

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1900.

Vol. XXIX, No. 12

Calendar for March, 1900.

MOON'S PHASES.
First Quarter, 7th, 9h. 46m. p. m.
Full Moon, 16th, 0h. 23m. a. m.
Last Quarter, 23rd, 9h. 48m. p. m.
New Moon, 30th, 0h. 52m. p. m.

Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High Water
1 Thursday	6:38	5:46	0:27	10:40	11:1
2 Friday	6:36	5:47	1:24	11:1	11:2
3 Saturday	6:34	5:49	2:23	11:2	11:3
4 Sunday	6:32	5:50	3:23	11:3	11:4
5 Monday	6:30	5:52	4:23	11:4	11:5
6 Tuesday	6:28	5:53	5:23	11:5	12:0
7 Wednesday	6:26	5:54	6:23	12:0	12:1
8 Thursday	6:24	5:55	7:23	12:1	12:2
9 Friday	6:22	5:56	8:23	12:2	12:3
10 Saturday	6:20	5:57	9:23	12:3	12:4
11 Sunday	6:18	5:58	10:23	12:4	12:5
12 Monday	6:16	5:59	11:23	12:5	1:0
13 Tuesday	6:14	6:00	12:23	1:0	1:1
14 Wednesday	6:12	6:01	1:23	1:1	1:2
15 Thursday	6:10	6:02	2:23	1:2	1:3
16 Friday	6:08	6:03	3:23	1:3	1:4
17 Saturday	6:06	6:04	4:23	1:4	1:5
18 Sunday	6:04	6:05	5:23	1:5	2:0
19 Monday	6:02	6:06	6:23	2:0	2:1
20 Tuesday	6:00	6:07	7:23	2:1	2:2
21 Wednesday	5:58	6:08	8:23	2:2	2:3
22 Thursday	5:56	6:09	9:23	2:3	2:4
23 Friday	5:54	6:10	10:23	2:4	2:5
24 Saturday	5:52	6:11	11:23	2:5	3:0
25 Sunday	5:50	6:12	12:23	3:0	3:1
26 Monday	5:48	6:13	1:23	3:1	3:2
27 Tuesday	5:46	6:14	2:23	3:2	3:3
28 Wednesday	5:44	6:15	3:23	3:3	3:4
29 Thursday	5:42	6:16	4:23	3:4	3:5
30 Friday	5:40	6:17	5:23	3:5	4:0
31 Saturday	5:38	6:18	6:23	4:0	4:1



Our Watches FOR LADIES Are Gems of Beauty.

SOME GENTS' WATCHES Are beautifully engraved, others plain, solid and substantial.

WATCHES from \$6.00 to \$100 Specially recommended for time-keeping.

FINE SHOW OF SILVERWARE, suitable for presents.

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HOW IS THIS?

Ladies' Hockey Boots with straps, worn lined, worth \$2.35; now \$1.25; now is your chance to secure a bargain; cost us far more money; want to clear them out. Headquarters for Ladies' Garters. We have them as low as 20 cents a pair.

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Spring and Summer, 1900.

Gentlemen's High Grade Furnishings

Men will be better dressed during the last part of the nineteenth century than ever before, since they began to wear clothes. There has been a time when men had to pay more for their outer garments; but there never was a time when men wanted such high-class work as they do now.

We are prepared to do the high-class trade of the city. We employ only the best workmen.

THE FABRICS WHICH WE WILL SHOW FOR SPRING ARE THE FINEST EVER MADE, THE MOST VARIED AND BEAUTIFUL IN DESIGN AND COLORING.

The style of garment that is fashionable this season is by far the most artistic of the century.

The fly front Overcoat and the street covert Overcoat will be more in demand than any other style of overcoat for spring wear.

More Sack Coats will be worn during the coming season than for many years. Almost everybody will wear a Sack coat of some kind. Three button sack, four button sack, straight front sack, and double-breasted sack.

GORDON & McLELLAN, High-Class Tailors and Furnishers.

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The Most DURABLE on the Market.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

WE WANT Housekeepers

To come in and look over our Groceries. Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We keep everything in our line that is necessary

For Housekeeping.

The prices—well, that is what we want you to see when you are looking at our goods. Their lowness will surprise you.

Driscoll & Hornsby Queen Street.

The Balance

—OF OUR—

Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings

At Very Fine Prices.

Some of the very best patterns and the very best quality of Cloth still on hand. Ladies' Sack-making is now an important department of our business.

John MacLeod & Co., Tailors for Ladies and Gentlemen.

