

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1912

Vol. XLI., No. 12

FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT Wear Stanfield's Underwear!



For the man who must work out doors in winter, there is nothing more essential for good health and comfort than good heavy Woolen Underwear. "Stanfield's" Underwear is made from all pure wool; it

is well made, every stitch is put in just right. It is made to fit perfectly, which insures extra comfort. "Stanfield's" is the cheapest Underwear to buy. When you buy "Stanfield's" you get one hundred cents worth of value for every dollar you spend. We sell

Stanfield's in all the different weights.

Stanfield's "Green Label," a heavy ribbed Underwear, all pure wool, double breasted, well made; absolutely unshrinkable.....\$2.00 a suit.

Stanfield's "Red Label," a heavier and finer grade, soft and warm, unshrinkable. All sizes.....\$2.50 a suit.

Stanfield's "Blue Label," a very heavy line. Will keep you warm in any climate, no matter how cold. Won't shrink. All sizes.....\$2.80 a suit.

Come in and have your Underwear needs supplied.

MacLELLAN BROS.

253 QUEEN STREET.



TRY OUR

Home-Made Preserves!

Made from home grown fruit. We have a large stock on hand. Sold in Bottles, Pails, and by the lb.

CRANBERRIES

We have on hand a quantity of good Island Cranberries at 8 cents per quart.

A FULL LINE OF

CHRISTMAS SUPPLIES

On hand, including Raisins, Currants, Extracts, Spices, Peels, Nuts, Confectionery, etc.

Give us a call.

EUREKA TEA.

If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for the winter season and shows a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.



COAL!

All kinds for your winter supply. See us before you place your order.

HARD COAL—Different Sizes
Soft Coal—All Kinds

G. Lyons & Co.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Nov. 30 1910.

JAMES H. REDDIN Barrister, etc.

Has Removed his Office from the City Hotel Building, Great George Street, to rooms over Grant's Implement Warehouse, Corner of Queen and Sydney Streets.

Collections attended to. Money to loan.
Ch'town, Feb. 22, 1911—6m

JOB WORK!

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Charlottetown P. E. Island

- Tickets
- Dodgers
- Posters
- Check Books
- Note Books of Hand
- Receipt Books
- Letter Heads
- Note Heads

Montague Dental Parlors

We guarantee all our plate to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

Teeth pulled and extracted absolutely painless.

A. J. FRASER, D. D.
Aug. 15 1906—3m

ST. PATRICK.

(By Rev. J. F. Johnston, St. Louis, P. E. I.)

It is said that St. Patrick once made some mighty requests of the Lord in prayer which it was not thought best to grant. In great anger Patrick took his station on Cranchoo Rock, and announced his determination to remain there fasting until his prayers were granted. Finally God sent an angel to treat with him.

"God gives thee not what thou demandest," said the angel, "because it seems to Him excessive and obstinate, and great are the requests."

"Is that His pleasure," said Patrick "I will not go from this rock till I am dead, or until all the requests are granted to me."

Then, we are told, Patrick stood in Cranchoo in much displeasure. The angel at last returned to treat with him again, and offered him certain privileges, but he demanded more, and refused to leave the Rock until the Day of Doom. One of his demands was that at the Last Judgment when around the judgment seat the people of earth and heaven and hell should be congregated, he should be the judge of the men of Erin on that day. It was not until all creatures, visible and invisible, including the Twelve Apostles, besought the Lord to grant Patrick's request that he obtained what he wanted, and then left the Rock.

Aubrey de Vere has translated this touching promise into verse.

When they who with me walked
Saw with me on their everlasting thrones
Judging the Twelve Tribes of Mine Israel,
Thy people thou shalt judge in righteousness.

