

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1910

Vol. XXXIX, No. 35

Tea Party Supplies.

We are headquarters for Tea Party and Picnic Supplies. We carry a large stock of all requirements for the catering business, such as Confectionery, Cigars, Nuts, Fruits, etc.

SODA DRINKS.

We also manufacture a full line of Sodas, such as Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Raspberry, Iron Brew, Hop Tonic, etc.

We have just been appointed Agents for the

Land of Evangeline Pure Apple Cider

The Pure Juice of Choice Nova Scotia Apples.

This Cider is quite non-intoxicating and can be handled by stores, restaurants, etc. It is put up by a special English process which prevents any excessive amount of alcohol, but retains the exquisite flavor of the Annapolis Valley Fruit. No chemicals of any kind are used in the manufacture—it is just a Pure Fruit Juice, and will remain sweet and clear and sparkling indefinitely in any climate.

A READY SELLER.

In Casks, Pints and Split Bottles. Write us for prices.

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.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery,
QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

A. E. McEACHEN

The Shoeman,
HAS BOUGHT THE BALANCE OF

Prowse Bros. Stock of Shoes.

Look out for Bargains.

500 PAIRS AT ABOUT HALF PRICE.

A. E. McEACHEN,

THE SHOEMAN,
82 and 84 Queen Street

For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of
Hardware

to be found in any store.

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

For Hay and Harvest Time

A Barometer is a serviceable friend. We have good ones you will find very handy. We sell at from \$3.25 up. Printed instructions go with each instrument. Thermometers, Telescopes, Field Glasses, Eye Protectors. Marine Also in stock.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

Far-Sightedness

OR

Near-Sightedness

Uncorrected by glasses, imposes a severe tax on the eyes, which are needlessly weakened by the strain involved in trying to misuse them. Defects in vision grow, like weeds, without cultivation, and it's dangerous to overlook them.

Whatever may be thought of a tax on income, a tax on the sight will never do, as it is apt to leave taxpayers out of sight.

Should you need glasses, better have your eyes tested and fitted at once. You will find our prices quite reasonable.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

Dominion Coal Company

RESERVE COAL.

As the season for importing Coal in this Province is again near, we beg to advise dealers and consumers of Coal that we are in a position to grant orders for cargoes of Reserve, Screened, Run of mine, Nut and Slack Coal, F. O. B., a loading piers Sydney, Glouce Bay or Louisburg, C. B.

Prices quoted on application, and all orders will receive our careful attention by mail or wire.

Reserve Coal is well known all over this Island, and is most extensively used for domestic and steam purposes.

Schooners are always in demand during the season and chartered at highest current rates of freight. Good despatch guaranteed schooners at loading piers.

Peake Bros. & Co.,

Selling Agents for Prince Edward Island for
Dominion Coal Company.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 21, 1909—4i

Fraser & McQuaid,

Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,

Souris, P. E. Island.

A. L. Fraser, M. P. | A. F. McQuaid, B. A.

Nov. 10, 1906—2m.

J. A. Mathieson, K. C., E. A. MacDonald
Jas. D. Stewart.

Mathieson, MacDonald
& Stewart,

Newson's Block, Charlottetown.

Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

P. O. Building, Georgetown

The Horrors of a Cremation.

As Seen and Described by a Friend Litterateur.

M. Henri Lavedan describes the burning of a body in the Milanese Crematorium, in a letter to one of the French newspapers. M. Lavedan is one of the many persons of eminence who protest against cremation as a method of disposing of the dead, albeit, according to the book Lavedan holds no brief for any religious sect, and calls himself like so many of his literary compatriots, an agnostic.

He holds, however, that the crematory process is unnatural and that burial in the old way is counselled both by Nature and by piety regard for the departed. His description of the scene at the crematorium's side is certainly a masterly one:

A procession composed of some dozen persons, behind a coffin which four employees of the pompe funebre were pushing upon a little cart, had appeared from one of the avenues.

