

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1909

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 35

Beautiful Silver Goods!

—OF—
Tasteful Design and Durable Wear,
Are desirable both to give and possess.
We have in stock

Trays from the small 4 or 6 inch to the large and handsome ones for holding a complete Tea Set. Trays for Bread and Cake, some with raised words, others with fancy border. Cake or Card Trays in plain or chased. Sugars with Cream Jugs to match. Butter Dishes, small and large. Pie Knives, Fruit Dishes, Knives and Spoons, Peppers and Salts with sterling tops or colored. Baking Dishes, a great convenience. Desert and Butter Knives. Hand Bells, Napkin Rings, Fern Pots, Vases. We also keep in stock Compasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Waltham and Regina Watches.

E. W. TAYLOR,

Watchmaker and Optician, 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, Charlottetown	Bishop's Palace & Church (10/11)
St. Dunstan's College, "	Interior St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown
Notre Dame Convent, "	View of Charlottetown from Hillsborough Bridge
Soldiers Monument	Victoria Park

Colored Cards 2 for 5 cents.

Victoria Row, 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	Surt 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.

Francis Thompson the Poet

(From the Catholic Transcript.)

Pipe dreams are pleasant
Every Smoker says so
Real enjoyment is guaranteed
In smoking our mixtures
Queer if you've never tried them
You can have your dreams realized at
Every Drug or Grocery store in Ch'town.

Try Perique for a Cool Smoke.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co., Ltd.

CHARLOTTETOWN,
Phone 345. Manufacturers.

For New Buildings

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., at loading piers Sydney, Glace 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—4i

Francis Thompson the Poet

(From the Catholic Transcript.)

Francis Thompson is perhaps the best known of English poets. His forty-eight years of life offer, however, strange themes of mystery to evoke curiosity and pity.

Since his death on November 13, 1907, the choice few with whom he had been in almost daily communion of friendship and affection have outlined with loving reticence the main events of his singular story. These accounts hint darkly at the devious errors of many days; not sin, but the narcotic habit was the secret of Francis Thompson's inexorable ways.

He has a record more weirdly pathetic than the few fitful fevered years of Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, de Quincey, Mangan or even Poe. Until his seventeenth year Thompson was sheltered and secluded in the old-fashioned boys' school near Darham, Ushaw College, famous with the memory of Lingard and Wiseman, and now with the added names of Liford Hearn and Francis Thompson himself.

He dreamed these years of quiet, reflective boyhood away in the secret passion for English literature and verse, knowing that his absorbing ambition to be a poet would be frowned down by an unsympathetic step-mother and by his still more practical father, a physician at Asheton-under-Lytle, near Preston in Lancashire, says a writer in the "Providence Visitor."

Though an ardent athlete, cricket being his darling passion next to poetry, Francis Thompson, under the guidance of Father Cutbert, his English teacher, devoured, with an unexampled voracity, the stores of English classics and left Ushaw at seventeen, knowing more of the treasures of sixteenth and seventeenth century poets than any literary adept of his time.

Wilfrid Meynell used often to say that Thompson knew more than Solomon; and Coventry Patmore and William Hayley, the veterans of English erudition, felt like pygmies in Thompson's company.

HOLY ASPIRATIONS.

Combined with his passion for poetry was Thompson's yearning for sanctity. Nobody who has read aright his "Hound of Heaven" or his "Orient Ode" or "Any Saint" will be surprised to know that Francis Thompson longed to be a consecrated priest of God.

But his stepmother's tyrannical will crashed out his incipient vocation and determined that the frail, dreamy, unworldly lad under her jurisdiction should study medicine and play a sane role in the drama of life, like his father, and be of some definite use in a glib community.

To yield to parental mandates Francis Thompson most unwillingly surrendered his own tastes and matriculated at Owens Medical College in Manchester. He fastidiously like a delicate girl at the first sight of flowing blood during his initial clinic. He slunk away from lectures and examinations to seek refuge in the public libraries.

When Dr. Thompson was informed of the failure of his son by the medical faculty, stormy scenes ensued, with the result that the proud boy, the gentle dreamer, a baby in worldly guile, ran away to London.

When his father ferreted out his whereabouts he kept him in pocket money by a slim allowance and secured him from vagrancy by procuring several situations suited to his class and capabilities.

HIS FAILURES.

But browsing in bookstalls, the Guildhall Library and the British Museum did not satisfy his exacting employers; and Francis Thompson after a few short months found himself stranded in London with nothing in his pocket but a copy of Aeschylus and the "Songs of Innocence" of his beloved William Blake.

His father, worn out by these perversities, cut off his dreamer of a son without a farthing.

Thompson could find no shelter even in London's fetid alleys for a night without the compensating coin which his sordid landlady required. He needed at least eleven pence daily to keep from starving. To earn these, the frail and delicate youth sold matches, called cabs, held horses before theatres, staggered under a load of penny journals whose contents he loathed, or collected unpaid bills for a bookseller, under whose burden of books he often bent double, consoling himself for his bruised and broken back by the childish thought that at least they were books which he loved so passionately.