The intense earnestness, stolid conviction and immovable steadfastness indicated in this story, upon which the foundations of character on which was reared the wonderful career of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick was born about the year 394 probably at Dumbarton, near Glasgow, Scotland. His father was a deacon, and also the deacon of a Roman colony; his grandfather was a priest. This, of course, was long before the time when celibacy was enforced upon the clergy, near his birthplace is the great wall and line of forts which the Romans had built in the first century, and which was in a good state of preservation even in the middle of the eighteenth century. To live in the presence of that great work was a liberal education to a liberal soul. It taught lessons of the greatness and power of simple indefatigable toil, and those lessons Patrick, in after years, translated into action. No great soul could remain untaught in the midst of Roman civilization, even of an inferior type, and with such a memorial of Roman perseverance and strength ever before his eyes. Patrick was a self-made man in the best sense of the word. He was not made in the schools. He was the best influence of nature and of his fellows exert their full force upon him, and mould him into the sort of creature God intended his children to be.

About this time the incursions of the barbarians upon the Central Roman Empire were demanding the withdrawal of all the troops from the north-west, and the Roman legions in Britain were ordered home. This left the island open to the attacks of Picts and Irish, and in a foray of Irish pirates who swooped down upon Dumbarton Patrick was made prisoner. He was taken to Ireland, along with many others, and was sold to Milto, a chief of Dalradia, a beautiful district in southern Antrim and like the prodigal son was sent forth into his fields to feed sheep and swine.

The captive is a keeper of sheep on Antrim's hills;
The captive is a weaver by Antrim's loom;
The captive is a mourner in the mid-hours of the night;
The captive is a warrior for the coming of the light;
A watcher for His coming who is the light of men,
A wanderer for the darkness that shadows Slieve Donard;
A weaver for the sins of youth, afloat in unthoughtless,
A keeper of the passions that burst their boyhood's breast;
The captive is a shepherd, but his future flock shall be
All the countless generations of the Garden of the Sun."
(McGee: "The captivity of St. Patrick.")

After six years of solitude and meditation he was encouraged in a vision to attempt escape. This he did, and with success. He was now thrown in with pagan sailors, however who made his life miserable for him. But after two or three months he freed himself from them also and left Ireland.

From the time of his escape, at twenty-three, until his return to Ireland at about forty-five, very little is known of his life. His "confession," from which the most reliable biographical data are drawn, says practically nothing about these years; but from his dropped here and there we may conclude that the twenty-two years after his escape from his native land were not years of peaceful study, nor of missionary work. He says that he early left the call to engage in the work of God, and the spread of His church; but that, partly from diffidence, and partly from obsequy, he did not heed it. After his escape from the pagan sailors, he did not return at once to his relations in Britain. He wandered about the Gaule, in Italy, and among the Islands at the Tyrrhenian Sea.

After years of suffering and privation, of hunger and nakedness, and of many great tribulations, he returned home. By this time he had formed the plan of going as a missionary to the Irish, but his relatives opposed him and begged him not to leave them again. He was probably at least, in desecrated orders, but he received no encouragement from his clerical brethren. They despised his rusticity. If Ireland was to be converted, Patrick at least, so they thought, was not the man for the work. Some of his seniors were offended by his presumption; and, overcome by the general opposition, he doubted the call. He feared that he was really, as they said, too rustic and too unlearned to do any good. He postponed the undertaking from day to day and from year to year. Meanwhile he may have labored as a missionary among the forests of Cambria. But still he could not rest contented with such work in his own country. If by day he could keep his thoughts fixed on his own work, by night upon his big thoughts of Ireland returned to him. He saw visions, he heard voices calling to him, as his great hero, St. Paul heard the man of Macedonia. They begged him to come over and help them, and he saw in a dream a messenger with letters containing their petition.

"And then he dreamt that St. Victor stood
By his pallet in that cell at Tours—
And the cries were hushed in Foculwood;
But the heavenly messenger, swift and sure
Presented the scroll that bore their prayer,
In the speech of his exile fairly writ—
And waking, the saint beheld it there—
And these were the words he read from it.
"Come! I hold you, long pre-ordained,
For these the swans of Lér are singing—
Come! from the morning, orient-stained,
Thy Mass bell through our valleys ringing!
Man of the hooded hosts, arise,
Physician, lo! and souls lie dying—
Hear o'er the seas our piteous cries,
O'er thee and on our God relying!
Come powerful youth of Slieve Donard hill!
Come, in the name and might of Rome!
Come with thy psalm that charms from ill—
Cross-bearer! Christ-preparer!
The sleeper read! still doubt arose—
Till to Aurora's torches red
He held the scroll—repeating those
Wild suppliant words the unborn said!
He looked where late the angel passed—
Many the big drops on his brow;
His robe he girt, his staff he grasped,
He only said: 'In God's name, now!'"

