

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1903

Vol. XXXII, No. 4

Free! Free!

The ballance of our present stock of

GLASSWARE

—AND—

FANCY GOODS

will be given free to purchasers of

Tea, Coffee and Groceries.

Call early and get best selection.

P. MONAGHAN.

Stevenson's Corner, Queen Street.

WE ARE

Manufacturers and Importers

—OF—

Monuments

—AND—

Headstones

In all kinds of Marble,
All kinds of Granite,
All kinds of Freestone.

We have a nice assortment of finished work on hand. See us or write us before you place your order.

CAIRNS & McFADYEN,

Cairns & McLean's Old Stand, Kent Street Charlottetown.

YOUR FATHER!

AYE, YOUR GRANDFATHER

BEFORE YOU BOUGHT HIS

CHRISTMAS SUPPLIES

AT THE OLD

Italian Warehouse

You cannot do better than follow their example, so come along and get good fresh Groceries at moderate prices.

Our stock is second to none in quantity, quality and prices.

JOHN McKENNA,

Grocery News

Perhaps you are dissatisfied with your Groceries and are paying prices which should secure you better value. Have you ever purchased goods in our store? if not just begin. You may find reason to become a customer. We have lots of good and tasty things to please any person and sell at "live and let-live" prices.

Cash paid for all the Eggs you bring us.

JAS. KELLY & CO.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

We would like to have Your Furniture Trade

We will try to merit it. Our Furniture has had a reputation for being good in the past. We intend that it shall continue to have it in the future.

Farmers, You Don't Want Cheap Furniture

That will go to pieces in a few months. Therefore buy from us. We will treat you right, and you will find our prices very low.

JOHN NEWSON.

Big Slaughter Sale

Genuine Discounts

Our whole Stock of Cloths, Ready-made Clothing, Fur Coats, Fur Caps, Fur Collars, Hats, Caps and Men's Furnishings,

25 to 40 p. c. discount.

What we advertise we do.

D. A. BRUCE.

This is the Time to Buy OUTSIDE SASHES

—AND—

Make Your Home Comfortable.

Our Sashes are the best, our prices right.

Call and leave your order or write to

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,
PEAKE'S No. 3 WHARF.

A. L. FRASER, B. A.

Attorney-at-Law.
SOURIS, P. E. ISLAND.
MONEY TO LOAN.

A. A. McLEAN, L. B., K. C.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary,
BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN

FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool,
The Sun Fire office of London,
The Phenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn,
The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

Combined Assets of above Companies, \$300,000,000.00.

Lowest Rates, Prompt Settlements.

JOHN McFADYEN,

Agent. June 25, 1902.—4f

ENEAS A. MACDONALD,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Agent for Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian, Great West Life Insurance Co.
Office, Great George St.
Near Bank Nova Scotia, Charlottetown
Nov. 21, 1892.—1y

A. A. McLean, K. C., Donald McKinnon

McLean & McKinnon
Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
Brown's Block, Charlottetown

Commercial CAFE,

Queen Street.

In store formerly occupied by A. Vincent, next A. E. McFadden's Shoe Store.

YOU can get a good dinner at the above Cafe for only 15 cents. Also a large bill of fare to choose from. We make a speciality of baked beans, meat pies, Hamburg steak and onions. Sirloin steak always on hand. Try our Ice Cream, Pastry and Cake on the premises.

JAS. LONERGAN,

Proprietor

Funny Spells.

Our English is hopelessly stubborn in its irregularity, says a writer in the organ of the State Educational Association. Verbs, nouns, adjectives, adverbs go as they please and we must take them as we find them. It's "good, better best," not "good, gooder, goodest," and "write, wrote, written," not "write, writed, writed"—except for the little child who has not yet learned the arbitrary forms. He soon learns them, however, and almost unconsciously. So with our spelling and pronunciation. Somebody laughs in this fashion at our English language:

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes,
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese;
Yet the plural of moose would never be meese;
You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hices.

If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
Then cow in the plural may be cows or kine;
But a bow, if repeated is never called bine;
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be beeth?
If the singular is this, and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed as kisse?
Then one may be that, and three would be those.

Yet hat in the plural would never be hose;
And the plural of cat is cats, and not cose.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren;
But though we say mother, we never say mothers,
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him;
But imagine the feminine she, shie and shim!

So the English, I think, you all will agree
Is the queerest old language you ever did see.

A MISPELLED TALE.
A bright schoolmate in East Des Moines high school, Iowa, wrote the following "Mispelled Tale" on the board, offering a prize to the first one handing in a correct revision. The prize offered was a five-cent classic, and made fun with the work.

A lil boy said: "Mother dear,
May Eye go out to play?
The son is bright, the hair is clear,
Owe I mother, don't say neigh!"

"Go fourth, my son," the mother said;
His ant sed: "Take over away,
Your gneiss know led, all painted red,
Butt dew knot lose ever weigh."