A good-natured cobbler consented to hire him to help in repairing soles and heels and uppers, but the irregular appearance of his gentlemanly apprentice roused his latent ire and

ejection followed soon. Despite these odd and desultory jobs, poor Francis Thompson's stomach was void of nourishment.

ACQUIRES FATAL HABIT.

To quiet the pinching pains due to hunger and exposure from sleeping on the refuse vegetable heaps in Covent Garden or under the shadowy arches of the Thames embankments, Thompson began the use of the fatal laudanum.

With the delusive solace of the insidious opium he shivered in the cold, bleak, foggy London nights, or gazed vacantly at the eternal stars rolling over their course in the firmament in the supreme utter abandonment of a human soul without hope or stay from flogons or apples.

These were the bitter nights and weary days of unspeakable length and duration, whose very memory was lost to him, and whose existence he so skillfully hid until latterly in his life, when the claims of gratitude forced him to reveal a past he preferred to forget.

When he lay dying far away from London among the Sussex downs, overlooking the Welsh hills, propped up by his pillows and pouring over his misal and breviary, he confessed it all to his hospitable host, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

He owed to having partially completed his autobiography. Whether it is yet among the poor possessions of a hundred and fifty note books which he left to Wilfrid Meynell, who is to know?

It seems ludicrous to think of Francis Thompson with possessions. As James Mangan left behind for his legacy a faded coat and a family umbrella, so Francis Thompson bequeathed to his sole residuary legatee a shabby, frayed, brown ulster that had never been seen off his back winter and summer for seventeen years past, one shiny suit of clothes and one unspeakable pipe, with a rusty satchel which, in rain or sunshine, he carried slung over his shoulder packed to bulging with the manuscripts of books recently reviewed or with new volumes whose contents would furnish him sufficient matter for a composition which would enable him to pay his landlady and to buy the indispensable dose of laudanum.

Excavations in Palestine.

The nineteenth century has been very active in digging up the buried treasures in the ruins of long forgotten ages in many countries. It was only in the last decade that the excavators, principally English, French, German and Russian, turned their attention to Palestine. Since 1890 the work has been taken in hand with great energy at eight different stations. The results have been completely satisfactory, though no works of art or precious articles that could compare with the finds in Greek and Roman cities have been discovered, not even ancient Hebrew or pre-Hebrew manuscripts or inscriptions that amount to anything.

There appear to have been in pre-Roman times four periods of civilization. It is especially the difference in the various products of the art of pottery that enables the student to distinguish the pre-Semite ending about 1600 B. C., the Canaanite until 1200 B. C., and lasting until the Israelitic period, which was followed by the Judaic-Hellenic period. It must be remarked that these periods begin later than the political changes by which they were caused.

The so-called Canaanite "cities" were settlements on hilltops. The houses of the inhabitants formed a maze of irregular streets. The cities were surrounded by walls, built of huge polygonal blocks or of baked sun-dried bricks, or they were formed of battered earth with wooden beams placed between to strengthen the structure, in a way similar to that described by Caesar in the case of Gallic fortifications. As they circled the hills, moats were necessary. The walls as a rule were very thick, though in those slight stations none were found as massive as those discovered at Jericho. The architecture of the Canaanite period came from Babylon, not from Egypt. This is seen from the fact, that the sides of the Egyptian walls rise slanting to the top, or at least to half their height, which is not the case with the walls found in the excavations. No instances of vaulting have as yet been discovered.

In one of the private houses the excavators came upon a chamber which strongly reminded them of Pompeii. The inhabitants had evidently been surprised by some sudden catastrophe. Five skeletons were found lying on the ground, while the plain pieces of furniture, a few articles of jewelry, and the bronze statue of a goddess still kept their places.

lated on the heights, were marked during the Canaanite period, by large stones resembling massive columns, which were about ten feet high. Stone troughs and one or more caves or grottoes were always found near such places. They evidently had something to do with the sacrifices. There was a large number of statues and pictures, from the first crude beginning to a certain degree of perfection, the oldest suggesting Babylonian, the later ones, Egyptian influence. The likeness of a female deity, Astarte, was frequently met with; a male deity, Moloch, is only symbolically represented. The excavations leave no doubt as to the barbarous custom of human sacrifices among the Canaanites. At Gizzar a large number of plain earthen vessels were discovered, in which children, not over one week old, had been buried alive. It shows that there was good reason for Moses to warn people so earnestly not to sacrifice their children to the gods. There is also evidence that at the laying of the foundation stone of towers or city gates or other fortifications human sacrifices were offered. However, in later times, as other indications show, this was changed to an act merely symbolizing the slaying of a man.

