

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1910

Vol. XXXIX, No. 27

"PERIQUE."

Dark Cut Tobacco in tins and packages. This is one of the **COOLEST SMOKES**

On the market. Try a 10 cent package. You'll enjoy it. All up-to-date grocers and druggists sell it.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co., Ltd.
Ch'town, Phone 345. Manufacturers.



For New Buildings Hardware

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.

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, Glace 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

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

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.

Just Received

New Hat Pins, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fobs, Chains, Locketts, Sterling Thimbles, Links, Bracelets, Brooches.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

MODERN BUILDING PLANT!

The undersigned intends to establish at

MONTAGUE BRIDGE

Early in the coming spring, an up-to-date Building Plant for the manufacture

From Concrete

Of all manner of material for building purposes. The building material here manufactured will include brick and all kinds of

Concrete Building Stone,

Monuments, Coffin Vaults, Steps, Drain Tiles, Caps, Lintels, Cellar Walls and Floors, Veranda Columns and Floors, and Veranda Walls of all descriptions; all requirements for Concrete Side-Walks, etc., etc. In connection with the establishment there will be a

Builders' Supply Store

Where the requirements for all kinds of buildings may be obtained. Contracts will be entered into for the erection of Concrete Buildings in any part of the Province. Enquiries regarding buildings and material will receive careful attention and prompt replies.

CHARLES LUND,

48 Brook Road, Quincy, Mass.

Jan. 5, 1910-4i

What a Reporter Remembered of Forty Sermons*

It is told of a priest of the Boston diocese, who is now no more, that he was complimented by one of his parishioners on a sermon. The priest was curious to know what truth it was that made so deep an impression, but all his questioning elicited no reply. Finally the parishioner admitted that he remembered nothing of what was said. "But you see, Father," he urged in defence, "it's just like this. My wife puts my shirt in water, soap and blaine, and though none of those articles remain when the washing is finished, the shirt is far better off for it all. And so am I for your sermon, though I don't recall anything of it."

In many cases it must be sadly confessed that the Sunday morning sermon is like the Monday morning washing. The effects remain for some time in both cases, but the causes have evaporated. Yet the preacher is a teacher as well as a stimulant and is eager to have his lessons abide while they should also impart life and vigor in their delivery. Can one find out what it is in a sermon which will outlive the day of its preaching? Not fully, of course, because there are many strange survivals in memory as well as outside of it which seem to have no particular fitness entitling them to old age.

Still a voyage of discovery into the regions of the memory will disclose here and there some bit of land whether a tiny island of precarious volcanic origin or a more solid and greater continent not yet submerged by the waters of forgetfulness. For several years, with a view to discovering the constituents of the surviving lands, a teacher of rhetoric has had his pupils write out three of their earliest recollections of sermon truths. The experiment showed much variety and yet some marked uniformity in the traits of remembered truths. Those interested may perform the experiment for themselves and see whether it corresponds with the results obtained by the study of a reporter's memory. Mr. James Douglas made the rounds of the London churches and published his impressions of their preachers in the London Morning Leader. He afterwards gathered his remarks into a book called "The Man in the Pulpit." Here we may study the survival of the memory's fittest.

The material for the experiment is not wholly suitable. Mr. Douglas was not a normal listener. He stands on the sidelines, we may say. He has not thrown himself into the excitement of the game. He enters the church as the school-inspector does the classroom, not to learn with the docility and eager curiosity of a child but to examine and test and approve with the cold aloofness of a judge. Mr. Douglas is a journalist critic, and that renders him less suitable still as a listener. The journalist looks for the striking and arresting points, the spice for his readers. Mr. Douglas finally is a stylist of a pronounced type. Macaulay offered up sacrifices to truth on the altar of balance. Mr. Douglas looks as though he would be equally unmerciful for the sake of a metaphor. It is certainly interesting and extremely diverting to watch him working and weaving a city, a church, a voice, a face, a person into the devious pattern of a metaphor. The result is fascinating; it is Swinburne in prose (Mr. Douglas intensely admires Swinburne); it holds the reader entranced as the man does who keeps some half a dozen sharp, gleaming knives whirling through the air, but when the breathless performance is over, the reader is tempted to say, "juggling."

The following passage gives us one out of many instances of the way Mr. Douglas likes to reduce a man or a scene to a common denominator: "Canon Barker's smile is a sermon, and his sermon is a smile. You realize that his face is carved out of joyous quietude. Its smooth surfaces are genial, untroubled. The small eyes twinkle contentment. The nose juts out with jovial bilidity. Every gesture is an incitement to a cheerful acceptance of life. The strained mouth drawn tight as a bow string to battle with an inner tide of laughter that surges for relief. The man is an incarnation of optimism." Such writing is indeed stimulating and diverting, but it is fanciful and often strained. We admire the ingenious dexterity of Mr. Douglas; we are not convinced of the embodied risibility of Canon Barker or that his photograph would serve as a substitute for a joke column.

