

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1910

Vol. XXXIX, No. 14

"PERIQUE."

Dark Cut Tobacco in tins and packages. This is one of the

COOLEST SMOKES

On the market. Try a 10 cent package. You'll enjoy it. All up-to-date grocers and druggists sell it.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co., Ltd.
Ch'town, Phone 345. Manufacturers.



For New Buildings Hardware

We carry the finest line of Hardware to be found in any store.

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

Fall and Winter Weather.

Fall and Winter 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.

Dominion Coal Company RESERVE COAL.

As the season for importing Coal in this Province is again near, we beg to advise dealers and consumers of Coal that we are in a position to grant orders for cargoes of Reserve, Screened, Run of mine, Nut and Slack Coal, F. O. B., a loading piers Sydney, Glouce Bay or Louisburg, C. B.

Prices quoted on application, and all orders will receive our careful attention by mail or wire.

Reserve Coal is well known all over this Island, and is most extensively used for domestic and steam purposes.

Schooners are always in demand during the season and chartered at highest current rates of freight. Good despatch guaranteed schooners at loading piers.

Peake Bros. & Co.,

Selling Agents for Prince Edward Island for Dominion Coal Company.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 21, 1909-41

Watch Department.

VERY FINE timekeeping watches with 21 jewels adjusted to heat, cold, and five positions. Also 7, 15 and 17 jewel watches, from the larger men's size to the tiny watch worn in wrist bracelets.

Watches cleaned and put in first class order.

Ring Department.

Ladies' rings set with diamonds, ruby, opal, amethyst, pearl and other gems. Signet rings for engraving, emblem rings, children's rings. Rings repaired, stones re-set.

Spectacle Department.

We fit spectacles and eyeglasses up, both in frames and in rimless, after testing each eye separately or on Drs. prescription.

E. W. TAYLOR,
South Side Queen Square, City.

Souvenir Post Cards

Are a nice thing to send to friends abroad. We have a nice selection of City and Provincial views to select from. The following are some of the titles.

One color 2 cents each.

St Joseph's Convent, Ch'town	Bishop's Palace & Church (1/2 view)
St Dunstan's College, " "	Interior St Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown
Notre Dame Convent, " "	View of Charlottetown from Soldiers Monument
Hillsborough Bridge " "	Victoria Park

Colored Cards 2 for 5 cents.

Victoria Bow, Charlottetown	Pioneer Family, five generations
Block House Point, " "	Among the Birches
City Hospital, " "	A Morning Walk, Bonshaw
Crossing the Capes	Trout Fishing
Str Stanley in ice	A Rustic Scene
Str Minto in ice	North Cape
Apple Blossoms	By Still Waters
Travellers Rest	The Border of the Woods
Beautiful Autumn	Harvesting Scene
Terrace of Rocks	A Shady Nook
Catching Smelts at S'Side	Sunrise Bathing, North Cape
Sunset at S'Side Harbor	Looking Seaward
Summer St, Summerside	
High School, " "	

We also have a large variety of Comic Cards at one cent each. Any number of cards will be sent by mail providing one cent extra is added for each 10 cards.

EUREKA TEA.

If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and our sales on it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

An Indian Passion Play.

(N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

Americans can see much the same thing as the Oberammergau Passion Play simply by crossing the frontier into Mexico, though they will not see the sumptuousness of detail and ensemble that characterizes the performances in the quaint little Bavarian village. The Mexican drama, however, is none the less imposing in the sincerity of the performers and in the deep impression it makes upon the audience, writes Elizabeth Green Wilkes, a Catholic. On good Friday nearly every one of the villages has open air performances of scenes from the life of the Saviour, concluding with his sentence by Pontius Pilate, and His being carried off, cross-laden, to the place of execution. In the big cities or their suburbs the play has been the chief feature of the Good Friday celebration for more than a century. Thousands go out every year from Mexico City to Tacuba, where the Passion Play is given on a more elaborate scale than elsewhere in the republic.