"Ah, know!" he cried, and sent the street
With hart sew ful of glee—
The wether changed and sno and sleet
And reign fell fierce and free.

Throw endriffs grate, throw wat-ry pool,
He fine with mite and mane—
Said he: "Though Eye wood walk by rule,
Eye am not write, 'tis plane.

"Ide like to meat some kindly sole
For hear gun dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole;
To she has bin my fate.

"A peace of bread, a gneiss hot stake,
Eyed chews if Eye were homy;
This crowd fate my heart will brake,
Eye love not thus to Rome.

"I'm weak and pail; I've mist my rode!"
Batt bear a carte came passed—
He and his sled were safely toad
Back two his home at last.

The foreigner who is learning English is on smooth ice when he finds "ugh." It is one of our most uncertain combinations of letters, easily learned and always laughed at.

ENGLISH AS SHE RHYMES.
A farmer's boy, starting to plough,
Once harnessed an ox with a coug;
But the farmer came out,
With a furious shout,
And told him he didn't know how.

In a manner exceedingly rough
He proceeded to bluster and blough;
He scolded and scowled,

He raved and he howled,
And declared he'd have none of such stough.

At length, with a growl and a cough
He dragged the poor boy to the trough,
And ducking him in
Till wet to his chin,
Discharged him and ordered him
ough:

And now my short story is through
And I will not assert that it's trough
But it's chiefly designed
To impress on your mind
What wonders our spelling can
dough.

And I hope you will grant that
although
It may not be the smoothest in
fough,
It has answered its end
If it only shall taugh.

To prove what I meant it to shough.
Here's a moon from the guard
house that is unique:

"Twas in a fit of childish pique,
I struck my captain on the obique,
He got so mad he scarce could
spique,
Then ordered me for many a
wique,
Oh, would that I had been more
migue!

Some three years ago Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, then superintendent of the Chicago public schools, stirred up quite a little tempest by his arbitrary orders as to how certain words should be spelled in the schools of that city. It naturally aroused much antagonism; one of the leading assistant superintendents, Mrs. Ella F. Young, resigned her position because she would not accept this "reform," and for other satisfactory reasons. Of course, Dr. Andrews was very unwise and the order did not stand. The "New York Tribune," under the head of "How The Spel in Chicago," took up his plan as follows:

"A despatch from Chicago yesterday sees that the bixim men ther ar in favor of fonetik spelling. Dr. E. Benjamin Andruz, the superintendent of the public schools, it is sed, wants the word which most pepel spel through to be spelt 'thru,' but Dr. Andruz is not in favor of this beka he sez that it iz not pronounst that wa. But the bixim man sez it iz pronounst just that wa.

"This queeshun of fonetik spelling is an old wun, and this iz just wun of the objeshuns to the plan that everybody wood spel words the wa he himself pronounst them, even when he pronounst them rong, and so a good many pepel could not read what other pepel rot. That iz another objeshun to it, if it shud ever be used altogether, if books shud be printed this wa, and if pepel shud need to heed this sort of stuff, the wood not no how to read the books that are printed in the present wa, and so ol the books and ol the labrariz that ther ar in the wood to da wood be simply waste paper, for nobody ood read them except skolars who had lorned the old wa of spelling.

"In Chicago the propoz to chang the spelling of ton words, as an entering wej. But why stop at ten? Why not chang them all at wun and rit like this?"

"This spelling reform, introduced thus summarily and for its brief tenure of life into the schools, was too much for the 'Chicago News.' This is the way it celebrated the event.

leman gives the result of his experience and observation of the condition of the Catholic religion in Italy.

Despite the various shades of unbelief among the professional classes, and the anti-Catholic propaganda of Socialists and Freemasons, the bulk of the people practice the Catholic religion, and those who reject Christianity are but a minority, although a considerable one. In proof of this he alleges the number of the churches and of their congregations, and the attendance at the Sacrament. "In one little town familiarly known to him, out of a population of 5,000, the Pastor counted 3,000 communicants, and these were drawn from all classes, though with a probable predominance of the rich and poor over the middle classes."

The contrast that he draws between this vital manifestation of religion and the apathetic indifference of rural England is anything but flattering to the latter.

"There is something beautiful and touching," he says, "in the unanimity of an Italian village in matters of religion. The English visitor may be moved to a righteous envy when he observes the whole population flocking together to the house of God, and compares with this pleasant scene some village at home where a great part of the population spends the Sunday morning in bed, and the rest of the day in the public-house or at the street-corner; where those who worship, worship in hostile church or chapel, where most of those who worship in church think they have fulfilled their obligation by listening to matins and when only a tiny minority offer the Lord's Service on the Lord's day. We have certainly no right to pride ourselves in our Sunday worship."

