the homage of their piety and filial affection, His Holiness will receive them with all the welcome of His Fatherly heart. But in this case the organizers and directors of these pious manifestations must be careful to take all the necessary measures to ensure tranquility and respect. Accept, etc."

At Wednesday afternoon you could have heard the proverbial pin drop in the new and beautiful Sala Pia across the Tiber. It was filled to its utmost capacity with as brilliant an audience as even Rome could afford, and all at once a thousand pairs of eyes were turned to the little desk in front of the stage, and a brisk fusillade of clapping broke out, when they saw it occupied by the slight figure in the plain black

casock which clothes the greatest living genius of music. For a moment he looked a different Perosi from the Perosi who appeared last a few years ago before the public. Then he seemed a rosy seminarian, almost too young for ordination—now he looked tired and care-worn, and almost old. But only for a moment. The applause ceased suddenly when he raised his arms towards the great orchestra, and then intense silence fell upon the audience while the first strains of the symphonic suite "Rome" streamed forth. All the papers have pronounced long encomiums and given beautiful descriptions of the first items of the programme; the suite "Rome" and "Verona" and the "Our Father in Dante's terms"—all three of them now heard for the first time. But to enjoy Perosi's music thoroughly last Wednesday one should have been in a position to observe the Maestro—to see the tired eyes light up with the light of genius and the drawn face become transfigured, to watch him as he bends forward gradually with his arms stretched out and beating softly and more softly while the music dies away under them, and then behold him suddenly erect with a new expression of his easy triumph on his features and the rich full melody of his creation flowing on majestically again.

Cardinal Paulin Pierre Andrieu. Cardinal Andrieu was fifty-eight years of age on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. He was ordained a priest of the archdiocese of Toulouse thirty-three years ago, and at the age of thirty-one he became Vicar-General, and continued to hold this office under Cardinal Desprez, Cardinal Mathieu and Mgr. Germain, for eleven years, after which he was appointed Bishop of Marseilles on April 5, 1891. He was nominated while the Concordat was still in force, but at a time when the French Government had already well begun that period of violence and plunder which has lasted ever since. During these six years Mgr. Andrieu has never lost an opportunity for defending the rights of the Church. In 1903 M. Combes suspended his allowance from the government on account of an address in which the Bishop protested against the outrages heaped on the French Bishops by an anti-clerical government. He was also condemned to pay a fine that same year for having raised his voice in defense of the plundered religious congregations. At the close of last year he was violently driven from his episcopal residence by the police and soldiery at the orders of Clemenceau, but the popular demonstration for the valiant prelate that took place on that occasion proved one of the most striking episodes of the war on religion in France.

Cardinal Andrieu could hardly have been different. He comes of a family noted for its piety and loyalty to the Church, and he most often, when a boy, have heard from his father and mother, how in the days of the Terror his great grandfather, at the risk of his own life and property had given shelter to two priests who were afterwards to become Bishop of Tarbes and Bishop of Verdun. In honoring him with the Purple, Pius X has honored the whole French Church.

Attend the Union Commercial College for a thorough business training with no waste time, no nonsense. College re-opens Sept. 3rd. send for new prospectus—W. Moran, Prin.

CONSTIPATION.

Although generally described as a disease, can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular action of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should never be neglected.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS have no equal for relieving and curing Constipation, Biliousness, Water Brash, Heartburn, and all Liver Troubles. Mr. A. B. Bettes, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"For some years past I was troubled with chronic constipation and bilious headaches. I tried nearly everything, but only got temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Laxa-Liver Pills, and they cured me completely." Price 25 cents per box, or 5 boxes for \$1.00, all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price. THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COOL AND CALCULATING.

"I suppose you heard of Miss Koy's behavior during the fire. Why, when the first fireman came up the ladder for her she wouldn't go with him."

"What was the matter with her—out of her mind?"

"Not at all. She saw that the second fireman who was coming up was handsome."

Sprained Arm.

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

NOT A CONSISTENT PERFORMER.

"It must be some encouragement to learn that your European socialism is disposed to be very economical." "H'm!" rejoined Mr. Cumrex thoughtfully. "He makes distinctions. He is not so economical with my money as he is with his own."

My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly.

AND CHARGED FOR ACCORDINGLY.

The steeplejack was climbing the flagstaff arming the clock tower. "This is what I call working overtime," he chuckled.

Minard's Linctum cures Diphtheria.

PROGRESS.

Towne—Old Skinner declares he does all he can to further the natural progress of all men.

Brown—Yes, his idea of natural progress is for rich men to get richer and poor men poorer.

COMPLIMENTARY.

"All my friends say I made a mistake in marrying you!" cried the ebullient beauty. "We were never meant for each other, for you're just as different from me as you can be."

"Ah," retorted her husband, "you flatter me."

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 cents. All dealers.

Minard's Linctum cures Dandruff.

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered?

As Though It Would Crack Open?

As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes?

Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach?

Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches so matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause.

Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes:—"Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case so I bought and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may use my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

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