To give an example of the London reporter as a stylist, like Swinburne, we quote his description of Father Vaughan. The criticism is better than the style. "The sermon is simple, sensuous, passionate. Glowing eloquence poured hot from the heart. No notes, no manuscript. Well-built withal. A noble edifice of emotion harmoniously balanced and richly decorated with spontaneous phrase. No taint or trace of a metaphysical microbe, no pulpit pedantry. Lyrically free from the disease of thought. Throughout it throbs with the poignant pathos of Christ and Christians crucified. It is a bacchanal of rapturous agony and ecstatic anguish, a psalm of passion, joyous saturnalia of sorrow."

But to come to the question of what was remembered by Mr. Douglas. Despite his drawbacks as a listener, it might be said because of them, the experiment is worth making. Underneath the critic, the journalist and the stylist is human nature and the man in the pulpit found in this man in a pew, a heavily armored, yet not impregnable listener. Even a reporter may on occasion be human and forget his profession.

Professors of the art of teaching tell us, and experience confirms their statements, that the teacher will make his pupils remember by repetition and novelty, or interesting presentation. Mr. Douglas confirms this truth. Rev. Silas Hooking had "reiterative amplifications of a simple phrase." "With the hammer of a phrase, he drives the nail of instruction into the board," says Mr. Douglas. Much of Father Vaughan's sermon too was hammered in by a refrain.

The first of the type of interesting presentation is the story. The example of this London reporter is hardly needed to prove that the story is a memory survival. Akin to the story are the facts and examples of history. Rev. R. J. Campbell, Father Vaughan, Monsignor Croke Robinson and others get parts of their sermons in the Morning Leader by their historical facts. Comparisons save others from forgetfulness and in that point the reporter's memory is like the more fallible memories of ordinary mortals. Comparisons are the next help for the memory. The simile is indispensable in the art of remembering sermons. "We have powder in our breasts," said Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and we should probably never have known that way of describing our inflammable passions, had not the fluttering wings of the truth been fixed in a distracted memory by the shining point of an epigram, here crowned with the jewel of a comparison. Rev. Archibald Brown combines epigram, example and comparison and has succeeded in being very much remembered. On the page of his text "he hangs a whole wardrobe of racy aphorisms, quaint quips and homely parables." Canon Newbolt is an "epigrammatist" and proves his fitness to survive by many "flashing phrases" like, "castles in the air for the imagination to dwell in are better than pig styes on the earth for sensuality to wallow in." Rev. J. H. Jowett unites many of the qualities already mentioned. His "delightful characteristic is his rich fertility of allusion and illustration, symbol and simile. He tells an anecdote with pungent humor, but his anecdotes are always apt and apposite."

So far, it might be said, it is external qualities which make the truth survive in the journalist memory. More important as preservers of truth are the internal qualities, Personality and sincerity, directness, absence of mere phrases, avoidance of rhetorical flourishes, these are qualities which the reporter brings on again and again, as qualities too which set the truth living and quivering into his memory with vital vigor enough to survive the crash at the door after the services. Here is one statement out of a hundred very like it: "Just as his eyes save his face from insignificance, so his enthusiasm saves his oratory from conventionality. Personality can remove mountains and there is a flame in Hensley Henson's voice which sets his words on fire. He believes in his religion, his Church, and in himself. That is the one thing that completes the circuit between the pulpit and the pew. Without it sermons are corpses."

Personality, however, has its dangers for remembering and Mr. Douglas has repeatedly fallen victim to them. He remembers the man better than what he said. Is emotion better than personality as a fixer of thoughts. Dr. Lorimer, the "famous New York preacher," is conspicuous for true feeling. "He does not read his sermons, and here I may say," writes Mr. Douglas, "that read sermons ought to be abolished. No, he preaches with fresh, not stale, emotions, and his words fall molten from his lips."

Mr. Douglas is generous to the several American preachers he heard in London. The last point to be mentioned as a crystallizer of lasting remembrance is actuality. This quality is responsible for the largest number of longest survivals of the many sermons this reporter heard. His ideal preacher has his "eye on the hour." The science of the day with its difficulties against revelation, the social questions pressing for solution, the thorny points of theology now torturing Protestants, the position of the Bible, the nature of Christ, the personality of God, all these questions make the reporter forget the Morning Leader and merge himself into the larger humanity for whom the soul is more than a newspaper. Other means make phrases or passages survive in the memory; actually have preserved pages from oblivion.

