

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1899.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 9

Calendar for February, 1899

MOON'S CHANGES.

Third Quarter, 3rd, 11.19 a. m.
New Moon, 10th, 5h. 10.20 a. m.
First Quarter, 17th, 4h. 40.20 a. m.
Full Moon, 25th, 10h. 3.40 a. m.

Day	Mo. Rises	Sun. Sets	High Water	Low Water
1 Wednesday	7 27	5 11	3 41	1 22
2 Thursday	8 26	5 0	3 30	1 11
3 Friday	9 25	4 49	3 19	1 0
4 Saturday	10 24	4 38	3 08	11 50
5 Sunday	11 23	4 27	2 57	11 39
6 Monday	12 22	4 16	2 46	11 28
7 Tuesday	1 21	4 5	2 35	11 17
8 Wednesday	2 20	3 54	2 24	11 6
9 Thursday	3 19	2 53	2 13	10 55
10 Friday	4 18	1 52	2 2	10 44
11 Saturday	5 17	9 51	1 51	10 33
12 Sunday	6 16	8 50	1 40	10 22
13 Monday	7 15	7 49	1 29	10 11
14 Tuesday	8 14	6 48	1 18	10 0
15 Wednesday	9 13	5 47	1 7	9 49
16 Thursday	10 12	4 46	1 0	9 38
17 Friday	11 11	3 45	11 50	9 27
18 Saturday	12 10	2 44	11 39	9 16
19 Sunday	1 9	1 43	11 28	9 5
20 Monday	2 8	12 42	11 17	8 54
21 Tuesday	3 7	11 41	11 6	8 43
22 Wednesday	4 6	10 40	10 55	8 32
23 Thursday	5 5	9 39	10 44	8 21
24 Friday	6 4	8 38	10 33	8 10
25 Saturday	7 3	7 37	10 22	7 59
26 Sunday	8 2	6 36	10 11	7 48
27 Monday	9 1	5 35	10 0	7 37
28 Tuesday	10 0	4 34	9 49	7 26

1899
For the NEW YEAR you will require

Blank Books

We have a very large stock of Day Books, (long & broad) Cash Books, Journals, Minute Books, Memo. Books.

400,000 Envelopes in Stock.
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We keep constantly on hand a large stock of choice Family Groceries.

Flour, Tea, Coffee, Fruit, Tobacco, Kerosene Oil, Confectionery, and everything pertaining to a first-class Grocery Store in abundance, at the lowest possible prices.

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We invite inspection of our goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Peter Kelly & Co.
Queen St., Charlottetown.
July 13, 1898.

CARD.
ANTOINE VINCENT, Architect and Sculptor, Dorchester Street, West, is prepared to execute orders for Monuments and Church-work, in Altars, Statuary, Holy Water Fountains, &c. Work done promptly.
August 3, 1898—6m

If your sight is bad
When walking the street,
And you meet an old chum
You look at his feet.
He thinks he is slighted,
For he knows no reason,
And he looks not at you,
For the rest of the season.

Many have come to us who could not recognize a friend six feet away, and after getting fitted by us with spectacles could tell them a cross Queen Square.

E. W. Taylor,
OPTICIAN.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool,
The Sun Fire office of London,
The Phenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn,
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Combined Assets of above Companies, \$300,000,000.

Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.

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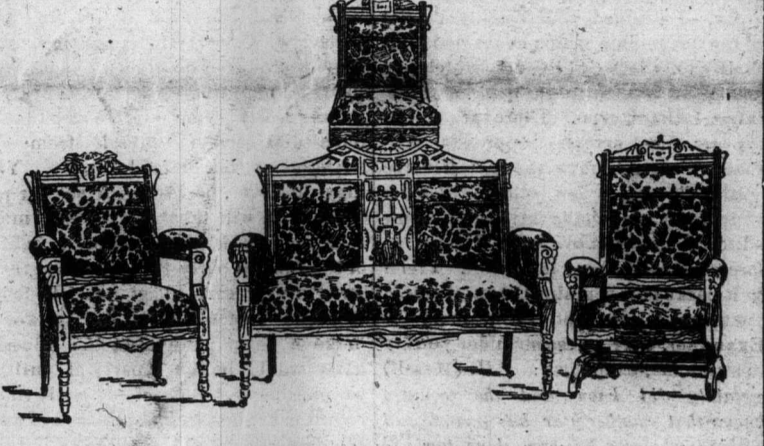
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Our Own Make.
MARK WRIGHT & CO.
HOME MAKERS.