My interpreter pointed out the modest funeral, and with a small sympathetic smile said: "Here is the cremation. Let us follow, Signor. Hastening my steps, I found myself mingling in the small group of the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Those who accompanied gave no sign of sadness; they seemed rather to be accomplishing some long, tedious and dismal formality. I immediately experienced a secret pity for that poor inanimate body, to which only two hours of existence remained, and which before the end of this radiant morning, was going to vanish, a thin column of blue smoke, by the high brick chimney of the crematory temple.

Suddenly a door was opened with an efficient rattling of locks and bolts, and the coffin entered, still pushed on the cart which had brought it. The bier was rolled into a corner of the hall, which formed a sort of alcove, and curtains of cheap black cloth, unfolding from the ceiling, hid it momentarily from our gaze.

The temple officers were telling me all about it. "The burning lasts about one hour and a half. We get rapidly and cleanly—two good things. No odor whatever. If the deceased died of contagious sickness, he is burned in his coffin. If not of a contagious disease, without the coffin. You will be able to see this one; he is uncovered."

Then he went on to tell about the coat which was only about fifty lire (\$10). For those who cannot afford this, it is done free. Here he threw a glance at the family whose poor relation was to be cremated free. "He," there, you people!" he cried, "don't forget that this is being done free for you by the city." Some of the family lowered their heads in a furtive kind of shame. "See the fire now," continued my cicerone to myself. With his finger he uncovered a small circular aperture, and looking through, I saw the fire, the terrible and hungry fire, issuing from four black pipes. These gargoyles spat out flames round as tree-trunks, though not for long did ruddy fire break through the thick pillars of sulphurous smoke.

Then, my guide led me to a small room in which there were a series of show cases. In one of them were arranged several jars like those in which distillers put up cherry-brandy. Each contained what looked like pieces of pumice-stone. My guide took three of these jars, removing the large flat stoppers. From the first he drew a pebble which he thrust under my nose, saying in his peculiarly jocular way: "Look! That's a man of forty!" Taking a smaller piece, "Here," he said, "is a lady of quality." The third was a bambino—a little baby. When we returned to the temple, the preparations for the burial were complete. The custodian disappeared behind the curtains giving orders, then he re-appeared, wiping his hands perfunctorily on his apron. "This time it's all over," he said, and everybody rose in the hall. Behind the curtains, I could discern the bearers bending over the open coffin from which they were preparing to draw the corpse. There was a sound of wood being knocked against and a rattling of feet on the stone floor. At last the curtains were violently drawn apart, and the body, lying full-length on the sheet-iron slab (the grid iron, it is humorously referred to, by the assistants), passed before our eyes. I do not remember if the corpse was dressed, or wrapped in a shroud. I only saw his pale profile and his waxen face, now turned to a bluish hue. He was no more than forty years old, and I was struck with the seeming serene resignation of this

dead body in a scene so lacking in respect and solemnity. It all looked so unreal that I almost expected the corpse to sit up and cry out: "My children, the joke has gone far enough; let us have done with it."

But no. He was brought before the furnace trap, and then, to add to my anguish, the guide began describing the process in detail. "The most curious thing of all is that the body seems to take life again as it meets the fire. The legs arms, hands—all begin to move. Ah! I tell you, the body lives again. I feel sure of it!" Then the assistants, holding the corpse as if to allow the relative one last parting look, just for an instant, at last shot the deceased into the furnace of fire. A blaze immediately lights up the whole scene. Then the guide took me to the little aperture again. "Look there," he cried enthusiastically. "Have I exaggerated? Isn't that a triumph of burial for you?"

No, indeed. He had not boasted. The dead body lived again. Certainly it gave me the most startling impression of horror I ever experienced; and such that I could not render it in writing. At the mere recollection of that body twisting, of those arms beating the air, asking, as it were, mercy, of those fingers contracted and orkling like wood-shavings, of those black legs which were convulsed and caught the fire like soaked torches (one moment I thought I heard him howl), shudders ran through me, cold sweat was on my brow and I fled the scene."

There is a danger, writes Father Gerard, S. J., in a recent Catholic Truth Society paper, that the science of which we so loudly boast may become but a specious cloak for ignorance and ignorance of the most pernicious kind, namely, that which stifles itself on being widom.

