

# The Charlottetown Herald.

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We also repair Barometers, musical boxes and all kinds of Jewellery in a workmanlike manner.

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- Barometers \$4 to \$8
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## Cardinal Coullie.

On September 11th, died at Lyons, in his eighty-fourth year, the oldest French Cardinal, a wing and holy prelate, whose memory will long remain enshrined in the hearts of his people.

Pierre Coullie was born in Paris, in 1829, ordained priest in 1854, and employed as Vicar in different parishes of Paris till 1876, when Mgr. Dupeloup, Bishop of Orleans, who felt his strength failing, asked for him as coadjutor. On November 10th, 1876, Mgr. Coullie was consecrated in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, and until 1878, when Mgr. Dupeloup died, he was his devoted auxiliary.

The position was not an easy one; with all his great gifts of intellect and episcopal zeal, Mgr. Dupeloup was not always a chief under whom it was easy to work. He had a strong will, was accustomed to lead, and, like many men of his stamp, was apt to be somewhat overbearing in his dealings with his subordinates. Moreover, the extraordinary admiration and estimation with which the people of Orleans regarded their bishop made them critical, and even unjust, towards his eventual successor. Although Mgr. Coullie had been chosen by Mgr. Dupeloup himself, some time passed before his future subjects cordially accepted him. It speaks volumes for his tact and gentleness, as well as for his higher and more spiritual gifts of acceptance and self-sacrifice, that he ended by living down these foolish prejudices and by winning general esteem and confidence.

By nature Mgr. Coullie was a lover of peace, but he had a keen and correct sense of the Church's legitimate rights; his attitude towards the Government was always dignified and, when circumstances demanded, it could be extremely firm. He was obliged, on several occasions, to resist the arbitrary and unjust demands of the power that he, and was deprived of his salary in consequence. "This will prevent your receiving the Cardinal's hat, Messieurs," said one of his friends; "the Government will never give you its support."

"What does that matter?" said the bishop laughing. "It will not prevent me from entering heaven, where we shall all enter with bare heads."

We need not remind our readers that this was before the great schism, at a time when the French Government had a voice in the nomination of Cardinals.

In 1893 Mgr. Coullie was appointed to succeed Cardinal Foulon as Archbishop of Lyons; his health was not believed to be had not long to live. "I shall arrive there in peace," he used to say. His pre-visions proved untrue, for he lived for nearly twenty years more and, though his physical weakness was great, his mind and judgment were absolutely clear to the last.

Soon after his arrival at Lyons, in 1894, Mgr. Coullie found himself called upon to play a part in the tragedy of the death of the French President Carnot, who was stabbed in the streets of Lyons, by a fanatical anarchist.

In spite of the hostile attitude that, even then, the Government had adopted towards Rome, Mgr. Carnot, so honest and fair-minded a man, was personally well disposed towards the representatives of the Church. He and the archbishop had first met at an official banquet, where they had some friendly conversation, when, a few minutes later, the President received his mortal wound. The archbishop was sent for; Carnot recognized him. "Messieurs," he said, "give me your blessing." "I will do more than give you my blessing," was the reply; "I will absolve you from your sins." The two remained together for a few moments, and, on leaving the room, Mgr. Coullie observed: "I have done what is necessary."

The surgeons then took possession of the wounded man, but all their skill proved useless and the archbishop was rejected. The President was still conscious when Mgr. Coullie gave him Extreme Unction, but he soon afterwards breathed his last. Then, kneeling down, the archbishop recited the Our Father and Hall Mary aloud; the solemnity and horror of the scene, and, perchance, some reminiscence of their childhood's prayers, impelled all the functionaries present to fall on their knees. One of them, a noted free-thinker, seemed overcome with emotion. "Messieurs," he said, "I shall never forget the example you have given on this day." "Alas! he did forget it," said his page (usual, height of religious ceremony was a public funeral a few years afterwards).

Let us add that Madame Carnot, the President's wife, was a practical Catholic. She had remained in Paris, full of anxious thoughts for her husband's safety, and, having reason to believe that his life would be

attempted, she had begged those who were near him to provide, if necessary, the spiritual assistance that, she knew, he would not reject. On hearing of the dastardly crime, she vividly fresh information to that effect, and, owing to Mgr. Coullie's prompt and charitable ministrations, she passed the only consolation that could be given her grief.

In 1897, the Archbishop of Lyons was made Cardinal at the title of St. Ysidoire del Monti, a church attached to the convent of the nuns of the Sacred Heart.

