

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1907

Vol. XXXVI, No. 17

## Herring!

## Herring!

We have just received a quantity of very fine, large Herring, which we are offering in half barrels, pails and by the dozen.

Price \$1.00 per Pail, \$6.40 per Half Barrel.

To enable parties at a distance who desire to purchase, we will, on receipt of price, deliver two half bbls. to any station on the P. E. Island Railway, but the two must be sent to the one address. Two neighbors may join and remit the amount in the one letter. We guarantee the quality to be good, otherwise they may be returned at our expense.



**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, CHARLOTTE TOWN

## HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment,  
Lowest Prices.  
WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler

## OAK BRAND TEA.

In order to introduce our Oak Brand Tea we will ship and prepay freight to any station or shipping point on P. E. Island an 18 lb. caddie, and if you are not satisfied in every way return at our expense, and we will refund your money. Cut this out and enclose \$4.00 and mail to us.

**McKenna's Grocery,**  
Box 576, Ch'town, P. E. I.

Enclosed find \$4.00 for which you will send us a caddie of tea as advertised in this paper.  
(Sign full name)  
(And Address)

## Students, Attention!

## Rare Chance to Secure a College Education.

We have made arrangements that enable us to place within the reach of a limited number of deserving students, opportunities for securing, on easy terms, a classical or commercial education. A little work during the vacation season will secure this for the one worthily striving for such a boon, but who may not be in possession of sufficient money to realize his heart's desire. The facilities at our disposal enable us to offer a year's board and tuition at

**St. Dunstan's College**  
to any three young men who will fulfill the necessary, easy conditions required. These may be beginners, or former students of the College who have not been able to complete their course. In addition to this we have at our disposal four scholarships at the

**Union Commercial College**  
of Charlottetown! A full course in this excellent Commercial College may be won by any four young men or women, in town or country, who will fulfill the easy conditions we require. Whenever anyone satisfies the requirements in either of the cases enumerated he or she will be given a certificate entitling the holder to the educational advantages offered. A rare opportunity is here placed within reach of those desirous of acquiring a good education, and no time should be lost in taking advantage thereof. Only a little work is required in order to secure the coveted boon, and all can easily be accomplished during this summer's vacation, so that the winners may enter either college at the opening of the next academic year.

For particulars apply in person or by letter to the editor of the HERALD, P. O. Box 1288, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
June 20, 1906—tf

**ROBERT PALMER & CO.,**  
Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,  
Manufacturers of Doors & Frames, Sashes & Frames,  
Interior 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.

## From Now Till Spring

Your Overcoat will be the part of your dress by which the world will estimate what kind of a man you are. No man ever knows real comfort and satisfaction until he has an overcoat

## Made to Measure.

Many who have their suits made to order have an idea that they can get what they want in a Ready-made Overcoat. But they are quite as objectionable as ready-made suits and show at a glance the lack of style and fit. We incorporate the very latest style ideas in our tailoring, and by only the best materials, which is a guarantee in itself. Before you buy a new overcoat give us a chance to show our new overcoatings and talk things over with you.

**JOHN McLEOD & CO.**  
THE NOBBY TAILORS.

### Jeremiah Curtin.

In the death of Jeremiah Curtin, at Bristol, Vermont, some days ago at the age of 66, there was closed a most industrious, useful and brilliant career and the world of letters will treasure his memory.

Born on his father's farm in the town of Greenfield, Wisconsin, Mr. Curtin became a great man, one of the greatest in the world in his chosen field. One of his last productions, his translation of Sienkiewicz's "On the Field of Glory," which bears on its title page the date of the present year, was dedicated to Sir Thomas G. Spanghans, our fellow citizen, and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who, like himself was a Wisconsin boy. Mr. Curtin was a scholar, but he was more than a scholar. He was an original investigator. As a linguist he exceeded the reputation of prodigies like James Gates Percival and Cardinal Mezzofanti. Percival is said to have learned thirty-seven languages. Mezzofanti was asserted to be familiar with sixty. Curtin acquired a working knowledge of no fewer than seventy. He had travelled all over the world. Wherever he went it was his practice to talk with the people in their own tongue. It has been tartly remarked that words are the coins of fools and the counter of wise men. With Jeremiah Curtin languages were merely the means to an end. He learned them for use as stepping stones to other knowledge. He was a student of ideas. In the science of comparative mythology it is doubtful if he had an equal; he was certainly without a superior. He rescued from the status of verbal tradition and set down in writing innumerable legends of the American Indians, the Gaelic-speaking Irish, the tribes of the Asia steppes. He could trace the nursery tales which charms the ears of American children to their origin in the cradle lands of the Aryan race.

