The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES — CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1916 — VOL. XLV., No. 22

LIME!

We have on hand a quantity of

St. John LIME

In Barrels and Casks.

PHONE 111

C. LYONS & Co.

April 26, 1916 —tf

Morson & Duffy

Barristers and Attorneys

Brown's Block, Charlottetown

P. E. Island.

MONEY TO LOAN.

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.,

Charlottetown.

Water Street, Phone 521.

June 30, 1915—3m

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre

Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required for a homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior

P. C. McLEOD K. C. — W. E. BENTLEY.

McLEOD & BENTLEY

Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors.

MONEY TO LOAN

Offices—Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
Prince Edward Island Railway.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 8th, 1916.

Trains Outward, Read Down. — ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME. — Trains Inward, Read Up.

P. M	A. M.	A. M.				A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
3.45	11.50	7.35	Dep.	Charlottetown	Ar.	11.40	10.15		10.20
5.00	1.15	8.30	"	Hunter River	"	10.36	9.20		9.03
5.45	2.06	9.02	"	Emerald Jct.	"	9.59	8.45	6.15	8.00
6.22	2.49	9.27	"	Kensington	"	9.27	8.23	5.30	
7.00	3.30	9.50	Ar.	Summerside	Dep.	9.00	8.00	4.50	
		P. M.							
8.10		12.15	Dep.	Summerside	Ar.	8.45	5.05		
9.08		1.57	"	Port Hill	"	7.48	3.31		
9.57		3.32	"	O'Leary	"	7.03	2.07		
10.38		4.40	"	Alberton	"	6.19	12.55		
11.15		5.40	Ar.	Tignish	Dep.	5.45	12.00		
Tues & Sat	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Fri.	Tues. & Sat					Tues. & Sat.		
							P. M.		
8.55	8.55	6.30	Dep.	Emerald Jct.	Ar.		8.35		7.50
9.30	9.50	7.25	Ar.	Cape Traverse	Dep.		8.00		7.00
P. M.		A. M.							
3.00		6.50	Dep.	Charlottetown	Ar.	9.45	5.50		
4.10		8.40	"	Mt. Stewart	"	8.35	4.10		
4.36		9.17	"	Morell	"	8.07	3.24		
4.57		9.47	"	St. Peter's	"	7.44	2.50		
6.00		11.15	Ar.	Souris	Dep.	6.40	1.25		
7.10			Ar.	Elmira	Dep.	5.30			
		A. M.							
4.15		8.50	Dep.	Mt. Stewart	Ar.	8.35	3.50		
5.04		10.00	"	Cardigan	"	7.40	2.39		
5.25		10.30	"	Montague	"	7.16	2.10		
6.00		11.10	Ar.	Georgetown	Dep.	6.40	1.30		
	Sat. only P. M.	Daily ex. Sat. & Sun. P. M.				Daily ex. Sat. & Sun. A. M.	Sat. only A. M.		
	3.10	3.10	Dep.	Charlottetown	Ar.	10.10	9.45		
	4.25	4.55	"	Vernon River	"	8.27	8.31		
	5.55	7.05	Ar.	Murray Harbor	Dep.	6.30	7.00		

All trains, unless otherwise marked, run daily, Sunday excepted.

Canadian Government Railways

Change of Time January 9th

Maritime Express Daily Ocean Limited Daily Except Sunday.

On Sunday, January 9th, the Maritime Express will run daily betwee Halifax and Montreal leaving Halifax at 3 p. m. Connection will be made at Montton to and from St. John daily. The Ocean Limited will not leave Halifax Sunday, January 9th, but will leave on the present schedule time 8.00 a. m. daily except Sunday thereafter. Its continuance during the winter months will be pleasing news to thousands of travellers to whom the "Ocean" appeals as an express train of excellence in service and comfort in travel.

From Montreal the Maritime Express will leave on its present schedule 8.15 a. m. daily and the Ocean Limited 7.25 p. m. daily except Saturday.

Jan. 12, 1916—

JOB WORK!