"Every Man is the Architect of His Fortune."
"An architect designs, and his plans are executed by a builder. The greatest builder of health is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It lays a firm foundation. It makes the blood, the basis of life, pure and strong. Be an architect of your fortune and secure Hood's as your health builder."

Headaches—"I was completely run down and was troubled with headaches and dizziness and pains in my back. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which in a short time entirely cured me." Mrs. J. Winterton, Orangeville, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER DISAPPOINTS

A NON'S LETTER.

Why the British Should Rule in South Africa.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF THE BOER OLGARCHY ELOQUENTLY DESCRIBED.

To the Editor of the New York Times. At this time, when the eyes of all nations are turned on South Africa and the minds of all thinking men even outside the political arena are occupied with its war, a letter from the fair "garden colony" of Natal may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Of the course of war I need not speak, nor of the heroism and indomitable courage of our soldiers who fight at a tremendous disadvantage because of all but impregnable positions of the enemy. Of these things I need not speak, as the cable has given and will daily give you the information. Yet there are many facts not generally known, innumerable pathetic incidents; aye, and those heroic sacrifices, loyalty and endurance which never come under the notice of the "war correspondent," which cannot be realized except by a dweller in the land crimsoned with the blood of war's victims. And many, too, are the instances of God's wondrous mercy to souls dying on the battlefield—souls long forgotten of God, though faithful to man, and to whose wounded hearts faith spoke in a voice louder and stronger than the cannon's roar, and so saved to all eternity.

Of the war itself it is inexplicable that so many strange and unjust opinions should be entertained even by the enlightened and liberal-minded. It is a patent fact to all close observers and easily ascertained by any one who impartially investigates the matter, that this war is the natural, inevitable outcome of Boer despotism, intolerance and injustice, and that England's cause is just and her action a purely defensive one. Perhaps never before has England had so much justice and clemency on her side, and in the cause of justice the truth should be made known. A glance at South African history of the last decade of the century will reveal the respective attitudes of the Imperial and Transvaal governments—the one dominant, yet patient under unexpressed grievances; the other an oligarchy, fostered by capitalists, foreign adventurers, harshly intolerant to British subjects, plainly ambitious of supreme power in South Africa, and steadily preparing for this war, which it contemplated, and at last forced by invasion. Outside this land the Boers are regarded as a peace-loving, God-fearing people, hard-working, industrious, and careless of power, while they are in reality intolerant, fanatical, and persistently intolerant of all creeds outside their own, especially the Catholic religion, which they abhor, and their desire to rule is but too clearly evidenced by the deadly preparations they have long been secretly making to acquire by force of arms supreme dominion over the whole of South Africa. Had England been suspicious and on the alert she could have nipped these projects in the bud; had she ever been prompt in taking up the gauntlet so unobviously flung down by the Transvaal oligarchy she could have saved not alone herself, but the guilty, plotting treacherous enemy from much misery and bloodshed. But England was too late, temporizing too long in vain hopes of a peaceful settlement, and so gave the wily enemy the chance of securing the best positions, which, united to their guerrilla-like warfare, gave them incredible advantages over our soldiers. Hence the long struggle, the thousands of lives lost, the streamlets

of blood that crimson our sands, our hills and plains, the bereaved and broken hearts that here and across the oceans weep over loved ones slain. But on the heads of the Boers lie the terrible onus of all this slaughter, this misery and untold woe. The Empire but too evidently shrunk from war. Her simple demand was, "Equal rights to all 'whites' south of the Zambesi," but rather than grant this justice the Boer oligarchy, in its insatiable thirst for conquest and despotic power, and regardless of bloodshed and the interest of humanity, forced this war, which has shrouded in gloom the eyes of the last century and the dawn of the new. That there are hundreds of Boers who de-lired not war and had no part in the making of it is certainly the case, and for this minority I have sympathy true and tender as for our own people, nor can my heart refuse sympathy to any suffering one in the enemy's ranks, even though they have caused our sorrows as well as their own; and widespread, manifold, and all-embracing are these sorrows. Yet we Boers that much good will come out of this great evil and that progress, moral and mental, will enlighten and elevate the Boer masses, the lower classes of which are, in their domestic life, mere animals.

In the British colonies here perfect freedom and equal rights are granted to all creeds, who live in harmony together; but in the Transvaal the Catholic religion is especially hated. Catholics are ranked as Jews, shut out from all official positions, and but for the interference of the Imperial government would be rendered liable to be sent out of the country at a day's notice and without even the grace of a trial. Of the injustice to Catholics we have had personal experience.