That is the difference between the Catholic and Protestant religions. The Catholic religion, being a religion of authority, grounded in divine faith, appeals to the deepest sentiments and most intimate and profound experience of the human heart; while the Protestant religion, being a matter of private judgement and personal preference, with no profound and binding principle of solidarity, no foundation of absolute, undoubting faith in the supernatural, very naturally leaves its professors in a state of doubt and uncertainty which is anything but propitious to the growth of piety and devotion in the soul. The Italians have their faults, but they are rather on the surface and casual, or very much aggravated, by the depressing, discouraging and irritating influence of an infidel government which is doing all in its power to curtail the influence of, and even to destroy the Catholic religion altogether. In England, if the mass of the Protestant people are apathetic, indifferent and entirely careless about spiritual things, it is their own fault, the result of their system, which fails to appeal to them with supernatural power to stimulate, to elevate, to take them out of themselves and transform them, as genuine religion should do, into new beings with thoughts and feelings and aspirations higher, purer and more soul-satisfying than any mere earthly good, however attractive.

The Habit of Punctuality.

Punctuality is a virtue that needs to be fixed as a habit. Its possession is one of the chief elements of success. Good business men learn this as one of their practical lessons and they not only adhere closely to its practice in the conduct of their business, but demand this same qualification of their employees. They soon learn that neglect to meet engagements promptly occasions inconvenience to the parties interested, and that failure to attend to business affairs at the proper time is very detrimental to one's business interests; that lack of promptness causes delay, and delay is attended by loss.

It is said that Webster was never late at a recitation at school or in college, and he was just as punctual in after life in court, in Congress and in society. Horace Greeley, although one of the busiest men, managed to be on time for every appointment. The habit of punctuality and promptness is characteristic of men of affairs.

Tardiness in business, in school, in fact anywhere, is loss of time, and time is valuable. The manager of a mill employing a large number of persons said: "It is very important that we have a clock in the office that keeps perfect time, because the loss of a few minutes by all of these employees means the loss of many dollars to the company." A certain factory locks its doors at 7 o'clock each morning, and the factory hands who arrive after that time are kept out until nine, and are

A Non-Catholic on Catholic Italy.

There is an interesting article in that High-church periodical, the Church Quarterly of London, in which a candid non-Catholic gent-

Returns to the Fold.

A RECLAIMED APOSTATE'S LETTER TO CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

At frequent intervals in recent years "The Rock" and other Protestant papers published in England have held up to the admiration of their readers the Rev. Count Campello, formerly a canon of St. Peter's, Rome, who gave up the faith and lectured in London against the Church. The Count has repeated and returned to the fold, and the "London Catholic Times" invites its Protestant contemporaries to reproduce the following letter addressed to Cardinal Vaughan:

"Your Eminence, with a heart full of holy joy I write to inform you what has taken place here in Rome this morning, the 8th December, feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the handsome chapel of the O'Leigh Pin-Latino Americano. After having gone through the holy spiritual exercises in this venerable chapel, I have had the supreme grace to solemnly abjure, on this day at the hands of His Grace Archbishop Adami, Delegate of His Holiness Leo XIII, the Old Catholic sect to which since the year 1881 I have had the misfortune to belong. The happiness I experienced at this moment, in which I find myself again as a prodigal son in the true Church of Jesus Christ, would not be complete if I did not inform your Eminence of what has occurred, and through you all the English Catholics whom I have so much endeavored by my unhappy apostasy. Whilst I discharge this agreeable duty I cannot find words strong enough to condemn my past conduct and to express the depth of my sorrow for having given pain to all the faithful in England, and especially to your Eminence and your worthy predecessor, Cardinal Manning, when by my presence in London I, as it were, triumphed in my infamy, otherwise my apostasy. God be thanked that by a special act of His mercy He has touched my heart and led me back to the Church which I should not have abandoned. May He grant me grace to lead back by my example those souls who through my unhappy work have been induced to wander from the right path, a fact which now causes me insupportable remorse. I am certain that your Eminence, following the example of our merciful Lord, will pardon me the serious annoyance I formerly gave you, and I hope that this my sincere return to the one true Church of the Saviour may move those distinguished Anglicans whom I have known to embrace the truth, and that my sad conduct may not confirm them in the error in which they were born and which but for me they would perhaps have abandoned owing to their virtuous lives, as did Newman, Faber, Manning and others not a few. I shall be immensely grateful to your Eminence if you make public this expression of my most sincere feeling. Thus in my great sorrow for the erroneous course I have pursued I shall at least have the satisfaction of having done all in my power to make reparation where great scandal was formerly given through my blindness. With a heart overflowing with joy at finding myself reconciled with God and His Church, I pay my homage to your Eminence's dignity and with profound reverence have the honor to remain your Eminence's devoted servant in Christ."

"REV. D. C. ENRICO DI CAMPELLO."
The letter is dated Collegio Pin-Latino Americano, 8th December, 1892.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—
That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. D. E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

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