What then will get your sermon beyond the Church door, into the paper and perhaps into a book? If Mr. Douglas may be taken as the type of a normal man, here is what you will have to do. Know the prejudices of the audience, if possible. They will remember what they like. Mr. Douglas is surely a Swinburnian and, it can be said with almost equal assurance, is a Scotchman. Enlist the prejudices in your favor. Embody your truth in a story; illustrate it with a comparison; condense it into an epigram; reiterate it with persistency. Gather historical facts with which to prove it. Show that what you defend is a living actual issue in the scientific, moral or religious world of to-day. Then if you have a clear order, and enforce what you say with sincerity, displayed in the flash of the eye, the swing of the arm and the ring of the voice, your truth will abide. It will set the hearts of your audience beating faster and so stimulate them as they hear, but more than that, it will enrich their thoughts with new life-blood and will continue to do good after the echoes of your voice have died away.

FRANCOIS P. DONNELLY, S. J.
In America.

Tomorrow.

What a multitude of people are watching for "Tomorrow." "Tomorrow I shall be better," murmurs the invalid. "Tomorrow I shall have better luck, shall do better work, shall be sharper in my bargains, shall beware of former mistakes," thus say the unfortunate, the careless, the speculative, the remorseful. Yet, commonly, tomorrow becomes today only to find the invalid dead, the unfortunate utterly ruined, the speculator desperately disappointed, the sinner deeper in his crimes.

We are too much inclined "to reckon without our host," in regard to the illusive "tomorrow." "Tomorrow" is the invalid. "Tomorrow" shall have better luck, shall do better work, shall be sharper in my bargains, shall beware of former mistakes," thus say the unfortunate, the careless, the speculative, the remorseful. Yet, commonly, tomorrow becomes today only to find the invalid dead, the unfortunate utterly ruined, the speculator desperately disappointed, the sinner deeper in his crimes.

Charles Rade illustrates this admirably well, in his story of Noah. Skinner, the fraudulent bank clerk, who falls, the author states, into a sleeper's languor in the midst of his resolutions to make restitution "tomorrow." "By-and-by, waking up from a sort of heavy doze, Noah took a last look at the receipts and murmured, "my head, how heavily it feels!" But presently, he roused himself, full of his penitent resolution, and murmured again, brokenly, "I'll—take it—tomorrow—tomorrow—tomorrow—tomorrow—tomorrow." The "tomorrow" found him, and so did the detestable, dead.

Would you call that a happy death, my dear Gathic reader? It was not, so die in a dreary counting-room, the very scene of his fraudulent transactions, at the very desk where he had shouldered the sin of his life, with all its burdens of darkness, misery and dread? Dissolute? Ah, piteously so, to die alone, without a friend or comforter, without the light of a blessed candle, or the sparkling of holy water, without prayer, confession, or holy Viaticum. Yet, it is the just death of him who puts off till "tomorrow" the case of his soul, the arranging of his accounts, the making of restitution to God and man.

How is it with yourself, friend? procrastinating are you not? Next Sunday you will go to Mass; next month you will receive the Sacraments; next year you will send your children to the provincial school? Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow! Never now, this hour, this instant.

On the presumption, the audacity, the barefaced impudence of this new justifiable claim on the morrow that lies in the palm of an all powerful hand which may close upon it, so far as you are concerned. Not all the wealth of the Indies can purchase for you that tomorrow, when once it has passed, or you have passed into eternity.—St. Anthony's Messenger.

Troubled With Constipation For Years.

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous to your health and should be corrected at once for if this is not done constipation and all sorts of diseases are liable to attack you.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and All Stomach, Liver and Bowel complaints.

Mr. Henry Pearce, 49 Standish Ave., Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies which did me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial; they are, indeed, a splendid pill, and I can heartily recommend them to all those who suffer from constipation."

Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The ballot box stuffer had pleaded guilty, and the court had given him five years.

"That's flattering," said the prisoner with a smile.

"Flattering," exclaimed his lawyer. "Sure. The court took me at my word."

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 50c.

"Well," said the head of the family, "it's come to a choice between two things."

"And what is that?" asked his wife.

"Whether we'll continue to eat meat or continue to maintain an automobile."

Sprained Arm.

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

"He says it is costing him four times as much to live as it did two years ago."

"But the price of necessities has only doubled."

"Yes, but he is leading a double life."

Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc.

Patience—I see Peggy has got one of those chanclicollet hairs.

Patience—And she's crowing over it, I suppose?

"No; under it."

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

Your senator has come home to explain how he lost his head in Washington.

"Yes, but he lost his voice, too, and he can't explain."

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Ella—What did your aged suitor say when he proposed to you?

Stella—Will you be my widow?

Marsh—Have you seen the comet?

Mallow—No; I haven't kept any hours like that since the first of the year.

Could Not Sleep In The Dark.

Doctor Said Heart and Nerves Were Responsible.

There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system, that it cannot be quieted.

Mr. Calvin Stark, Rosemore, Ont., writes:—"About two years ago I began to be troubled with a smothering sensation at night, when I would lie down. I got so bad I could not sleep in the dark, and would have to sit up and rub my limbs, they would become so numb. My doctor said my heart and nerves were responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to try them. I took three boxes and can now lie down and sleep without the light burning and can rest well. I am recom-

and I then highly to all nervous and run down women.

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.