Whilst the mere possession of knowledge is apt to give us an inordinate conceit of ourselves, for which there is no real warrant, there is danger likewise lest our study of science itself should become thoroughly scientific.

It is the first principle of science that nothing should be taken on faith, that we should prove all things, and take no step forward till we have made sure of our ground. We must clearly understand how much of what we learn is fact and how much is hypothesis and what support any hypothesis presented to us receives from the facts which alone can give it any solid value. It is plainly impossible for the great majority of men to pursue scientific research for themselves, and, most unfortunately too, many who undertake to supply the demand for popular scientific instructions and whose wares are most assiduously pressed upon public attention, and who are very commonly regarded as authorities from whom there is no appeal, have no claim to the character they assume.

Scientists as they style themselves, they may be, for this is an elastic term, and may be applied to any one who makes science the topic of which he treats—just as whosever reports for a newspaper may call himself a journalist. But they certainly are not Men of Science.

Their main interest in their work arises for the most part (Father Gerard suggests) from the fact that it helps them to supply to their readers a purely mechanical explanation of the universe which shall banish from the minds of men all ideas of the supernatural—of God, of religion, of a life after death, and of the obligations by which temporal existence must be regulated in the prospect of eternity. The constant and dominant note of their teaching is that all such notions are exploded absurdities—according to their brand of science.

The great men of science, agnostic Father Gerard, have frequently declared that the origin of life and its mystery are wholly outside, and therefore are unsolved, by their discoveries.

Thus Huxley; thus Kelvin; thus Crookes, Lodge, Pasteur. Yet Mr. E. W. Clodd, one of the active popular "scientists" of the day has no hesitation in declaring that "the origin of life is not a more stupendous problem than the origin of water; it hides no profounder mystery than the lifeless; it is only a local and temporary arrest of the universal movement towards equilibrium" which (says Father Gerard) of course makes things clear to the masses' capacity.

As to the dogmatism of pseudo or false science, nothing can exceed its pretentiousness. The aforementioned Mr. E. W. Clodd declares in effect that only the paralytic can fail to see that the universe is an automatic, self-moving place

itself will continue going everlastingly without any need of a Creator. And far from Astronomy (which many pseudo-scientists declare to have solved the mystery or origin of life) having brought us nearer to a positive knowledge of how we came to be, it is certain that we know no more about our origin because we have become acquainted with nebular theories.

Sir David Gill, one of the first astronomers in the world, recently told the British Association that in his opinion "we do not know" for all our discoveries of the chemical constitution of stars and their motions. Where, he says, have they all come? Are the hundreds of millions of stars we are able to observe the sole occupants of space? Or are they but one small item in a vast universe of which we have no knowledge? His answer is clear and unhesitating: "We do not know."

Concerning Cardinals.

The title of cardinal (Latin: cardo a hinge) has existed in the Catholic Church since the close of the fourth century. In 492 the dignity of cardinal took its specific rank among titular distinctions, and in the twelfth century to rank as a cardinal of the Church was to be rated with the sons of sovereign princes.

Since 1059 it has been usual to select the Pope from the body of Cardinals. Not always, however, has an elected Pope previously worn the purple. Urban IV, Gregory X, Celestine V, Clement V, Urban V, and Urban VI had never possessed the cardinalial dignity.

The constitution of the College of Cardinals was drawn up in 1586 by Sixtus V. The body was limited to 70 members, namely: 6 Bishops, fifty priests, 14 deacons. In modern times this number is not often complete. Not since 1665 and 1667 has the College been filled.

In 1245 Innocent IV ordained that all cardinals should wear the red hat to show that they ought to expose themselves to the shedding of their blood for the Church. The scarlet skull-cap and biretta was instituted in the fifteenth century.

The creation of the largest number of cardinals by one Pope is recorded to the late Pontiff Leo XIII who gave the red hat to not fewer than 147. Eight popes did not create a single cardinal. The total number created since 1099 is 2,559. Two consistories, one private, the other public, are held for the investiture of cardinals who are present in Rome. The ceremonies include the giving of the hat, the accolade, the ring, the closing and opening of mouths and the reading of the letter conferring the title.

