

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY. 10, 1905

Vol. XXXIV, No. 19

Herring. Herring. New Colored Shirts

We have in stock a large quantity of HERRING in barrels, half barrels, kits and pails, also pickled and dried CODFISH.



Groceries.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1904 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.

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.

Preserves.—We manufacture all our own Preserves, and can guarantee them strictly pure Sold wholesale and retail.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.
Eureka Grocery,
QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.



Going to Business College This Year?

If so you want to attend the Union Commercial College. Why?

Because its teachers are up-to-date, practical men,
Because students waste no time,
Because students receive personal instruction,
Because our students receive a practical training that fit them to do all forms of office work,
Because the work done at our College last term was unsurpassed.
Write for our new prospectus.

Address
W. MORAN Prin.
Offer's Building, Queen St., Charlottetown

Well Satisfied

Is what our customers say about the quality and prices of our



Groceries,

and you will be satisfied if you get your

Winter Supplies HERE.

Our Kerosene Oil, Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Biscuits, Currants, Raisins, Flavorings, Nuts, or anything you want at this season of the year is the best quality.

Have you tried our INDIA TEA at 25 cts per pound, or in caddies of about 15 pounds each at a special reduction. People wanting a supply would do well to call on us when in town. Our prices can't be best.

McKENNA'S

P. O. Box 576. Grocery.

Osborne House,

Corner Sydney and Queen Street (Near Market.)

Has lately been renovated and is fitted up with all modern conveniences now open for the accommodation of guests. Free coach to and from train and boats.
SIMON BOLGER, Proprietor
May 11, 1904.

Which is the Oldest?

\$5 Prize for photographs of either the oldest dwelling now occupied, the oldest vessel now rigged and in active service, or the oldest person now living in the Maritime Provinces or Newfoundland. Send brief history with each. \$100 in prize for names of natives of Provinces now resident in New England. For particulars write, THE INTER-NATION, box 2106, Boston, Mass.
Jan. 11th, 1905—41

Handsome Patterns

G. W. & R. Make.

We were fortunate to have a case of our Spring Shirts brought from Picton before the Minto stopped running. This is the first of the season. We always carry the best from the best manufacturers. Our customers can rely on getting up to date goods.

D. A. BRUCE,

MEN'S FURNISHER.

We have such an assortment of

Rattan Chairs

That one lady said "you have so many and they're all so nice, it is difficult to make a choice. However she was suited, and we can suit the most critical and economical persons in Ch'town.

Let us have the opportunity of showing you our goods; we believe both prices and quality will be sure to please.

JOHN NEWSON.

P. S.—Goods bought now will be stored until Xmas Eve if desired. J. N.

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennell & Chandler

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,

Manufacturers of Doors & Frames, Sashes & Frames inerior and Exterior finish etc., etc.

Our Specialties

Gothic windows, stairs, stair rails, Balusters, New Posts, Cypress Gutter and Conductors. Kiln dried Spruce and Hardwood Flooring, Kiln dried clear spruce, sheathing and clapboards, Encourage home Industry.

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

PEAKE'S No. 3 WHARF.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

Little Boy Had Eczema For Six Months. Salves and Ointments No Good.

Eczema is one of the most torturing of the many itching skin diseases, and also the most prevalent, especially in children. The cause of it is, usually, an irritation of the skin, caused by insect bites, inflammation, etc. It manifests itself in small, round pimples or blisters, which later on break, and form scabs, and it is very itchy and annoying. The skin may have the blood pure, and for this purpose nothing can equal

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Florence Benn, Marlbank, Ont., writes:—"My little boy had eczema for six months. I tried ointments and salves, but they had no effect. I then saw a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and I bought a trial. I only gave him two bottles, and in ten days the eczema had disappeared. There is no sign of a return. I feel that I can say nothing but good for this medicine. It has done for my boy what nothing else could do."

THE T. MILLBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A young man married against the will of his parents, and in telling a friend how to break the news to them he said:—"Tell them first that I am dead, and then gently work up to the climax."

Sick Headache.

Mrs. Joseph Woodworth Ohio U. S. says: "I have been troubled with sick headache for over a year. Lately I started taking Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me a world of good acting without pain or griping."

Mr. Meane.—The paper says skirts are to be worn longer than ever.

Mrs. Meane.—Well, you needn't reckon on me wearing mine any longer. I've worn it five years.

Grippe Headaches

Mrs. C. Appleton, Whitewood, N. W. T., writes: "Milburn's Sealing Headache Powders have given me great relief from the terrible pains of La Grippe in my head and through my back." Price 10 and 25c. all dealers.

Young Wife.—I wonder the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw them bits of cake I made, and

Young Husband.—That accounts for it.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Hoarseness.

Helen Decker, Jordan Ferry, N. S. writes: "A few months ago I had a severe cold in my throat and chest and became quite hoarse. A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup soon relieved the hoarseness and cured the cold."

Fredy.—She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do.

Percy.—See a little more of the world, old chap!

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

Adelina.—Wasn't there some talk of Maud marrying a duke?