DIRECT From London.

New Cloth Suits, Overcoatings And Trousering.

We have opened a fine line of Nobby Cloths in Suits, Overcoatings And Trousering.
Call now and get first choice. A full line of Gents' Furnishings—always on hand.

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High-Class Tailoring

Men's Furnishing Goods

1899 Is our second year in business, and we are proud to say that we have made everlasting friends with those who so liberally patronized us during the past year.

Our Tailoring Department,
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.

Our Furnishing Department
Is always full and complete. Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Underclothing, Neckwear, Braces, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, etc., at rock bottom prices.

GORDON & McLELLAN,
Men's Outfitters.
Upper Queen St., Ch'town, P. E. I., next to McKay's.

Where are our Young Men?
The re-reading of that admirable life of Frederick Ozanam, founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, by Kathleen O'Mara, has brought home to our mind with great force the important question: Where are our Catholic young men? Ozanam was a model Catholic layman. He was no mere formalist. His religion was not a cloak to be put on or laid aside at convenience. There was in him no compromise with the world. He was a devoted, wholehearted Christian. He clung to his faith with undoubting, unyielding tenacity, and he was fired with a noble ambition and an earnest, unselfish enthusiasm to defend that faith from the attack of infidels, to revive it in the hearts of tepid brethren and to recommend it to the world outside the Church.

Ozanam lived at a period when the Church was suffering from the disastrous effects of the French Revolution of 1830. In contending against the prevalent infidelity, St. Simonism (which was very popular among the young men at the time) and the timidity, lethargy and ultra-conservatism of Catholics, he gathered a small company of kindred spirits about him, and they commenced a determined campaign of opposition to all these adverse influences. Ozanam was only seventeen years old when he silenced the public attacks of the famous infidel, Joffroy, who could not help respecting the extraordinary talent, Christian zeal, independence and devotion of his youthful antagonist.

But the general hostility continued and Ozanam became convinced that the need was for actions, not for words. "It is all very well," said he, "talking and arguing and holding one's own against them, but why can we not do something?" The St. Simonians, who claimed to be a sort of Christians, glorifying the past history of the Church but maintaining that it had done its work and was no longer adapted to the spirit of the age in its present form, taunted the young enthusiast with "Show us your works." The result was the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, whose history we need not stop to give at the present time.

But how is it with the Society in this country? We do not know how it may be with other parts of the country, but so far as our experience and observation go, in this region the young men are conspicuous by their absence. Where are they? What are they doing? Our educated, college-bred young men, who are constantly multiplying and occupying leading and influential positions in society, where are they? Is there any good reason why they should not engage in practical works of charity for their soul's good and for the recommendation of Holy Church to outsiders? Why should we be less zealous and disinterested, less self-denying and devoted to our religion than the young Frenchmen? We have the same faith, the same motives, the same duties and obligations; and we have the same high ideals, the same promptings to noble and disinterested self-sacrifice that they had. Can it be possible that all this is being overlooked and forgotten by our young men; that they are so absorbed by the business and pleasures of life—the ambitions and struggles for mere worldly prosperity and distinction—that they have no time or inclination for all that appeals to the higher instincts and nobler and more spiritual aspirations of youth? Have they no sympathy with their kind, no charity for the poor, no desire to contribute by personal effort to relieve some of the untold misery by which we are surrounded and to elevate our suffering brethren in the social scale?