As you know, we are Dominican nuns, refugees from the evacuated border towns of Newcastle and Dundee, now in the possession of the Boers. Our prioress, the Rev. Mother Rose, who was Superior of a convent in the Transvaal, went to President Kruger, on his withdrawal of the school grant, and when he learned the teacher, a highly educated Hollander, was a Catholic, and begged of him to reconsider his decision, he flatly refused, saying "that such was the law of his country and he would uphold it." I may add Dr. Leyds was present at the interview. Contrast these facts with the erroneous opinions generally entertained of the Boers and their government. And if further confirmation is needed in testimony of the Boers' hatred of all things Catholic, it is forthcoming, in their shameless desecration of our chapel in Newcastle, an act so horribly profane that it stands a shame to Christianity and manhood. Yet let us hope for the sake of both that they did not know what they did.

What our fate would be under Boer rule it is not pleasant to speculate. No wonder we honor the brave men from all parts of the Empire who bravely fight in our defence and fall in repelling the vandal hordes of the invader. And it is cheering to see the heroism with which our wounded soldiers bear their sufferings and strive to laugh them away. And here conspicuously shines forth the joyous spirit of the sons of Erin. I have the privilege of visiting the camp hospital, and it is touching to see the eager gladness with which the soldiers—English, Irish, Scotch and colonial—great the presence of a nun, and the confidence with which they speak to one of themselves, their homes and friends. What would not hundreds of mothers give to take my place for one short hour, to sit by the bedside of their wounded ones! Well, I appreciate my privilege, and do my best to make up in some measure for the absence of far-off loved ones. And the goodness of the Catholic soldiers to receive some pious object, especially a medal of the Blessed Virgin! It is indeed consoling to see the faith of our soldiers, who, thank God, with very few exceptions, prepare for battle by approaching the sacraments. And their faith is equalled by their trust in the "Sisters," as all nuns are called here, and the confidence they show in our sympathy. One day a soldier asked me the way to the hospital, pathetically explaining that he had several wounds in his arms, not received in honorable warfare, but at the hands of a Kaffir in a quarrel the previous night, humbly adding "when he had a drop of drink taken." And so, of course he could not discover his wound in military quarters. And they come to me as I pass through the streets, for a scopolam, a m. dal, or an Agnus Dei. Sometimes even those not of my creed want something to remind them of God, glad even of a leafy vase which may help to elevate the heart. But as in our hurried flight we brought no pious objects, save those on our persons, each sister and child gave up everything, except the necessary rosary, in order to

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give them to the soldiers, one little girl bringing as her contribution a comic picture! This I took to the camp in order to make the poor wounded fellows laugh, and one—no mean artist himself—kept it to send to a little sister in the Emerald Isle.

A visit to the camp hospital reveals even to a casual observer much that is true and tender in human nature—many of the finest qualities in the human breast, as well as much of the horror of war. But soon—very soon, I hope—this dread evil shall disappear from the land. Already thousands of brave men are slaughtered and loving hearts broken and happy homes darkened. And who can number the thousands of homeless refugees that at short notice had to fly from the Transvaal and the north of Natal, leaving their all behind? In this city alone there are eight thousand. We, in this five-roomed cottage, number fifty-nine—twenty-five Sisters and thirty children—and in our flight we brought but a few necessary articles for each, having left all behind in convents, schools and chapels, and now nothing remains to us—goods looted, all that was sacred and could not be utilized destroyed and chapel desecrated. Our buildings in Newcastle are used for a magazine, so there is small hope of their being left intact. We have indeed had our share of the "fortunes of war," which have robbed us of all, destroyed every source of income, and made us homeless wanderers, dependent on the government for our daily bread. Yet we must not complain, as suffering and sorrow, privation and hardship, are the lot of all in this war-torn land. And far away, too, this war has caused woe, and before its termination not a little, I fear, to Columbia's soil, as doubtless not a few of Canada's brave, generous sons will fall in the defence of right and empire. Their names will live on glory's page, but alas! such will be but a poor solace for the wounded hearts of bereaved loved ones.

Such considerations and painful facts minimize our misfortunes and cause us to forget personal trials. Our wants are few and simple and easily supplied, and we trust to the providence of God and the charity of our countrymen across the seas to help us in our extremity and to enable us to begin again and establish on a fitting basis the important work of education.

Hoping that the blessings of peace will soon brighten and gladden our woe-enshrouded land, and begging for this letter a corner in your valuable paper, believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours in Jesus Christ.

SISTER MARY REGINALD MURPHY, O. S. D. late of Cork, Ireland.

