

The Path to Success.

Written for the Sacred Heart Review.

BY KATHERINE L. DANIELS.

Oh, steep is the pathway that leads to success,
And many the dangers that threaten and press;
But travellers now buoyant, now weary and wan;
See Hope's shining star ever beckoning them on.

There is never a nook for the dreamer to rest,
He must yield to the toiler who gives of his best,
And he will not be missed by the hurrying throng
That, eager and restless, goes speeding along.

There are some who go forth in the morning of life,
But fall by the wayside, overcome by the strife;
And night finds their laurels are still to be won,
Their day has been wasted, their duty undone.

The Man who Conquered Diphtheria.

At the end of the nineteenth century a man of about Laennec's age, seeing the children of the largest foundling asylum in America often dying from suffocation because of the asphyxiating effect of laryngeal diphtheria, accomplished a work that has made his name as celebrated as that of any scientist of his generation, and has stamped him as one of the great medical inventors of all times.

Any one who has ever had the awful experience of seeing a child die from suffocation because of closure of the larynx, will know how heartrending is the sight. Until Dr. O'Dwyer's work had been successfully brought to its termination, nothing could be done for the patient, except perhaps slightly to lessen his pain by means of narcotics. Even then there was no doubt of the prolonged agony induced by the lingering death for lack of air. It took O'Dwyer nearly as many years to perfect his method of intubation of the larynx as it took Laennec to bring to perfection his method of auscultation in diseases of the chest; and, in his own generation at least, one has deservedly earned as wide a reputation as the other.

Dr. O'Dwyer's invention was no mere accident. The question of putting a tube into the larynx had been discussed several times before in the history of medicine, but the general impression was that it was a physiological impossibility for the tube to be retained. This impression was so firmly rooted in the medical mind that O'Dwyer's efforts to make some instrument which would be retained in the larynx, and keep that important orifice to the lungs from becoming occluded, were looked upon by medical men as absolutely visionary. In France, particularly, after a series of trials about the middle of the nineteenth century, the whole subject had been brought up for discussion before the Academy of Medicine in Paris, and its utter impossibility formally decided.

For many years all Dr. O'Dwyer's attempts to succeed in making an instrument that would accomplish the purpose were a failure. He studied the larynx in the living and in the dead, made moulds of it, fitted tubes to it, tried various forms of apparatus; and, in spite of repeated failure, continued his work until at last he made a tube that would not only stay in the larynx but accomplish the purpose of keeping it patent when narrowed by disease. Interesting as is the career of Dr. O'Dwyer as an investigator and discoverer in medicine, and as a worthy member of a noble profession, his character as a man is still more deserving of attention. For nearly thirty-five years he was a member of the staff of the New York Foundling Asylum, during which time he endeared himself to Sisters and lay nurses, to his brother physicians on the staff, and especially to his little patients. He was eminently conscientious in the fulfilment of his duty, and had a tender sympathy that made him feel every twinge of his child-patient almost as a personal pain.

One very stormy evening in the closing years of his life, a child at the asylum fell ill and he was sent for. Though not well himself, the doctor came on into the night and the storm to attend the little patient. As he was about to leave after midnight, one of the Sisters,

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Barry, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McQuinn, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

who had been longest in the hospital and who knew him well, could not help remarking: "But, Doctor, why did you come out on such an awful night? The house physician might have got on very well without you until morning, even though the little one was much worse than usual." "Ah, Sister," he answered, "the child was suffering, and I couldn't stay at home and think that perhaps there was something I might suggest that would relieve that suffering even a little during the night!"