We may well ask, too, have they no loyalty to the truth, no ambition to be instrumental in extending the blessings of their faith to those who are deprived of them, by setting an attractive example of the real spirit and aim of our holy religion? We all admire the beautiful example of Ozanam and his zealous young companions, why should we not be ambitious to emulate their example and

follow in their footsteps? If there are any special reasons why our young Catholics generally should not be members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul we are not aware of them, and we confess we should be glad to see that glorious beneficent society rejuvenated by a liberal infusion of young blood.—(S. H. Review.)

Leaving Well Enough Alone.
There are always a certain number of young men who are never content to let well enough alone. If they are reasonably prosperous, they are not happy. They want to reach out to something that will bring them more money or a better position. Now I am far from wishing to discourage an honorable ambition, but this eternal striving for more, when one has enough, only leads to misery. Julius Caesar, according to Cassius in Shakespeare's tragedy, walked over the narrow world like a Colossus, and smaller men crept under his huge legs and peeped about to find themselves dishonorable graves. We all know the end of Julius Caesar. He was assassinated in the Roman capital by those he thought his friends. It was a pitiful ending for a great man in many respects.

We find, every day, men who are succeeding far beyond their early anticipations in business. But they are restless, anxious to monopolize everything in their way of trade. They are not content to let their neighbors live, but are continually pushing other men to the wall. And what do they gain by this? Really not much more than they had before. They get enough to eat, a place to sleep and garments to wear, and it costs them more to do this than it did when they had reasonable and humane aspirations. That is about the size of it, as the popular saying goes. I know a man who absorbed, so to speak, two places of business, from each one of which the former owner retired with a moderate competence that kept him in comfort in his declining years. They were called old-fashioned because they did not spread out over creases. Well, their successors prospered famously for a while, but that did not satisfy him. He started a third place, and that swamped him, and today he is a haggard, prematurely old man with a load of debt upon him that he could not throw off if he lived to the age of Methuselah. He needs rest, but he does not feel that he can take it while his affairs are so terribly unsettled, and it would not surprise me if he dropped dead any day from mental and physical exhaustion. If he had been as moderate in his expectations as his predecessors, he might now be a hale and hearty man in enjoyment of all that life has to give to the sensible and prudent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Political Equality.
In the paper which he contributed to the February Atlantic Monthly, Hon. A. Lawrence Lowell says that the doctrine of human equality has two distinct meanings, one relative to civil life, the other to political rights, and he adds that while it is an essential principle of common law with us that all men have equal civil rights, their political equality is quite another issue. Mr. Lowell declares that there is no use in discussing the question whether the doctrine of man's political equality is strictly true, for, says he, no one ever believed it to be so. Nobody, he writes by way of illustration, ever held that Abraham Lincoln and a drunken card-sharper were equals politically in any sense of the term. "The question," continues he, "is whether the doctrine is near enough to the truth to be acted upon. At best it is but an approximation, and many approximations are sufficiently accurate for practical purposes within certain limits. In building a house, ploughing a field, laying out the streets of a city, or sailing a few miles along the coast, for example, we take no account of the earth's curvature, but act as if it were flat; and the error is so very small that we are perfectly justified in so doing. But if one were to try to circumnavigate the globe on that hypothesis, he would find himself wrecked far away from his port of destination." From this, by analogy, Mr. Lowell concludes that the doctrine of political human equality is a safe enough one to follow when the inequalities between individuals are not too great, and where the population is homogeneous and political education is widely diffused. This reasoning is ingenious, if not altogether correct. That is more than can perhaps be said, though, of his declaration that the "huge mass of foreigners untrained in self government"—the meaning of which phrase is obvious—render our larger cities more dangerous places for the application of the theory of political equality than the rural districts are.—(S. H. Review.)