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office

Charlottetown P. E. Island

Check Books

Dodgers

Note Books of Hand

Letter Heads

Receipt Books

Posters

Tickets

VOL-PEEK

PRICE 15c. PER PACKAGE

"VOL-PEEK" mends holes in all kinds of Pots, Pans Boilers and all other kitchen utensils, in two minutes, at a cost of less than ½c. per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron Tinwares, Copper Brass, Aluminum, etc.

Easy to use, requires no tools and mends quickly Every housewife knows what it is to discover a hole in a pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article. Few things are more provoking and cause more inconvenience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will often spoil a whole mornings work.

The housewife has, for many years been wanting something with which she could herself, in her own home, mend such leaks quickly, easily and permantly, and she has never found it.

What has been needed is a mender like "VOL-PEEK. that will repair the article neatly and quickly and at the same time be always at hand, easily applied and inexpensive.

A package of "VOL-PEEK" will mend from 30 to 50 air sized holes.

"VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a still puty, simply cut off a small piece enough to fill the hole, then Burn the mend over the flame of a lamp, candle or open fire for two minutes, then the article will be ready for use.

Sent Post Paid to any address on receipt of 15 cents in Silver or Stamps

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Charlottetown

Agents for P. E. Island.

W. J. P. McMILLAN, M D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

205 KENT STREET

CHARLOTTETOWN.

NOTICE.

All persons having Accounts, Notes of hand, etc., unpaid at close of past year, are requested to settle same or make satisfactory arrangement without further notice.

Dr. D. E. MORRIS,
Dundas.

May 3, 1916—4i

Had Dyspepsia.

Says: HE NEARLY TURNED UP HIS TOES.

Burdock Blood Bitters CURED HIM.

Mr. H. N. Manderson, Stettler, Alta., writes: "About twenty-five years ago, in the Province of Quebec, I came pretty near turning up my toes with dyspepsia. A cousin of mine persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. In about two weeks I could eat anything from raw fat pork to unleavened bread. Three bottles did the job, and I have never been troubled with my stomach since. You would say that this is wonderful if you could only see what we sometimes have to live on in this country; bannock, half cooked beans, etc."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market for the past forty years, and cannot be excelled as a medicine for all diseases or disorders of the stomach.

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPTHERIA.

The old soldier was telling of his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were skeptical as to his veracity.

"Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and—"

"Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance wagon."

"But the old man shook his head.

"No," he insisted. "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon."—Tit-Bits.

A SENSIBLE MERCHANT

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects what ever. Be sure you get Milburn's Price 25 and 50 cts.

She—So you took a trip to Brazil last summer? Did you go up the Amazon?

Right up to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit.—Exchange.

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.

"So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?'

"Nobody ain't come yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dispepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

A fool may be known by six things; anger, without cause; speech, without profit; change, without progress; inquiry, without object; putting trust in a stranger, and mistaking foes for friends.—Arabian Proverb.

MINARDS LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

Use MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS FOR A SLUGGISH LIVER.

When the liver becomes sluggish it is an indication that the bowels are not working properly, and if they do not move regularly many complications are liable to set in.

Constipation, sick headache, bilious headache, jaundice, heartburn, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc., all come from a disordered liver.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills stimulate the sluggish liver, clean the coated tongue, sweeten the obnoxious breath, clean away all waste and poisonous matter from the system, and prevent as well as cure all complaints arising from a liver which has become inactive.

