

# The Charlottetown Herald.

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MANUFACTURED BY  
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## Newman As a Man of Letters.

Doctor William Barry, himself one of the most scholarly writers of the present day, treats in his life of the great English Cardinal of the illustrious convert's ability as a man of letters—an ability which it may be said, has (like that of Ruskin) in later days frequently been called in question by the younger critics of the ultra modern schools. Dr. Barry tells us that Newman himself more than once admitted that he had never attempted to write well, or to form an elegant style. His only endeavor was, in his own words, "to do what is so difficult, namely, to express clearly and exactly my meaning. The only master of style I ever had \* \* \* is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know, to no one else."

Every day Newman made a point of translating one English sentence into Latin. His pages are also strewn with reminiscences of the Bible, as we might expect from his familiarity with it in every part, and Shakespeare must be taken into account in the moulding of his particular style. He belongs (says Dr. Barry) to the central tradition of European prose which is good coin in all our dialects; he exhibits the "copious, majestic, unmingled flow of language" that he admires in Cicero.

Cicero, Newman once said, wrote Roman; most other writers of the Imperial City are not adequate spokesmen for it, since they write only Latin. And (says Dr. Barry) Newman is Latin by the structure of sentences and periods; by the rhythm which his ear, fastidiously keen, demands; by his leisurely rhetoric, senatorial grace and instant authority. But (says Dr. Barry) it is Roman Latin; he disdains the artificial and the provincial; he has too much sense to be affected; he is too serious for the vain exhibition of the virtuoso; too sure of himself to employ any but the words which men use in their daily talk. His choice, like Macaulay's, does not range outside Johnson, and the well known French critic, M. Dumne, declared that only Bossuet of all great modern writers can be compared with Newman in an absolute disdain for the praise of excellence. Neither was more of a dilettante than was Carlyle.

Academic he certainly was, says Dr. Barry, teaching in the form of lecture, he must expound, elucidate, place his subject in various lights, resolve difficulties; he is a rhetorician. \* \* \* Nor has he marked affinities with English writers of his day; he is strikingly different from Macaulay, whose eloquence betrays the fury as it is in a leaf in the face of the Western Celt. To Ruskin he is a contrast for the very reason that he does not handle words as if they were settings in architecture or colors on a palette; rather, Newman would look upon them as transparencies which let his meaning through.

On the other hand (says the Doctor) Newman never read for reading's sake; he was either incurious or detached on principle from the pursuit of beauties in literature. He read with an end in view. \* \* \* We may question if he had read Montaigne; he was surely not acquainted with Rousseau, and he remained to the last an old-fashioned Englishman, not so much W. G. of Tory, as insular and even somewhat prejudiced, a thing we may smile at, all the more so that there was (says Dr. Barry) so rarely in the veins of our great genius one drop of English blood.

In considering Newman as a man of letters, Dr. Barry declares that he is reminded of Feaunon whom the Cardinal resembles in his fortunes, in his natural disposition, in his quality as a writer and in his spiritual affinities. Under a winning smile both are severe; affectionate and not afraid to show their affection; they stand lowly and aloof; their submission is a victory, their recantation a triumph; they are continually portraying themselves, yet do not cease to be modest. \* \* \* They never quite succeed with persons in high places, for they carry with them a sovereign rank; they give up, or do not value, the prizes of ambition; their hearts are simple; in seclusion or in exile they hold as it were a court to which pilgrims make their way, and their friends worship them, public fame canonizes them.

Newman, says Dr. Barry, fulfils his own definition of a great author. Surely (as Newman says) in a memorable passage in which he defines the work of the author, "his aim is to give forth what he has within him and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has within him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. \* \* \* He writes passionately because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he con-

veys vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague. \* \* \* He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses the vigorous march of his education. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say. \* \* \* Nor is it unlikely, says Dr. Barry, that opinion will one day ascribe to him, as in the Middle Ages it ascribed to Virgil, the qualities of a prophet or magician. For, of Newman also we may say that "his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, give utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal."