It is probably true that the humble place which our "people as a body hold in the worlds of society and finance is a bar to the conversion of many frivolous Americans, who are shrewd enough to see where real religion is, and would willingly enough embrace it if it were not so outrageously un fashionable. Foreigners, remembering our professions of democracy and universal equality, find it hard to understand this phase of our national character. Mr. Brantford has lately referred to it in these terms: "Is it really true—can it be possible that in this great democracy the humble origin and actual condition of the majority of Catholics have cast an unfavorable light upon the doctrines they profess? So it was thought among ourselves in the latter years of the eighteenth century. Our philosophers thought that Americans "cleansed" themselves by ceasing to be Christians; and what repelled or displeased our aristocrats in Catholicism was that it was the religion of the common people. "For the last hundred years," wrote Voltaire, "only the rabble have embraced it," and nothing seemed more odious to the men of the Encyclopedists than to be obliged to think "like their tailor or their washerwoman." We do not find it easy to believe that Americans share this manner of considering and feeling. There would be in it somewhat not merely too aristocratic, but, to speak plainly, too inhuman. Whatever inequality there may be—and ought to be—between us, since we are all equal in presence of suffering and death, we ought also to be so in presence of religion. But if there must be (so to speak) one for "the common people" and the other for "the multi-millionaires,"—far from this distinction being injurious to the progress of Catholicism in the future, it will, on the contrary, be its pledge and guaranty. Certain denominations may be denigrations of aristocrats. Catholicism is today more than ever the communion of the humble. As long as it continues so, the hearts of the multitude will go out to it. (Ave Maria.)

Holy Ghost, laboring on the banks of the Amazon, wrote last year to his superior, unfolding an ingenious missionary plan, and suggesting that he could carry it out with less than \$2,000. Curiously enough, at the same time he, superior, received a letter placing at his disposal "the sum of \$2,000, to be applied to any mission wherever, even, if need be, to that in the country of the Amazon." The missionary then went forward with his plan. A little steamer was bought in Philadelphia, and fitted out as a church. It was then sent down to thread the innumerable rivers of Amazonia, bearing priests to preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments to the natives who throng the riverbanks. Thus the two great drawbacks to missionary work in that region—the scarcity of priests and the difficulty of travel—are removed at one stroke. The new "converted cruiser" is called the Christopher, or "Christ-bearer," and the missionary to whom it owes its conversion writes of it in the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith: "Ought we not now to be satisfied? No, not yet. We need a flotilla of Christophers; but above all, valiant missionaries to travel on them and evangelize the populations scattered along the borders of these immense rivers. One may readily judge of the good that can be done there from the following figures given by Fathers Parrier and Cabilier as the fruits of their first cruise: 521 baptisms; 830 confirmations; 101 marriages; with a corresponding number of confessions and Communion. The worthy priest thus submits a motion for the enlargement of his navy; a motion which we heartily second.—Ave Maria.

Hon. Walter McHenry, son of Judge W. H. McHenry, of Des Moines, Iowa, has been received into the Catholic Church. The McHenry are a family distinguished for their many excellent qualities as well as their mental endowments. They can trace their ancestors back to the famous Patrick Henry of Revolutionary fame. Walter McHenry, who last week entered the true fold of Christ, is a young man in the prime of life and a rising star in the legal profession. His conversion is noticeable from the fact that all his early associations and youthful companions were trained in a school hostile to the faith of the Apostles.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

A Rome despatch of the 26th ult. says: His Holiness, seated on the throne of the Vatican, surrounded by the College of Cardinals, on that date received the Roman nobility. Including ladies, about 250 persons were present. Prince Orlonova was presented to the Holy Father, who in his appearance showed no sign of his recent indisposition. He spoke briefly, being followed by his secretary, who read the Papal address, in which he ennobled the nobles of Italy who were faithful to the Church and loyal in support of its claims. His Holiness, by special encyclical, will proclaim for the year 1900 a holy jubilee.

Head and Limbs
All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Was Cured.
"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out."
"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a stiff feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it."
G. I. BURKERT, Clinton Norton, N. B.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—It is the One True Blood Purifier.
It is harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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