Mrs. John V. Tanton, Birnam. Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received by using your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a sluggish liver. When my liver got bad, I would have severe headaches, but after using a couple of vials, I am not bothered with them any more."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial, 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"The Last Sermon"

The following account of the death, at Scotch Fort, of Rev. Jas. McDonald, who came from Scotland with the Highlanders who colonized Glenaladale, is the concluding portion of a very interesting contribution to the Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul, Minn., entitled "The Last Sermon," by Helen Hughes Hielcher:—

"In Donald McKenzie's log cabin there was light long after the usual hour. It came partly from the wide hearth and partly from the wick that floated in a saucer of fish oil and burned with frequent sputterings. The rough benches arranged around the wall were empty, for the occupants of the cottage were on their knees, their eyes directed towards the bed where lay the gaunt figure of Father James. The pale face and sunken eyes and shallow irregular breathing showed that the soul was on the threshold. The faithful Donald—who was his right hand all these years, who opened up the little chapel in the early summer mornings, or cleared a pathway through the snow in the winter, who laid the worn vestments in order for him and served at Mass, when he could spend a few days in the settlement—now sat beside the bed and wiped away the death damp that gathered like dew on the broad, deep-seamed forehead, wetting the straggly grey hair, or closed the stiffening fingers over the blessed candle with his hard but kindly hand.

"All hope was gone, and even the most inexperienced knew that the priest was dying. But the passing was long. They had said the whole fifteen mysteries and the prayers for the dying twice, and the prayer for final perseverance and the Psalter of the Holy Name; and he still breathed painfully.

"The one blessed candle in the house was getting shorter and shorter. "He is going back," said Margaret McKenzie to a neighbor, who knelt with her at the foot of the bed, "going back over his road." And the neighbor understood, for did not she also believe—as was common among their race—that when you came to die the soul returned over the way it had travelled in life, nor could it depart from the body until it had revisited the house of its nativity. And the whisper passed among them, "he is going back." And once more they began their beads, but this time no one led and there was no noise, only the click of the beads and the labored breathing of the dying. Even the grim king "Death" seemed to stand waiting his return. And every soul there, though the lips moved, and the beads slipped through the fingers, was with him in spirit as their imagination carried them. They were with him on the heathery hills of home, or the streets of the Eternal City, or the church where he said his first Mass—while brother priests guided his newly-anointed hands in each unaccustomed movement,—or they were with him as he passed among the miserable homesick, seasick passengers as the black emigrant ship plowed her slow way through strange unfriendly waters.

"There was a deeper breath, and a quiver of the sick man's eyelids! He looked around as one waking from a dream. His eyes sought the face of each of the kneeling watchers. How fast and how far the feeblest of them would have run for a priest or a doctor! But alas! there was neither within the confines of that desolate Island. If his illness had not been so sudden some of the strong young men would have tried to effect a crossing to the mainland for aid, but now it was too late.

"At the first sign of motion from the dying priest, all rose to their feet—the ready sign showed their willingness to hear and do,—just as often before they rose when he turned to read the Gospel. Only a murmur came from his dry lips. Margaret brought a little water and would have raised that dear grey head, but just then came the thought that the last woman's hand that rested there was his mother's, so she drew back and gave the cup to Donald.

"When Donald moistened his lips Father James spoke in such a clear voice that for a moment the hope that he might yet rally made their hearts leap, but from the threshold of eternity, as the door of life closed upon his departing soul, he gave his last message, "Keep the Faith." The light in his eyes quivered for a moment and then went out; the body relaxed, and the grayness of death spread over the face.

"Then the strongly repressed grief of his people burst out in weeping and sobbing until it took the form of the caoine or keen peculiar to the Celtic race—the articulation of musical expression of grief which makes it a luxury akin to great joy, as, like joy, it is a deep, powerful stirring of the human heart.

"Margaret McKenzie, a decendant of a Scottish minstrel herself, gave the words which the others followed. This keen, of course in Gaelic, was common among the people as late as fifty years ago and possessed considerable merit inasmuch as it expressed the feeling of those who were present at Father James' death.

"The Priest is dead," was the burden of the song repeated drearily, like the beating of December rain that falls without hope of a harvest, or the tears of the aged that drain rather than relieve an overfilled heart. The following is a rough translation from the original Gaelic.

"The priest is dead." Young men! away
Through the frosty mists of the morning grey
On ringing skates to the River Head
And tell the people "the priest is dead."

Let others follow the river down
Until they come to the far-of-town;
And in Port La Joie let the word be said
"In Scotch Fort parish the priest is dead."

