

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1900.

Vol. XXIX, No. 21

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Charlottetown, Feb. 21—3m

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Our made-to-order Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, and every article in the Clothing line are walking fashion plates for us.

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## A Large Assortment of Finished Monuments AND HEADSTONES

To be cleared out quick, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Agents will tell you they can sell as cheap as you can buy from the manufacturer.

Buy from us direct, and we will convince you that this is told to effect a sale and make something out of you.

We employ no agents, as we prefer to make all sales right in our shop, where customers can see what they are buying.

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Thos. Driscoll. F. J. Hornsby.

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We have imported our own Seeds, and you can depend on getting them clean and fresh.

If you want the best Wheat (White Russian and Fife), Timothy, Clover, Peas, Vetches, etc., etc., buy from us. Don't take our word for it. Come in, compare, and see for yourself.

Our Island Timothy defies competition. Yours for Good Seeds.

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In all the newest shapes of

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Also a large line of CAPES in the newest design and make at the lowest prices.

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### "Seeing is Believing."

"When you see people cured by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they rise en masse to sing its praises. There's nothing like it in the world to purify the blood."

Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Law, Richmond, Quebec.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** NEVER DISAPPOINTS

"Material civilization" and "progress" are often confounded in these expansive and imperialistic days. But they are not synonymous. In his delicious essay on the "Scientific Basis of Optimism," Mr. W. H. Mallouk says:

Not only need material civilization indicate no progress in the lot of the race at large, but it may well be doubted if it really adds to the happiness of that part of the race who receive the fullest fruits of it. It is difficult in one sense to deny that express trains and Ocean steamships are improvements on mail coaches or wretched little sailing boats like the Mayflower. But so the public in trains happier than the public who went in coaches? Is there more peace or hope in the hearts of the men who go from New York to Liverpool in six days than there was in hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers? No doubt we who have been brought up amongst modern appliances should be made miserable for the time if they were suddenly taken away from us. But to say this is a very different thing from saying that we are happier because we had never had them. A man would be miserable who, being fat and fifty, had to button himself into the waistcoat which he wore when he had a waist and was nineteen. But this does not prove that a large-sized waistcoat makes his middle age a happier time than his youth.

Advancing civilization creates wants and it supplies wants; it creates habits and it ministers to habits; but it is not always exhilarating us with fresh surprises of pleasure. Suppose, however, we grant that up to a certain point the increase of material wants, together with the means of meeting them, does add to happiness, it is perfectly evident that there is a point where this result ceases. A workman who dines daily off beef-steak and beer may be happier than one whose dinner is water and black bread; but a man whose dinner is ten different dishes need not be happier than the man who puts up with four. There is a certain point, therefore—not an absolute point, but a relative point,—beyond which advances in material civilization are not progress any longer—not even supposing all classes to have a proportionate share in it. Accordingly, the fact that inventions multiply, that commerce extends, that distances are annihilated, that country gentlemen have big battues, that farmers keep fine hatters, that their daughters despise butter-making, and that even agricultural laborers have pink window-blinds, is not in itself any proof of general progress. Progress is a tendency not to an extreme, but to a mean.—Ave Maria.

Nothing could be more gratifying than the account which Bishop Fallize, Vicar-Apostolic of Norway, gives of the friendly disposition of the Norwegians toward the Catholic. "We meet with the greatest favor and encouragement from the authorities here," writes the Bishop. Recently Mgr. Fallize found, on returning from a journey, that a measure unwittingly offensive to Catholics was about to be enacted by the second chamber of the Storting. The measure had reference to the practice of cremation, and had been declared satisfactory by authorities of the Established Church; but it was a wound to the Catholic conscience. A courteous letter from Bishop Fallize explaining that the Church forbade her children to countenance cremation was received with the greatest respect by the Storting, and the action previously taken was rescinded. "The same spirit reigns with regard to school questions," says Mgr. Fallize; and he gives these details:

Catholic school- enjoy perfect

liberty, and where they are established they enjoy exemption from the public school-tax. According to an ancient law, charitable societies, still under the presidency of the Protestant minister, were empowered to place destitute children in various homes where they might be brought up as Protestants; a special committee also had the right of sending Catholic foundlings either into Protestant homes or public institutions. I applied to the Storting for a modification of this law, and it was the government disposed to accede to all my demands. I may appear a little too enthusiastic at times when speaking of our kind Norwegian fellow countrymen; how could it be otherwise in the face of such a liberal spirit and so much goodness of heart!—Ave Maria.

Barnardville, N. J., May 7.—I was largely through the generosity of a Protestant that the handsome new Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was both dedicated and consecrated on Thursday, Frederick P. Olcott, president of the Central Trust Company, of New York, and who has a stock farm and country seat near Barnardville, contributed handsomely to the fund for the erection of the church. Mr. Olcott, though not a Catholic, entered heartily into the project of R. V. Joseph F. Ryan for the erection of a new church edifice. He promised to give \$1 for every dollar contributed by members of the parish. With this incentive Father Ryan succeeded in raising \$9,500 in contributions from his flock, which is only of two years' standing. Mr. Olcott kept his promise by handing Father Ryan a check for \$9,500. In addition he purchased a strip of land between the church and the main road, at a cost of \$6,000. This he will give to the church. Thursday's ceremony was most impressive. Bishop McFall officiated, assisted by about fifty priests. The Bishop also preached an eloquent discourse. The church is a handsome structure, built of stone and timber, gathered from the hills surrounding Barnardville. The style is early English Gothic, and, standing as it does in a valley, with woodlands for a background, its rough exterior is most effective. The ground on which the church stands was given by Mrs. Pio Ebovaris, of New York city. Over the main altar is a stained glass window representing Raphael's Sistine Madonna. The window was the gift of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, of New York city. A pipe organ, costing \$5,000, was given by Mrs. Thomas Sherman. Father Ryan, the rector, was ordained five years ago. He was sent to Barnardville two years ago to build up a parish.

This news item which appeared in a New York paper last week is an interesting footnote to the history of freedom in the United States. To the dark-skinned people of the Philippines, whom we are endeavoring to Americanize against their will, such a happening as is herein recorded would certainly be of more than passing concern.

George H. Nixon came to Highland Falls from Franklin, N. H., about a month ago to attend one of the preparatory schools for admission as a cadet at the West Point Military Academy. The young man is dark-skipped, and the story became current that he was a mulatto. Young Nixon declares that his father, who is dead, was a Spaniard, and that his mother was born in Ireland. "Be that as it may, the other candidate, thirty-five or forty in number, attending the various preparatory schools in Highland Falls, immediately ostracized him from their society and made life very miserable for the young man. They succeeded in driving him from one school to another. He boarded with a widow in the town, and a committee from the other candidates waited upon the landlady on Monday and demanded of her to turn Nixon away, and that unless she did so in a stated time they would remove him bodily. Thereupon the young man went away and sought a boarding-house where there were no other candidates stopping. But the heaping of indignities upon him did not cease, and this morning he left for home. Nixon is eighteen years of age and an uncommonly bright young man. Many of the citizens are indignant over the abuse inflicted upon the New Hampshire lad."

The cry for co-education of the sexes in colleges and universities is each year becoming feebler. It has been given a fair trial in the secular and sectarian institutions, more especially in the Western States; and the public is now treated to the amusing spectacle of whole troops of dignified educators stealthily backing down from a position to which they had marched with a great blare of trumpet. At Harvard there has been but a diluted form of

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I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—C. GOSWAMI, late Chef, Delmonico's.

