

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SEERS

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1907

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Exclusive Designs.

Only one piece of each decoration. Special importation. Most suitable for

Wedding Presents

Goods you cannot duplicate in any other store in Prince Edward Island.

Prices Low Quality High

A pleasure to show this ware, whether you purchase or not.

CARTER & CO., Limited.

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices.

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READY-MADE CLOTHING

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HATS and CAPS

Don't forget to give me a call first day you are in town.

When you buy your

SUMMER SUIT

I will save you a dollar.

When you want a HAT or CAP or anything in the Furnishing line I can show you by far the largest assortment of up-to-date goods in the city.

If you have any wool for exchange bring it along with you.

H. H. BROWN,

The Young Men's Man.
Queen Street, just around Hughes' Corner.

This Bedroom SUITE



3 pieces as shown. \$12.50, at any station on the P. E. Island Railway.

Furniture and Carpets!

And we guarantee you

Better Goods for Less Money Than you'll find anywhere else.

MARK WRIGHT Fur. Co.

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. caddy, 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 caddy of tea as advertised in this paper.

(Sign full name)
(And Address)

Spring & Summer Weather

Spring and Summer weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing.

We are still at the old stand,

PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

Giving all orders strict attention.

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN.

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 Newel 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.

Father Phelan on the New Syllabus.

The Montreal Star remarks:

The most caustic comments on the decree have come from the pen of Rev. Dr. D. S. Phelan, editor of the Western Watchman. Father Phelan is the dean of Catholic Editors in America, and his editorials have been famous for the past forty years. Under the heading: "Read And Rub Your Eyes," he comments as follows on the decree: We publish on the first page of this paper the full text of the new syllabus on modern exegesis, just issued by order of the Holy Father. In it will be found an explicit condemnation of all the errors into which the modern school of Catholic interpretation has unfortunately fallen, and over which there has been so much said and written in the last few years. We can trace these errors to Loisy, in the first place, and to the proud, restless spirits in universities who think that their light has been too long hidden under a bushel, and who would make the whole world the beneficiaries of their sensational discoveries in scriptural exegesis, in the second place.

We read Loisy's articles before they appeared in book form, and we really think he did not at the outset intend to break with Catholic traditional faith. He wrote a thesis to show how far a Catholic could go without rejecting any dogma of faith. To do that he had to reduce the dogmas to the minimum of liberal interpretation. It was a hazardous theme, but as an exercise in dialectics it might be allowed to pass. The fierce storm of opposition aroused by his anonymous articles spurred him on to a chivalrous defence of what he became more and more convinced were tenable positions. Those arguing for argument's sake sometimes get to believe what in the beginning they threw out as feelers. It was the case with Loisy. After two years of fierce conflict, he convinced himself that not only were his advanced positions tenable, but that they were nearer the truth than the dogmas they were supposed to controvert. Heresy is nine parts stubbornness and one part ignorance. We do not believe that Loisy believed in his heart that Our Lord was for the greater part of his life ignorant of his divine sonship and his Messianic mission. This would make him out little more than a forerunner of Dowie, and his religion a spawn of ignorant fanaticism. But he said so and when attacked he defended his position. And this he, and the little tribe of imitators who have neither his piety nor his capacity, and who echo the statement, call science. He said that the divinity of Our Lord was not in the beginning of the Church a dogma or even a superstitious belief. It was one of the exaggerations of the perverted and ill formed Christian brain, swayed by the habit of ages and the disposition of the time first to make heroes of great men and then to raise them to the rank of divinities. We do not think Loisy believed this, but he said it; and he and his little noisy band of disciples now call it science. He said the sacraments are the petrification of early faith, and they were made to do service in the Christian community when the gifts of the Holy Ghost were no longer discernible. When the spirit of God refused longer to act, formulas and ceremonies took the place of the vanished spirit. Loisy did not believe this statement in its entirety, but he defended it, and his buzzing clientele accepted it as science. Loisy said that what is called revelation is only the language of the soul in a state of abnormal elation; is, in fact, only a humor of the body. This nasty statement Loisy threw out in answer to some very cheap criticisms of his bolder assertions. It was not intended for general consumption. But it is in his book, and the foremost tribe of eloquencers about their approbation and cry "Bravo!"

The first proposition condemned by the Pope is the one that asserts that the Bible, although inspired, contains many and grave errors of history and science. We cannot admit error of any kind in the inspired volume, or we shall have to give up all kinds of inspiration, the lowest being that which safeguards the inspired writer from error. This does not mean that there may not be errors in the Bible of today; but all such errors are those of interpreters and copyists. Against such errors of carelessness and ignorance no measure of original inspiration will avail.