The religious side of Dr. O'Dwyer's character is of far more than passing interest. Although a successful physician in active practice, the maker of an important discovery in modern medicine, a logical scientific thinker whose opinion as consultant physician was highly valued by his professional brethren, and whose views in the discussion of medical subjects were always listened to with attention, he was yet one of the simplest of believers, tenderly pious and faithful in his religious duties, a practical Catholic in the fullest sense of the word. He was one of the most faithful attendants in New York at the religious exercises, Masses and Communion of the Xavier Alumni Society, of which he was an enthusiastic member. The sexton of the church near which he lived told, since his death, of having frequently seen him steal into the sacred edifice, especially toward evening, to say his prayers at the foot of the altar. A devout client of the Blessed Virgin, one of his favorite devotions was the Rosary. He always carried his beads with him; and, like many another scientist, he seemed to find more satisfaction in this form of prayer than in any other.—Dr. James J. Walsh, in Ave Maria.

Roman News.

Rome, October 26.—Vox Urbis has just returned from a visit to St. Peter's where he witnessed a very interesting sight. The workmen were employed in completing an immense scaffolding reaching from the marble floor to the lofty level of the second row of niches. Near the base of the wooden construction stood an immense and shapely object swathed in white cloths. Tomorrow these cloths are to be removed, and the colossal group of statuary which they envelop is to be raised aloft on the scaffolding and placed within the niche prepared for it. It represents the newest of canonized saints. John Baptist de la Salle—a sweet and noble figure, pointing out the way of all heavenly and earthly knowledge to two youths, who represent the millions of boys of all ages who have been raised in the institute of which he was the founder. The work is a masterpiece, by Signor Aureli, one

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.

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of the greatest modern sculptors, and is well worthy of a place in St. Peter's—the greatest temple ever erected by the hands of man to the glory of God." But somehow one never thinks of noticing the artistic beauty of this and the other statues that adorn St. Peter's, for they seem to lose their separate identity and to form part of a vast whole once they have been placed in their setting. This statue of St. De la Salle reminds us that St. Peter's is still far from being complete, although it is four centuries ago since it was begun—in fact, it is hardly likely that it will ever be completed while the Church Universal continues to put forth new forms of spiritual life. Many of the niches are already filled with statues of such saints as Ignatius Loyola, St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Alphonsus, St. Bruno, St. Benedict, St. Joseph Calasanctus. Only a few years ago St. Peter Fourier was added to the glorious company, shortly after his canonization by Leo XIII., and now St. John Baptist de la Salle leaves one niche the fewer to be filled. The first two statues that meet your eyes on either side of the great aisle as you enter the church are St. Theresa and St. Peter of Alcantara, reminding you that prayer and mortification should be the first thought of a Christian on entering the House of God. It will be noted that every one of the saints above named was the founder of some new family in the Church. The vacant niches will in the course of centuries be filled in the same way, by saints who have not yet been born.

One of the most remarkable acts of the reign of Pius X. was the appointment a couple of weeks ago of a comparatively unknown priest as Archbishop of the great archdiocese of Palermo. Hitherto the priests and people of Palermo have been invariably governed spiritually by a prelate belonging to the ranks of the aristocracy—for both priests and people have always considered this a perfectly natural disposition of things. But they were not only pleased but delighted when the Holy Father chose for their new pastor Mgr. Lusdi, who was only known so far for his humility of birth and character. The people of Locca, however, have a different way of looking at things. Their archdiocese has recently become vacant. Like Palermo, it has generally been ruled by a noble ecclesiastic, and the upper ten of the district, after putting their heads together, came to the conclusion that they would send a deputation to Rome to ask the Holy Father to continue the good old custom. So they came along to Rome the other day, applied for an audience, were received by his Holiness, and proceeded to state their business. Pius X. listened very quietly, but when the spokesman had finished speaking, he made a few observations which the deputation is not likely to forget: "You have come here," he said, "to tell me that a bishop born from the ranks of the people is not fitted for you. Have you considered that your petition is a mark of insult and contumely toward me? Do you mean that if I were sent as Archbishop of Locca that you would not accept me because I am sprung from the people? And do you consider that the See of Locca can demand to have an aristocrat for a pastor, when the Universal Church is content to have the son of a peasant? Your mission here is a misguided one—return home and accept obediently the bishop whom the Vicar of Christ will select for you." Unlike so many of the anecdotes related about the Pope, this one is perfectly authentic, and it is especially interesting as showing that the Holy Father, though gentleness and humility itself, can on occasion administer a severe rebuke to snobishness.—New York Freeman's Journal.