Absent cardinals, when created, have the scarlet cap sent them by special postal courier. The hat and title are given only to those who visit Rome, and since many, through old age or infirmity are unable to undertake the journey, they die without becoming completely cardinalial.

Richelieu, Mazarin, Dubois never received the hat in person. Among those counted as cardinals are two who died before their creation: They are William Maresfield, an English priest, and a Portuguese, Pablo de Carvalho, both of whom died but a few days previous to their nomination.

Many saints have figured among the cardinals, namely, Peter Igneo, Peter Damian, Albertus of Brabant, Gvarino Escari, Galdino Sala, Raymond Nonnato, Charles Borromeo and John Fisher.

Schism has been a fruitful cause for deprivation of rank among cardinals. Among resignations from the dignity have been many royal princes who abdicated for reasons of state.

Cesar Borgia gave up his dignity after five years tenure. In 1885 Cardinal Hohense resigned his rank. The United States has produced two Cardinals—McCloskey and Gibbons. English Cardinals number 42, beginning with Ulfre in 1197, the latest being Vaughan (1893-1903). Ireland has had four cardinals: Cullen, McCloskey, Logue and Moran. Scotland has the only Cardinal, Spalding.

If a Cardinal is a bishop a cross is placed above his arms under the hat, and if an archbishop, the cross has a double horizontal bar. Cardinal Vaughan, in 1893, impaled his family arms with the pallium. It has been the custom for Patriarchs of Venice to surround their arms with the wings of Lion of St. Mark Plus X also did so when at Venice.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

SHARP KNIFE-LIKE PAINS

Would Go Through Heart

Thousands of people go about their daily work on the verge of death and yet don't know it.

Every one in a while a pain will seem to shoot through the heart but little attention is paid to it at the time, and it is only when a violent shock comes that the weakness of the heart is apparent.

There is only one cure and that is MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. Mrs. J. E. Nixon, Riverview, Ont., writes:—"Two years ago I suffered with a bad pain around my heart. At times it would almost stop beating and then a sharp knife-like pain would seem to go through it. As I had heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I sent and got two boxes of them, and when I had only used a box and a half I was entirely free from pain."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are one per box, or a box of 12, at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Don't you know some of that same powder exploded a couple of years ago and blowed up ten men?" "Sure, that couldn't happen now," replied Casey. "There's only two of us here."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"What do you think ought to be done with trades who give short weights in person?" "I think they ought to be given long waits in jail."

A Sensible Merchant.

Mrs. Fred. Lane, 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."

A little girl, aged three, had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place:

"I want to tum in, Cissie."
"But you can't tum in, Tom."
"But I want to tum in."
"Well, I see in my nightgown gown, an' nurse says little boys musn't see little girls in their nightgowns."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door, the miniature Eve announced triumphantly: You tum tum in now Tom; I tooked it off!"

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

The pastor, the Rev. J. F. Lackey will leave on Monday for a vacation of a few weeks, so the congregation can have a rest.

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 50cts.

Fuddy—What kind of a singer is Jones?
Duddy—Fine, but rather too realistic. Why, he sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" last night with such feeling that more than half the audience were seasick and had to leave the hall.

Sprained Arm.

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

Sufferer—Doctor, don't you think that a change to a warmer climate would do me good?
Specialist—Good gracious, man! That's just what I am trying to save you from!

Suffered For Years From Pain In The Back and Headache.

Pain in the back is one of the first signs showing that the kidneys are not in the condition they should be, and it should be attended to immediately for, if neglected, serious kidney troubles are likely to follow. There is no way of getting rid of the headache except through the kidneys, and no medicine so effective for this purpose as Doan's Kidney Pills.

Miss Ida J. Doran, 28 Spring St., Charlottetown, P. E. I., writes:—"I have received most wonderful benefit from taking Doan's Kidney Pills."

"I suffered for years from headaches and pain in the back, and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable but without any relief until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. This was the only medicine that ever did me any real good, so after using several boxes I am now entirely free from all my dreadful headaches and backaches."

"I will always recommend your medicine to any of my friends who are troubled as I was."

Price 50c per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering direct specify "Doan's."