One of the most startling propositions of the modern Catholic school of exegesis is that which declares the resurrection of Our Lord unprovable. With the greatest sang froid the little professors of Scripture in our Catholic colleges and seminaries tell us that the Resurrection is not and can never be a fact of science. It is at best supernatural, and therefore wholly beyond the sphere of scientific inquiry. They permit us to believe as they would permit us to believe the miracles of Lourdes, or any other pious fables; but their condescending science shows only too plainly that they know from their hearts or from their noses that there is no Resurrection. Now if Christ did not rise from the dead, then is our preaching vain. It was the subject of his first and only discourse to the Areopagus in Athens. Strange that the only scientific member of the Apostolic body should have selected such a subject when addressing Greek scientists.

What gives the little fellows "strongholds" in the obstacles they encounter in their historical and scientific inquiries. They are in despair; and throwing up their hands, they ask if Rome will permit the presence of scientists within her pale. We should say not. Science stops at the gate of the sanctuary. After that faith must rule supreme. This is an elementary proposition, and one that the earliest fathers insisted on. The trouble with many young Catholic exegesis is, they do not say their prayers. Their Masses are notoriously deadifying. Many young men studying Scripture under them declare that they have to watch their deportment before the Blessed Sacraments to convince themselves that they have any faith. The trouble with these men is, they do not make retreats; and there is no supervision of their morals. A Catholic scientist who complains of the draw backs of the Church's dogmatic decisions is a little mind, who should be sent out to a country parish to learn the elements of faith from simple Catholics.

These men denounce all system. They say that the effort of theologians to systematize theology has been the cause of all the trouble. But they are themselves the authors of the finest kinds of systems. For instance, they explain the present state of Latin Christianity by regarding it, first as a Judaic teaching; then Pauline; then Hellenic, and lastly Roman. It is wonderful how these young men can go over the whole field of Catholic archeology and no where find the slightest trace of God's immediate action in the history of His Church. They open the Tabernacle door with as little reverence as Hamlet handled Yorick's skull.

It would take too long to go over a tenth part of the ground covered by the syllabus; but a cursory perusal will convince our readers that we have not been too hasty or too intemperate in our strictures of this noisy pest. These little fellows will now take to the tall timber. We shall hear from them after a while, but it will be to the effect that it was too much of a storm after all. We do not want mere submission on the part of the cowardly little heretics; we demand an explicit acceptance of the letter and spirit of the decree. The bishops should now do a little weeding. They have a sharp hog and there need be no fear of injuring wholesome plants. All these "moderns" in our seminaries and universities are tarred with the same stick. Give them a long retreat, and then employ them in lines for which their limited abilities better fit them.

They declare that they will not be driven out of the Church, no matter what Rome decides. They will continue to defend their theses in their chairs. We shall see about that. We should not be surprised if the Scripture professors in three of our leading theological schools would be given long vacations next October. The Pope has acted; it is now time for the Bishops to act.

Morgan Wanted to Buy.

Miss O'Hare, associate editor of The Catholic Universe, writes as follows of her visit to the Apostolic Basilica of St. Francis, which is the Seraph's tomb.

"After we had looked at every fresco, our guide supplemented the feeble sunshine by the light of an enormous candle, and knelt over the tomb, we were led to the dim old sacristy and with much unlooked-for doors and many impressive explanations were shown the treasures preserved by the Sons of St. Francis, who had dwelt in the adjoining monastery since his death.

There is the hair-shirt worn by the saint, the habit in which he died, his cap and the cloth shoes made for him by St. Clare. There are other shoes, too, great clumsy things of wood, worn to hide the stigmata, and the little stained piece of skin used to staunch the wound in his side. There is the little silver chalice from which he received the Holy Eucharist and the horn given him by the Sultan when he

was in Egypt to call his disciples to prayer. The original rule of the Franciscan Order, as approved by Pope Honorius III, is preserved under glass, and most intimate moving of all, the little square of ragged and yellow parchment on which St. Francis wrote in his own hand his blessing to Brother Leo.

"May the Lord bless thee and take care of thee," the stiff old characters read. "May He show His face to thee and have mercy on thee. My He turn His countenance toward thee and give thee peace." And again, over the signature, God bless thee, Brother Leo.

"All day we had heard the footsteps of St. Francis echoing up and down the hilly streets, and now we heard his voice, clear and sweet, across the centuries. God bless thee, Brother Leo."

"Our Franciscan guide was telling us about Mr. Morgan, your very rich man, and how he had spent a whole day the week before in the church, examining everything with the greatest interest. 'I was the whole day with him,' the good Father boasted with native simplicity, 'and I asked him if he liked to give something out of his so great money to restore St. Francis' church. 'How much would it take Father?' said he. 'Oh, about half a million lire.' He laughed a big laugh and then he pointed to this crucifix. It was a large glass crucifix given by St. Louis IX., of France, to Brother Bonaventura, one of the companions of St. Francis. 'If you will give me this crucifix,' he said, 'I will give you the half million.'