On snowshoes light let others go
Through the plains and forests to Rustico
And e'er setting sun burns red
Let the Frenchmen know "the priest is dead."

To Lennox Isle speed your lonesome way
Across the ice-fields cold and grey,
Where the Indians dwell in the forest deep,
And say "the Father is gone to sleep."

Oh, toil-worn priest, you are lying low!
No more you battle with rain or snow;
The trackless wastes no more you'll tread
For you lie at the end of the journey, dead.

Oh, swift was your feet on the "call" to speed,
But you were alone in your hour of need;
And lonely are we around this bed
Where he that could comfort is lying dead.

Cold is the hearth when the last spark dies,
And empty and lone are the western skies
When the red sun sinks in his cloudy bed;
And cold are our hearts, for the priest is dead.

We may hollow a grave in the churchyard drear,
And weep and pray by his lonely bier,
But the altar is dark and the Mass unsaid;
For the only priest in the Isle is dead."

For five years after the death of Father James, no priest visited St. John, now called Prince Edward Island. But how well the people kept the faith may be judged by the fact that there is not a hill on the Island from which the observer cannot see at least one church spire pointing like a white finger toward the blue sky. And not a land in the old or new world has given a larger quota of young men and women to the service of God in holy religion.

The Influence Of The Crowd

Many a lad excuses his shortcomings and failings by saying "the crowd is doing it." Questioned as to his laxity in religious duties and contempt of morality again comes the invariable answer with the same self-satisfied smile, "the crowd is doing it."

Whatever goes wrong in his system, according to him, must be attributed to the crowd. What he says to a great extent is true but however not wholly so, for he can be independent of that crowd if he only has the desire, if he has a back bone of sufficent strength.

It is the nature of the boy to love companionship, to have not one but many friends. For a good game of ball, for a lively, snow fight a number is required and so the boy must seek for chums if he wishes to enjoy the finest and happiest period of his life.

Now in his neighborhood he will meet with boys of many varieties. He will meet the lad whose parents allow him to do pretty much as he pleases. He will meet the lad who prides himself on his ability to lie and who is not afraid to emphasize his remarks with an oath and who doesn't hesitate to repeat filthy stories. He will meet the lad who frankly speaks disrespectfully of father and mother and who delights to act older than he really is; and finally he will meet the lad who bears all the earmarks of a really good boy, namely, generosity, squareness, piety and a love of sports.

Let him join company with the first few mentioned lads and it will not be long before his own character will be formed in the same fashion. He may remain pure and good but the nature of a boy is very plastic and frequent association with bad company will work havoc with his soul and character. But let him seek the company of generous, square and good chums and he will unconsciously imbibe their good qualities and experience that supreme happiness which is the blessing of only the good boy.

It is sad to see a splendid chap delight in the company of those whose morals are loose, whose conduct is not above reproach for it will not be long before he'll be saying when called to task by father or mother "the crowd is doing it." Scolded for being a slave to such a set he will perhaps rejoin "it is too late to pull out, so I've got to stick." A little reflection on his part would show him it is not too late. A little good will on his part and a rejuvenation of his dormant moral courage would soon set him on his feet again and make him bid a final adieu to the "crowd."

A crowd has a strong influence but it can never force one to lose his own self respect, his own purity, his own integrity unless that one obeys its dictates and allows himself to be enslaved by it.

—Sacred Heart Review.

The Superior-General of the Salesian Fathers, the Order founed by the Venerable Don Bosco for the education of orphan boys, has written to the Premier of Italy informing him that he has opened an institute near Pinerolo for the care of boys between eight and twelve rendered homeless by the war. This has been done in addition to much other relief work undertaken by the Order, and notwithstanding the fact that one-fourth of the masters and assistants in its houses in Italy have been called to the colours.

Among London's Catholic social institutions is a home at Hampstead where professional women who have young children to look after can leave them to be cared for during the day. It is also a training-school for children's nurses. The Queen paid a visit to the institution on Monday in Holy Week and was deeply interested in its work.