Italy Afraid of Her Army

In all military countries the army is the real king. The first Roman Empire was a military despotism, and all empires have been such, more or less, ever since. To-day the governments of Germany and Italy are absolutely military despotisms. In either country the government could be overthrown by the army as easily as was Dom Pedro's empire in Brazil or the Savoyard Kingdom in Spain. Without the loyalty of the army Victor Emmanuel's throne in Rome is no more secure than was Amadeo's in Madrid. The present French Republic distrusts the army, and is doing everything in its power to reduce it numerically and to dampen its military ardor. The present Republic is as desirous of recovering the lost provinces as the most enthusiastic Nationalist, and they know that the only way to get them back is to be ready at the favorable opportunity to wrest them by the sudden onslaught of an overwhelming army. But biding that favorable opportunity the army might be turned against the powers that be; and to secure their own place the Republicans of the Third Republic are willing to sacrifice Alsace and Lorraine and give up all thought of revenge forever. They would rather stay in without the provinces, than be out with them. This is not a very lofty article of patriotism,

unless it is that kind that spells "enlightened self-interest."

In Italy the military controls the political situation completely. A company of Italian Dragoons could to-day clean out the Italian parliament as expeditiously as did a platoon of Cromwell's soldiers that of England three hundred years ago. The King of Italy is a mere figure head; a pompous personage to grace state functions. He has no policy; troubles himself little about affairs of state and leaves to his prime minister the task of affixing his name to the laws passed by parliament. The members of parliament are chiefly editors, lawyers and bawling infidel professors; all men of loudest professions, but of most innocent performance. They have no more influence in Rome than a baker's guild during a bread riot; inevitable before the commencement of hostilities but invisible afterwards. The army founded the Italian Kingdom; the army moved the capital from Turin to Florence and from Florence to Rome. The army made the breach of the Porta Pia and annexed the Papal States. The army has protected the throne of the Savoyard for fifty years; and on the army must depend for its future stay in the Quirinal.

It was with little short of consternation, then, that the Italian King heard a short time ago that the loyalty of the troops was being undermined. During the recent strikes the rioting citizens fraternized openly with the soldiery. Sedition books and pamphlets were scattered in all the barracks, and the men read them even while on guard duty. Many popular excesses were not suppressed because the officers felt they could not depend upon the men to fire at the word of command. The whole nation took alarm. The King issued orders to the general staff to instruct all commanders to begin a propaganda of loyalty and obedience among the rank and file of the army. Socialistic, Anarchistic and Red Republican doctrines were to be related by lectures, papers and private talks with the men. The necessity of order, the permanency of peace and the sacredness of duty were to be inculcated, and every argument urged to attach the troops to the government and the throne.

What a parody on "progress" this is! For years the young men of the army have been encouraged to throw off the authority of the Church; to flout religion and to scoff at God. The Italian army, like the French, has been one vast school of infidelity and licentiousness. "The more pronounced infidel the truer the patriot," was the motto of the Progressists. They sowed in the wind; they are reaping the whirlwind. The throne of the Savoyard is tottering in the storm, while from his seat in the Vatican "securus judicis Petrus." Infidels are a very insecure prop for throne or state. Victor Emmanuel would now stem the torrent his father and grandfather emptied on the peaceful and happy land of Italy. But can he? Infidelity always dies by its own hand. "Progress" in Italy, as elsewhere, will be suicide. The Church will administer on its effects. Events are rushing madly on to their inevitable results, and the end is near. In the language of our Lord, the Sovereign Pontiff bids all good Italians: "Expectate hic, donec vadam illuc et orem."—Western Watchman.