## Address and Presentation.

(Following is the address presented to Rev. Stephen McDonald, by the parishioners of St. Peter's, on New Year's Day):

To Rev. Stephen McDonald,  
Rev. and Dear Father,—In the eternal body of Holy Church, as in all other institutions, losses are sustained from time to time and changes effected which leave in their train a burden of sadness and regret to be borne by those who are left as witnesses. Sad transitions indeed! But such is the Will of God. Our small portion of His vineyard has lately suffered from death's relentless hand in the untimely demise of our dear and good pastor, the late Father Gillis. It is but proper, we believe, on this occasion to allude to this saddest chapter in the history of our parish, and to express in the tenderest words possible our deep sense of the loss sustained in the death of so kind and so zealous a priest. For such he was, and the memory which he has left in the hearts of his people by his kindness and good works is not surpassed even by the excellence of the splendid church edifice which stands as a memorial of his zeal and his devotion to the advancement of God's greater glory. Astonished by our Heavenly Faith to pray for the souls of our departed faithful ones we shall continue to be mindful of him and to whisper—

"A hope  
That in a world of larger scope  
What here was faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone."

These are sad reflections for all of us, but in addressing you today, Rev. Father, we feel that we would not be doing you and the departed priest with whom you labored so long an honor unless we reviewed for a brief period this sad event which transpired since your coming amongst us.

And now we turn from that sad episode to speak for a moment on another change which we understand will be effected in a few days. We refer to the announcement of your transference to another part of the Diocese.

When it was learned that no hope of the restoration to health of our late lamented pastor could be entertained we were, in a sense, upborne by another hope, that you would be left us, that we would have the priestly ministrations of one whom we had associated with for a time and whom we had grown to admire and esteem. But even this satisfaction was not to ours, and now before your departure to your new field of labor, ere we say farewell to the parishioners of St. Peter's take this opportunity to convey to you our hearty appreciation of your kindness and friendliness shown on every occasion, and of your ardor as a teacher and a preacher.

It seems almost superfluous, we admit, to speak in complimentary terms of a member of our Catholic priesthood, but since even

"The poorest poor  
Long for some moments in a weary life  
When they can know and feel that they have been  
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out  
Of some small blessing; have been kind to such  
As needed kindness,  
Then surely appreciative words are not out of place when applied to one who holds so humble yet so exalted an office as that of the holy priesthood."

To high and low let gracious words be spoken,  
They live in vain who give no tender token,  
Only six months ago, it is true, you came amongst us, but during that time you have endeared yourself to all by your priestly zeal and your many affabilities. We would fain have you remain with us, but since our Diocesan Head wishes it otherwise we humbly yield to his ruling, knowing it to be the will of God.

In conclusion we ask you to accept as a small token of our regard and

sincere wishes for your future welfare, that you may long be spared to the service of the altar and that you may revisit us at your earliest opportunity in the fervent prayer of your many friends in St. Peter's Parish.

## Presentation to Father McAulay.

Previous to his departure from St. Ann's parish, Hope River, Rev. A. McAulay was wined on by a committee of the parishioners, and on representing the O. M. B. A. and the members of the Altar Society, was presented with the following address:

The address was read and accompanied by a valuable fur-lined coat from the parishioners, a fur cap from the O. M. B. A., and a pair of fur driving gloves from the Altar Society.

Dear Reverend Father,—It is a sad day which brings us here today; we are forced to say farewell to our beloved pastor.

St. Ann's Church is in mourning at the loss of our ever faithful friend. We understood you were leaving only for a short vacation and a much needed rest, but had we known the facts in time a great effort would have been made to retain you; however as sacrifice is the spirit of our religion we must sorrowfully submit.

You have erected for us a church that will ever commemorate your zeal and ability. It shall be an eternal monument of the joy we feel that through the future years your cherished memory will abide with us, whispering encouragement to all.

We are here today to dwell in thought upon that character which made your ministrations to this parish the best gift a kind Providence could have given us.

The simple story of your work, words, deeds and character might seem extravagant had we not known you so well. Our words of eulogy are but the truths remembered in our warm and great hearts.