With this dream his uncertainty ended. He went back to Gaul, received instructions from the great missionary, St. Germain of Auxerre, and was consecrated bishop of Amoreux, though only after considerable opposition on account of some sin he had committed in his youth.

At last, about 439, he started upon his mission to Ireland, fully equipped for his work, with a wisdom gained in conflict with the world, a self-restraint taught him by disappointment, and a fortitude gained by adversity. Few men have been kept so long from their work by various hindrances as St. Patrick; and, if he may be allowed to anticipate a little, few have finally been so successful.

The secret of this success is to be found in the years of lonely communion with his God upon the mountains and in the valleys of Antrim, and in the long years of waiting in Britain and Gaul. He had

been schooled both by the solitude which is the nurse of great ambition, and by the conflict with mankind which teaches wisdom and prudence. When St. Patrick landed in Ireland there were already a few Christians there, probably converted by his unsuccessful predecessor, Palladius. But they were few and far between; and Patrick came not so much to take charge of them as to preach to the heathen. He had reason to expect much hostility, especially from the Druids. The Druids were a mighty clan whose reputation as sooth-sayers, priests, medicine men and magicians kept the people in subjection to their control through terror. They claimed to be able to summon to their aid the spirits of wells and mountains; and, and could, so they said, cause snow to fall, fogs to rise, winds to blow, and darkness to envelop their enemies.

"The cooling show'r, the sunshine warm
Answer'd the Druid's plaintive cry.
The flocks the flocks, the babes unborn,
Those elements, whose love or scorn
The Druid's prayer removed or made;
The crystal wells were spirit-springs,
The mountain lakes were peopled under,
And in the grass the fairy rings
Excited rustic awe and wonder.
Far down beneath the western sea
Their Paradise of youth was laid;
In every oak and hazel tree
They saw a fair, immortal maid!
Such was the chain of hopes and fears
That bound our sires a thousand years."
(McGee: "Ireland of the Druids.")

At this time the Irish worshipped idols, the sun, the spirits of storms and wells, earth-spirits and the spirits of ancestors. The great god Crua Cruach, the chief of the mountain, dwelt in what is now County Cavan, in a plain called the "Plain of Knocking." He was an image covered with gold and silver, and around him stood twelve subordinate idols, or sub-gods, covered with brass. To him in the days of his greatness the Irish used to sacrifice the first-born of their children and of their flocks, to secure power and peace in their tribes, and milk and corn in their families. In the later days his glory had departed; but he was still to be seen, battered and leaning as it about to fall, and his attendants buried up to their heads in the ground. Meo told a story of how Patrick had stricken the cruel god with the staff of Jesus, of which Patrick was the possessor, so that he had turned westwards, and the demon had fled from the stone to hell, and the earth had swallowed up the smaller idols as far as their heads.

Their festivals were held in honor of these gods; at two of them, Samhain (now Halloween) and Beltain (the 1st of May) human victims were sacrificed. On the Lughnassadh (the 1st of August) great fairs were held in various places. The fair of Tullin was held with sports and horse racing, marriages were solemnized, and prizes were always bound to be present on the last day, if they would avoid disasters in the future.

Ancestors were worshipped in Ireland, as everywhere in ancient times. The Irish, in the seventh century, still believed that the pagan dead dwelt in their sepulchres; and it was then this story about our saint arose: Patrick, they said, on one occasion found a cross on a grave, and stopped his chariot and asked the dead man who he was. The man answered from his grave that he was a pagan; and in reply to the question, "why is the Holy Cross erected over you?" he explained that it was placed there by mistake.

Stone and well-worship was also common among the Celts but although it is an interesting subject we have not time to touch it. It may be said, in passing, that the Saints often consecrated the pagan stones and wells to Christian purposes; and in their new garb these old spots continued to hold their places in the reverence of the people, under the protection of the Church, even down to our own day.

