

# The Charlottetown Her.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1918



## Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, who was at the commencement of the present war, and who has since continued to be a British subject or a subject of an allied or neutral country, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicants must appear in person at Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for District. Entry by proxy may be made on certain conditions. Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of land in each of three years. In certain districts a homesteader may secure an adjoining quarter-section as pre-emption. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Reside six months in each of three years after earning homesteaded land and cultivate 50 acres extra. May obtain pre-emption patent as soon as homesteaded patent on certain conditions. A settler after obtaining homesteaded patent, if he cannot secure a pre-emption, may take a purchased homesteaded in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$500.00. Holders of entries may consent to time of employment as farm laborers in Canada during 1917, as residence duties under certain conditions. When Dominion Lands are advertised or posted for entry, returned soldiers who have served overseas and have been honorably discharged, receive one day priority in applying for entry at local Agent's Office (but not Sub-Agency). Discharge papers must be presented to Agent.

W. W. COBY,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior  
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

## Fire Insurance

Possibly from an oversight or want of thought you have put off insuring, or placing additional insurance to adequately protect yourself against loss by fire.

ACT NOW. CALL UP  
**DEBLOIS BROS.,**  
Water Street, Phone 251

## LIME!

We have on hand a quantity of

## St. John

## LIME

In Barrels and Casks.

PHONE 111  
**C. LYONS & Co.**  
April 26, 1916—17



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 19th July, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week. Over Royal Mail Route No. 2, from Peake's Station, P. E. Island, from the Postmaster General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Peake's Station, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR,  
Post Office Inspector  
Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Charlottetown, 22nd June, 1918.  
June 12, 1918—31

## CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS Prince Edward Island.

Time Table in Effect June 24th, 1918

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME.					
Trains Outward, Read Down.			Trains Inward, Read Up		
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
4.00	12.15	6.25	Dep. Charlottetown	Arr. 11.55	10.15
5.20	1.48	7.25	Hunter River	10.47	8.40
6.05	2.50	7.58	Emerald June.	10.09	9.40
6.50	3.30	8.24	Kensington	9.37	7.50
7.20	4.10	8.50	Arr. Summerside	Dep. 9.10	8.10
8.50	P.M.	12.20	Dep. Summerside	Arr. 8.35	5.35
9.48	2.10		Port Hill	7.40	3.56
10.37	3.57		O'Leary	6.52	2.35
11.18	5.07		Alberton	6.05	1.07
11.55	6.05		Arr. Tignish	Dep. 5.30	12.05
9.45			Dep. Emerald June.	Arr.	7.20
10.45			Arr. Borden	Dep.	6.20
P.M.	A.M.		Dep. Charlottetown	Arr. 9.50	5.50
3.05	6.45		Mt. Stewart	8.35	4.15
4.15	8.35		Morell	8.07	3.17
4.42	9.12		St. Peters	7.45	2.40
5.02	9.42		Arr. Souris	Dep. 6.45	1.15
P.M.			Arr. Elmira	Dep. 5.25	
7.20					
P.M.	A.M.		Dep. Mt. Stewart	Arr. 8.35	3.55
4.15	8.50		Cardigan	7.37	2.39
5.04	10.00		Montague	7.13	2.10
5.25	10.40		Georgetown	Dep. 6.35	1.00
Sat. only	Dly. ex. Sat. & Sun.		Dly. ex. Sat. & Sun.	Sat. only	
P.M.	P.M.		Dep. Charlottetown	Arr. 10.15	10.05
4.00	3.30		Vernon River	8.20	8.51
5.15	5.15		Murray Har.	Dep. 6.20	7.20
6.45	7.25				

C. A. HAYES, General Manager (Eastern Lines)  
H. H. MELANSON, Passenger Traffic Manager  
W. T. HUGGAN, District Passenger Agent

## CARRIAGES GRANT & KENNEDY HARNESS

### OUR LINES

Heny & Baynes Carriages Now Opening  
A full assortment in these celebrated VEHICLES including all the latest styles.

Harness and Harness Parts, Collars, &c., &c.

Everything that you can possibly require for your horse in great variety.  
Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Page Wire Fence, Lawn Fence and Gates.

We carry in stock now a complete line of Fence for the Farm, for the Field, for the Garden and the Lawn.