In some respects Cardinal Coullie reminded those who knew him best of the late Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard. Like him, he was neither hasty, violent nor aggressive, but firm as a rock with duty commanded firmness, and although his loved peace, he found himself, once in 1894, and twice in 1896, elected before the Council of Bishops, having overstepped his rights by his professions against the action of the Government. He was, above all, a man of prayer, who turned to God for guidance on all occasions, and who judged all things from the standpoint of faith. Like Cardinal Richard, he was extremely simple in his personal habits and an indefatigable worker. To the last, in spite of his great age and decreasing strength, he continued to attend to his practical duties, and it may be said of him that truly he died in harness.

Some months ago Cardinal Coullie was said to be dying, then he rallied, but he knew that the end was not far off and he quietly prepared for it. His gentleness and kindness made him much beloved, and the people of Lyons followed the different phases of his agony with keen and affectionate sympathy. Never was there a calmer death bed; the old man lay perfectly still, fully conscious and wholly absorbed in prayer. He received the last Sacraments with his usual devotion, and when he could no longer speak he continued to follow the prayers that were said at his bedside. His devoted secretary, who had promised never to leave him, bent over him: "If you hear and understand me," he said, "press my hand." A feeble pressure was the answer, and the prayers were immediately resumed; they continued until 11:20 in the afternoon, when the Cardinal of Lyons, Primate des Gaules, breathed his last.—Anglo-French Catholic, in America.

**A Model For Today.**

On a matron of the fourteenth century give a lesson to one of the twentieth? The lapse of over five hundred years has not changed human nature, and Frances Buxo, a wife at twelve years of age, can teach a sadly needed lesson in these days of divorce and disregard of family duties.

Born at Rome in 1344, Francesca, the daughter of Paul and Jacobella de Buxo, was brought up in a truly Christian household, and at the age of eleven years had developed a strong desire to devote her life to God in a convent. Her parents, seemingly ignorant of the dignity of a religious vocation, wished her to marry, and in obedience to their desires the young girl became the bride of Lorenzo Froschino in 1364. Distasteful as the married state was to her, Frances overcame her natural inclinations and won her husband's respect and affection by an unwavering obedience and gracious condescension to his wishes.

During the forty years which they lived together there was never a disagreement between them. What heroic virtue that must seem to them who consider "incompatibility of temperament" a sufficient reason for seeking release from the marriage bond! Doubtless, it meant constant self denial, in fact, self effacement on the part of the wife, but, out of respect for the husband, and the love, honor and obedience that was due to the husband, who was equally bound to cherish and protect her.

Though devoted to prayer and retirement, Frances neglected no household duty. She was wont to say that "a married woman must leave God at the altar to find Him in her domestic cares." Her fidelity to this principle won the divine approval in an extraordinary manner on one occasion. During the recitation of the office of the Blessed Virgin one day, the young matron was called away four different times, while reading the same verse. On returning to begin the fifth time she found the words written in letters of gold.

The seemingly insuperable problem of the present day—that of securing willing and faithful domestic services—was so trouble to our saint. Her simple plan consisted in remembering that she and her entire household were children of the same Heavenly Father and in treating them accordingly, inducing them to labor for their eternal salvation, caring for them in sickness and providing them with that which they could not get for themselves.

The spirit trained her children to become, not only useful members of society, but also to live as business future citizens of Heaven. This ideal wife, mother and mistress of a household reached high eminence by the practice of every day virtues. Freedom from trials and crosses is not to be found in the life of any follower of the Crucified. Frances had an abundant share in these trials of her Savior's love for her. During an invasion of Rome by the King of Naples her husband was killed, his estates confiscated, and her eldest son taken as a hostage by the enemy. In those events the saint remained in peace, and recognizing the hand of God, said: "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. I rejoice in these losses because they are God's will. Whatever He sends I shall contentedly bless and praise His name."

When peace was restored Lorenzo regained his position and estates. With his consent, Frances founded a monastery of nuns called Oblates. After the death of her husband and the settlement of her domestic affairs, she begged admittance to this monastery and received the habit on St. Basil's Day, 1407. Her love of humiliation and poverty led her to seek the lowest place, but in spite of her prostrations she was soon chosen superior. Her remarkable supernatural favors were bestowed on her, the most unusual being the vision of her guardian angel and the familiar converse with him.

The holy woman died March 8, 1440. After her death her sanctity was attested by miracles, and she was canonized in 1608.—Eshange.

**Uplifting Power of The Church.**

(By Rev. S. S. Yorker, D. D., in Irish Catholic.)

Into what manner of world did Christianity come? The cities were numerous, full of people, full of wealth, centers of intellectual and fashionable life, even the small provincial towns abode of luxury. On the other hand, the country was divided into immense estates whose landlords cultivated them by legions of slaves. Dimly through the mist of ages we see the Church as she went forth from the cities to the evangelization of the countryside. It was a slow, hard task, but without ostentation or clamor, as the empire crumbled and barbarous people and warlike kings passed and repassed on the stage of history, she was renewing the face of the earth. Slowly but surely the great prison workhouses in which the slaves herded crumbled and disappeared. The law of Christian marriage had undermined their foundations, and the law of the Christian family had built out of the fragments the Christian home.