AN IMPRESSIVE DRAMA.

The theatre is arranged in the court yard of the ancient cathedral. Long before the time when the first of the Scriptural personages appears, the great space is densely packed with people. All the village streets are alive with Indians in bright colored serapes, or shawls, coming in from the surrounding country, all the actors are Indians, and the costumes worn are poor and shabby. The helmets of the Roman soldiers, unlike the realistic equipment at Oberammergau, are palpably of tin, and their lances, spears and shields of gilded pasteboard. These things strike one when the play first begins, but the impression soon changes from one of ludicrousness to solemnity. Each actor realizes the responsibility that rests upon him. All move about and speak their lines with such solemn gravity and seem to feel so much that they really are the persons whom they represent, that the thoughtful spectator gradually comes to lose sight of the fact that the men before him are only poor, uneducated Indians, and little by little he becomes deeply interested in the unfolding of the terrible story. Crudely represented as it is, the scene of the gentle Saviour carrying His cross towards Calvary becomes affecting in the extreme, and affords a solemn conclusion of the impressive drama.

JUDAS DETESTED.

Holy Saturday in the city of the Aztecs has its own peculiar and unique celebration. It is the day when the Mexican manifests his abhorrence of the character of Judas Iscariot. The episode is held up to public loathing in an infinite variety of ways. In all the places of the city booths are erected where grotesque figures, usually made of pasteboard and attired in gaudy-colored paper costumes, are hung on the line awaiting purchasers. They are designed to represent the man who betrayed Christ. The more hideous the physiognomy and shape, the more certain that particular Judas is to find a purchaser. There are also sold numerous toys about which there is always some grim suggestion of the fate that befell the recalcitrant apostle. The most common of these are crudely made little wagons, to be drawn by the child through the street, to the axle of which are attached flexible strips of wood that strike against the wheels in such a way as to give out a loud, clacking sound. This is intended to represent the cracking of the bones of Judas in eternal torment. This same idea runs through a vast variety of objects that are made for use on Holy Saturday, and not the children alone, but all classes of the population buy them. Wherever you go the clatter and rattle of these objects greet your ears, and you gaze with wonderment upon the old Indian men and women who contribute their part to the general drama with a fierce delight, as if it gave them genuine joy to help torture poor Judas. On Easter Sunday morning you see in every block a line stretched across the street from house to house, and a hideous effigy is hanging there like a lynchpin. It is Judas again—Judas every where. He hangs there limp and ugly, swaying in the breeze, and groups of women and children shout defiance at him from below, while waiting impatiently for the signal of the poor wretch's final doom. It comes instantaneously in all parts of the city. The first stroke of 12 on the big cathedral clock consigns the thousands of swinging figures to the flames.

BURNED IN EFFIGY.

All Mexico turns out to witness the wild scenes that ensue on the moment of noon. The biggest throngs are always gathered on the principal thoroughfare of the city. Here the ceremony consists of something more than the simple burning of an effigy. Judas himself is accorded the distinction of more elaborate paraphernalia. He is represented sitting astride a horse. His steed is only pasteboard, but its accoutrements are real. There is a real bridle on the horse's head and a handsome Mexican saddle ornamented with silver trappings holds the cavalier, who is himself dressed in a genuine charro costume, with a stripe formed of silver dollars on his trousers. He wears handsome riding boots mounted with silver spurs, and on his head is a gorgeous sombrero, with a silver band. Nor is this all that entitles the brilliant Judas to the attention of the waiting crowd below. He and his horse have been fed on silver coins until they are fat with the diet. These things belong to Judas for the moment, but when the hour of noon strikes the "thirty pieces" many times multiplied pass from the keeping of the gaudy horseman into the thousand pockets of the ragged throng below.