PAGE FENCES always give satisfaction.  
Our Lines Are Good Lines. Our Prices Are Right.

## WIRE FENCE GRANT & KENNEDY WIRE GATES

## Your Soldier Boy Wants HICKEY'S TWIST

No matter where he is, or what other tobacco he can get, the Island soldier who chews tobacco is never satisfied with anything but HICKEY'S TWIST. In hundreds of letters from the boys in Flanders, France England and the training camps, they ask for HICKEY'S TWIST—and the 10th took along 20,000 figs with them. Send your soldier boy a pound of HICKEY'S with the next parcel.

**Hickey & Nicholson, Ltd**  
CHARLOTTETOWN.

## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon on Friday, the 2nd August, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week. Over Royal Mail Route No. 1 from Peake's Station, from the Postmaster General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Peake's Station, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR,  
Post Office Inspector  
Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Charlottetown, 22nd June, 1918.  
June 28, 1918—31

## ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

## Dryburgh Abbey

The recent gift of Dryburgh Abbey by its owner, Lord Glenconner, to the English nation, has passed almost unnoticed amid the grave issues of the time, yet it is not without interest for Catholics for whom the wonderful past of the Church in Great Britain is not dead and forgotten.

Dryburgh Abbey, now a "monastic ruin," and to be henceforth a "National Monument," is one of the four famous abbeys of the valley of the Tweed that owe their existence to the piety and munificence of Scotland's best Kings, St. David, Alexander III, and Robert Bruce, and that constitute in themselves a complete architectural history from St. David to the Bruce, a period of two hundred and fifty years. Kelso was all Norman, half-church, half-fortress. Jedburgh is early transitional Gothic, with a west front that has some haunting likenesses to the churches of Central France; fuller and later—it was founded in 1150—was Dryburgh, the subject of this notice, which leads on to the rich and full-blown beauties of Melrose, so famous in history and in legend.

The Premonstratensian monastery of Dryburgh is linked with Cistercian Melrose, not only by the geographical proximity and the patronage of the same royal benefactor, but also by the double association of the two houses in the love and reverence of Sir Walter Scott, who lies buried in a transept chapel of Dryburgh. But that is not the chief interest. The far-spread order of Premonstrates had some thirty-five houses in England, where the White Canons, as they were called, were renowned rather for their high and exacting standard of scholarship and observance than for their architectural genius; they were in this respect hardly rivals at all to their brilliant contemporaries of the Order of Citeaux.

Dryburgh is associated with other poets and men of letters, among them Ralph Strodd, the friend of Chaucer and opponent of Wycliffe, and with Chaucer himself, who lived there for a time. Later it fell on evil days, being held in commendam during that fatal last century before the Reformation, when simony and sacrilege were swallowing up the Church in Scotland. It had suffered in the Border Wars of the fourteenth century, notably in 1322, and the final ruin came at the hands of the English. In 1545 Henry VIII, annoyed at the rejection of his plan for marrying the young heiress of the Scottish Crown to his son Edward, sent raiding forces into the Lowlands to burn and destroy everything they encountered. Three knights "of approved valor and distinction," Sir Ralph Evers, Sir George Bowes, and Sir Bryon Layton, having already burned Dryburgh town and laid waste the surrounding country, repeated their raid at the head of three thousand German and Spanish mercenaries, 1,500 English foot and seven-hundred "assured" Scotsmen—that is, disaffected Borders in the pay of the English Crown. This force swept through Tweed-dale and Teviot-dale, burning Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, many other monasteries, castles, churches and scores of villages, driving off the cattle and bringing in hundreds of prisoners. But retribution awaited the bandits at Aueron Moor, where the Earl of Angus and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, ancestor of the poet, fell upon them and almost annihilated them. Evers and Layton were slain on the field in sight of the sanctuaries they had ruined. It was, unhappily, too late to prevent or even repair the effects of the sacrilege, and that we may regard the ruin of Melrose and Dryburgh as an epilogue to the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

Attached to the gift is a stipulation made by the present owner that "the privilege of holding an annual service within the Abbey walls may be continued." This, of course, was to be expected; but the Catholic students may be

pardoned if, in his mind's eye he sometimes sees those majestic ruins thronged with ghostly forms of the White Canons engaged in offering a sacrifice that is not to be found in the Book of Common Prayer.