123 Pietermaritzburg street, Maritzburg, Natal, South Africa, Jan. 19, 1900.

The Lenten Spirit.

An old Middle Age poet once said that the right way to keep one's Lent did not consist so much in keeping one's ladder lean as it did in keeping one's soul free from sin. And his saying has often been quoted by spiritual writers since his day. Nor can it be denied that there is a good deal of wisdom in it. There are Catholics who regard Lent as a time when they are bound to submit to certain restrictions in the matter of diet, but who seldom give a thought to the higher spirit of the holy season, which should aim at purifying our spiritual being from those grannies which attach to it from the things of life. It is, of course, excellent for us to comply with the ordinary regulations of Lent. But the Catholic who contents himself with simply doing that can hardly flatter himself that he has entered into the full spirit of Lent. There are other and higher duties for us to perform in these penitential days. The ineffable sufferings and abasements which our Divine Saviour subjected Himself to, for instance, before He consummated our redemption by His Passion and death, should be

continually before our eyes in these days. The hideousness of sin which compelled Him to endure His agonizing death upon Calvary's Cross should also present itself frequently to our gaze. Nor should we be unmindful of those great mysteries in which, in the closing days of His earthly career, He gave so many new proofs of His divine love for us. The institution of the Blessed Eucharist; the power imparted to His priests to "do this in commemoration of Me," these thoughts should be familiar ones in these Lenten days. And they who entertain them and meditate upon them will have little difficulty in entering into the true spirit of the season.

To those who meditate upon these great mysteries of God's love for sinful mankind, sin itself will take on additional horror and hideousness, and it will not be difficult to them to comply with the old poet's advice that the right way to keep Lent is to starve one's soul from sin. We should do that at all times, of course; but unfortunately the great majority of us do not do so. We let the contact with the world which we have to submit to in life defile our spiritual nature and wear it away from God and virtue. Now is an opportunity given us to retrace our spiritual missteps and go back where we properly belong. Now is a chance afforded us of mortifying our soul, and not our bodies alone, and in order to enter the true spirit of Lent we should joyfully embrace one and the other.

Think now many opportunities are given us day after day of practicing these virtues! There is the unkind word which we can leave unsaid. There are the uncharitable thoughts which we can dismiss. There are the little acts of injustice to which we are prone. Nor is it only in this negative way that we can show our desire to comply with the right and fall spirit of Lent. We can readily say many cheering words to our neighbors, who are perhaps hungering for just such encouragement. We may extend a helping hand to some one who is discouraged or unfortunate. But, more than all, we can be more devout in our devotions to God, more attentive in our morning and evening prayers, for instance, and more faithful at our attendance at Mass, wherein are recalled all those great mysteries with which Christ dressed His life upon earth. With many pious souls it is a yearly practice to attend daily the Holy Sacrifice of Mass during Lent; and no better custom could be counseled, for to quote one spiritual writer on the subject, "the sacrifice of the Cross wrought the remission of sin in general; in Holy Mass the virtue of Christ's blood is applied to this and that person individually. By His death and Passion collected are the riches which in the Mass are dealt out to us. His death is a treasury; Mass the key that unlocks it."

—Sacred Heart Review.

"The greatest missionary body in the world, according to the expert, Dr. Casarelli, is the Paris Society of Foreign Missions, founded in 1662. Within the last sixty years it has sent out 1,925 missionary priests, of whom seventeen have been beatified as martyrs, while the cases of nine others are being examined at Rome. These figures, however, do not include all the martyrs of the Society; at least fifty others of its missionaries have witnessed to the faith with their blood. The number of adults baptized by the Fathers last year was 72,000, by far the most abundant harvest in their history; but the missionaries are freely permitted to baptize dying children, of whom about 145,000 are baptized each year. The Society now has the spiritual care of 1,200,000 Christians in missionary countries. It numbers among its members thirty-one bishops."—Ave Maria.

The Pilot in an editorial, "A Charity for Lent" conveys a much-needed lesson to those who do not understand the meaning of charity in the significance given to it by St. Paul. "Some people who profess piety give up novels or cards in Lent," says the Pilot. "It never seems to strike them that a vastly harder, more useful and more meritorious penance would be the pledge, made and kept, to devote themselves so thoroughly to their personal and domestic affairs during the holy season that there would not be a moment for the investigation of other people's concerns, and dissemination of the results. The charity of silence, the repression of vain curiosity, and of the in-tention of meddling would do more for the perfection of individual soul and the peace of the community than almost any other penance that the average man, at least, could devise or practice."

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Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

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Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by G. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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