The windows in the neighboring houses are densely massed with people. Down in the streets the multitudes of Indians are struggling for the vantage places. Immediately under the swinging figures a resolute group of half-bare boys are fighting to retain their position. Now and then there is a shriek of fright from some Indian woman or child who has fallen under the feet of the crowd. Other cries of rage and plying mingle with sounds of laughter or jeers of defiance against the police who strive to preserve some show of order. The shrill clack of the "Judas bones" adds its quota to the pandemonium. Intense excitement prevails constantly among the surging hordes of Indians, and impatience is plainly manifested on the faces of the spectators in the surrounding houses. Then the shouting gives place to absolute silence, the silence of keep expectancy.

THE CLIMAX.

Finally the signal comes. Over the city roars the big ball in the cathedral tower. Before the first stroke has exhausted its reverberations, a mighty shout and a sound as of a thousand cannon burst upon the air. A man with a lighted taper ignites the fuse that hangs from the pendant effigy. The little spark dashes quickly up the thread and in an instant reaches the deposit of gunpowder inside the effigy. There is a thunderous explosion and poor Judas is sent eddying to the winds.

Flowers at Funerals.

The subject of flowers at Catholic funerals has been so often discussed and so often deprecated that any movement for an elimination of this abuse must be hailed with gratitude. Some of our fraternal Catholic societies are great violators in this way and a very practical idea has been broached by Dr. Pope of Chicago and adopted by quite a number of Catholic societies, especially branches of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. He presented a resolution to this effect: "That hereafter we discontinue the custom of sending flowers to the homes of our deceased brothers and that the \$5.00 usually donated for such purposes, be tendered to the Catholic Church Extension Society and by them forwarded to poor priests in isolated parishes, where five low Masses will be celebrated for the soul of our departed brother." The author of the resolution stated when presenting the above resolution, a threefold object would be accomplished. The society would be promoting a most worthy and charitable act; the poor priests who are battling against great odds would receive aid for their temporal wants and also there would be an appeal to God for the soul of the departed brother. The C. M. B. A. Advocate commenting on this pertinent remark: "It would be impossible to estimate the amount of progress that could be made in building and sustaining Catholic parishes in so many western States if our Catholic societies at large would support this resolution. In Chicago alone the Catholic societies lose by death about 150 members a month. The women's societies, as a rule, donate \$10 for flowers, others from \$5 to \$25. At a low estimate we might state Catholic societies in Chicago donate monthly for flowers about \$1,000, or about \$12,000 a year. Does it not seem possible for our Catholic people to abandon a Protestant custom in vogue so long ago? One may suggest that what is applicable to Chicago, might well be followed in many another place. Often such funerals are made dignified in order to impress the pub-

lic with the numerical strength of the organization and the funeral is but a means to show the society to advantage from a mere worldly point of view.—Writer in Columbian.

The Dominion of New Zealand.

(By Sir Arthur P. Douglas, Bt. Boston: Littlefield, Brown & Company.)

This is not an easy book to classify. It is not descriptive, though it is not without its pleasing descriptions. It is not historical. It gives some of the history of New Zealand; but it omits much, especially concerning the great native revolt and the collapse of Anglican missions. It does not deal professedly with the natural history of the islands; nevertheless it gives a good deal of information on the subject. We would put it in the class of useful books compiled, rather than written without any pretence to literary quality. It gives one a fairly comprehensive view of New Zealand as it is, and of its development during the last thirty years, and particularly of the peculiar industrial legislation in which it has been the pioneer, and which has made its name famous. The book seems to have been designed for the benefit of agricultural immigrants, rather than for the outside world. To the former the abundant statistics of the appendix especially, will be most helpful. The latter would be glad to learn more of the commerce and finance of the Dominion, and of the two great steamship companies, the Union and the New Zealand Shipping, remarkable enterprises in a people that do not yet number a million. We should like to see statistics of the cities, of their population, buildings, etc. The pictures are not calculated to flatter the patriotic New Zealander. For example, that facing page 22 cannot give a fair idea of the port of Auckland. The foreground is taken up with the sterns of two small coasting steamers of about a thousand tons with a small warehouse between them; in the middle distance are two steamers still smaller; but not even a suggestion is given of the great ocean liners that sail from it. This is the more remarkable, as the author is a sailor, a retired lieutenant of the British Navy. Still, as we have said, the book is a useful one and will well repay perusal.—America.