## A Nun in War Time

Sister Marie Therese has just arrived in England from the line of fire, says a writer in the Inter-mountain Catholic. For almost four years she has been living, with seven other nuns, in the cellar of their convent, ministering to the flock of homeless refugees who were huddled in shacks and hovels of the small corner of Belgium where the enemy have not penetrated.

It was only recently they were obliged to leave. One morning, during early Mass, the old curate warned his little flock that they must not stray far from their cellars and dugouts. Rumors were abroad that the enemy were contemplating strange new horrors against the civilian population. Next day, long before the sun had snatched the dew from the stunted shrubbery, the nuns awoke coughing and choking. "We must have taken cold during the night," said Sister Marie-Therese.

A gardener tapped on the cellar door. "Get your gas masks and hurry to the chateau," he shouted.

They hurried through the crooked little streets, their long rosaries swaying. At last they reached the chateau, situated at the edge of the town in a clump of pine trees. Across the gray dawn an ominous cloud was beginning to roll from the direction of the enemy trenches. Up climbed the nuns three flights of cold stone stairs, followed by a terror-stricken populace. When they reached the top roof they knelt down in a corner and prayed.

Nearer rolled the sickening cloud. It was almost at the canal. The terrified populace watched it from the windows of the chateau. Over the town fell a portentous silence.

The gas cloud reached the canal. The barges were lost from sight. Then a miracle happened. It hesitated, wavered a little and turned. The wind had suddenly veered. Down trooped the populace and the eight nuns, everyone talking excitedly. Scarcely had they reached the door below when there sounded a whistling above their heads—then an explosion. They heard the beat of great engines in the air. It was a double bombardment. The planes appeared to come down and sit on the housetops, which they peppered with machine gun fire.

So it went on for more than an hour. At length the tocsin sounded and the shelters, crept out from the clump of pine trees. The place was littered with piles of brick and masonry. Great holes yawned everywhere. The interiors of riven houses showed skeletons of beds and broken crockery.

The nuns fled back to their convent. Before reaching the great stone wall which surrounded it they knew the worst. Flames leaped up into the air and hissed and crackled. An incendiary bomb had fallen on it. They stood watching it till all that remained was the charred bronze figure of the Madonna which had stood in their chapel. Then, sadly, they turned away to help other homeless ones whose shacks and cellars were unlivable.

Seven of the Sisters have gone to Paris. Marie-Therese sits, with dazed eyes, looking on the calm and quiet beauty of an English springtime.

## The Divine Guidance

Whether the overruling Providence of which we talk so much and know so little, has each of us in His kindly care and keeping, we shall better know when our minds have the broader scope which immortality will make possible. But, however men may dispute over individual care, His

care over the race as a whole fills all the pages of human history.

Unity and progress are the watch-words of the Divine guidance, and, no matter how harsh has been the treatment by one man of thousands of men, every great event or series of events, has been for the good of the race. Where this the proper time, I could show you that wars—and wars ought to be banished forever from the face of the earth; that pestilences—and the time is coming when they will be no more; that persecutions—and liberty of thought is the richest pearl of life—that all these things—wars, pestilences and persecutions—were but helps to the unity of mankind. All things including our own names, bind us together for deep and unrelenting purposes.

Think what we should be, who are unlearned and brutish, if the wise, the learned and the good could separate themselves from us; were free from our superstitions and vague and foolish fears, and stood loftily by themselves, wrapped in their own superior wisdom. Therefore hath it been wisely ordained that no set of creatures of our race shall be beyond the reach of their helping hand—so lofty that they will not fear our reproaches, or so mighty as to be beyond our reach. If the lofty and the learned do not lift us up, we drag them down.

But unity is not the only watchword; there must be progress also. Since, by a law we cannot evade, we are to keep together, and since we are to progress, we must do it together, and nobody must be left behind. This is not a matter of philosophy; it is a matter of fact. No progress which did not lift all ever lifted any.

If we let the poison of the filthy diseases percolate through the hovels of the poor. Death knocks at the palace gates. If we leave to the greater horror of ignorance any portion of our race, the consequences of ignorance strike us all, and there is no escape. We must all move, but we must all keep together. It is only when the rearguard comes up that the vanguard can go on.

—Thomas B. Reed.