Some one observed of a scholar of the Dryad type, "That man has piled so many books on his head that his brain cannot move." Jeremiah Curtin was a scholar of another class. With all his learning he preserved his freshness of feeling, his human sympathy, his rational and intuitive aptitudes. He was a good son, a loyal brother, a true friend, an open-hearted, kindly natured man. His human traits helped him as much as his scholarship in the execution of the peculiar tasks which he set himself to perform. He was enabled to gain the friendship and confidence of the humble folk who were repositories of the lore which he sought to obtain. Russian, Magyar and Irish welcomed him as a brother. Indians and Burials received him into fellowship. Difference of race and age gave way before him, and wherever he went he had access to folk, easy. Old women were among his friends. He said that he always found ancient orons, mammals and withered squaws the best storytellers.

A large part of Mr. Curtin's work is comprised in publications of the Smithsonian Institution, and is familiar to none but specialists. Not all of his writings are connected with his name though the books of which he was the avowed author constitute a formidable list. To the American public he became widely known by his original work on Ireland and by his translation of the "Quo Vadis" of his friend Sienkiewicz.

It is recalled that "Quo Vadis" draws most of its local color from Rome, and that it was while in the Eternal City that Curtin and Sienkiewicz formed that remarkable literary and personal friendship which brought them much of fame and something of fortune.

Curtin had decided to visit Rome in connection with a strange literary quest. When he was a student in Harvard College, his first idea was to learn the Aryan languages—all the languages that are spoken now or were spoken at any time by the Aryan stock from the Bay of Bengal to the Bay of Massachusetts.

"A great friend of mine," he explained at the time, "Professor John Fiske, and myself talked these things over. At that time in our student plans we divided the work between us. He was to be the great man on mythology. I got at the mythologies and went to history."

In his quest Mr. Curtin became an expert. The Gaelic languages were to him the most interesting of all those spoken by white men for reasons of the very striking peculiarities that he found in them, and which became the more striking the more he studied them. He was accustomed to keep up his practice of the Gaelic by reading the New Testament in the Irish language. Then he was forced into the study of the Slav languages; but all the

time he was engaged at these he studied Gaelic.

An adequate translation of a great book is a rare thing. It requires talent and even genius in the translator almost equal to the talent and the genius of the original author. There are in the English language few translations that have gained the approbation of scholars. The verdict on Pope's "Iliad" was "It is a pretty thing, but it is not Homer." Curtin's translation of Quo Vadis has won praise which seems to place it on a par with Florio's English Edition of Montaigne's "Essays" and Colridge's version of Schiller's "Wallenstein." Curtin was a tireless worker, and in his translation he had like assistance of his wife. Together they often produced fourteen pages at a sitting. His wife was a young and beautiful girl when he married her in middle age. She sometimes accompanied him on his journeys, and was with him when he made his visit to the Kurds—Oakes.

### The Little Joys of Life.

A nation without reverence has begun to die; its festal record, though it may still grin. A nation whose youth are without enthusiasm has no future beyond the piling up of dollars. It is not so with our country yet; but the fact remains; enthusiasm is dying, and hero-worship needs revival.

One can easily understand why, among Catholics, there is not so much hero-worship as there ought to be. It is because our greatest heroes are not even mentioned in current literature, and because they are not well represented to our young people. St. Francis Xavier was a greater hero than Nelson; yet Nelson is popularly esteemed the more heroic, because Spanghans wrote his life well. But St. Francis' life is written for the mystic, for the devotee. It is right, of course; but our young people are not all mystics or devotees; consequently St. Francis seems far off—a saint to be vaguely remembered, but nothing more.