Dolly.—Yes; but you see the duke didn't say anything about it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds etc.

Missess.—Jane, who was the man I saw in your company last evening.

Jane.—Oh, that was the son of my intended mother-in-law, ma'am.

The King of England and French Nuns.

The New Orleans Picayune of recent date had, in its Paris correspondence, a story about Edward VII, and a party of French nuns, which shows how thoroughly affable and good-natured is the present King of Great Britain and Ireland.

A party of nuns, eleven in number, forced to either give up their sacred calling or to leave France, had made arrangements to establish themselves in a quiet, beautiful little city of England, not far from London, and started on their journey by taking through third-class tickets via Boulogne-Folkstone. Be it noted that not one spoke English, not even the Mother Superior. The short sea trip from Boulogne to Folkstone had been rather rough, and had considerably fatigued the poor Sisters, whose first sea voyage this happened to be. However, as the railroad officials in France had assured them there would be a train ready for them at Folkstone on arrival of the boat, the Sisters consoled themselves with the thought that they would soon get over the little inconveniences of the sea.

Well, the boat did arrive at Folkstone, and the Sisters followed the crowd along the great quay to the Station. Arrived there, almost among the last, because they were timid and lacked the somewhat venetian aggressiveness of the other travelers, they saw the train; O yes! But found all the third-class seats taken. Their feelings at this discovery can better be imagined than described when—O good fortune!—they espied a gentleman whose headgear was white cap. As all station-masters in France wear white caps, the good Sisters naturally thought that this gentleman was the one to address themselves to, and the Mother Superior went to him with a reverence, and asked him if he spoke French. The gentleman, taking off his cap, answered in the purest French accent, asking what he could do for her and her companions. The Mother Superior quickly explained their dilemma, showing the gentleman her third-class tickets. The Sister was assured a carriage would be immediately attached to the train, and that he would soon return, and see they were comfortably seated. The gentleman left at a brisk pace, while the Mother Superior rejoined the other Sisters, all anxious to know the result of the interview. Needless to say they were all happy when the Mother had told them. Presently a locomotive came with a first-class carriage, which was attached to the train. The gentleman with the white cap had arrived at the same time, and bowing politely, bade the Sisters to get in. But the Mother Superior had noticed it was a first-class carriage, and again mentioned to the gentleman that they had third-class tickets. On being assured it made no difference, and that they would not be asked to pay anything extra or be annoyed on that account, the Sisters took their seats, the gentleman wished them "bon voyage," bowed, and the train left.

Now, King Edward was the gentleman with the white cap, according to the Picayune's correspondent. He was on a cruise, and his yacht was at Folkstone. By the merest good fortune for the nuns, his Majesty happened to be at the railroad station when they arrived; and it goes without saying that this charming little episode had been respectfully watched by all those on the platform who knew the gentleman with the white cap was none other than the King.

A few months had elapsed when a gentleman, who had been admiring witnesses of the proceedings, was stopping, for a few days, at the place the Sisters had chosen as their new residence. Luck would have it that he met the Mother Superior, and he respectfully approached her, asking what impression King Edward had made upon her. The good soul answered she did not know the King, never having met him. "Oh, yes!" replied the gentleman, "you know and have seen his Majesty," and then he related to the grateful but amazed Sister under what circumstances she made the King's acquaintance at Folkstone.

The good lady laughingly remarked that she and her companions had unanimously voted that the French railroad officials, proverbially known for their courtesy, were very much outdone by their English colleague, whose kind, respectful and generous treatment on the Folkstone occasion they would never forget; and she incidentally remarked that the good King of England, though a Protestant, could teach a lesson to M. Combes! M. Combes, who has probably been informed of the incident, must think so, too!

The Apostle of the North.

There is an excellent article in the current number of "Outing" on Pere Lacombe, the Apostle of the North. This slight sketch of a man who for more than fifty years has devoted himself to the service of Indians and half-breeds, gives an answer in some sort to the question why are Catholic missions more successful than others in proportion to the number engaged and the means at their disposal? We have here the story of a man who was born the son of a habitant in Quebec, and, as many another who showed signs of vocation and future usefulness, the cost of his education to the priesthood was defrayed by the parish priest. In 1853 young Lacombe, then little more than twenty years of age, made his first journey to the Canadian Northwest, and—with the exception of occasional visits east to enlist the sympathy of his fellow countrymen and to collect funds to prosecute his work—there he has remained since. He has been a witness to the immense change which has taken place in the Northwest since that time. He has seen the wilderness spanned by a railroad, and the population increased from ten thousand to five hundred thousand. He has witnessed the extinction of the buffalo which then swarmed in millions, over the prairies, and the contracting of the liberty of the Indian until now he is herded together in reservations, and a beneficent Government is trying to make a farmer out of him. In the article are references to exciting episodes in Pere Lacombe's life among the children of his devotion; a night attack by Indians upon a rival camp with whom the pere was staying, and, until his identity was revealed he had to take his chance of a stray bullet with the rest; the rescue of an Indian woman and child who had been abandoned on the prairie in the depth of winter by a brutal husband and father; and an indefinite, unsatisfying reference to the pere nursing a camp of Indians through a smallpox scourge. That last reference identifies a bond which attaches the Catholic people to their priests and the tradition of which they are proud.