We may, with the help of a poetic imagination, clothe paganism in a garment of attractive beauty; but really it was a religion of dread, not of love. It sprang from fear, and inspired it, demanding its human victims, not only from the savage Celts and Teutons, but even in cultured Athens and imperial Rome. It was no love of nature that led the Celts to worship wells and streams, mountains and hills, which are an abomination and destruction to them when the blind people pay them divine honor. To early man nature was an enemy. The struggle for existence was for him a very hard struggle indeed, and nature at times did her best for his extermination. He defied the powers of nature because he feared them, and paid them reverence in order to avert their wrath.

(Continued on fourth page.)

HEADACHE

Seems To Be Habitual
With Many People.

Some are seldom, if ever, free from it, suffering continually and wondering why they can get no relief.

Headaches are generally caused by some derangement of the stomach or bowels, or both.

Burdock Blood Bitters removes acidity of the stomach, improves digestion, regulates the constipated bowels, and promotes a perfect circulation of pure blood to all portions of the body, thereby curing the headaches by removing the cause.

Mrs. L. Maguire, Kinmount, Ont., writes:—"I am writing you a few lines to tell you what your Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me."

I was greatly troubled with headaches, but after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured. This was two years ago and I have had no return of headache since.

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Could you loan me the price of a meal?"
"I only have a nickel."
"Let me have it and I will bring you back the change."

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

"I hear your brother has an automobile."
"Yes."
"Where has he run with it so far?"
"Principally in debt."

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

"Is he a man of much experience?"
"Of great experience."
"Then he ought to be valuable."
"There is just one thing the matter with him."
"What is it?"
"He never knows what to do with his experience."

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Lige's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

She—Ada has married a man out of a thousand.
He—Well, how many did you expect her to marry?

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.

Poet—The editor said my poem was good, but I lacked warmth. Can you suggest anything?
Critic—Yes; here's a match.

Minard's Liniment cures neuralgia.

Mother—Just look at your clothes!
Oh, you careless boy! It's no use talking to you!
Tommy—Now that's really sensible, mother. Why didn't you think of that long ago?

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dizziness, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

"So Jimmy has got to be a dead seal?"
"Oh, no."
"But you just said he turned out a high roller."
"So he has. Goes to all the amusements parks."

BACK WAS SO LAME!
LIFE WAS A BURDEN
FOR TWO YEARS.

Mrs. Joseph Throp, Upper Point de Bute, N.B., writes:—"I cannot speak too well of Doan's Kidney Pills. For two years I was so tired life was a burden and I got up more tired than when I went to bed, and my back was so lame I could hardly straighten up. I took different kinds of medicine, but none of them did me any good until a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so, and today I don't know what it is to be tired, and my lame back is all gone. I can recommend them to any person suffering with lame back, and that terrible tired feeling."

Doan's Kidney Pills are a purely vegetable medicine, realizing quick, permanent relief, without any ill after effects. Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all druggists or mailed direct on receipt of price, to The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

If ordering direct specify "Doan's."

Reasons Why The C. B. C. Is The Best

The Charlottetown Business College's claims of superiority are not based on hot air, bombast or broadside bragosity.

The equipment of this college is complete in every respect. There are enough typewriters, forms, etc., for every student, and therefore none are kept back and none especially favored. The teachers are the best that can be secured and the location ideal—right in the heart of the business district—the courses plain, practical and full of "usable" knowledge. Students who graduate from this institution are QUALIFIED to cope with any problem that is placed before them in actual practice. This institution is the only one in the Province to turn out successful verbatim reporters.

The courses cover bookkeeping, auditing, typewriting, shorthand, brokerage, banking, business correspondence, navigation, engineering and civil service preparatory exams.

Write today for free prospectus and full information.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN BUSINESS COLLEGE
AND INSTITUTE OF
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING
L. B. MILLER, - - Principal
VICTORIA ROW.

COAL. COAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED DEALERS IN
Hard and Soft Coal
HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND

At their Old Stand, Peake's No. 2 Wharf

A large supply of Coal suitable for all purposes. Orders verbal, by mail or by telephone promptly attended to. Our telephone No. is 112, and we should be pleased to have your orders.

Peake Bros. & Co.

Ch'town, July 19, 1911—8m