Around the church or abbey the hamlets clustered, and often had church or abbey to draw the sword of the spirit to protect the nascent franchise of the peasant against the stern war lord, who from his towering castle guarded or troubled the land. Age by age the influence of Christianity sank deeper and deeper, and age by age rural life in Europe grew more refined and beautiful. Religion covered its every department, as in the ancient churches the splendor of the stained glass follows the sun and transmutates the dull pavement into mosaic that outshines the marble floors of the royal palaces and arrays the green leaves of the grey pillars in a glory that surpasses Solomon's own.

From the wayside shrines the figure of the Crucified looked down on the wretched wretches and spoke to ears that heard, "Come unto Me ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It rose in the midst of the market place and called aloud to buyers and sellers, "We cannot eat cereals too many; ye cannot serve God and Mammon!" The Church was the center of their life, and the concentrated will marked their hours of labor as well as their hours of prayer, for with them to labor was to pray. Sunday and frequent fast days wholly limited their time of idleness and called them to read the Bible of the Poor in the painted windows and to follow the history of Redemption in the Holy Mass.

In the churchyard itself the last stage was erected and the Martyr's Flag waved and delighted their simple souls. On the village green the young contended in clean and lusty sports, while the fathers of the household headed the champions of the days of old. In the long winter nights the minstrels, who were of the cottage as well as of the hall, told the tales of daring knights and fell ladies or chartered the legends of the past.

There is nothing that sooths the soul as well as the body, and it is well to have a goodly stock of them. I can conscientiously recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to anyone in want of purified blood and the resultant all round vigorous health. I can conscientiously recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to anyone in want of purified blood and the resultant all round vigorous health. I can conscientiously recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to anyone in want of purified blood and the resultant all round vigorous health.

## THERE IS NOTHING FOR THE LIVER

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**MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS**

They will regulate the flow of bile to get property on the bowels, and will tone, renovate, and purify the liver, removing every source of liver trouble from the system, but disagreeable, bilious headache to the most delicate form of liver complaint.

Mr. John E. Barton, Mill Cove, N. B. writes:—"I suffered, more than tongue can tell, from liver troubles. I tried several kinds of medicine, but got no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They are a wonderful remedy."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all druggists, or mailed direct to receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Shering Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pain, and leave no bad after effects whatever. No one who gets Milburn's Pills is and goes on.

Smith the other day went fishing. He caught nothing, so on his way back he telephoned his provision dealer to send a dozen bass around to his house. He got home late himself. His wife said to him on his arrival:

"Well, what luck?"  
"Why, splendid luck, of course."  
"Didn't the boy bring that dozen bass I gave him?"  
"Mrs. Smith started, then she smiled.  
"Well, yes, I suppose he did," she said. "There they are."  
And she showed poor Smith a dozen bottles Bass' ale.

**Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.**

Mrs. Dabaway—How long had you known your husband before you were married?  
"Mr. Granger—I didn't know him at all. I only thought I did."

**Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.**

Mrs. Youngwood to nurse's boy)  
—Oh, this is the chicken and my husband ordered. Here's the money for it, and now you must tell me how you make it.  
Boy (proud)—I can't tell you how I make it, mum.  
Mr. Y. answered—But you must; my husband told me when I paid for it to be sure and get the receipt.

**Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.**

"I suppose the brightest moment of your life was when Jack proposed?"  
"Brightest? There wasn't a germinule of light in the room."

There is nothing that sooths the soul as well as the body, and it is well to have a goodly stock of them. I can conscientiously recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to anyone in want of purified blood and the resultant all round vigorous health. I can conscientiously recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to anyone in want of purified blood and the resultant all round vigorous health.

Patience—She had a cat on that just visited her face.  
Patric—Oh, was it a plain cat or a fat?

**Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.**

"I wish I could kill time."  
"Why not play some pieces on the piano?"

## A VETERAN OF THE BOER WAR

TESTIMONY AS TO THE EFFICACY OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS FOR THE CURE OF BOILS

Mr. D. M. Mathias, Niagara Falls, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure I testify to the sterling qualities of your Burdock Blood Bitters. After the Boer War, through which I served in the 1st. L. I. I suffered from boils, constipation, and sick headache, and tried many preparations, but got relief from none till an old comrade of mine got me to try the Burdock Blood Bitters. To say I got relief is to put it mildly. It made me myself again, viz., a man who knows not what it is to be sick, and who has been, and is still, an athlete."  
"To anyone in want of purified blood and the resultant all round vigorous health, I can conscientiously recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to anyone in want of purified blood and the resultant all round vigorous health. I can conscientiously recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to anyone in want of purified blood and the resultant all round vigorous health."