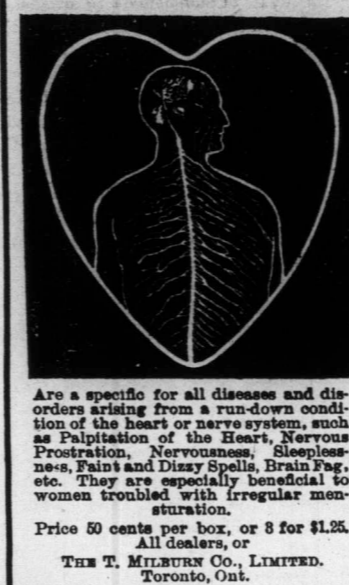
Items of Interest.

Dr. Bertram Coghill Alan Windle, dean of the medical faculty and professor of anatomy in Birmingham University, who has been appointed president of the Queen's College, Cork, in succession to Sir R. W. B. Bland, Bart., resigned, is a convert to the true faith. He is a great-grandson of one of the most eloquent of Ireland's sons, Lord Chief Justice Brough.

The celebration at Westminster Cathedral of the Red Mass is a reminder of the fact that the Red Mass was celebrated annually in Paris till last year, when it was forbidden. The custom dates from the early ages, when it was usual to commence any solemn work with prayer. The name "Red" arises from the color of the vestments and altar hangings, which are red or scarlet of its being the Mass of the Holy Ghost.

"The usual fast-fitting glabrotter on the R-line," says the New Zealand Tablet, "has an eye so little else than the castle organs and the quaint nestling villages and the terraced vineyards that add such a charm to what I might call the 'beautiful river on this beautiful earth.' For our part, we have many a time and oft found refreshment in the congregational singing that is such a feature in Rhineland Catholic life—especially in great garrison towns like Strasbourg, where the voices of the soldiers, accustomed to harmonious singing in barracks and on the march, add a massive character and impressiveness to the swelling measures of the sacred chant."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

"My friend says that her hair when unrolled will reach to the floor."

"Yes, if it is cut off."

New Chaplain of Lunatic Asylum (to swell patient)—Well, what did you think of my sermon to-day?

Patient—I like you better than the other chap.

New Chaplain—Why?

Patient—Because you are more like us!

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Law's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

He had lent her his stylographic pen to direct an envelope.

She—Oh, it writes beautifully?

I declare I'm in love with the holder.

She saw the point.

Headache Vanished.

Mrs. E. W. Le Gallais, St. Godfrey, P. Q., says: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder for sick headache. After taking two powders I felt better and was able to get up and go on with my work."

Teacher—What is a fort?

Pupil—A place for soldiers to live in.

Teacher—And a fortress?

Pupil—A place for soldiers' wives to live in.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil takes out pain, reduces swelling and allays inflammation, cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Chords, Sore Throat, Croup, Quinsy, etc. It does not stain the skin or soil the clothing. Price 25c.

"I'll send my boy to a boarding-school."

"What for?"

"Oh, he asks such questions. He wanted to know last night if a shoe-maker could breathe his last."

Constipation Cured.

Mrs. James Clark, Comandore, Ont., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Headache and Constipation. I tried Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me more good than anything I ever took."

The busy-handed man calls it "pay," the skilled mechanic "wages," the city clerk "salary," the baker "income," a landowner "rent-roll," a lawyer "fees," a burglar "swag," but it all comes to the same at the end of the week.

Mrs. Hibbert Beck, Newburn, N. S., writes: "I was in bed for weeks with Rheumatism and could not move without help. I began using Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and one box relieved the pain and six boxes completely cured me."

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Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., was one of those troubled with this most common of stomach troubles. She writes:—"After being treated by three doctors, and using many advertised medicines, for a severe attack of Dyspepsia, and receiving no benefit, I gave up all hope of ever being cured. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters so highly spoken of, I decided to get a bottle, and give it a trial. Before I had taken it I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken the second one I was completely cured. I cannot recommend Burdock Blood Bitters too highly, and would advise all sufferers from dyspepsia to give it a trial."

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