"The Franciscan sighed as he locked his treasure away. 'Of course it was impossible,' he remarked as he led us back to the church, 'but your very rich man, he meant it.' 'Remember, Father,' he said again as he left, 'whenever you want your half million send me the crucifix and it is yours.'

"We sympathized with our guide in his candid disappointment at the bargaining spirit of Mr. Morgan, but all through his talk, through the deep chanting of the monks in the choir and the Benediction that followed at the blazing high altar in the upper church, we heard the echo of that blessing, the same best wish in all ages, and in every tongue, 'God bless thee, Brother Leo.'

In the Shadow of St. Peter's.

On account of its age and because it shelters the burial place of the Apostle for whom it was named, St. Peter's at Rome has been called the parent church of Christendom. When Nero's executioners led the old fisherman away to his death, he was so infirm that he could not carry his cross, and they crucified him where he fell beneath its weight.

The old chronicles state that a few weeping Christians knelt there in the yellow sand that same night to pray, and men have been going there to worship ever since. First a little chapel marked the spot, then a larger structure covered it for 1,100 years, finally to give way to the present towering pile which was commenced 450 years ago. Great toil and great wealth were expended in rearing this mighty Cathedral, and many on the earth's great dead are asleep in its friendly shelter. It is hallowed by such sacred associations that all who enter instantly feel the spirit of its majestic solemnity. The titanic proportions of everything and the age long story that is woven in the very roof of it, appeals to the senses in a way that can neither be sensed nor explained.

St. Peter's not only dwarfs all the other churches of Rome, but ranks as the giant edifice of the world. A famous author likened the surprise occasioned by the first view of its towering proportions to the feeling one would have if he met a man forty feet tall. Figures and compassions can only partially portray the real magnitude of this colossus. It covers six acres. Its main aisle is an eighth of a mile long and its dome is a twelfth of a mile high. If St. Peter's were flooded the largest ship that sails the ocean could steam up the center aisle and its masts would scarcely reach above the top of the high altar. If its capacity were taxed to the utmost a congregation of 80,000 people might assemble within its walls, and 200,000 more could wait outside within the inclosure of the colonnades. In the lofty dome there is a mosaic of St. Luke with a pen in his hand. From the great height the pen seems of ordinary size, but in reality it is eight feet long.

You can save from 20 to 30 dollars on an organ if you buy it from us. No middle-men's profits to pay. Write to-day.—Miller Bros., the P.

"WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?"

There is no form of disease more prevalent than dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high living and rapid eating of the present day mode of life. Among the many symptoms are: Variable appetite, faint, grating feeling at the pit of the stomach; with unatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, headache and constipation.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will cure the worst cases of dyspepsia, by regulating the bowels, and toning up the digestive organs. Mrs. Geo. H. Riley, West Lacombe, N.B., writes: "I suffered for years from dyspepsia and could get no relief until I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. After 71 had taken three bottles I was completely cured and was eating anything now."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"So the grand jury has indicted your father for violating the anti-bate law? I hope they won't send him to jail."

"Oh," the beautiful heiress replied, with splendid confidence, "there isn't any danger of that. Papa is no fool. He has made all arrangements to prove that the rebates were obtained by the office boy while he was suffering with a brain storm."—Judge.

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."

Customer—What on earth is this broth made of, waiter? Surely it isn't chicken broth? Waiter—Well, sir, it's chicken broth in its infancy. It's made out of the water that the eggs are boiled in.

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills." Price 50c a box.

Mrs. Benham—You used to say that you would give your life for me. Benham—That was when I was sick and expected to die anyway.—Baltimore World.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 20 and 25 cents, all dealers.

"You say a modest woman. Just what do you mean by that?" "Well, a woman who costs her husband less than \$2,500 a year is modest as prices go."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

If you know how to speed less than you get you have the philosopher's stone. Franklin.

Sprained Arm.

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

"Is Flapdoodle truthful?"

"Well, he confessed that he covered his head the other night and didn't dare get out of bed when he thought he heard a burglar in the house."

Minard's Liniment cures colds, etc.

SUFFERED FROM HEART and NERVE TROUBLES FOR the LAST TEN YEARS.

If there be nerve derangement of any kind, it is bound to produce all the various phenomena of heart derangement. In

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

is combined treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act upon the heart itself. Mrs. John Riley, Douro, Ont., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from heart and nerve troubles for the past ten years. After trying many remedies, and doctoring for two years without the least benefit, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using nine boxes I am entirely cured and would recommend them to all sufferers." Price 20 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.