If the saints whose heroism appeals most to the young could be brought nearer to the natural young person, they would soon be as friends, daily companions—heroes, not distant beings whose halos guard them from contact. One need only know St. Francis of Assisi to be very fond of him. He had a sense of humor, too, but an sense of levity. And yet the only readable life of this hero and friend has been written by a Protestant. (I am not recommending it, for there are some things which Mr. Oliphant does not understand.) And there is St. Ignatius Loyola. And there is St. Charles Borromeo—that was a man! And St. Philip Neri, who had a sense of humor, and was cutely civilized at the same time. And St. Francis of Sales! His "Letters to Persons in the World" make one wish that he had not died so soon. What a lot, what knowledge of the world! How well he persuades people without diplomacy, by the force of a fine nature open to the grace of God!

Our young people need only know the saints—not out of Alban Butler's sketches, but illumined with reality—to be filled with an enthusiasm which Carlyle would have them waste on the wrong kind of heroes. One of the most interesting pictures of a priest in American literature—of which late abundance in pictures of good priests—is that of Pere Mobsaux, in Miss Woolson's novel "Anne." He believed that "all should live their lives, and that one should not be a slave to others; that the young should be young, and that some natural, simple pleasure should be put into each twenty-four hours. They might be poor, but children should be made happy; they might be poor, but youth should not be overwhelmed by the elder's gaze; they might be poor but they could have family love around the poorest hearthstone; and there was always time for a little pleasure, if they would seek it simply and moderately."—From "A Gentleman."

Every newspaper has had its experience of the delinquent subscriber. The Catholic paper is no exception. Every Catholic publication has had its troubles with the man who will not pay for what he has received. A Western editor, whose soul has evidently been seared by sorry experiences with this sort of subscriber, unburdens himself as follows:—

"A man may use the mole on the back of his neck for a collar-button; he may ride a freight to save three cents a mile; he may light the lamp with a splinter to save matches; he may stop his watch at night to save wear; use a period for a semicolon to save ink, and pasture his grandmother's grave to save hay; but a man of this kind is a scholar and a gentleman compared to a man who will take a newspaper and when asked to pay for it put it back in

the post-office, marked "Refused." Comment on this would be like painting the lily.—Sacred Heart Review.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc

### Items of Interest.

In a letter to the London "Catholic Times" Rev. George Tyrrell, formerly of the Society of Jesus, characterized as "a gross slander," the statement made by the Roman correspondent of that journal that Rev. Tyrrell had "communicated with Rome on the subject of dogmatic teaching," said that his motive was "of such a nature as to sever the brilliant writer from the Catholic communion."

According to press cablegrams from Rome, it is reported "on good Vatican authority" that the Pope, in order to satisfy many requests for the appointment of foreign Cardinals, will hold another consistory in June, when he will appoint several non-Italian Cardinals, including, perhaps, an Englishman and an American.

Another press cablegram says an envoy from the Emperor of China is shortly expected at the Vatican to request the Pope to establish direct diplomatic relations with China and place Catholic missionaries under the protection of their respective nationalities. Such an agreement would be a direct violation of the treaty of Tientsin in 1868 between China and France, whereby the latter agreed to accord "protection" to all Catholic ministers in China. But the Vatican has indirectly received assurances of Italy's support in case France should show an inclination to maintain the privileges of the treaty.

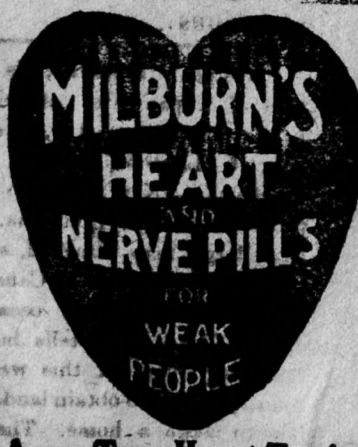
Very Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., of Glasgow, is shortly leaving Scotland on a Gaelic mission to the Catholic Gaelic-speaking Gaels of Canada, of whom it is estimated there are above 200,000 in this country. Besides conducting the mission, which will be in the national tongue of Scotland throughout, Father Campbell will prepare the way for an understanding between the Catholic Gaels of Scotland and those of Canada, with a view to the formation of a society which shall be at once Catholic and national, and which will devote itself to the promotion of the Gaelic cause in Scotland and Canada. Father Campbell will be absent from Scotland six months, and come to Canada at the invitation, sanctioned by Rome, of a number of Canadian Gaelic-speaking priests.