A Catholic parish stricken by an epidemic of contagious disease would feel as certain that their priest would not desert them as they are certain that by virtue of his office he is in possession of powers beyond the ordinary. And their confidence has been gloriously justified on innumerable occasions, whether it be a young man fresh from college, or an old man tried in the service, the result is the same. He may to some have appeared harsh and exacting, and to others neglectful of his duty in details; he may be physically strong or weak, no matter, he is his father, and when trouble visits his children he proves it.

Pere Lacombe rode to the buffalo hunt with his children; he practiced them away from pagan practices; he obtained power and prestige among them born of affection and gratitude, and he had it to interest successive Governments in their behalf so that they might not be entirely at the mercy of the civilizing white man. His years now number more than three score and ten, and it is probable that the active part of his career is nearly ended. He is a link with the past of the Canadian Northwest, and stands a type of missionary which the Catholic Church has produced, not in ones or twos, but in thousands.

In 1900, Argentina and Chile, sister Republics, were on the brink of war. It was the revival of an old dispute about boundary lines. On Easter Sunday Bishop Benavente, of Argentina, made a thrilling appeal for a statue of Christ to guard the frontier, where it could be seen by all travelers between the two countries. The two angry nations calmed themselves; King Edward, of England, was asked to be arbitrator; and both countries quietly acquiesced in his decision.

Then both began to disarm. Chile has turned an arsenal into a school of trades. By reducing her army and navy expenses she is saving millions of dollars, and is spending them in making good roads through the land, and in building a much-needed breakwater in the harbor of Valparaiso. To signalize and perpetuate this victory of Peace, the good Bishop's suggestion, seconded now by the Mothers of Argentina, was followed. A colossal statue of Christ, made of bronze, from molten cannon, was dedicated March 13, 1904, on a boundary line, fourteen thousand feet above the sea. One hand holding His cross of sacrifice, the other uplifted to heaven, the Christ

of the Andes stands on the heights between the two countries, blessing them both as they rest below Him in peace. The inscription reads:—

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentina and Chileans break the peace which, at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

The statue has been standing only a year. Within that year Brazil and Bolivia have settled an old dispute, the former paying the latter an indemnity of ten millions of dollars; while Chile and Bolivia have made a treaty of peace and friendship, which pledges Chile to help her late foe to build railroads and develop her hidden resources. The feet of the Christ are moving upon the mountains! —Sacred Heart Review.

Items of Interest.

On the initiation of the Archbishop of Wellington, the Redemptorists are about to establish their first community in New Zealand.

A pamphlet in which it is proposed that the Catholics of the world should purchase Palestine and present it to the Pope has just been published in Rome.

The "Spanish Messenger" for March assures us that in one solo church of the city of Valencia, in Spain, there were 170,000 Holy Communion during the jubilee year, this being 20,000 more than during the year preceding.

The ceremonies at Ars in honor of the beatification of the famous cure, Blessed John Baptist Vianney, which will last till the end of August, have been inaugurated by the placing of the remains in a magnificent shrine.

European exchanges state that the amputation of the right arm of Father Martin, General of the Jesuits, an operation made necessary by a malignant tumor, was followed by an immediate improvement in the patient's general condition.

"Henry III., and the Chroch; a Study of His Ecclesiastical Policy and His Relations with Rome," an important work by Abbot Gasquet, which is based upon original documents both in the Vatican and in England, is in the press, and will be published shortly.

"Initiation realism was carried to fatal extremes in a Knights of Pythias lodge in Little Rock a few days ago," says the Monitor, "when as novice began to pass through his paces was instantly killed by a pistol shot. A ball cartridge, instead of a blank charge which the weapon was supposed to contain, caused the tragedy. This but accentuates the animosity of secret society tomfoolery."

"Australia is having a revival on its own account," says the Leader. "But it is a genuine one in the good cause of temperance, and the preacher is Father Hays who lately went out from England. He promises to become the Father Mathew of the federated States under the Southern Cross. He was welcomed at the Antipodes by Premier Bent and the Mayor of Melbourne, and addressed six thousand persons in St. Patrick's Cathedral of that city."

"The father who influences his children for good," says the Catholic Columbian, "shows a sympathy with his sons from their boyhood up, attaches them to himself by companionship, wins their admiration by his strength of character that enables him to control his human nature and force his flesh to self-denial, and draws them like a magnet to copy him in his virtues by his counsel persistently impressed upon their plastic minds. The father, then, who is most likely to succeed with his boys, must have a warm heart, a clear mind, high principles and a strong will. The most potent of these is cordiality. Affection begets affection. And of the forces that influence intellect and will, the strongest of all is love."

C. O. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments. It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.
CHARLES WHOOTEN,
Port Malgrave.