We have already spoken our gratitude to you for erecting and paying for this unique concrete church. But who shall be able to speak of that other and more lasting monument of love and respect for you that lives not alone in the hearts of your people but particularly in the hearts of those who have known you best?

Concrete and stone may be bought but love and gratitude never.

Farwell then dear and invaluable pastor, and in saying farewell we ask you to accept this coat in token of our esteem and affection.

Signed in behalf of the congregation.

To Reverend A. McAulay,—  
It is certainly with feelings of surprise and regret that the members of Branch 333, C. M. B. A. of Hope River, learned of your intended departure from amongst us.

With as Spiritual Adviser and as a brother member of our branch, you did all that lay in your power for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the members.

We know that obedience to your volitional superior necessitates your departure, and we are comforted by the feeling that if left to your own choice you would still remain with us to aid us by your wise counsel and valued membership.

While therefore we must all bow to the voice of authority and accept your separation with a spirit of resignation, we desire to express to you our sincere wish for your future welfare and happiness.

We beg of you to accept the accompanying gift, not as an adequate token of your worth, but as a slight reminder of the cordial relations which have always existed between us.

Signed on behalf of Branch No. 333.

Reverend Dear Father,—  
We, the members of the Altar Society, have learned with heartfelt sorrow of your intended departure from amongst us.

The just co-workers in the great work of this society cannot let you depart without showing that we truly appreciate the work that you have done in instituting this society and moreover the zeal that you have always shown in office, spirit and temporal, of this parish.

Our new church will be a monument which will speak in future generations of the activity taken by you in its construction.

We wish you to accept this gift as a token of our affection, hoping that in your new parish you will receive the same praise from your many parishioners.

To these addresses the Reverend Gen. Leaman replied in his usual eloquent style.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

## All Skin Diseases ARE OCCASIONED BY BAD BLOOD.

No one can expect to be free from some form or other of skin trouble unless the blood is kept in good shape.

The blood can easily be purified and the skin disease cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, that old and widely known blood medicine.

It has been on the market for over 35 years and its reputation is undiminished. Many little children have been cured by it. I was troubled with skin eruptions. Although I tried many different remedies I could get nothing to give me relief. Finally I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which completely cured me.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The bishop was examining a class of girls.

"What's the best preparation for entering the state of matrimony?" he asked.

"A little courting, sir," was the reply of a simple looking girl.

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Mother—Why did you not scream when John kissed you?  
Daughter—He threatened me.  
Mother—How?  
Daughter—He said that if I did not never kiss me again.

## A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Stimling 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 50 cts.

An Irishman passed a shop where a notice was displayed saying that everything was a 11 by the yard. Thinking to play a joke on the shop man he entered and asked for a yard of milk.

The shopman, not in the least taken aback, dipped his finger in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter.

"Pat, not wishing to be caught in his own trap, asked the price."

"Sixpence," said the shopman.

"All right, sir. Bill it up; I'll take it."

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"Laura," said the fond mother, "what are the intentions of that young man whom you are permitting to call on you so often?"

"Never mind that, mother," answered the maiden, "I know what my intentions are."

## Minard's Liniment cures Headruff.

He—They say that the face is an index of the mind.  
She—I doubt that. It doesn't follow because a woman's face is 'made up' that her mind is.

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

She—You'll notice it's the men who run after the women.  
He—How can that be, when it's the women who catch the men.

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## SUFFERED FROM Catarrh of the Stomach For Thirty Years.

Catarrh of the Stomach is generally caused from some interference with the action of the liver, and is a malady that affects the whole body.

Some symptoms are burning pain in the stomach, constant vomiting, abnormal thirst, incessant eructing, etc. On the first signs of any of these symptoms Milburn's Lax-Liver Pills should be taken. They are a specific for all disorders arising from wrong action of the liver.

Mr. Michael Miller, Ellerslie, Alta., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received by using Milburn's Lax-Liver Pills, for catarrh of the stomach, with which I have been a sufferer for thirty years. I used four vials and they completely cured me."

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