Sister Elizabeth Ouran, secretary general of the Grey Sisters, died at other day at the mother house, Ottawa, aged sixty-three. She was a sister of Mr. Justice Ouran. Her eldest sister passed away at the Grey Nunnery in Montreal thirteen months ago. Only a fortnight since her second sister, Mary of the Immaculate Conception, died at Ottawa. All three were members of the order of Grey Nuns, and had careers of remarkable usefulness.

Archbishop Langensin, of St. Boniface, Manitoba, officiated at a rather remarkable St. Patrick's Day service in St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, when he received into the Church thirty-three converts from Protestantism.

Palm Sunday, despite the new religious notions, is still very popular in Paris, and the palms are still beloved and well-come. The churches, never more frequented or more full of animation than now, are sufficient proof of this fact. This year, as in former years, there was quite a sale of palms for the blessing; and thanks to this holy little commerce, a number of honest people who have little enough to eat on other days can feast on this one. We don't know in what proportion the tax on revenues will harm this ephemeral and modest industry; but the separation of Church and State does not appear to have diminished its activity. The green palms will be "hoisted" with difficulty; and M. Viviani will have as much trouble in withering them as in extinguishing those famous little lights against which he has declared "no mercies a war!"

"A Russian editor was buried the other day," says the Sacred Heart Review. "Thirty speeches were made at his funeral, but he didn't care. He was removed from the necessity either of reporting them, or straightening out their grammar, or suppressing their absurdities, or of worrying about the correct spelling of the names of those who spoke."



**MILBURN'S HEART NERVE PILLS**  
FOR WEAK PEOPLE  
Are a True Heart Tonic,  
Nerve Food and Blood Purifier. They build up the weak, soothe the nerves, and restore perfect health to the body and restore perfect health to the mind.

**MI...LLANEUS**  
A professional humorist was having his boots blacked. "And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked the boy.  
"No, sir," replied the bootblack; "my father is a farmer."  
"Ah!" said the professional humorist, reaching for his note-book, "he believes in making hay while the sun shines."

**Horsemen, Read This.**  
MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.  
I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stables for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horse flesh I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen.  
GEO. HOUGH,  
Livery Stables, Quebec, 95 to 103 Ann St.

The manager of a ship-yard is reported to have assembled his men together in the time office and told them to vote in a municipal election as they pleased. "In fact, I sha'n't tell you how I am going to vote," he said, "but after it is all over I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard." ("Hear, hear," shouted the men.) "But I sha'n't tap it unless Mr. Blank gets in."

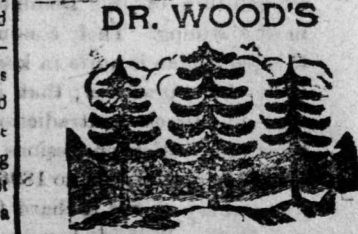
Mrs. Fred Laine, St. George Ont., writes:—"My little girl would cough, so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

The lawyer shook his finger warningly at the witness and said: "Now we want to hear just what you know, not what someone else knows, or what you think, or anything of that kind, but what you know. Do you understand?"  
"Well, I know," said the witness, with emphasis, as he leaned forward easily in the box, "I know that Jim Clay said that Bill Thompson told him that he heard John Thomas' wife tell Sid Smith's daughter that her husband was there when the fight took place, and that he said that they flung each other about in the meadow pretty considerable."

**Sprained Arm.**  
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 25c.

"But why do you call your dog Thirteen?"  
"Don't you see he's lame?"  
"Yes, but what has that to do with it?"  
"Why, he puts down three and carries one, doesn't he?"

Minard's Liniment cures everything.



**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP**  
Stops the irritating cough, loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces a quick and permanent cure in all cases of Cough, Cold, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and the first stages of Consumption.  
—Mrs. Norma Swanson, Carell, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, which not only kept me from coughing and sneezing, but it kept my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and I was cured."