One find is especially remarkable. In Tassak on the borders of the province of Galilee and Samaria, the explorers succeeded in reconstructing from its fragments a terracotta altar, which had nearly the same dimensions as those prescribed by Moses for the altar of the Holy of Holies, i. e., four feet high and two feet square (Ex. xxx). Its top is shaped into a sacrificial basin. There was no crown of gold ornaments as Moses prescribes, but a crown of chiseled rings surrounded the basin. Nor were the horns of the altar wanting. Winged figures with human heads seem to recall the cherubs of the Ark of the Covenant (Ex. xxvii). But it is not clear why two lions, seemingly in great fury, put their claws upon those heads. There is also a child choking a serpent. It is due to some pagan influence or it has a meaning compatible with the worship of the true God? The altar is attributed to the seventh century; its artistic details indicate Syriac and Babylonian influence.

Of burial places the most instructive one was unearthed in Gizzar. A cave had served as crematory during the period preceding the Canaanite; about a hundred persons must have been cremated in it. After the advent of the Canaanites, who did not burn their dead but buried them, the same cave served as a necropolis for a long time. A very common kind of grave with them was an underground chamber, connected with the surface by pit-like entrances. They supplied their dead with food in dishes and plates, with a jug of water and a drinking cup, with weapons, ornaments and lamps. But no representations of deities have as yet been found in these houses of the dead, nor anything indicating the belief in the immortality of the soul.—G. Gietmann, S. J., in America.

Too Much Duty.

Something more than forty years ago, or immediately after the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, the United States began to collect duty on hay imported from British America. Hay was not specified in the tariff, but was properly dutiable at ten per cent, as a natural product of the farm. The customs authorities, however, thought it would do to class hay as a manufactured article at 20 per cent. For sixteen years down to 1883 this rate was exacted. Finally one of the importers or shippers forced the issue and got a ruling that hay was not a manufactured article. The law was eventually changed so that there could be no doubt in the matter. Meanwhile the people who had been paying duties at the higher rate had something to say. One of them had his case retried before the Court of Claims at Washington. His claim for a refund is said to have been made good and half the amount paid by him will be refunded.

This opens up about 150 other cases in the same category and it is expected that in each of them there will be a return of money. The total amount at issue is variously estimated from \$250,000 to \$2,000,000. Most of the claimants are Canadians, but a few are from New England. As the most recent of these accounts is nearly twenty-five years old, it is evident that should interest be allowed that would double the amount of money which the injured party could claim.

Go to Brown's for your Fall Suit or Overcoat; he will save you a dollar.
H. H. BROWN
The Young Men's Man.

Troubled for Years With CONSTIPATION.

Constipation or costiveness clogs the bowels, chokes up the natural outlet of impure matter, and retains in the system the poisonous effluvia which produce, thereby causing Biliousness, Headache, Piles, etc. and this serious trouble by the use of

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

They act on the bowels and promote their free and regular action, thus curing constipation and all the diseases which arise from it.

Mr. Henry Pearce, 49 Standish Ave., Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies, which did me no good, whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial; they are, indeed, a splendid pill, and I can heartily recommend them to all those who suffer from constipation."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. per box, or \$1.00 for 3 boxes, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by the manufacturers, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Drummer—Is there a stationery store at Crow Bend?

Sage Driver—I couldn't say, pard that you'd find anything stationary at Crow Bend, because they have a twister in their parts most every day what starts things moving but she's lively and I'm sure you'd like the place.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

The Doctor—"Nonsense! You haven't got a cancer. Booze is what ails you. You must stop drinking at once."

The Souse—"Gee! Is it that serious? Why doctor I thought it was some simple thing that could be helped by an operation."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder gives women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 20 and 25 cents.

Letter Carrier—Rainy weather, farmer.

Farmer—Yes, our boarders are all kicken.

L. O.—They can't blame you for the weather.

Farmer—Can't eh? Gosh, some of them seem to think I ought to furnish moon light nights.

Sprained Arm.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hayward's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days." Price 25c.

The New Woman bowed her head on her desk and groaned aloud.

"What is it, my dear?" tenderly pleaded her husband, as he entered her office.

"Your extravagance, Henry, will drive me into bankruptcy," she said sternly. "I have provided you with everything, but this is the limit," and she drew from a pigeon hole the bill for his Panama hat.

"You say you enjoy having book agents come around?"

"Yep, answered Farmer Conrassel. 'But you are not fond of reading.'"

"No. But I have made several agents pay ten cents a glass for condensed milk, and I partly near sold one a horse."

A Sensible Merchant.

Mrs. Fred Laine, 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."

She—I adore a big, broad-shouldered brainy man.

He—Oh, darling this is so sudden.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Can Do Her Own Work Now.

Doctor Said She Had Heart Trouble.

Weighted 125 Pounds. Now Weighs 185.

Mrs. M. McGinn, Debow Junction, N. B., writes:—"I wish to tell you what done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely daughter, which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.