## Hope a Gift of The Holy Ghost

Hope casts out all trust in ourselves but it confirms greatly our trust in God. And this confidence excites in us a constant effort to attain our eternal end, and a careful diligence lest we be disappointed of our hope. There is nothing possible in God's service that hope will not attempt. St. Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

We may hope and strive for any measure or degree of sorrow for sin or mortification of self, of detachment from the world, of singleness of eye, of purity of intention, of holiness of heart, of union with God in charity. All these things are possible, for they are all duties which fall under the commandments, and the degree of their perfection fails under the counsels; and the Holy Ghost never counsels anyone to anything without giving the strength to do it.

From all this comes one more fruit a great courage in God's service so long as we hope for victory we shall fight manfully. If fear or doubt of mastery come upon us we shall never strike home nor stand firm against the sin that besets us. So long as we hope to escape from temptation by flight, we hope to put on all speed. If we think escape to be impossible, we slacken speed and are overtaken; and to be overtaken is to overcome.

If we swim for our life, so long as we hope to win the shore, we swim strongly. When we despair of safety we sink. So in our spiritual life and warfare. Hope gives strength. To faint in our confidence is weakness. It is to fail in trust of the Holy Ghost, with whom all things are possible. He can make us penitents in fervor and perseverance, and saints; for God can, even of these stones, raise up saints for His kingdom. Cardinal Manning.

caused by a liver is not working properly, it holds back the bile, which is so essential to promote the movement of the bowels, and the bile gets into the blood instead of passing through the usual channel, thus causing many stomach and bowel troubles. Floating spots before the eyes is also another indication that the liver is sluggish and requires stirring into action. This you can best do by taking Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They stir up the sluggish liver, clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, and do away with all stomach ills.

Mrs. John R. Morrison, Grand River Falls, Wis., writes: "Several months ago I was troubled with a sour stomach and had spots floating before the eyes. I took five vials of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills which cured, and cleared my blood before any length of time. I told my friends about it, and they got some, and they, too, find themselves different since they took them. I recommend your pills very highly."

## False Ideas of Holiness

There is a danger of forming false ideas of holiness. To hear some people talk one would suppose it was necessary to leave everything, to throw away all, to bury oneself in a desert and there devote oneself entirely to prayer and mortification. People then reply, that is impossible, so holiness must be left to the saints; and then betake themselves to a myriad of faults, sins, infidelities towards God. That is to say, under the excuse of not being able to become saints, they make themselves quite easy about their state, and slip on swiftly to their condemnation. This is an error, invented by the spirit of lies, accepted by the world, favored by the passions, which ask no better than to find a plausible pretext for satisfying the conscience. This is not sanctity. Sanctity consists in the accomplishment of the duties God lays upon us. In this way one who fulfills well the duties of his station, and much more one who fulfills them well for God, will become a real saint—nothing more is needed.

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 25 cents."

## Hope a Gift of The Holy Ghost

Vicar's daughter—I am sorry you don't like the vicar's sermons, William what is the matter with them? Are they too long?

William—Yes, miss. Your quart, 'e says, 'in conclusion,' and 'e do conclude. But the vicar says, 'Lastly,' and 'e do last.

## MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF

"Are you going to take any summer boarders this year?" asked a neighbor.

"Not unless they work in disguise as farm-hands," replied Farmer Courtness.

## BEWARE OF WORMS.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

## MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

## SUFFERED WITH KIDNEY'S FOR THREE YEARS.

70 YEARS OLD AND CURED. Late in life the body is likely to show signs of wear. Often the kidneys are the first organs to weaken. When many elderly folks suffer from backache, lame back, poor eyesight, rheumatic pains, gravel, dropsy and inability to control the urine.

Doan's Kidney Pills have made life more comfortable for thousands of old folks, as they stimulate the kidneys and tend to alleviate rheumatic joints, backache and too frequent urination. When past middle age it is a good plan to use Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally, just to keep the kidneys healthy. Mr. John Cameron, Baldwin, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for three years and tried several doctors. I got better for a little while, but the same trouble came back. A friend told me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and before I had taken them I felt better and kept on until I had taken five boxes. I am seventy years old, and had given up that there was any help for me, but thanks to 'Doan's' I have been cured." Price 50c a box, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price, by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. See that our trade mark, a "Maple Leaf," appears on the wrapper.