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co-education—a woman's college entirely distinct from the University proper, but under the tutelage of the Harvard professors. Yet this homeopathic mixture of femininity seems to be threatening the welfare of the institution; for Professor Barrett Wendell has publicly said that even the Harvard teachers who lecture at Redcliffe College are beginning to suffer from fatty degeneration of the intellect.—"cerebrospinal femininity," the Professor calls it. Catholic educators have always consistently opposed the system of co-education,—not merely on the grounds suggested by Professor Wendell, it is true; but as they read the doleful report of the experimentalists who have impetuously rushed into a position from which they can not in many instances retire at all, our professors will take comfort from the thought that they, too, were not led into the paths of danger. One of the advantages of being "old fashioned" is that you don't have to give up so many fads.—Ave Maria.

Albany, N. Y., May 7.—Miss Susie Swift, graduate of Vassar and formerly a brigadier in the Salvation Army, has just made her profession as a nun of the Dominican Order at the monastery in Madison avenue in this city, and will now enter on the five years of preparation for the perpetual vows that will make her a bride of the Church. Miss Swift is the daughter of George Henry Swift, a distinguished lawyer of Poughkeepsie. She graduated from Vassar College in 1888. Gifted with exceptional personal attractions and intellectual attainments of a high order, the young graduate began life with every promise of a brilliant social career. While traveling in Scotland three years later she chanced through curiosity to visit a meeting of the Salvationists, and was so much impressed with what she heard that she immediately announced her intention of joining the army and devoting her whole life to the cause of salvation. Thousands will recall Miss Swift as a pretty delicately featured girl who wore spectacles and was welcomed at all the meetings, which she addressed as "Major," and afterward as "Brigadier Swift." Three years ago Brigadier Swift again surprised her connection with the army in which she had so long served, and announced her conversion to the Catholic Church and her intention to enter the Order of the Dominicans. She was received as a postulant two years ago, assumed the white veil a year later, and has now made her profession as a nun.

The Catholic Propagator of New Orleans notes an increase in fervor on the part of the Catholics of that

city. "The scenes at our Catholic churches on Good Friday show, thank God, that there is, in the Catholics of our city, a strength of faith that can be relied on," says our esteemed contemporary. "From early morning till late at night, in every church, long lines of people, of every class and clime and grade in life, came, a great army of soldiers, to kiss the wounds of the feet of the cross-nailed Christ. Only Catholicity can point to the dainty lady of fashion, imprinting her kiss of love on the nail-plowed feet of Christ where a moment before the old colored mammy with a sun-bonnet or bandanna had pressed, with her thick black lips, the Saviour's wounds. Some great instrument, no doubt, the Sacred Heart, has been touching the hearts of the people of New Orleans. A representative of this paper who watched the long processions in the various churches for hours, saw those who, not a very long time ago, blushed when their religion was attacked, going like men, with the little children, and, before the public gaze, kneeling down and kissing the cross. And what we noticed most was that many children kissed the wound of the Sacred Heart."

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau, Translated from the German by Mary Frances Drew. Burns & Oates. Nearly twenty years ago Miss Drew afforded as the first English rendering of the famous miracle-play the peasants of the little Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau enact each decade. With admirable timeliness—for the Passion Play is to be reproduced again this year,—she has now prepared a new edition, to which is added a translation, in rhyming metre, of the choruses published in German in 1890. Those who have witnessed the reddition of this devotional drama by the pious peasants of Bavaria will be glad to have this souvenir of it; to thousands of others who have never seen it, or to whom German is an unknown tongue, Miss Drew's version will be most welcome. Nothing could be more simple than this Passion Play, and, as it is enacted, nothing could be more solemnly impressive; for the peasant-actors have never considered their interpretation of it a worthy one, and have religiously striven to perfect it from decade to decade. Large numbers of pilgrims are drawn to Ober-Ammergau to witness each representation. But, as Miss Drew observes, "the simple-minded players have never cared for the world's wonder or admiration; their acting was sacrificial; it was an oblation poured out of all that was best in their lives or their talents in gratitude for divine mercy." This English version of the play deserves a place in every Catholic library.—Ave Maria.

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