Principal Sharp of St. Andrews, in one of the lectures delivered by him as professor of poetry at Oxford, said: "It has been a marvel to me that English poets with their own grand national history behind them have made so little use of it. What I say applies to England rather than Scotland. Since Shakespeare wrote his historical dramas, how few poetic blocks have been dug from the quarry! Our picturesque historians of recent years, while they have done the work of partisans very effectually, have also been in some sort poets of the past. But how seldom have our regular singers set foot on that field! The Laureate (Tennyson) no doubt, having done his work in Britain's mythic region, has late in his career, descended from those shadowy heights to the more solid ground and more substantial figures of her recorded history. Let us hail the man, and hope that the coming generation of poets may follow him and enter into the rich world of Britain's history and possess it. Surely Britain, if any land, supplies rich poetic material in her long story, in her heroic names, in her battlefields scattered at the island over, in

The halls in which is hung the Army of the invincible Knights of old, where hang, too, the portraits of her famous men, and the homes in which they were reared, still inhabited, or mouldering in all the imploring beauty of decay. How is it that our English poets have turned their backs on all this, to expend poetic faculty upon some hero or demigod of Greece, or some problem of psychology, or in morbid self-analysis, while the great fresh fields of our history lie unvisited!"—Casket.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1909 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.

Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of people are troubled with some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates. You have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, cold clammy hands and feet, shortness of breath, sensation of pins and needles, rush of blood to the head, etc.

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effectual medicine.

***** Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Angus Ont., writes:—

***** Heart Trouble Cured. *****

***** I have received by mail your Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctor's medicine but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. I highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from heart trouble! *****

***** Please 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mail order a receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. *****

"Fanny, your father has been walking around out there for two hours. Is he opposed to my being in here with you?" asked the young suitor.

"The bee," giggled the maiden.

"Of course not. This is the night I bet him you would propose, and he's waiting to see whether he wins or loses."

Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc.

Violet—"Mummy, dear, are our prayers answered?"

Mother (in shocked surprise)—"Why, yes, dear! What a question!"

Violet—"Then Mummy, why do you smack me? Why don't you pray for me to be a good girl!—it would be so much comfort for me."

A Sensible Merchant

Mrs. Fred. Lane, St. George, Ont. writes:—"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."

"A statesman never looks really impressive," said the student of human nature, "unless he has a distinctive beard or mustache or a bald head."

"I suppose," replied the suffragette contemptuously, "that you are trying to think up another silly reason why women should not go into politics."

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

Spring is coming in the windows We may see the Easter hats; Spring is coming; anxious people Are already hunting flats.

Spring is coming; with their marbles Boys are playing in the mud; Spring is coming; grandma's taking Stuff to purify her blood.

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.

"Civilization," remarked the canonical king, "promotes some strange ideas."

"To whom do you refer?" inquired the majesty.

"Among you, the ultimate consumer is regarded with sympathy. Here he is considered very lucky."

"Shine yer boots, sir?"

"No," snapped the man.

"Shine 'em so's yer can see yer face in 'em?" urged the bootblack.

"No, I tell you!"

"Coward!" hissed the bootblack.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Was Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried

Burdock Blood Bitters.

***** Mrs. Herman Dickenson, Benton, N.B., writes:— "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took three bottles and became cured and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach trouble."

Burdock Blood Bitters has an established reputation, extending over 34 years, as a specific for Dyspepsia in all its forms, and all diseases arising from this cause.

For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.